

a perfect poet

Confessions of a Reformed
Harvard Anthropologist



(an early 75th birthday present for david inkey, 12/16/06)

a perfect poet,

confessions
of a
reformed
~~harvard~~
anthropologist

by
david inkey

the reason is, that art does not surpass nature,
but only brings it to perfection;
and thus, nature combined with art,
and art with nature,
will produce a perfect poet.

don quixote

1.

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don quixote

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this work may be read from the front, back, middle or not
==it is a cyberdocument so that any word can be searched...

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**my life has been the poem i would have writ,
but i could not both live and write it.**

henry david thoreau

**my life is in awe, in confessional comment, reading,
riting, rithmetic, play, poetics, joy, work, pain, peace,
prayer, perception, patience, curiosity, kindness, wit
imagination and wisdom, @ personal commitment... with
help from henry, i have both lived and written my poem,
sometimes in prose, and always in poesis... with guidance
from the past, present and future, with don quixote,
sancho panza and multitudes of other friends, i have
been forged to be a perfect poet...and i confess humbly
as a reformed Harvard anthropologist.**

david inkey



3/4s of a writer's guide to lifeness...

a lifer's guide to writing...



* these 8 pointed stars are answer marks...

i would ever lean imaginatively and creatively on my favorite unesco publication which would for me and many form a central focus of any course of exploration: learning to be.

In a highly unstable world where one of the main driving forces seems to be economic and social innovation, imagination and creativity must undoubtedly be accorded a special place. As the clearest expressions of human freedom, they may be threatened by the establishment of a certain degree of uniformity in individual behaviour. The twenty-first century will need a varied range of talents and personalities even more than exceptionally gifted individuals, who are equally essential in any society. Both children and young persons should be offered every opportunity for aesthetic, artistic, scientific, cultural and social discovery and experimentation, which will complete the attractive presentation of the achievements of previous generations or their contemporaries in these fields. At school, art and **poetry** (emphasis added) should take a much more important place than they are given in many countries by an education that has become more utilitarian than cultural. Concern with developing the imagination and creativity should also restore the value of oral culture and knowledge drawn from children's or adults' experiences.

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*   a kidlet from Idaho...

i am a perfect poet, for i am loved and i have learned to love...all my life i wanted to be a child when I grew grow up, unto now...and now i have learned that all my life i have wanted to be a poet and all my life i have indeed been a poet...how recently and how marvelously i have learned that i am a perfect poet...

i wonder whether depression era kidlets from idaho have a more difficult time learning such essentials, or is this a general dilemma anywhere for children... it must certainly be harder for left-handed, redheaded, tone deaf, bright kids who suffered the loss of binocular vision at the age of two, sequela of whopping-cough, to evolve into being poets, much more into being a perfect poet... or maybe such trials put such kidlets to such success....

how much did a graduate school "education" in imperial harvard complicate the task. how much did being a thoreauvian conscientious objector and draft card burner help the development... how much and how little did being raised "a christian" change the equations... did being the third child in a four child, all boys, family accelerate or retard my presumed "development." being one of a kind in a confusing world has given me unmeasured opportunities of individual expression and has imposed upon me constraints, many of which i have yet to comprehend and may never resolve, despite multiple offerings of "my" extremely popular seminar, cultural constraints in educational development.

when i was but twenty i imbibed much of the nectar of cervantes' two geniuses, don quixote and sancho panza, but whether i then noted the importance of the green knight and his son don lorenzo, or not, i do not know... now, ever so many years later, i have discovered, rediscovered cervantes' liberating words about being a perfect poet and i have become, for my own being, a perfect poet...

meeting the poem of life gives a wholeness and wholesomeness to this humane condition, the indeterminate life sentence and the as yet undated irreversible death sentence.

I met the poem of life...

This night, quite quietly alone,
When I left aside the guilds of strife.
I met the poem of life...

*Each menace does require some penance,
Each eve, a few would me deceive...
With wit I reply, I wish not to hear your lie...
Every joy my spirit does employ
Each eve, many would me relieve...*

I am ever grateful that my day's daze is but a brief phrase,
When each night's knight whispers some praise,
Then, I do believe I find quiet reprieve,
With modest shadows my self I do cover when I discover,
I glow in beauty, as beauty would grow in me...

The poem of life nights me...
Am I to dream as a shining night?
Some glistening stardust caught in humane form...
Reformed, dis-aster being distance from my star afar...

This night, quite quietly alone,
When I left aside the guilds of strife.
I met the poem of life...

david inkey, 32004

1. A perfect poet

Send not to know for whom these bells toll?
My soul is paying full toll... a fee to set me free...
I love and I am loved... I am a perfect poet...
I am a perfect poet, for I love and I am loved.

I am a perfect poet, because I have learned,
Beyond the words and worlds of many others,
A perfect poet has just two tasks to meet perfection,
With ease, one of these twins is won, simply achieved,
Compared to the immeasurable challenging nature, stricture,
Stature, scripture, structure, complicity, complexity of the other...
First, with simple words works scrambled, blindly maligned
Aligned occasionally rhymed to her/his satisfaction,
Rich or poor, in sickness or in health, for better or worse,
Ignoring all curse, taking whatever is in store, finding the score,
A perfect poet translates from the prosaic mosaic,
Refutes, computes, disputes, dilutes, imputes, minutes
All the life of process, to a sharp, poetic pitch,
A high degree of poignancy, being significant,
Her/his bas-relief regales, towering over all other scales,
On bails of joy and grief....

Bound in a second round, without a second,
Minute, hour, day, week, month, year,
Decade, century, millennium to spare,
The rare second chore to score is,
To become integral, to be a poetic soul...
The feat depends not on fame, recognition,
threats of perdition, any sedition, petition,
Cognition, nor being seen as a celebrity...
The stasis may be a purely singular, peculiar
Secret to a perfect poet, alone...

Send not to know for whom these bells toll?
My soul is paying full toll... a fee to set me free ...

david inkey, the UN poet, 41505

Help me to sew life's quilt...

Help me to sew life's quilt...
I count the squares of life's quilt, with a kind sigh...
And the tally is quite high...

Help me to sew life's quilt...
I am not all innocent,
Nor am i full of guilt...

Help me to sow life's quilt...
In a great field I turned around a piece marked Evil,
I found the reversed peace spelled Live...

Help me to sow life's quilt...
The next peace reads Love...

Inkey's allowance.....

dear ac, dg, jp.....

i think u will be immensely pleased and just about equally (a)or(b)mused by my renewed, newed or reviewed enthusiasm to drip the ink, or the typescript on my 1,001 pages on december 15, 2006...instead of cowardly granting myself an extra year for the opus... on thursday 21 september 206 i went to the UN Secretariat, Unicef and UNESCO /NYO to commemorate the early sept 1956 event of my first visit to the Secretariat... i went on the 21st this year to the wander up and down and down and up memory's multiple lanes, paths, byways, highways and eroded roads on the 25th anniversary of the Interntional Day of Peace. if u weren't in midtown manhattan on the 21st u would have greatest difficulty imagining the ultra ultra ultra intense crowded security measures.

i have never seen nor imagined such intense security in the usa.. anyway, i persevered and i had quite a fantabulous day....encountering a healthy number of former colleagues and meeting several newer UN types..... i came home, getting here about 6 30 pm, enthralled, elated and deflated, exhausted.....and cohesively coherent about the magic the UN System has given me since i became a charter member, at the great age of 14, in 1945.....thru my first field experiences with UNESCO and Unicef personnel in Mexico in 1953-1954.....my visit to the head of UN Housekeeping in sept 56, enroute to the london school of economics for my first year of graduate work..... thru the 60s, 70s, 80s, 90s and now in the newest millennium..... what a tapestry.....

so..... i have about 20 more pages of text to create.....which i anticipate doing by oct 1st....then i will have 75 daze days in which to edit, edit, edit.... the 1001 pages probably have 150 to 200 pages of sloppiness, splotches and strange marginals that need reworking. however, i ought to be able to "do" 2 to 3 finalizations a day from oct 1 thru dec 15th. and hooray, hoopla, voila!!!!!!!!!!!! Aye, I, david inkey, will have "executed" their collective response to don quixote, sancho panza and miguel cervantes, thoreau, mark twain, tommy jefferson, shah dev of nepal and themselves while also addressing some of the problems of time, circumstance, being, existence, hope, faith, love, time, cruelty, greed, destruction, need, deprivation, disease, medicine, ease, health, failure, fascination, knowledge, learning, wisdom, wit, work, play, poverty, prosperity, loneliness, loveliness, friendship, nature, nature, curiosity, imagination, conflict, war, disarmament, conciliation, conscience, peace, death, lifeness, time and awe.. i won't not trouble myself with calculating the odds for and against each of these conditions.. i will

triumph once again with the sagacity of having learned that phrase i taught u and many others, the lines u with me delight in, "i am not the champion of lost causes, i am a champion of a causes not yet won....."

peace, david inkey.... september 23rd 2006 = almost ready for awedumm, ever ready for awedummmmm.. autumn is here and i look fwd to carpets similar to earlier ones...

DON QUIXOTE⁺

If DON QUIXOTE is the world's comic masterpiece, it is the clearest explanation of what Socrates must have meant when he remarked that the genius of comedy is the same as the genius of tragedy, for the one book by which Cervantes is known is both ludicrous and sad. its heroes are the foolish old man who sets out from home in the belief that the world is the ideal place which romancers have described: a place where virtue and vice will appear plainly marked, and where the first will always, after heroic effort on the part of its knights, triumph over the second and his friend, the frequently credulous, incredulous, and doubting Sancho Panza.

The Don's first adventure would have been adequate evidence to the contrary for any ordinary man. But, he was a hero. He could not be disillusioned by any number of misadventures, whether with windmills, with robbers, or with cynical ladies who exploited his chivalry. Some people think that he had too many adventures, or misadventures, and that the length of the book is excessive, but the book, in order to make its point, had to be long.

What is the point of the book? Is the joke on Don Quixote? As I read, it was not so clear that that was the case; and at the end I felt that I had been left with an insoluble problem. It seems quite possible that the joke is on the world for not being what this great man assumed it to be. The book presents the ideal and the actual, and makes the reader choose one, but the book seems to say that both are indispensable, just as it says that both Don Quixote and his hardheaded companion Sancho Panza are right in their irreconcilable views.

+ This is an essay I wrote in 1953 at the age of 21... I saved few papers from college, but this is one of the few -- I only re-read it when I was 61 years young... There is something about what I have written that I find hallowed and haunting... (June 1996). (Note, in that earlier stage of my life I followed custom more closely in composition. now i enrich my literary efforts with uncustomary compost.) soonest, in the generosity of peons, peasants and proletarians i earned respect and retrospect and was dubbed don, don david, a david who never battles windmills, who never kills giants, not even one giolath, and who ever prizes a poetic sense, whether the communication be prose or poetry. i can as easily write a poem to prose as draw a poem without words.

Faction and Fiction...

i draw muchly on understandings and misunderstandings of fiction and fact as i wonder endlessly why we fail to have a category of "faction" contrasting with "fiction"... writers, agents, publishers and consumers are deluged with fiction and non-fiction. curiously, it seems, we might easily resort to an alchemist's artistry, seizing just one little ion to mutate into faction, without any quarrel, qualm or quackery... we may create a magical realm with a modernist language of magical realism, every mindfull that it was the daunting drama of the magi who gave us magic in their beliefs of goodness and godness incarnate.

why would i be the quietest clown. i would be the quietest clown to keep from being lionized, to avoid roaring lions, i would be a quiet clown, but mute, dumb, any audience might think that i had forgotten my lines... i could be a quieter clown, but being simply or complexly quieter would stir thoughts to identity of the two companions, the simple and the superlative. being superlative allows me to choose carefully the magic of smiles, similies, mime and musing -- to speak languages of flowers, flight, and fantasy without deafening other beings... with sonic booms...

escaping the shadows of plato's cave, deaf to delphi's oracle of knowing self, trudging thru la mancha with sancho and the don, bridging the founding of religions, escaping some torture by embracing or attempting to embrace the enlightenment, declaring liberty and equity with jefferson, building cloud castles with thoreau, wandering westward with boone and twain, pondering poetry with emily, grammaring cummings, breaking prisons with dostoyevski, and mostly comparing curiosity with peter rabbit and restructuring semantics with humpty... he only fell onto the bed of leaves i placed below him... i live in the state of awe in the nation of imagi... if you have ever traveled through oz with dorothy, you should not be afraid to travail and tramp with me through 3/4s of a life manual of arts and artifices to determine some sum of the humane condition...

my elegy is a pretense, not past tense, not present tense, not future tense... humbly we may all try to be quiet beings, living in our own times while endlessly endeavoring to bridge all time and to erase barriers, to roam endlessly in all the dimensions of eternity... for now, i have a language of love expressed in the soaring syntax of being, being an almost present,able self... ignore, if we can, that i write in futurity...

2. a poem to prose,

by

David Inkey

"A poet is someone astonished by everything."

anon

A poem to prose,

Many a mosaic is quite prosaic,
Much prose is empty of suppose...

Yet, if a poet writes a poem to prose,
Confidently, we can believe...

S/He does not intend to deceive...
S/He knows what s/he shows...
S/He shows what s/he knows...

Confidentially, we may surmise,
I will devise, I even prize...
A poem to prose...

A poet who writes a poem to prose,
Feels how tenderly each word grows...
In streams of regret, in rivers of forget,
In brooks diverse, in floods perverse,
In lakes clear, in bays dear...
I write with no tear,
Nor fear of gertrude's gasp...
"A rose is a rose is a rose..."

120703.....

Send not to know for whom these bells toll?
My soul is paying full toll... a fee to set me free...
I love and I am loved... I am a perfect poet...
I am a perfect poet, for I love and I am loved.

I am a perfect poet, because I have learned,
Beyond the words and worlds of many others,
A perfect poet has just two tasks to meet perfection,
With ease, one of these twins is won, simply achieved,
Compared to the immeasurable challenging nature, stricture,
Stature, scripture, structure, complicity, complexity of the other...
First, with simple words works scrambled, blindly maligned
Aligned occasionally rhymed to her/his satisfaction,
Rich or poor, in sickness or in health, for better or worse,
Ignoring all curse, taking whatever is in store, finding the score,
A perfect poet translates from the prosaic mosaic,
Refutes, computes, disputes, dilutes, imputes, minutes
All the life of process, to a sharp, poetic pitch,
A high degree of poignancy, being significant,
Her/his bas-relief regales, towering over all other scales,
On bails of joy and grief...

Bound in a second round, without a second,
Minute, hour, day, week, month, year,
Decade, century, millennium to spare,
The rare second chore to score is,
To become integral, to be a poetic soul...
The feat depends not on fame, recognition,
threats of perdition, any sedition, petition,
Cognition, nor being seen as a celebrity...
The stasis may be a purely singular, peculiar
Secret to a perfect poet, alone...

Send not to know for whom these bells toll?
My soul is paying full toll... a fee to set me free ...

a perfect poet's glee

I cry with glee...
I cry for thee and (me?)
I cry in every town and gown,
I cry for diversity in every university,
I am a perfect poet...

In Peace, I laugh with great craft,
In war, all the more, I challenge the draft,
At times, I may be daft...
I am a perfect poet...

I never caused a riot,
I really am very quiet...
I will not fight,
I am most polite and kind...
I might be the finest poet you can find...
I am a perfect poet...

a perfect poet's poesis

, poesis, meaning making...

i am a perfect poet, i am a perfect poet,
for daily, duly, in my life... i turn to learn, truly...
love is the question... and love is the answer...

as i grow in beauty, beauty glows in me,
gladly sharing, tattered, guilted, quilted, and tilted poems,
oft despairing lengthy, labored prose, my confidence grows,
with many beings, who, by their druthers...

of, by, and for themselves...

may remain prosaic, in a vast fragmented mosaic...
plagued by much delay, while trying to help others pray,

i become a perfect poet...

thru a long practice of play, with or without a quirk,
with the patience of any apprentice's work...
with only a little friction in my diction, i find a little word,
poesis, somewhat absurd ... meaning making.?

i am kind, i am not mean...

taking from a near thousand pages of fiction, aye,
i delete much friction, altogether...

i rather translate and transfer conviction:
icons of don quixote, and those of sancho panza,
with the pose of the green knight de la miranda
and of course, in good discourse, of don lorenzo,
perchance a perfect poet... enchanted, envisioned...

captives held for 400 years in make-believes,

the tragi-comedy of Cervantes:

don miguel, himself oft imprisoned--

to gain factionized dominium in a new millennium,

an era, an age, an epoch?

where humanes of real life scrabble,

dabble, scribble and scramble,

to liberate selves, fractions of awe and angst?

oh, i may not be a great poet, in the annals of tradition...
i may not even be a mediocre one...barely escaping perdition...
yet, now and ever more, if only to myself, in a little scheming...
i am a perfect poet, to my meinging...
i ever yearn and learn to address lifeness,
the relation of all beings one to another...
and much inspired, with no apology required,
after serving my life sentence in molded clay...
any day. i may be broken, shattered and scattered, as astral dust:
¿to serve a death sentence? eternally...

a poet's pleasure

11/17/03

i live with a poet's pleasure,
my words and spaces seam good measure...
page by page, backstage, front stage, on stage, off stage,
i try to be a sage...

though i circle the sun only once a year,
already i count 70 revolutions and more, quite clear...
in some blanks and banks, i even hide my rage...
insistent, each instant, father time adds interest to my age...
gentle, kind, demanding, reprimanding, mother earth gives sufficient wage...
i cry quickly, quite quietly, quizotically, to read in the fittest news,
our newly funded poets miss vital clues...
promoting consumption of poetry to the masses?
behavior akin to preaching sin,
like imprisoning restless kids in classes.
while competitions increase distresses, fiscal fantasy may gild the presses,

poetry, ah, poetry.... the muses amuse...
poetry is hearing the sounds of a smile,
poetry is seeing the aura of total darkness,
poetry is tasting the salt of hot tears,
savoring the ever even sweetness of cool rain,
poetry is scenting the odor of lifeness and death, knowing good,
poetry is the touch of caring and being cared for...

in my octette... 8 scant words... love is the answer, love is the question...

April 15th, Onward ¿Christian? Soldiers...

April 15th, Onward ¿Christian? Soldiers...

I cannot go to war today, I have taxes to pay...

Tomorrow, render under Caesar what is Caesar's...

I cannot fight, it wouldn't be right... let rummy be the dummy...

Next week, I won't keep the date, the battle you plan would tempt fate...

Rice plays with loaded dice... and I am allergic to lice...

Next month? I forget who, what, is my excuse, maybe I'll be a recluse!

Not only, just, yet, when, because I am somewhat of a card...

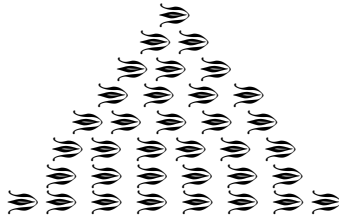
Intentionally, on purpose, I simply failed to join the National Guard.

Onward ¿Christian? Soldiers, Sailors, Marines... it all demeans...

david inkey, the UN poet, 41505

a ray of light...

inkey's inquest, 9-06-03



I o'

?

u,



poets ponder...a lightning storm?
13 rays of an unaligned sonnet,



i wander as i wonder
"how might i catch thunder?"
i could, would, might, disguise words,
inwardly, forwardly, backwardly, onwards,
forever, carefully keeping in time.
timekeepers clock the grim reaper,
am i supposed to circle clockwise?
might the cosmic comic suggest the clock lies?
my sacred poems are without rhyme,
lightly scarred by reason,
ever in season... never scared by treason,
i ponder, all poets ponder...
the lightning is... enlightened...



inkey's math lesson, to share or not to share

Adding? JOY...

$$1 \times 1 = 1$$

$$1 \times 2 = \text{multiple joy} \dots\dots\dots$$

Sorrow...

$$1 \div 1 = 1$$

$$1 \div 2 = \text{one half}$$

u c what joy u multimplicated.....

you see how relieved grief can be...

A snowman I would be????????

Warm greetings?

Do you wonder why i am santa?

When a snowman i would be,
With the goal of having shiny eyes of coal...
With a carrot nose I could pose...
With cranberry lips, I would smile...
Never intending to beguile...

I would be as tall as my christmas tree...

 About six foot three...

Yet, lest I melt to mush, in this season's rush

I would be most careful of warm greetings...

Do you wonder why I am santa!

121403

A Trojan Horse.....

Of course,
I would never give you a Trojan horse...
A cricket, a grouse, even a compu mouse,
Mice might be nice... A frieze would please,
LORD! Elgin agrees ...
But I would never give you a Trojan horse...

Flight 175, British Airways, Gate 7...
Earlier or late, your arrival is great...
I serve you with a Greek plate...
Don't scold me, it is not gold...
Jason lost the golden fleece...
With age, it is a little old.
An Athens bargain,
Boldly in 1964 sold ...

YES! Delphi, I know...I know what I know...
In Mykanos, a little calf made me laugh...
In Olympia, I was a good sport...
Then, in Awe, to the Acropolis,
Anthems to Athens...

The Republic banishes poets...
Old Plato was too dour,
Not to our hour,
Quite sour...

A poet laureate...

AN ODE TO AWE...

Eye owe an Ode to Awe, U no?
Awe awakened me Today and mutely minded me to pay my Debt(s),
with Interest...
Lest my Debtors fail to repay my Being sum handsome somes...
(Ore, was IT to pray my doubts away...)
Aye tried, once again,
to hide behind my feeble fortresses of almost all encompassing Absurdity,
but Absurdity who had/has his/her own House/Home to keep,
slept in solitary silence...

Absurdity, deftly, deafly and dumbly paid no attention.
Absurdity unheard all my cries and crises...
I misplaced in Yesterdays all the Tomorrows I might have glimpsed and grasped,
Eye lost all my Futures wherein I have invested a horrid hoard of all the best intentions...

Alas, Parent Time, who clearly, cleverly, circles and lengthens me, unmercifully(?),
pronounces proxy, pathetically and poorly,
all in a lowered case as if I had any case at all,
my yesterdays are no longer mine, nor mindful...

(I ponder, Do all Shylocks lose their claims to flesh that is not their own....) "Today," you
say, "is Just?" Only Today ... just Today! I pray:

Lord, spare me Your justice and give me Your mercy...
I will walk Humbly all the Daze of My Lifeness... And Time--whenever, wherever, however,
and why--will never be 'too long, nor too twisted in DNA-like spirals, nor too closed in tight
circle(s)...
I will love my neighbor(s) as You have taught me to Love, to Love myself, so as to know how
to Love others...

Awe owes no apology...
Between Awe and Ought I hear(d) a Comic, Cosmic Chorus,
"All ur debts are forgiven as U have foregiven those who trespass against U!"

july 18, 1997? exclusive distribution: david inkey's ÷unlimited additions÷

IAN ODE TO EASE!

eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

eE

E *eeeEeE* ●

IT might ever, always, in all ways, Bumbling, BEE very e-z to rite odes to ease,
WHILE writing everything else is just, simply, plain, mixed eE. Be care-full of the
difference between little ee and GREAT EE.....

ODE TO LARA, OWED TO LARA

We owe an Ode to Lara,
She circles Us, *endlessly*, at Twenty-Four,
In Years and Hours, in Nights and Days,
And Daze...

Just "three times" ago, when my Bets and She were Only Eight,
Summer's Song caught Our Children in Life's Magic Maze...
Our Holidays are still, stilled Holy Days, of Friendship, Fun,
And Faith!

Life's Lines and Cycles carry Us--along all Trails and thru all Trials:
Only, Today's Dammed-up Tears are flooding Our Parched Souls,
Moistened Seeds of Yesterday's Joy and Sorrow sprout,
with Promise...

GOD, clothe Us, comfort Us, with the Dawn of Tomorrow:
Bless'd Blossoms... Mourning Glory, Morning Glory...

Salt gives Us its Savor and its Sting...
Death gives Us our Numbness and Silent Search...
Mischievous, Mirth and Musing remind Us,

We owe an Ode to Lara...

I care...
I care to show you how much I care...
I dare to be kind...
I never leave you in a bind...
I nourish your spirit and mind...

You care...
You show me how much you care
You dare to be kind
You never leave me in a bind...
You nourish my spirit and mind...

autumnal equinox, 2003

An osprey strained my sight,
A gaggle of geese gave me much delight...

Wilbur puzzled about flight,
Orville reflected confidence, all bright...
The brothers needed to be Wright...

I learn the art of butterflies
Like a wizard of olden times,
I soar on the wings of dragonflies

I don't clutter, mutter, nor stutter,
Who flies faster... the dragon or the butter ...
A little lightning bug appears all a flutter...
In short circuits...
An osprey strains my sight,
A gaggle of geese give me much delight...
Yes, I am an angel, without wings...

An Urn for Saint John Paul II

★

Part one,
A poet's prologue,
With Alpha and Omega...
Please, let me talk before you balk!
To plea, to disagree, to neg, I need not beg...
Clearly, I explain that I am only Catholic and apostolic,
'Tis easy to see, when I question any papal decree, I am not RC...
I simply enquire: "Ain't it quite quaint to elevate anyone to be a saint?"
You reply, abruptly, as if I were a devilish spy, "John Paul II is not just 'anyone.'"
Yes, yet, still, now and evermore, I wonder: "When, How, Where, Why, and What for?"
I ask: "Why do you undertake this ghostly task? 'Tis very bold, when the body is not yet
cold...
What brushes, rushes and colors does one employ? What evidence does one have to
destroy?
When is a saint only a decoy? How coy is the ploy? And is the effigy yet another toy?"
"Can one take His Holiness John Paul II, whose inequity taint, so known, is iniquity.
And with 'anti-war paint' proclaim him a saint? What are the Cardinal rules?"
I won't recant, I must keep faith... I even let you treat me in Galileo style.
Such logic does make me faint of heart, mind and soul... To be a saint?
Such logic does put me on ecclesiastical tales, scales, trails, and trial.
Water color, pastel, chalk, oil, acrylic, plaster, canvas, wood.
What medium will distract us far from the daily tedium?
Could Leonardo give John Paul II a Mona Lisa smile?
Could even great Michelangelo make JP2 al fresco?
Torch me, scorch me, subject me to auto de fe...
Appalled with this, newest "sainthood,"
Would Peter, Paul, Andrew and all,
Mary, Theresa and Joan, alone,
Surrender sanctity?
Sanctify surrender?
Judas only gave a kiss.
We render unto Caesar what is Caesar's!
For how much might we surrender sanctity?
God forbid... Someone offers 30 pieces of silver...

David Inkey, the UN poet, May Day 2005

bare, my thoughts, i bear...

"trials wear us into a liking of what, possibly,
in the first essay, displeased us." john locke

bare, my thoughts, i bear...
my, feelings, you care?
love, to gather, we dare...

fair, my doubts, i fare...
expectations, we pair...
defeats and feats, i pare...

rare, my complaint(s), i swear...
so soulfully, ever, i stare...
tear the texts of terror!
tear, again, the pretexts of error,
some truths of tears, i tare...

ware, my cries...
a clever disguise, i wear...
bare, my thoughts, i bear...

sonneting, 112103

because i am in london...

because i am in london, the quietest clown,
i wear my crown, upside, upside down...
when her majesty the queen is out of town...

because i am in london...while international relations fester,
i might, justly, be the court jester...
because i am in london... quite under spoken, to study law...
while w's protesters gather on the mall,
unbroken, friend humpty dumpty guards us all...
while buckingham witnesses total falderal...

because i am in london, at lse...
i can jury all our briefs with glee,
neither best of times nor worst, dickens sighs...
karl marx, manifestly, in hempsted lies... lays?

because i am in london, to earn some legal gear,
though a peer in parliament may sneer...
though a lord may choose to disappear...
because i am in london...you can testify...
i will be a seer...

because i am in london...the london bridge isn't falling down...
because i am in london... the london bridge is out of town...

oh beautiful, for spacious skies, where are all our whys....
manifest destiny, allied coalition,
american empire, whose perdition...
we quiver...
i saw the london bridge crossing the colorado river...
coals to new castle?
what a hassle... because i am in london?

david inkey, lse, 1956-57... reflections for 2003.....

Bedtime Eclipse, November 2003

After supper, before our baths, this Saturday night...
We watched Our Mother try to steal our nightlight...
To hide her tactics, she staged some theatrics...
Socrates cast shadows only on the cave's wall.
Gaia obscured us all.

Though so full of mirth, Mom Earth's fun was of little worth,
Gaia laughed as the Man in the Moon lost all his girth,

Lunatic, clown, payaso, harlequin, behaving off the mark...
Our Mother believed she could keep us in the dark?
With his gravity and flashlight, Sunny shamed our Gaia Goddess, ...
Mrs. Earth was moved aside.
Moon Man smiled again, he even raised our tide...
Mom took us to our bedside... Run in fun with the Sun.
Soon the Moon will call the Loon,

(SEE ECLIPSING LIFE AND DEATH...)

Beware of The Hare, The Easter Bunny, treat or threat?

The Easter Bunny really is quite funny,
Ever droll when helping in our egg roll...
Ever mute, even when in dispute...

The Easter Bunny uses no soft touches in clutches,
With soiled feet, blue, green, yellow, red, orange, or purple...
"All the eggs are hard boiled."

The Easter Bunny is sanitary, very clean,
Pristine, astute, cute and keen...but alas, like a gossip,
He is scarcely reliable, "He always spills the beans."
(My jellybeans!)

You think I would like a chocolate bunny...
Now, it is you who is funny...
I cry in despair and repair, "Not on my diet!"
Candy is not dandy...

Funny, peculiar, strange, alien, pagan practices pervade,
In the Easter Parade...
Funny, I have never met the Easter Bunny,
Though I bait him with carrots and grass, he eludes...
Yet I exude, "Happy Easter, Easter Bunny, treat or threat?"

21204

coy poems...

persevere though i be a little severe, u may fit a bit to reverse....

joy, toy, ploy, coy,

Death Be Not Proud by john donne...

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for, thou art not soe,
For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill mee.
From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,
Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell,
And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,
And better then thy stroake; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

Death Be Proud, john undone... (wth paraplaiarism)

DEATH, BE PROUD, we know thee to be Mighty,
Unannounced, dreadful, announced, at times, welcome,
Those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow, Oft die...
poore death?, and at any time thou canst kill mee.
From rest and sleepe, you carry me off, to be or not to be...
Much grief, displeasure, and scant parting pleasure,
then from thee, much more must flow, proud secrecy!
And soonest our best and worst men(read people) with thee doe goe,
Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.
Thou art slave and master to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse, fear and frivolity dwell,
done by Donne, john suggests poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe...
as well? And better then thy stroake; why swell'st thou then? For Pride...
One sleepe seizes us and, wee may not or may wake EEEEEEEternally, Eternally? to
salvation or damnation... You should be PROUD of your secrets... And deathness
was, is and shall be... You are proud in mystery...in my move from my story to
mystery, will you accompany me with great EEE or little eee.... Substitutes for
DEATH, thou shalt die? Substitutes for life, we shall live.. lifeness, the relation of
all beings one to another?

emily's silence...

Emily said to me: Parting is all we know of Heaven,
And of Hell, all we need to know...

andrew astounded all awe...
benjamin blessed the bounty...
carl cried our concern...

david delighted in description, deciphering joy,
joy in a good job well done... playing along...

edward only wondered...
franklin... franklin felt, he felt friendship,
george jestered in all gentleness...

lily lives...
mary marveled...
naomi needed...
ophelia opts...
penelope pines...

ruth requests...
robert robed his questions in a coat of many colors...
samuel suggested surprises would be his best sermon...

thomas doubted, totally:

david inkey, date unknown, late 20th century

Eclipsing, Life and Death

"Now the day is over, night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening, steal across the sky."

After supper, before baths, this Saturday night...
We watched Our Mother trying to steal the bed light...
To hide her tactics, she staged some great theatrics...
Socrates cast shadows only on a cave's wall.
With lively pride, Goddess Gaia wanted to obscure all.

Though so full of mirth, Mom Earth's fun was of little worth,
Gaia laughed as the Man in the Moon lost all his girth,
Lunatic, clown, payaso, harlequin, behaving off the mark...
In the even-tide, the dogs began to bark...
Our Mother believed she could keep us in the dark?

With all gravity and his flashlight, Brother Sun shamed the Goddess,
A little after eight, Mrs. Earth was nudged aside.
Moon Man smiled again, he even raised our tide...
Mom took us to her bedside, ranting panting and chanting,
"My little ones, Run in fun with the Sun...
Soon, at Noon, when the Moon hides from the Loon,
Moon Man will be eclipsed!"

At nines and tens, Moon Man, invading our room, awakened us,
He said that "Our Mom had lied about his smile,
Ms. Earth from afar, only The Blue Marble, would beguile.
We Extraterrestrials are the Celestials..."

Verne, Jules, jewels had discerned in Moon Man's stride,
His control of our tide and his safety patrol on the midnight ride.
Though she cares so much for us, Mom Earth is sometimes fickle,
"Beware, however, it is Father Time who wields the sickle..."
Donne was done by claiming that Death should not be proud...
Death is rightly, mightily proud... Death is the shroud...

November 9, 2003

finis,

the beginning of the end of the beginning.....

Flights of Fantasy!

Birds to bee and be...

If I were a bird, I would never want to be a bee...

If I were a bee, I would never want to be a bird...

Such ideas are absolutely absurd...

Flights of Fantasy!

Oh, how many beings, I could be

If only I didn't have to be Me...

I would take, on a fling, on a swing,, on wing,,

Flights of Fantasy!

In great measure, in my pleasure...in my treasure,

I would ask in quiet speculation, grief and glee,

How many kinds of birds I might be?

If I weren't ME...

Flights of Fantasy!

My! My Icarian thoughts...

Flights of Fantasy!

120403

Flying Lessons.....

You asked me if you could take flying lessons...
I replied, "Yes, but don't insist on my doing so."

Half a world away, in AWE...
In a theatre of sound and light,
I ever so eagerly saw a great sight...
Though with jet-lag I was a frazzle,
You, me did dazzle!

Then, since, ever, and more...
Me, you never bore...
With fresh cheers of delight...
Moistened rarely with a few tears of blight...
Still (quietly and yet), we gain insight...

While we yearn to know how the cuckoo sings,
And with sighs, we hear that the loon cries...
We, little underlings, learn to spread our wings,
We soar, we score, we long for more...
How do we fare? Well... How much do we dare? All...
Don't ask now who, how, when or where? Nor why?
One should always take lessons to fly...

Should you have queried, "Can we take flying lessons?"
Thank you now and then, again and again, a gain...
For asking if you could take flying lessons...

While I resisted, I must have lied, at most to my self...
I should have replied, "Yes, with Me! And I with thee!"
Together... How the years have flown and we have grown...

may 16th 2005

Frivolous Flakes...

Then, about ten, the Heavens grew dark...
Winter decided to make her mark...
I didn't quite know why...
Clouds covered the Sky...
Sheets of gray hid the Sun,
Frivolous Flakes wanted their fun...

Suddenly, Bright Crystals began to fall,
And, and, and,
I was invited to a Snow Ball...
Weak, Tired, Hale and Hearty,
All could Party...
Today, I see not a Flake...
Was Yesterday a Winter "Mistake..."
Frivolous flakes...

120303

Friendship

In all things grounded and marine,
I find the ship of a friend the most serene...
Amongst the boats and floats, rafts and crafts,
Canoes and kayaks, our ship has a crew of only two...
No captains need us review...

On all the oceans, through all the seas,
On lakes, rivers and plains, even with prairie schooners,
In dry docks and locks, in all weather and uneven whether,
Whatever, whenever, wherever we tether, anchored or adrift,
Cleared or confused, the ship of a friend is the most serene...

David Inkey, the UN poet, 41705....

for colored only...n.o...new orleans...1943... grey matter... 2005...

i drank from the for colored only water fountain,
only once in my life...

i drank from the for colored only water fountain...
'twas the hot summer of 1943, new orleans...
i was not yet twelve, new to the south...
the drive of thirst will ever be my excuse...

two, too more literate, older brothers read the signs:
for whites only... for colored only...
to my chagrin, to their disgrace, they knew their race...
waiting in line both to quench thirsts and stench place!
the weight i experienced was is a life-long lesson of érace?
how many colors, how many artists create a coalition...
we strive, drive, derive with grace a humane race and face...
1943 plus 62, 2005, so much alive?

2005 -post katrina, new orleans? the south? race and place?
where are the drinking fountains, who has potable water?
mud, death, despair, destruction, reconstruction...
do we have a different race to run? for colored only?
what colors? what primary colors! blue, yellow, red...
we may mix black and white and find grey matter: *

the 8 pointed star is my answer mark...
how many swallows make a spring...

* david inkey, 10/23/05

Anthropology? in, on, and around Lake George

In 1,001 words by david inkey

Once upon a time, after theology was dethroned as the queen of disciplines, many, probably too many, anthropologists proposed, supposed, imposed(?) that anthropology had seized the throne or at the very least acquired the crown of special renown. I became a protoanthropog at the tender age of four when fond parents introduced me into the Nez Perce Nation. Subsequently, I played with Yakima kidlets, Nisei, Navajo, Louisiana colored and white kids, Blackfeet, Sioux, and multiple Wisconsin Native Americans (?) My family were johnnys and janes come lately, having missed the Mayflower by a decade. To redeem us, Dad's Cousin Mary, when she was just four, had played with Ishi, the last Paleolithic Indian in California when he joined Civilization Goodness, gracious ...the trail-blazing and trials to become a recognized anthropog were tedious, taxing and tremendous but with help from work in Mexico, studies in the London School of Economics and serving a long graduate sentence in Imperial Harvard, eventually I was doctored into the exalted ranks of the company of educated men and the American Anthropology Association.

At the tender age of twelve when I first visited New Orleans and Lake Pontchartrain, I could have told you that someday that great region would become known as "Lake George." Almost as George III of England became the culprit of the American Revolution, W (George II of the tripartite kingdom of Texas, WDC and Maine though he was born in the Constitution State) is now the inspiration for the rechristening of New Orleans as Lake George.

I have waited some days and daze since Katrina restructured our Gulf Coast, patiently anticipating that a more ethnographic anthropologist than I would be inspired and recruited to produce the first authoritative monograph on the disaggregated community of Lake George 2005, not making any mistake to confuse it with a gentleman named George Lake in Louisiana, nor with Lake George in the Sovereign State of New York about which that first Demo in the White House, Tommy Jefferson, major real estate david, thoughtful "who bought (brought) New Orleans into the USA, observed:

"Lake George is without comparison, the most beautiful water I ever saw; formed by a contour of mountains into a basin... finely interspersed with islands, its water limpid as crystal, and the mountain sides covered with rich groves... down to the water-edge: here and there precipices of rock to checker the scene and save it from monotony."-- T. Jefferson, May 31, 1791

New Orleans was a city strong in defense of the culture of greed and the very poor were condemned to weather Katrina, because they for the most part couldn't afford to evacuate. The blacks, the aged, the poor-several under-classes--were caught in nature's trap cuz George II and his moneyed allies during many years developed the coastal wetlands that could have reduced some of the hurricane's force. The powerful cut back on engineering allocations for strengthening levees and failed regularly to create educational, social, labor and health systems that would raise the weaker

members of our civilization from want, while corporate profits soared, while taxes on the rich-living rich were reduced and while their death taxes were ever further diminished. Huey Long and our great imperial president FDR had created many advances in Louisiana .. events of recent years have diminished those creative endeavors... Our U.S. Census Bureau recently told us that in the last 6 years the poorest 20 percent of our populace has experienced an 8.7 per cent drop in income, in inflation-adjusted dollars. Just this past year, over one million people have been added to the 36 million occupying our poverty rosters...

As if this were insufficient insult to injury, recently our media have been telling us that we need to add intelligent design to our curricula. Would that George II and his associates had indeed allowed intelligent designs for flood control, wetlands restoration, poverty alleviation and social advancement to have preceded the arrival of Katrina on our shores. We could have given Katrina a well-tempered welcome and legions of religious folk would have less to attribute to acts of God.

The ancient adage of "Let George do it. has not served us well. George II and his administration did things to creoles, Cajuns, chilluns and children, to adults, aged adults and adolescents, that neoclassical ethnographers would describe in proto-classical monographs. I am an applied anthropologist who has actively explored the futurity of anthropology in industry, health and medicine, education, and agriculture, rather than dig into the archaic, the trenchant troubles of temerity, terrorism and timidity.

In my studies of PCs, planetary culture and personal commitment, I have seen one of the early saints of Christianity, Santa, become a pioneer of planetary consciousness, transcending the faith of his origin and I have joined him in his pleas for "a gift for santa?"

I would have anthropologists review their academented practices and evolve with Santa to transform evaluations of the human condition, to effect "the humane condition." Santa doesn't write in sand (font). He uses the more amusing, amazing Comic Sans MS.

Hoaxes

Hoaxes

humility, the valedictorian's struggle...

now, be humble, mother said...
thru nine schools, thru twelve years,
 counting and discounting, how many fears?
across many faces, across many places,
 meeting only one race, humane
 wetting and drying, how many tears?
with good grades, with hard work,
 with and without, how many peers?
toward a graduation, toward adulation,
 the spartan valedictorian appears...

parents' pride aside, mine denied...
 now, be humble, mother said...
"humble..." what a wounded cry...
 my labors awry... now be humble, why...
fifty years flown by...

half a century ago... our clocks so slow...
still, yet, ever... memory holds aglow...
 now, be humble, mother said...

now, now be humble...
thru three classes i ambled, gambled, rambled and scrambled,

 passing from ability, auditing futility, learning humility...

 time possesses a clear feature, time trained me, a better creature...
 time is a fine teacher... n-o-w, o-w-n, w-o-n, humbled one...

humility, 12203

Help me to sew life's quilt...

Help me to sew life's quilt...
I count the squares of life's quilt, with a kind sigh...
And the tally is quite high...

Help me to sew life's quilt...
I am not all innocent,
Nor am i full of guilt...

Help me to sow life's quilt...
In a great field I turned around a piece marked Evil,
I found the reversed peace spelled Live...

Help me to sow life's quilt...
The next Peace reads Love...

21204

I am too poor to go to war...

I am too poor to go to war...

Let me tell you the score...

Your last war left my crops asunder,

Now my children hunger...

You planted mines in my field...

Nothing but misery, they yield...

Your current battle destroyed my cattle,

Only a bull and a cow...

Because I am not a Muslim or a Jew, you allow me a sow...

Your soldiers gloat that they got my goat...

Was it the marines who stole my sheep...

From you, many sorrows I do reap...

With preemptive interventions and multiple inventions,

You tell me of good intentions?

Who is supposed to explain the detentions?

With great math, the war's cost you do extend,

With your latest military budget, me, you do offend...

Who is to pay for road mending, for health care spending...

For student tending, for water vending...

Quartermaster, halfmaster, fullmaster...

Who would envision worse provision...

Domestically, you insist on standard testing, with efficiency...

You teach war games with proficiency...

Would that we could help children with educational sufficiency...

While far away, thousands of troops are quickly deployed...

In Iraq, Bosnia, Haiti, Siam or Thailand...

At home, the streets fill with the unemployed...

I do believe... I am too poor to go to war...

I am out of step, I am inept... I am too poor...

Yes, I am rich with other stuff... with Thomas Mann, I have a lease...

"War is a cowardly escape from the problems of peace."

Would I, would you, would we, if we could, afford peace...

I am too poor to go to war...

David Inkey, 121503

i am not rummy's dummy

I am not rummy's dummy.....
Though he may lie and make me cry,
And he may cheat when dealing and use only jokers...
And he may send many troops to die...
For democracy, i am not rummy's dummy.....

When it is rainy, select cheney...
 Dick is quick to provide cover in a reign of terror...
When the odds are dire and all are "under fire"
 Remember, rice throws the dice...
 Do u know, two dice are "die."
Janus is a two-faced goddess, a roaming roman...
When w is in his bold time, state of decision,
 Division, incision revision or union (?),
He asserts, "I am bush... I am bush... am bush!"
In foggy bottom, powell puts on a scowl,
 Only to imitate an owl?
 If I could talk, i would squawk:
 "Colin's UN talk is that of a hawk."

Whether dummies are in, or out, politicians are sly...
 Rummy tells half-truths, he seems to lie,
 While more troops die...
When rummy stacks the deck, ridge says,
 "What the heck... let's play bridge.
 Let's feast, what's in the fridge?"
When rummy works on prevarications...
 Laura escalates ranch vacations...
Better to be detained in Guantanamo,
 Than houston, austin or crawford... rain or shine...
 The death penalty in texas is a reign of terror.
I am not bushed, i am fatigued, excuse any error.

..... st. pat's 04

I claimed only to be a Prince of Peace,

I claimed only to be a Prince of Peace,

The crown you made for me you found on the ground,
A vine with many thorns,
It fell softly on the moss, as you raised me on the Cross,
It fell as I descended into Hell...

A simple thing,
You thought I claimed to be a king,
With great glee, you did mock me,
To wound my spirit divine,
You were most cruel, devilishly unkind...

I claimed only to be a Prince of Peace,
You didn't understand my hand,
It was raised in praise, in Love,
Satan knew I only held a dove,

Why did you think I might need a crown...

122103, afterthoughts from handel's messiah...part one...

I gained dollars and some sense...

I gained dollars and some sense...
When I was quite small,
I shined shoes for a penny a pair,
The price I thought quite fair...

When I as a little bigger,
I did yard work for 25 cents a week,
A small fortune I did seek...

When I was a mighty high school sophomore,
I was a soda jerk for 40 cents an hour,
For ice cream my tastes never did sour...

When I was a college junior and senior,
As a humble hospital orderly I earned \$7.60 a day,
A challenging job was my mainstay...

When I was a professor,
I gained many dollars and more sense...

A poem written in “sand....” font 121903

Impunity, beyond the pale

Impunity, beyond the pale,
I do critique a We The People(s) mystique...
We may think it is a general rule,
That children should have school.
Boy, Oh Boy... i ask, "who is the fool?"
Education for all, what falderal...

Masculine, you and i, easily qualify,
We fill and make the grade...
We know our gender is the code...
Male is the mode...
Be a girl and chances fail...
Female is placed beyond the pale...
Or, hidden in a veil,
Or, left at home, as if in jail...

What is the innocence and ignorance we reap,
While, with little or no schooling, many daughters
Sew, cook and sweep, our homes do keep...
For their outcaste state,
How might we all weep...
In many a classroom,
Sons get two spaces of every three,
With probable impunity.
With improbable authority,
Unicef in 2003 swears ...
Girls' education: top priority...

Was it only in '83, a scant score of years ago,
I did plea for school equity...
Now, with an advisor's confession...
I am in regression, Impunity, beyond the pale...

david inkey, unesco advisor to unicef, retired... 12/12/03

Click Here: [UNICEF - The State of the World's Children 2004](#)

In Braille,

Incite, in sight, in Braille...“Love is blind...”

Yesterday, sadly, I opined, “You are too blind to be kind!
You ignore, deplore and leave behind the faith I’ve enshrined,
The care entwined, the hopes outlined, described, imprinted in Braille...”

Today, ¿my friend? You still offend.
I see u decline, rewind, reject, infect thoughts divined...

Now, I’d rather find you reflective, more-most refined...
 declaiming, framing:

“I see, Love is blind, not me!”

41505

JOY, OR IS GROWING UP WORTH "IT" -----see KINDER
JOY, RE-EN-VISIONED --- see KINDER

Leprechaun's Lust, Irish Gold

Dear Turtle,

Once upon a Time, not very long after Time began, there was a marvelous old young leprechaun, redheaded and handily left-handed, of course, even when off course... Well, he was raised with three brothers and no sisters, so when he became a parent, he longed most for healthy children, two of them, but deep in his soul and high in his soulfulness, he longer longed to have both a son and a daughter, or a daughter and a son, in choice of the king or choice of the queen order..... Our lep was blessed with "la choix de roi."

Time moved on, and on and on and on..... Events grew into eventuality and eventuality landed just a little west of the ancient Emerald Isle and not quite so far east of the Emerald City, lep and his family became Connecticut Yankees, our reddy lep landed on a piece or "peace" of edenic terra, quickly nominated by the resident Turtle to be Racc Ridge, just only yet still ever to celebrate a local raccoon.....a raccoon living in the largest sugar maple on the prop property... One event led to another and lep and his family seized the sacred month of St. Pat to make golden nectar, a syrupy selection of juice from nature's natural rejuvenation...

Before the daffodils go daffy in our circle, before the forsythia glances golden tints along our pilgrim's fence, almost before our snowdrops drop their heads in prayerful praise..... lep has made a quintessence quart of Patrick's Potion...

With or without pancakes, aye, I have condensed this story, nature's nicety, into a quart of compliance.....an acre of awe.....a gift of gratitude... the mourning doves dive with delight, the turtle takes her time to tease.... Sir David has a quart of maple's mirth bottled for his Turtle..

peacefully, inkey.....

alas, inkey has lost his irish shirt as a gift to turtle's teasing time... yellow ducky and aussie duck playfully remind inkey that he is not green, with envy.... is it linen's lining that keeps us in line..... each year teaches us to circle our selves in simple sincerity...

I dream by day and by night: We will form a great circle
and as we step or stumble counter-clockwise you will be my leader
and as we reverse ourselves, you will follow or fall in my steps...
Whoever called the clock wise?

Last night, again, I found the little boy in me...

Solstice lights,
With some glee,
Last night I slept beneath my Christmas tree,
I was looking for the little boy in me...

I slept well,
Deep in my dreams of yore, I did dwell...
Wondering, what Santa has in store,

I dreamt beneath my tree once before,
'Twas when I was only five...
Oh, I was so much alive...

Last night I slept beneath my Christmas tree,
Solstice lights did me revive,
Oh, I am so much alive...

Last night, again, I found the little boy in me...

Leap year...

Remember december, cold,
Bold and enter
Leap year, 2004...

An extra day for play, pay back...
Drama, a play to have our say...
Light, a bright ray to avoid dismay...

Leap year, another year, with some fear?
365 days, daze to cheer...
Many to hold dear...
The air to clear,
Politicos out of gear!
Joy to hear and reveere...

Leap, leap year, jump high

21204

Let me peace the peaces of peace...12/11/03

Let me peace the peaces of peace...
War? What for?
For the sake of glory?
Isn't that quite gory? I won't enlist...
Were I forced into your service,
I would desert,
"Coward," You assert, "To show bravery!"
I find that a peculiar kind of knavery...
To defend (y)our honor...
That's one I refuse even to ponder...
To protect (y)our security?
We might prefer a different futurity!
Thomas Mann told me,
"War is only a cowardly escape
From the problems of peace..."
To keep us free?
From that blind suggestion, I do flee ...
'Tis an argument, I cannot see?
In morals, I think your case is base... War?
What for? To honor the ultimate sacrifice?
For what do these deaths suffice?
Glory, honor, freedom and death's price...
Let me plead again for advice...
Isn't it greater glory, honor,
Finer freedom and less vice ...
To give service in another way...
Yes, I know the ancient theme,
"Greater love hath no man than this,
To lay down his life for that of another...."
Brother, sister, uncle, aunt, cousin, Father, Mother,
Friend and stranger...
My dream is, "No greater love hath I than this,
To live my life with and for all others."
That may be the ultimate bliss...
Day by day, of thee, little I ask, though great the task...
Let me peace the peaces of peace...

Lili, high dilly, high lo! Mother's Daze...

Lili's quiet bells, may bloom, sounding resounding Peace...
green leaves lift away winter's grate, great grey brown decay...
a dozen little fragrant flowers flow among golden streams, light beams,
white colors crest amongst straining straying forget-me-nots...

forget me not...

curious cardinals, crafty crows, cautious cormorants chorus us...
a pride of dandy lions lift their heads to hear spring's springing symphony,
valiant violets venture victoriously from memory's heavy veil...
ants amble aimlessly in awe, past ancient underground architecting,
awed in anticipation of every Mothers' daze...

Time tempers our tensions, time tempts all dimensions.
time tears away our tears, tears of sorrow, tears of joy...
time teaches tenderly,

Love is the Question...
Love is the Answer!

A sonnet in 15 lines, no strings attached...
lily of the valley, may 11, 2003

May day.....

Though for another year,
April's song is gone...
I shed no tear...

For today, the first of may,
We celebrate with "muguet,"
France's "Lily of the valley,"
Many a spirit does rally...

While we watch birds in flight,
On the ground, all around,
Violets, purple and white,
Add to our delight...

Roaming free in the yard,
Dandy lions roar a special score:
Will you play, our bard?

050105. A sonnet in a may bonnet...

Meingness

Would I escape Myself to be beyond Selfness?
Is ever, there, there enough for me, too much?
Can Imagination embrace my evasive Elfness...

Curiosity comforts and challenges...
Which philosopher wears the crown of my Consciousness...
Who weights that Wit and Wisdom blocking my Being...

Surely, Goodness and Mercy out-measure Meingness...
I pray not for Justice... Grant me Mercy....
Where, how, when can I escape meanness,,,

Am I in line, on line, out of string... an eclectic kite in charge...
Would that my Voice raised in song would stretch...
The cords and chords are taught... Misunderstanding...
Would I beat you, on deafened drums?
Would Resound some Soundness relate...

¿fourteen lines in a sonnet?

march 8, 03

Nature's Carpets

Nature thrice spread her carpets this fall,
I raked them in,
Ever with a festive grin...
Cherished leaflets announce Awedum's caprice,
"Welcome Mats For All..."

Golden, brown, red, orange leaves descend,
They, my spirit do mend,
In mime, in rime, anytime,
All the time, Sublime...

One carpet, for winter's wit and wisdom,
A second spread for spring's surmise...
Autumn's demise, April fools' surprise?
A third, a rug, to carry me to summer's summary,

Subtle, supple, severe, stern... I turn...
Though I am but of fragile clay,
My childself still romps in mountains I have made for play,
Each revolution added to my calendar repeats an earthen task...
Season's change tempers each, every mask...

I ask, I question, I query, I answer, I reply,
Does each tree now feel free?
Does each leaf death deny?
Is Nature so generous to thee?

Nature thrice spread her carpets this fall...

leafmaster extraordinaire

nature's nook, xenophilia

99 words of wonder.....

ants' awe, antelopes' anticipation
bears' bluff, bisons' bravery
cardinals' care, cats' cuddle
doves' delight, dogs' devotion
eagles' eagerness, egrets' elegy
foxes' fright, finches' fun
gnus' glory, grackles' glee
herons' happiness, humanEs' hope
ibexes' imagery, iguanas' Imagination
jays jealousy, jabberwockies' joy

kangaroos' kindness, kingfishers' knowing
larks' lies, lions' Love
mouses' mirth, mosquitoes musing
newts' nervousness, nightingales' nurture
orioles' optimism, owls' openness
pigeons' pathos, penguins' peace
quails' query, quarks' quandary
raccoons' risk, rhinoceros' riddle
swans' surprise, squirrels' surmise
turkeys' trust, turtles' time

unicorns' union
vultures' vows
wolves' wishes, whales' wonder
xtincts' xception

Xenophilia

yaks' yearning, yetis' yearning
zebras' zest, zebras' zanyness

march 8, 2002

No noise is allowed, in my shroud

No noise is allowed, in my shroud,
I do decry the reason why...
'Tis cuz of Satan's cruel rule...
Three days in Hell...

Just now, fully alive, I thrive,
Yet, before I go to Glory
My Story... I must my tell,
"What?" You exclaim, you proclaim,
You suggest, I might stay in Hell!
Heaven's my destination... predestination...
I don't know why you yell?
No noise is allowed, in my shroud

For Heaven's sake, Paradise or Hell?
On Earth, I stand my ground...
Friends, please, gather 'round
I will make some sound...resound...
My story must be heard...
Though in part absurd...
Good cheer is allowed, in this crowd...
Though Life may be rife with strife,
She never silences my drums and fife...

On my last day, fanning fires with Devilish desires,
With a sharp knife, Satan cuts my plan. a longer span...
Devil, get behind me... You steal my verb, LIVED...
You reverse all my senses into your noun. DEVIL...
Three days in Hell and I will be free...
To Eternity...

Now be humble... now, be humble...

Now be humble...

I am ever humbled by three little words...

Now be humble... now, be humble...

Was there a commatic pause in Mother's voice?

Crippled, tripled, (late flax) retted and ribbled...

When I was but eighteen, valedictorian,

Thru many moves and nine schools,

At last a compensated(?) number one...

My Mother(!) cautioned, precautioned...

Now be humble...

I am bright,

I enjoy treasures, pleasures, insight,

And delight...

Also, I suffer some fright...

Yet, ever, always, alone, together, with self...

From the most severe lessons of life's resume..

Now be humble...

7 march 04... (my greatest most penetrating poem?)

OLD?

Do not be so bold
As to accuse me of growing old...

Though my locks turn to gold,
From a redder tone,
And I have much for which to atone...
Though I require higher volume on the phone,
And the eyeglasses thicken,
I seldom sicken...

I enjoy good taste,
Guarding a modest waist,
While oldsters screech
I use good speech,

Some will grouch, others only say ouch,
I stand tall while many slouch,

Yet, I ever vouch,
Stay in touch...

Only Turtle knows what Turtle knows...

Only Turtle knows what Turtle knows...
Turn turtles in, turn turtles out,
Forever, wonder what turtles are about...
Only Turtle knows what Turtle knows...

Early, I examined Turtle's toes,
Only Turtle knows what Turtle knows...
Soon enough, Turtle learned to think,
Is it only for wonder that Turtle does blink?

Early, I saw Turtle bawl,
Soon enough, I watched Turtle crawl...
Later, I watched Turtle walk,
Then, what a joy, Turtle learned to talk!

When Turtle was sixteen, in enchanted isles far away,
Turtle and I went to play,
There, from ancient *tortugas*, Turtle did learn,
Though far or near, Turtle may roam,
For Christmas cheer, Turtle is home...

ouch...

not in vain, do i complain about my pain...
in other years, i have shed some tears...
for sorrow, grief, and human strife...
yet, it seems never in my life, till now...
in my body, have i felt such terror,
suffering disrepair...

ouch...

let me explain, i think it is quite plain..
i am not a fake, i do not feign the ache...
i offer no easy excuse for what i think is an abuse,
¿¿¿ is it in vain that i complain ??? in vein?
for goodness sake, this medicine must be a mistake...

ouch...

40705

Pagan pageants... December 25th

If the stage were set for pagan pageants,
Santa Claus would have to flee,
Or perchance, s/he could hide in a pear tree,
And, keep for self the gifts meant for thee,
Me thinks, s/he would never do that deliberately...

If the stage were set for pagan pageants,
Angels wouldn't sing with Heavenly glee,
Through a cold winter's night, full of fright,
Only a lonely Pan could play his pipes for me...

If the stage were set for pagan pageants,
A hive of bees would be hired, heatedly to swarm...
And, surely, Frosty The Snowperson would get too warm...

If the stage were set for pagan pageants,
The safety inspector might believe Satan to be the play's director...
To keep his winter wonder from going asunder,
Jack Frost would spare no cost...
And worst of all, Christmas would be lost...

If the stage were set for pagan pageants...
As usual, the child in a manger would be a stranger...
Scrooge wouldn't buy a goose, but Hell would break loose,
And, the Devil, you say, would upstage Santa...
In such dismay, how do we prey... "How do we pray?"

12/09/03

Party? Politics? for the good? loser...

The campaign?

There was an error...

I was caught in a downpour,

"the reign of terror."

My vote?

Oh, I missed "the boat." A lifeboat...

Life vest, not given... Politics over invested...

Citizen, bested?

My candidate?

Betwixt promise and compromise, I surmise...

I petition, I position, in opposition...

Is this an inquisition?

My count?

No discount in my college,

Electoral, sectoral, dictatorial...

My win?

What a spin...

I am too good? a loser...

david inkey, 21204 -we couldn't find the bottom line
so we underlined everything.... emboldened all...

Pax nobiscum, an unprinted voice...

Many may rejoice,
That I have an unprinted voice...
Several will say it is my choice,
A few, rime and reason why,
"Tis that I am shy,"

Indeed, that may be my cry,
I have an unprinted voice...
We hear poets abound,
Some of great renown...
Some work on sound,
Others, to silence are bound,

Mine is a mime, committing no crime...
I beam with phonic display...
I scream for an unprinted voice...
I team with my senses, both eye and ear.
In Cyberspace, I dream you will hear,
That I have an unprinted voice...

I tease to please...
My scribbled lines I relay...
Avoiding any printer's delay...
Hooray... My Friend, to Thee.
I remain an unprinted voice...by choice...
In precious silence, let us rejoice...
Pax nobiscum...

Pax nobiscum, chapter eleven....

Finer freedom and less vice...
To give service in another way...
Yes, I know the ancient theme,
"Greater love hath no man than this,
To lay down his life for that of another...."
Brother, sister, uncle, aunt, cousin, Father, Mother,
Friend and stranger...
My dream is, "No greater love hath I than this,
To live my life with and for all others."
That may be the ultimate bliss...
Day by day, of thee, little I ask, though great the task...
Let me peace the peaces of peace...

12/11/03

poetic license in cybernicks (plic,sounded police)... david inkey*

I am quite renowned, the quietest clown, around,
Sage, forget the rosemary and thyme... evening uneven time...
My, a poem without words exaggerate mime, while lacking rime,
Would that that be my greatest crime?

Deafened by the unspoken, unheard...clearly unblurred...
Cringing aweigh from troubled touch, and such,
Avoiding any bitterness of the tasteless, unmasking the faceless...
In my seize of words, a virtual dictionary, I captain a ferry,
I need not tarry--I will never drown,
In catastrophe and calm, I frown against every cruel reign...
In the deep, with treasures to keep, I fathom, to "mark twain..."

My senses discount just five, taste, touch, sight, hearing and scenting...
My census accounts a fix of six, humor, joy, grief, relief, awe and love...
I am a cosmic poet, life sentenced to earth, a planetary clown!
Implicitly, bonded, with poetic license, with special legal "duplicity..."
Planetary Culture and the ultimate pc, Personal Commitment...
Cybernetic Poet,* Is ur pc a grand machine, a great find,
Almost a new mind?

From whence dost thee hail...I only read Braille, My eyes are blind...
For what Poet Homer lacked in sight, he paid with insight...
Later, Poet Pindar's fame hurt Plato's game. Poor Plato in the shadows of a cave.
Banishing poets, claimed to be brave, ...Poor Plato, worse than a slave,
Poor Plato, a republican knave...Would that that be his greatest crime?

Sighted, excited, recited, the little prince speaks. Brightly, for me...
"It is only with the heart that one can see rightly;
what is essential is invisible to the eye."
Would that poetic license be my greatest crime...

=====

**A poem of cognition offered in recognition of Ray Kurzweil's cybernetic poetry,
nytimes 112403, Patents, by Teresa Riordan.**

Raw fish, in a poetic think tank...
Verses with one reverse

Selfish,
Elfish,

Shellfish,
Clams,
Calm,

Act,
Fact,
Ion,
Faction?
Fraction,
Fiction,

Raw,
War,

Piece,
Peace...

David inkey, 122103, in a “sand” pile...

(god and dog somehow didn't get into the pond.....)

Santa, well suited

Though often sooty, but never snooty...
My suits are famous red and white,
And my boots, shiny black...
In fact, in fashion, I almost nothing lack...
A person is not by his/her clothes made...
I work hard for my accolade...

It is not my clothes that give me fame...
And, deer, sleigh, and toys are only a part of my game,
'Tis in my spirit that I win greatest acclaim...

Beware... You better watch out, except when I come...
You better not cry... except for joy and special grief...
 I'm telling you why...
 If you don't believe in me,
 I won't believe in you...
Then, what in the world would we do...

120603

dear new york times ethicist, or santas' wait problem,

we all know that housebreakers when caught are considered criminals and dealt with accordingly... even when not apprehended the law does not pardon them.. yet, we are now in a season of great anxiousness when just one bearded old man will or will not enter our homes and other mostest guarded institutions and he (pardon the gender bias) will with longterm planning-- ¿premeditation?--upset the moral, normal and abnormal, routines of our lives and livelihoods... since september the eleventh men in ever so slightly differing attire, especially men with beards, of any and all ages, have been--are highly suspect of being "guilty," of evasion and invasion... now, i am in their lot... each year for the past ominous 13 years i have donned unusual clothing each december and not "played" but truly, intentionally, supra-nationally, worked, with planetary helpers, as a house and institution breaker... i travel with a pretext of names, a bag of uninspected packages, and i leave the premises i stealthily entered, taking "goods" of inestimable worth... i take as much from unsuspecting "innocent victims" as they would give me if I were directly threatening their lives, and of course i am threatening their lives, their economies the very belief systems, security, their myths... i think that none of the goods i take would show in court as incriminating evidence against me, under the rubric "material witness," that argument would be "immaterial," yet my clever stealing ways support me from one season thru three more, thru an entire revolution, until i and a bonded band of roving renegades can again clandestinely collect the rewards of our labor... what with the anthrax scares around us, i suppose that many timorous souls and bodies will be less than ever appreciative this year of winter's white cloak which so facilitates my arrivals and departures.... my snow jobs will hasten people to refuge and i may even encounter more cold shoulders than traditionally, although i generously offer coals to even the meanest of hosts, those who have been mean in their families and communities. mean even beyond my sense of meaning...

so many people in all lands have become accustomed to the trinkets i give them, while i take so much more from them.... in a way they are unknowingly generous, even though they are accustomed to my ways, i am just a tiny tiny timlet--a second hand to their wishes--reluctant to plead for, even to murmur my wish for a gift, even a symbolic reward, for myself, that i could apply to my advancing needs... i have never before so explicitly expressed my need, but what with the events of

september the eleventh and our general recession, i think you might weigh my brief, my case ¿briefcase? i want, a gift for santa..

while the administration in dc has proclaimed that it doesn't want to leave any children behind, and child or adult, in june 2001, W offered to the coffers of kofi for his aid AIDS fund the sumlet of 200 million dollars, that is only a fractiontight in excess of 71 cents (not sense) per capita for every kidlet and adult in the usa... and the nation has offered 40 billion for post september eleventh assistance (that's 200 times the contribution to the United Nations AIDS Fund)....i am confused.....

human rites and rights alert us to many threats to our welfare, yet we hasten to economize even in welfare. all the way through all my schooling, i never ever, since, yet, before, and have been through a course in ethics... and i am still weighting for that great day when spelling contests will ask Danny whether our descriptive adjective is human or humane... if my plea is beyond your ethical competency, perchance you can direct me and my revolutionaries through the mazes... i have ever wanted amaze, for christmas, ramadan, hanukkah, buddha's birthday, confucius' nameday, all birthdaze, children's days, mommy's daze, daddy's daze and maybe you can give me a generous peace of peace...

help! help santa, santa...

a gift for santa?

i want to live in a world where the past tense, the present tense,
and the future tense--all avoid pre-tense.
i want to live in a world where the future protects the past...
and, where, without question or doubt, the past protects the future...
this may be the greatest present we may ask for.
i want all of the best dreams of all ages to be the "ourstory" of the future.
i want all the horrors of all our pasts to be forgiven,
miscellaneous errors of ignorance.....
miserably multiplied by unmitigated arrogance.
i want to live in a world where no child will ever ask, why did you save my life?
i do not want to live in a world where children ask us,
the well-fed, the educated, the healthy, the rich, the powerful,
"innocent questions" for which i have no innocent answers.

Snow Jobs

In a peace dream I saw two young children in the Middle East
ready for a war just as the sun emerged from the clouds of war.

One child stood in the shade, armed with a magnificent pile of snowballs...

The smaller, weaker and wiser child stood in a small sunlit puddle,
crying toward heaven,

"I can't fight, my snowballs have melted."

Was that foreign sound indeed a cry of despair or a shriek of delight.

The child's smile spoke louder than all his words and the two boys
took the remaining snowballs home to their families
because the scuds had destroyed Baghdad's water system.

I never counted my snow battles because they were few and friendly.

My playing in The Sunnyside Park was so much play that in my childhood

I never had to fight in racial, economic, or ideological wars.

David Inkey, 1991

The Sunnyside Wars were supposed to be a game... before ¿War Games?

Satan, caught by the spelling bees...

a swarm of bbb caught the devil by surprise...

"you scare the Hell out of me..." was Satan's heated surmise,
the devil, cruelly chased the littlest b... in reprise...

the queen buzzed, almost stingingly, "join our crew..."

"devil, you bumble more than we.."
caught, the devil whispered to self, "what am i to do?"

the littlest b xstactically xplained,

"you, you little devil, you don't know how to spell."
"I do... S...A...T...A...N..." the devil replied, "What the Hell!"

"B Wise" said the littlest b... "s...a...n...t...a..."

the devil, almost bumbling, responded, "s...a...n...t...a..."

=====

now, our newest santa helps bbb separate honey from wax...

he waxes apples in the awedumm, perfect gifts in eden...

and in AWE, AU, Antarctica University, he is a pc,

a most honored program coordinator of corporate kindness...

the b school is a buzzing success...

the littlest b is praying with all the praying mantises...

that this fallen angel will learn to fly again in celestial circles...

in a greek myth a boy named icarus had wings that melted,

i think the devil's wings melted with the heat of his own furnace.

The d...e...v...i...l... turned from evil, to live... he turned himself around,

and l...i...v...e...d...

i like spelling bbb...

...seasoning...thirteen lines...

autumn's gold ransoms summer's emeralds...
scarce rubies, scattered upon midas' magic carpet,
mark graves of spring's daffy gems...
narcissus, forgetting self, examines all with awe...

winter will bathe naked arbors in full daylight,
glistening ice and snow can dress nature...
more brightly than would king solomon's diamonds...

i will recapture my childness, raking leaves, romping, romping in
nature's harvest... jeffrey and jane pumpkin, of the
o'lantern clan, will visit anew on hallowed eve...

to love only spring is yet another way of hating life,
myriad leaves now compose, compost other life...
i pray, "let me live all the daze of my life."

16 october 2001

SYMBOLS, OF LOVE

In the daze of days, we chose Sixteen of May...
Beyond the trumpets' voluntary blasts,
We ring our lives with gold clasped...

I and eyes merge mysteriously...
Spirits of our being, children stretch Our Eternity...

Roses grow through all ages,
As yellowing admits mellowing,

Our shared smiles measure many miles,
Sorrows spent surprise us yet,
Evening warms the chimney...

15 MAY, UNFINISHED...

TEARS FOR THE TEARFULL.....

U tore my feelings with ur cruel silence,
Kind silence would simply drain yesterday's tears...
Kinder words work the magi miracle...inspiration...

Love is the question,
Love is the answer...

Aye, I have no tears for tomorrow's fears...
I walk thru the valley of the light of liking,
I wander thru the valley of the shadows of lifeness,
 And the beauty thereof dissolves all terror...
 Error, blame, blasphemy and boorish behavior...
With tone deafness, I long for a song...
 Wrong? No...
 Write? Yes*
 Rite... My tears of Joy...
My mime by mystic muse octetted...

LOVE'S OCTETTE

love is the question
love is the answer

LOVE IS THE QUESTION
LOVE IS THE ANSWER

love is the question

love is the answer

love is the question
love is the answer...

Telling Time ... November 11th

Telling Time?

Is that like telling stories...

"Hickory, dickory, dock... The mouse ran up the clock..."

I would tell Time many tales, with glee,
Yet, Time does not listen to me...

Telling Time? In "school," we only learned to measure it
Clocks raced the hours, or struck them down...
Clocks cheated the sun, with daylight saving...
Clocks went tick, tock... Clocks went cuckoo...
Clocks lost time... Clocks gained time,
Some cheated the clock... No one cheats Time!

Time tells us so much... We only bide our Time...
On time, out of time, time out!
In time, timing! Before time, after time,
Racing time, over time, under time, ahead of time...
Stretching time, behind time... bending time, breaking time,
In no time at all... i have no time....the time of our lives...

I cannot find Time... This is Wartime... Where is Peacetime?
Wait a minute... Just a second... Stealing time?
In lifeness, what is the greatest crime?

Killing Time...

November 11th --i still call this fragment of time, Armistice Day,
unapologetically..... working for peace gives no time for apologies...

The clown in town

U wonders why i smile and smirk instead of frown?
Well, 'tis because, as if in circus grand, i see and saw,
A splendid clown wearing a doctoral cap and gown...

Once upon a time, maybe just a moment or so ago,
When larry as in summers was in his corporate prime?
Not in tragic crimson crime and grim...
There was a passive verb standing on the college street curb,
Just outside the yalies' quad, near the green, wishing to be seen,
When a redheaded, left-handed clown, walking upside down,
In a total blackout, entered new haven town...

As u might guess, as he passed a somber group of grammarians,
He was mapped, he was trapped, he was tripped upon a noun...
Their verb, a most fierce defense, in past perfect tense,
Shouted, most rudely, "get out!" "from whence do u hail?"
"Certainly, u is not from yale... we will have to put u in jail..."

Most politely, almost proverbially, without being adverse or adverbial,
The clown, a chap of considerable renown, u can be sure, replied...
My subject is not a pronoun, 'tis a proper noun, **Veritas...**
Don't u know, u belong in second place... aren't u second rate?
Some adjectives strung out, friends of our clown, the verb did flout...
They lifted the clown upside, right, and all avoided a rivals' fight...
Nouns, pronouns, adjectives, each with a candle to avoid further scandal,
Showed the clown in clear crimson hue, **a pro-women scientist from H.U.,**
Or b.u., or stanford, princeton or some other equity?

The yalies blushed in scarlet disgrace, but they did not lose face...
Lux et Veritas, aglow, u know, they gave the great clown full renown...

earth day 2005

The daffs' delay... Palm Sunday 2003

Somewhere, somehow, somewhen, somewhy,
I cry.....Why the daffs' delay...
Why do I cry?

Spring has sprung in my broken watch,
March has marched on, cold, wet and gray,
May will soon come within me, to play

Why so much hope in April's slowed dismay...

Prime colors leak from Eastern wars' red hue,
Through the clear sky's eternal blue,
Yellow for cowardice, yellow for light,
War is our blight...

Come catch my budding Soul,
Not spellbound in Hell's hole...
Narcissus looks on self, alone,
A few daffs resound their silent tone...

My palms grasp Easter's correction...
Insurrection turns to Resurrection...

Poetics by david inkey

THE DAZE OF OUR LIVES...

As Lives go Out and Lives come In...
Just, almost like Great Tides...

"Fast falls Our Even-Tide..."
Let us see EVIL turned to LIVE..

Falling Angels, we see other Angles...

Reverse our overtried DEVIL...
Bedeviled?
BE LIVED!

Satan restor(i)ed is Santa...

PRAY, let us Live all the Daze of our Lives...

The death sentence

There is one line I cannot write,
Even in a flight of fantasy...
There is one line I cannot sight...

It is a thesis, *poesis, meaning making*,
Meinging making, I might recite...
Thanotopsis?

In peacemaking I do delight,
The greedy generals of any fight, I slight...
The arts of war, I thoroughly deplore...

In fullest daylight, in darkest night,
Be I left, astray, or all right...
I refuse to enter your foray...
My evolution is conflict dissolution...

In life I may try to climb any height,
And, there though I feel some fright,
I will in challenges excel and exhale...

Once, or twice, or ever more? I may even explore
Many a hell on earth...

Yes, when fully out of breath, I will meet death.
There, there is one sentence I cannot rite...

The death sentence...

the poet senses, the poet census,

Part One... If I were a Poet...

If I were a Poet...
I would know which words like to rime...

If I were a Poet...
I would feel the tempo each sentence needs to climb...
I would scent the accent of every indelible syllable...
I would taste the saccharine and salinity of Infinity,
 Each flavor, caught in a maze, or raised in praise.
I would see oceans and high seas of opportunity,
Miming the riming, reason and treason of ancient mariners.....

If I were a Poet...
I would deftly hear the resounding sages of my pages...
A cluster of senses I would need to muster...
Touch, smell, taste, sight, and hearing, good steering...
Trust, hope, humor, joy, grief, love and Awe...in All...

Part Two... If I were not a Poet...

If I were not a Poet...
I believe I would wish not to know it...

Still, yet, ever, toward an Eternity...
Every winter, I would play in the snow...
Every summer, with a little sunburn, I would glow,
Every spring I would help the fairies ring,
 Lilies in the valley, Cockle bells on high...
 Not forgotten, forget-me-nots would only sigh...
Every autumn, I would tell the leaves exactly where to fall...
 An October fest would give us rest,
 Then, in Thanksgiving, we would all be blessed...
If I were not a Poet, one I ought to be...

humane rites, human rights day 03

The Quietest Clown

i would be the quietest clown in the cosmos,
if i could find a simple place
betwixt curious complexity and the unlimited expanse
of the nation of imagi...

eons ago,
a speculative supposed saint approximated or plagiarized
my ever anticipated autobiography,
ages before I found that unauthorized artist-author's delightful drawings and delirious
drafts...

saint-exupery's little prince was as golden crowned as i,
he only differed by blueness in the irises of sight...
he had a serpentine ease for his escape
from a short planetary sentence,
i am sentenced to life and sentenced to death here,
earthen, never knowing the indeterminate duration.

clowns do not work only in circuses...
most of us wander thru the universe
without any sense of circling the crowds we encounter...
occasionally, some are caught in universities...
maybe clowns "play" only in circuses
and work in the "rest" of our lives...
cosmic comics...

i would play with pandas,
rest with raccoons,
and..... work with walruses,
it has been said, well recorded...
an actor must play the parts created by others,
a clown must create his/her own role
i am a lonely, quietest clown...

All the apes asked me to ape them....
All boobies wanted me to know they have no booby traps.
The condor caught my candor...
The donkey wondered why i thought he was a burrocrat.

The elephant helped me pack my trunk...
The frog wanted me to be a royal...
He wanted me to introduce him to a princess...
A giraffe gently grounded my grief...
The heffalump hid so carefully I never found him or her.

The iguana ignored my ignorance...
The jackal joined my joy and played both judge and jury.
The kangaroo pocketed my pretense.
The loon lifted my spirits...
A lion lost his pride...

The monkey taught me his business...
The newt nicely noticed my new necktie.
The wise old owl easily outwitted me.
The penguins taught me to play water polo.

The quail confessed confusion between tales and retails...
The raccoons raced ridiculously round my riddles...
One of the skunks thought he smelled a humane being...
The skua suggested, "SHARING..."

A monk was locked in his cell until released by a monkey...
The turkeys thought they had all the keys...

The unicorn blesses all, seen and unseen...
From on high, vultures view our vain, inhumane vulgarity...
The walrus wonders with wit and wisdom.

A lonely xiphosuran wanted to play horseshoes...

One yak yearned with all my yearnings...
Then, all the yaks yelled, YES!!!!!!!!!!!!

There were no strikes against the zebras.
Except for the candy stripers...
Zebras had all the stripes running, walking and standing, still...

The Quietest Clown's Epilogue

peace in nine sizes of cosmic's comic sans ms font

peace

peace

peace

peace

peace

peace

peace

peace

peace

THE

SILICON

BOX

A Truthfilled Fable by David Inkey

Pooh, legally known as Win Scotlow, came into our lives at 1:49 p.m. on Friday October 5th, 1973... He seemed to us to be a long awaited angel, yet he couldn't talk, wouldn't walk, cried a great deal and beyond our Imaginations, Pooh was a cuddly being... We took him home from the hospital in a cardboard box that was scarcely long enuf for him... We have lost the box so we cannot verify the statistics of that bygone era, but Pooh measured in at twenty-one and one-half inches, weighing a healthy nine pounds and eleven ounces...

Pooh impressed us, his parents, in ways we had never, ever calculated that we would be impressionable... We enjoyed Pooh so completely that we celebrated every day of his young life, and we especially created gala occasions for each month-mark of his terrestrial time...

Pooh wiggled and wormed his way around his crib so energetically by the time he was six months young that I added an additional name to his collection, Inchy... Following the mobiles his mother had strung over his crib wasn't sufficient explanation to his gyrations, we had to conclude that he came equipped with a special, secret gyroscope which we would never, ever see nor comprehend... We, simple complex parents that we are, had not so simply to be constant and consistent in leaving openings for Pooh to explore...open windows, open doors, open Worlds.

Sooner than later, we just simply couldn't "keep up" with our roving Explorer and given our own Western United States origins, Pooh's mother and I concluded that we needed to purchase a magnificent round, expandable corral playpen for our Pooh... A 12-foot diameter enclosure, a pasture of 111.714 rounded square feet gave Pooh "lots of room" and all the frustration of indoor confinement... Failure in the living room encouraged us to venture "out doors..." despite all the heat and humidity of summer in North Carolina... So, we taught our Pooh to be a water baby at the University of North Carolina Faculty Pool and he could swim 15 feet, underwater, at the age of 7 months... He couldn't surface because his strong kick at home wasn't enuf to break the surface of the water... We lifted him to reoxygenate and played with our little submarine being, as if we were adventuring into worlds of childhood and imagination never even dreamt of by Jules Verne...

Pooh could wiggle his toes as well as I and Pooh could throw sand energetically on the South Carolina Coast while parents and extended family tried to teach him the principles of tidal pools, sand sculpture and erosion.... A dried out Pooh returned to his Piedmont home and needed a continuation education in physics and fantasy... Putting Pooh to bed each evening was an enduring challenge to his mom, dad and The Sand Man... Not all the sands of sleepytme were enuf to satisfy our inquisitive Pooh, we needed a daytime sequence to extend Pooh's preparation for living in Cyberspace, though we had not yet learned about the challenges of cybertime, cybertravel and cyberspeculation... Fortunately, no one had even thot of the word or world of cybersuperstition... We looked like Sphinx in Gaza and we couldn't even see our own feet...yet we wanted Pooh to gain great, good understanding.... We wanted Pooh to be so well schooled and educated that he would transcend the ages... We wanted Pooh to weigh and measure and value the sands of all Time...

So, what were we to do.... We had to get Pooh a special box... In the "old days" the box would be known as a sand box, but for all the ages of people who would play and work in Win's World, we had to construct THE SILICON BOX... Silicon Valley, the one in California, was an entire continent removed from us... Though Mom and Dad had both spent significant years of their lives in the Golden State, Pooh's parents were not attuned to the ages awaiting their progeny... Pooh would get an early start in life with a loosely filled Silicon Box, where he and his playmates could begin to explore the mysteries of star dust, extra-terrestrial intelligence, asteroids, space travel and silicon....

Pooh grew up and went away from home, though home also went away from Pooh... His parents took him to UNESCO when he was not yet four and by six he was bilingual in English and French... Pooh lived in Metropolitan Washington long enuf to become a child expert on The Space Museum and other components of the Smithsonian Complex... When he was only 8 he spent 399 pennies in the Museum Gift Shop to give his family a basic collection of geology specimens...his mother wisely advising his father that Pooh needed to be the identified family curator of this treasure.... A family friend in Florida was so enchanted with the Christmas letter that reported on Pooh's Curatorship, that Herb sent several dozen sharks teeth fossils, whale bone fossils and obsidian cores to enlarge Pooh's enlarging world of silicon specimens...

Eventually, event-ually, by then a fledging and fragile seventh grader, Pooh needed help in communication and writing skills and we were prevailed upon to get Pooh another silicon box... This one was called a computer.....

If you believe in miracles you will easily understand that Pooh entered into the world of his second silicon box with every bit as much imagination and joy as he had when he wiggled his toes in THE SILICON BOX...

Childhood has a way of building a great bastion of Memory and Pooh's Memories are not accessible to me beyond what facts, faxes and fictions he can re-call from his childness... I have written this little story to argue, not to argue, to encourage, to build courage that new parents, everywhere, have a responseability, a response,ability, to "give" two headstarts to every child.... Would it be ironic or only siliconic, to suggest that every child has the right to enjoy the rites and rituals of THE SILICON BOX...

Please Don't Waste Silicon...

the tunic of peace

Naking knightly on this orphaned earth—striped to atonement...

No proverbial bed of nails for me...

Might a bed of finest needles also comfort thee...

Perceptive piercing pining needles warm, warn, warp, wrap

My war-torn battered, flattered, scattered, tattered

Airs, cares and prayers...

In the ides and tides of august august a light blanket, a coveted cover,

A guiltless quilt of stars rivals, reveals, rouses, resurrects

My oft lonely soul while a loon sings soliloquies to the crescent moon,

Neighboring venus' brilliant, flawless armor is a trilingual triumph:

Amour, amor and love...

Akin to votive candles, the punctured skylights pull aweigh nights' doubts,

Fears and tears, while bands, choirs, choruses, orchestras and symphonies

Of meteors fall, to expire...

In acadia's awe-filled breadth lifeness is an ample breath, to inspire,

The relation of all beings one to another...

Many cinders and sinners settle as burnt out, exhausted prophets,

Signals, signatures perchance to cremation and a new creation...

Aren't air, water, earth and fire ancient elements of the alchemist's desire...

Might I be a phoenix, an asteroidean android, the little prince returned...

Sentenced to life, sentenced to death—both terms indeterminate...

While my body sleeps, nature my nature nurtures and keeps,

On an astral loom far from doom admired, inquired, required peace

Quivers, shivers and quakes...

Peace weaves but never wavers, making no mistakes in my seamless tunic...

Shameless, bareheaded, bare-bodied, barefooted, i loose all worries,

Soonest i lose even the selfness of summers' subtlety,

Surrendering all awe to winters' flurries of fantasy,

With phantoms shining light into my dark inter-sessions...

With every daunting dawn, dazzling daze appear,

I am addressed, clothed, dressed, redressed, robed in the tunic of peace.

8/9/04,

the UN poet: scared, scarred, sacred

when will my people unite...
why do we continue to fight...
too many are scared to death...
too many are scarred by life...

with "We The People(s)" immersed in strife,
our arguments are rife...
with this war on terror,
i believe we are in error...
might you find my judgment fair?

with great flair, with an irish air...
staging a play for global display...
connor places, o'brien ever graces our honor:
THE UNITED NATIONS: SACRED DRAMA...
do not delay, read, enjoy, employ "sacred drama."
am i in relay... scared, scarred, sacred...

david inkey, the UN poet, 32104

**(see Connor Cruise O'Brien's book,
THE UNITED NATIONS: SACRED DRAMA)**

the UN poet, part2

i am the united nations poet!

the united nations has one poet!
i know it! i know him...
though many do not know it, me, him, her...
i inquire, doesn't the un require many, more?
i am the united nations poet!

i believe...
i must defer to kofi for prose and diplomatic pose...
and, though i can scarcely dance,
i do court UN romance...
words rhyme for me, in every clime...
while gertrude gasps, "a rose is a rose is a rose,"
david rasps, a poet is a poet is a poet...

kofi and i propose,
peace will with peace increase...
hymns, his, hers, my puns may cause a stir...
a pun for fun, poems of the UN...

for more than a score of years,
in ilo, i savored labor...
in who, i added wealth to health...
in fao, i gave erudition to good nutrition,
and in unesco, i even showed dedication to education,
 universally yearning "learning to be"...
in unicef, with familiar planning, scheming and screaming,
 i complained, i proclaimed, i explained,

"every child a wanted child."

the waxed leaves,

autumn's fleeting moment, like fast falling leaves...
glows in brief beauty...

a lover longs for lasting light, preserving color,
before winter's days shorten,
before darkness smothers crimson,
destroys gold,
bakes brownness...

with wax from icarus' broken wings,
my lover preserves, reserves, deserves,
and gives waxed leaves...

9 nov 2003

There are no roads to roam...

There are no roads to roam, quite so beautiful as those going home...

Along a trail of fears, through a vale of tears, trapped in a jail of years...

Freed, in each instance, Time, Direction, Distance, I ponder...

Then, playing amidst jeers and cheers, I wonder, I wander...

With tears of joy, with tears of sorrow...

There are no roads to roam, quite so beautiful as those going home...

With temples grown gray,

Father Time may fray my tether, a long rope,

In Life's awed silence and clatter, what is the matter,

Mother Care may my hope shatter?

While I would grasp the Holy Grail,

An aging pope grows ever more frail,

Hail, Mary, full of grace...

Wouldst thee grant me greater scared space...

A misguided tour tries to prevail, all road lead to Rome...

There are no roads to roam, quite so beautiful as those going home...

113003

This motley crew...

Don't believe this motley crew is askew...
We need only a quick review...
Indeed, we may be scarce, a few,
In deed, we renew in a review...
By no creed, do we desire a curfew...
For peace... we form a great queue,
For peace...we, too, do sue,
We apply, we supply, we rely on,
Peace to the nth...

Peace to the nth

Close you testament...
I do not desire a peace which passeth all understanding...
I require, need and seed an under standing, understanding...
No proxy, no stand in, no stand out!
A peace stand, a stance, to shout?
Without a doubt, a war to rout...

My peace, not an event...
Your peace, an increase...
Our peace, a great release...
Classic peaces of eight,
More than familiar pax, paz, paix... peace unaligned... beautifully designed...

VREDE, PAKE SALAAM, SHANTI, MIR, PAU, HE PING, MIR, PATUKAYNUMIN, FRED,
SULH, VREDE, PEACE, ERKIGSINEK, BULA, RAUHA, PAIX, FRIEDEN, IRINI, ALOHA,
SHALOM, SHANTI, BÉKE, FRI<UR, DAMAI, SÍOCHÁIN, PACE, HEIWA, AMAHORO,
PHYONGHWA, SANTIPHAP, EMIREMBE, KEAMANAN, PACI, RONGO, SHANTI, FRED,
SULH, KATAHIMIKAN, YATANPA, POKÓJ, AMAHORO, MIR, SHANTI, MIR, RUNYARARO,
PAZ, AMANI, FRED, SAMADANAM, SANTIPHAP, SIDI, BARIS, AMAN, HÒA BÌNH
HEDDWICH, UKUTHULA

"Peace is so beneficial that the word itself is pleasant to hear."
With Cicerian repose...

Those warriors called me eccentric...

Request: a peace of peace, please...

"Yes, I want a peace of peace,

I explain, I claim, not greedy, quite needy...

Just a little one, for me, alone...

A treasure, a pleasure,

In deed, an inner measure...

Yes, I agree... you even guess...

'Tis only a lease?'

Inner peace..."

"What? you suggest i might request another peace!

What grace, what place, what face...how fast, the race?

I do gain in grace...

For me, a special pleasure, a second treasure,

Two peaces of peace... what a great increase...

I make no mistake to choose, to take, universal peace...

I trust it is not too grand a request?

You reply, 'granted! well planted...'

"You offer me yet another peace?

How? when? why? where? i almost despair...

Space enough, you bluff... you dare...

To give me yet another peace.

What peace will you keep...

You have reserved, with great reserve, a peace i deserve?

How can i serve three circles, cycles of peace...

A tricycle, no? my choice i rejoice

...a pc, planetary concord..."

"In accord, my lord, communal peace, concentric...

Those warriors called me eccentric ...

Let us not close the quotes...

concentrating... 6 march 2004

étoad time?

...i whispered, whispered to the toads, étoad time?
...i talked to the turtles, a lingua franca of turtlese,
...i shouted to the tadpoles... ...none replied...

...i whispered to a solitary wasp, whispness,
...i talked to a singular dragon, fly,
...i shouted to a bumbling bee, buzz,
...i stubbed my little toes, comatose,

...stung with loneliness, i cried...
"...toad time..." ...too-add time...

since, yet, only nurture could here hear me,
i cried again, "a gain..."

éwhen? i listened... ...all nature replied... "awe.."

...

the ides of october '01

The poets hope... the poets' hope

.....The poets hope... The poets' hope...
.....Happy New Year.....

.....We hope for you, Good Cheer.....
.....We hope for you, friends near.....
.....We hope from you, to hear.....

.....The poets hope... the poets' hope...
.....Every Every Year, Happy New Year,

..... every year 12/16

THE YELLOWED VALENTINE

Yesterday's Valentine is yellowed...not as old parchment,
Nor as My Mother's ancient tablecloth...

Our Valentine is yellowed, as the song of the winter canaries of
My Childhood...

The signs are yellowed as the shining sunbeams polished by my ever happy
Cloud Child Friend, Geoffrey?

The Yellow is as the daffodils I await in April's Glory:

The Yellowed Note shouts as early blossoming Forsythia,
The Peace filled spears pierce our Hearts for God's Sake,

For God's Sake, LOVE!

February 15th 2031!

Tee time...

I am off of golf,
But I share tea with thee,
With glee...

Oh, the years are more than 33,
Yes, every day I can,
I do share share tea with thee...

We test the leaves of time,
We enjoy the spice of thyme,
We live together with great rime,

I couldn't invent thee,
I looked long and far for you,
Ah, how love has been a great glue,
Thank you for giving me a clue...

Love, love, love...

david, 20604

We may seek solace with the solstice,

We may seek solace with the solstice,
Remembering december 22nd ...
Though on our pond the ice is still thin,
Soon, a new year will begin...

When winter comes very fast,
Our elves wonder how it will last,
When spring lingers long,
Our poets are full of song...

Remembering june 21st,
In summer's lengthened daze we laze,
We may seek solace with the solstice...

Fall presents colors for all,
Autumn gives winter a call...
Remember, december 22nd ...
We may seek solace with the solstice...

"we need a name for this war..."

nkristof, nyt, 111903

we need a name for this war?

we don't even know the score...

we shouldn't confuse it with others,
though that be 43's druthers...

terrorism, no... errorism, Si! Signor, or...

wmd? be they in dare, error, scare or terror...

w brands retaliations in excess... ..

a measure of pent's success...

in security's ¿council? colin powered,

i observed peace devoured, never found...

now tony and the queen hold the ground,

w argues for force, italy studies the course,
coarse caskets filled...

congressional spuds will not be french grilled...

ashcroft will deport lady liberty, deliberately...

nyt's tom says, "ww3....." i repeat," not for me..."

don't take me for a dummy, rummy...

if we get it straight, nick offers saddam's portrait...

for unwritten poetry, for inflated prose...

for something penned without quotes,

nicholas grants iraqi 250 dinar notes...

with stingy george we only had political correctness

and personal computer, two pcs,

with semantic ease, aware of war's disease, generously,

a pentanarchy of pcs, i offer, ¿to fill my coffer?

"we need a name for this war,"

planned chaos? condi's pandemonium;

panic control, complete paranoia! planetary crime.

(the old name will do, call it war...)

. full stop..... david inkey, the United Nations poet,

When the Moon is full...

Oh, the boon,
When the Moon is full...

What did I do this noon?
With fife and life,
I played a happy tune,
Because, as a knight, tonight,
In armor and amor, I must shine,
"When the Moon is full..."

My boon companion...
A lively lunatic?
Will you visit me soon?
Streams of light fill our night,
Could you unmask a raccoon...
Would you sing with a loon...
When the Moon is full...

With the New Moon...
In the dark, will you sing as a lark,
With the first crescent,
Your visit would be pleasant...

Anytime, every time, in all seasons,
We quickly offer new reasons...
When the Moon is full...

While u wondered...

Forever young, in aging.....

While u wondered...

at 100, I thundered, who will I be?

at 99, I could still disagree and plea...

at 95, I was very glad to be alive,

at 93, With glee, I could still drive,

at 92, I wasn't thru...

at 85, Ever to learn, I did strive,

at 82, What to do?

at 81, I am far from done,

at 79, I hope to be fine,

at 77, Too early for heaven!

at 73, What will I see...

at 73, I thundered, who will I be?

While u wondered...

122103

What should i do?

What should i do...

Tomorrow, I will be 72...

At 5, i was very much alive...

At 7, maybe i wished to be 11!

When tenned, my world i did greatly extend...

At 16, i sought more self-esteem...

At 18, the only victory was valedictory...

At 21, life didn't seem so much fun...

At 23, more complexity i did see...

At 36, there was still much i would fix...

At 38, i was very happy to find a mate...

At 50, perchance i became more thrifty...

At 62, i was far from through...

And at 74, i was not yet done...

Tomorrow, i will be 72...

What should i do?

With death, love does not die...

With death, love does not die,
We cry tears of deep grief for our own relief,
Memory is a bridge cresting on a special ridge,
With death, love does not die...

In each life sentence,
Let us find time for repentance...
Sorrow we need not borrow,
Each other's joy we may employ,

2004

Work in peace, rest in peace...

Work in peace, rest in peace...
Ever to live in peace, i do aspire...
Though i often tire, life is never too dire...
I belong to no choir of ire!

When i die, i want a few to cry,
In some grief, to find relief,
By my pyre, you may play your lyre ...
Yet, do not extinguish the fire...
Its small flame exposes my little fame,
By your watch you may see my spirits soar higher,
Let pathos be the crier...

Work as i may, without conventional pay, or for good hire...
When life is done, i will collect a grand sum...
Life is never dire, when to total peace we retire...
Work in peace, rest in peace...

inkey's retirement benefits... 121403

wonder

a weak winter sun,
a wild winter wind:
wonder... lo!

a soft sun glow upon snow,
a severe slip on slivered,
silver'd ice.... not very nice...
shivering, quivering, caught...
suffering.... wisdom,
i tender a thought on time,
¿are we taught to render...
a tenacious tie to trust?

wonder? wounded, wonder'd wit...
"oui," we will wit-ness... witless
suffering, wisdom and wonder,
while u ponder the reasons, i cry,
¿why are the seasons so slow?

David Inkey, 01-20-06

When our hearts were young and green

When our hearts were young and green
Ever we sought Love whereupon to lean.
Love once found is never lost...

January's jack frost clears the screen,
Six pointed stars to us do gleam.
February's forsythia yellow bright,
Mellows even the darkest night...

March snowdrops cleverly emerge,
We bid farewell as snowpeople diverge

datecome eternity

YESTERDAY'S LOVE!

Did we lose yesterday's love at sunset,

or did it disappear in the darkness of my restless night...

No starry splendor ripped through the cloudy confusion of night's neglect,

we forgot we needed each other's smile to bring dawn's delight...

Today you have gone away, today you have gone away.

Today I am here--by myself--crowded by memories I hold dear...

Tomorrow, tomorrow and tomorrow, just another day?

You asked me to stay, yet we both have gone astray...

Dear child of my being, I asked you to be more clear...

And here!

I see yesterday's dream floating down, down, down our stream...

I boast that yesterday's love is better than no love at all...

ZEALOUS,

¿would you be a perfect poet?

¿would you be a perfect poet?
i you are just sixteen and very keen!
would u be a perfect poet...
shyly, u decline, replying,
too politely, i am very young...

u r twenty-three, caught betwixt fear and cheer...
though i see ur antic is quite romantic...
taking a chance, u could enhance poetry...
would u be a perfect poet...
u confess, gladly, i will try,
but "i will probably make u cry."

¿r u forty-six, suffering in a dismal fix?
i fain would ask and explain,
before u seize words and complain...
would u be a perfect poet,
to ur great credit, i c...
u do edit much prose...

then, u tell me that instead of writing prose,
maybe? "may be? ... maybe i could wiggle my toes...
maybe? may be, i could twist and turns words,"
altaring and altering "time" to emit...
turning e-d-i-t to some higher t-i-d-e,
reversing evil to "live."

then, u sigh, "give me a chance, i will try,
before I dye, die or lie, i would join thee,
our thesis is poesis, making meaning,
each being being a perfect poet..."

april fools' 2031

13 hopes...

Hope...you say...
How? I am thirsty...
Where? I am hungry...
When? I am sick...
Why? I am unlettered,
And unnumbered...

Hope... I pray
When wars loom...
A new flood of doom...
Never mind, never mined!
Your mines fill my fields

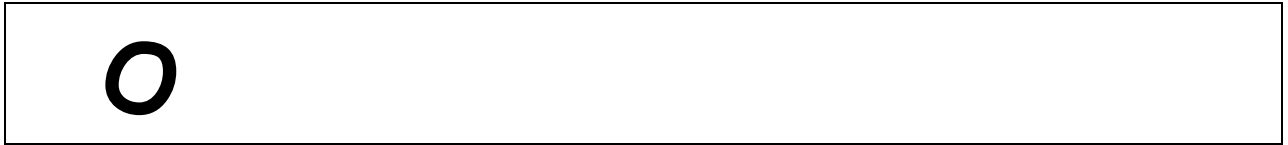
You will be kind,
Clear fields by 2005...
You think that I will be alive?
Hope @#\$%^&*()_+

13 hopes... sight, sound, taste, touch,
scent, joy, gentle grief, wit, wisdom,
Curiosity, imagination, love and awe...

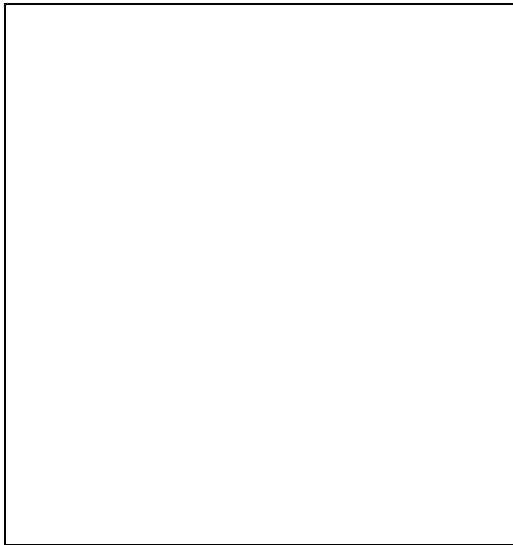
Awe for all...

21204

(o. a poem) without words ...



O



**november 16, 2002, a poem without words.....
david inkey's unlimited additions**

if i loved autumn less... (two poems that were sadly overlooked in dinkey's book)

a cloudy day on the mianus... 100204

I swept the river terrace, by autumn leaves blessed...
Then, there, in my armchair I sat to rest...
Two osprey took late lunch at their best...

Nature abounds, nurture surrounds,
Nature drowns, nurture resounds...

A cormorant very sly swam quietly by,
Not a ray of sun did add to his fun...
No hunter sounded around with a gun...
Today, nary deer is on the run...
Silence, in my pleasant shroud...
Only my lifted spirit is allowed?
A loud greeting this cloudy day,
On the mianus...i will stay...

santa will be crimson clad ...

Summer emeralds, trees' treasures,
Now are banking autumn's rubies and gold
Quiet swans quickly join the fold...

Aging, I begin to join the old...
Still, my dreams fill many streams...
The tidal wave s of thoughts are calmed down from oughts...

On our terrace, acorns drum a special tune,
Soon, too soon, squirrels will proclaim an octoberfest?
In a bold, cold winter, we shall be very glad,
Again, santa will be crimson clad...

YES, OUI SI: LANGUAGE 101

yes, oui, si...
oui, see, yes
see, YES, we?
or, sea, c, si...
we see: YES!

Do u see?
Dew, u see?
Due? overdo, u see!

yes, we see...mmm?
wee, small, little...rrr?
small? little? WE!

Do u see...do u see us?
Yes, we see...
Sumtimes...

no, non, no
no known NO!
known: No No...

I fail...Language 101.....
I pass... Language 101.

David Inkey, the UN poet, Mardi Gras 06

a poet's invading spirit...

"A poet is someone who is astonished by everything."

I live in the Community of Curiosity, the State of Awe, the Nation of Imagi, the world of wonder, Planet Earth, the Solar System, the Milky Way Galaxy... to enjoy an anonymous ending and beginning.....

When we fail to see sufficient poetics in our own lives we may imagine poems erupting from the prosaic challenges of OTHERS, and BEYOND, in the lives of others... my most engaging experience in this invasive enter-prize is with wit and wisdom, experiencing the autobiography i created for **THE IMAGINEER...**

i am so pleased with this opus that i let it commence on a page of its OWN... do not let this less than modest statement detract you from exploring all the import and deportment of imagineering... it was recorded in times font and will ever be engraved in classical TIMES (font)... I give it a status unto itself in the following section...

NOW IT IS TIME... now it is time to return to the beginning of the end of the beginning...

love, the quietest clown, a perfect poet...

SECOND PART CHAPTER XVI (From Cervantes' *Magnun Opus*)

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE WITH A DISCREET GENTLEMAN OF LA MANCHA

"I, Senor Don Quixote," answered the gentleman, "have one son, without whom, perhaps, I should count myself happier than I am, not because he is a bad son, but because he is not so good as I could wish. He is eighteen years of age; he has been for six at Salamanca studying Latin and Greek, and when I wished him to turn to the study of other sciences I found him so wrapped up in that of poetry (if that can be called a science) that there is no getting him to take kindly to the law, which I wished him to study, or to theology, the queen of them all. I would like him to be an honour to his family, as we live in days when our kings liberally reward learning that is virtuous and worthy; for learning without virtue is a pearl on a dunghill. He spends the whole day in settling whether Homer expressed himself correctly or not in such and such a line of the Iliad, whether Martial was indecent or not in such and such an epigram, whether such and such lines of Virgil are to be understood in this way or in that; in short, all his talk is of the works of these poets, and those of Horace, Perseus, Juvenal, and Tibullus; for of the moderns in our own language he makes no great account; but with all his seeming indifference to Spanish poetry, just now his thoughts are absorbed in making a gloss on four lines that have been sent him from Salamanca, which I suspect are for some poetical tournament."

To all this Don Quixote said in reply, "Children, senor, are portions of their parents' bowels, and therefore, be they good or bad, are to be loved as we love the souls that give us life; it is for the parents to guide them from infancy in the ways of virtue, propriety, and worthy Christian conduct, so that when grown up they may be the staff of their parents' old age, and the glory of their posterity; and to force them to study this or that science I do not think wise, though it may be no harm to persuade them; and when there is no need to study for the sake of *pane lucrando*, and it is the student's good fortune that heaven has given him parents who provide him with it, it would be my advice to them to let him pursue whatever science they may see him most inclined to; and though that of poetry is less useful than pleasurable, it is not one of those that bring discredit upon the possessor. Poetry, gentle sir, is, as I take it, like a tender young maiden of supreme beauty, to array, bedeck, and adorn whom is the task of several other maidens, who are all the rest of the sciences; and she must avail herself of the help of all, and all derive their lustre from her. But this maiden will not

bear to be handled, nor dragged through the streets, nor exposed either at the corners of the market-places, or in the closets of palaces. She is the product of an Alchemy of such virtue that he who is able to practise it, will turn her into pure gold of inestimable worth. He that possesses her must keep her within bounds, not permitting her to break out in ribald satires or soulless sonnets. She must on no account be offered for sale, unless, indeed, it be in heroic poems, moving tragedies, or sprightly and ingenious comedies. She must not be touched by the buffoons, nor by the ignorant vulgar, incapable of comprehending or appreciating her hidden treasures. And do not suppose, *senor*, that I apply the term vulgar here merely to plebeians and the lower orders; for everyone who is ignorant, be he lord or prince, may and should be included among the vulgar. He, then, who shall embrace and cultivate poetry under the conditions I have named, shall become famous, and his name honoured throughout all the civilised nations of the earth. And with regard to what you say, *senor*, of your son having no great opinion of Spanish poetry, I am inclined to think that he is not quite right there, and for this reason: the great poet Homer did not write in Latin, because he was a Greek, nor did Virgil write in Greek, because he was a Latin; in short, all the ancient poets wrote in the language they imbibed with their mother's milk, and never went in quest of foreign ones to express their sublime conceptions; and that being so, the usage should in justice extend to all nations, and the German poet should not be undervalued because he writes in his own language, nor the Castilian, nor even the Biscayan, for writing in his. But your son, *senor*, I suspect, is not prejudiced against Spanish poetry, but against those poets who are mere Spanish verse writers, without any knowledge of other languages or sciences to adorn and give life and vigour to their natural inspiration; and yet even in this he may be wrong; for, according to a true belief, a poet is born one; that is to say, the poet by nature comes forth a poet from his mother's womb; and following the bent that heaven has bestowed upon him, without the aid of study or art, he produces things that show how truly he spoke who said, 'Est Deus in nobis,' &c. At the same time, I say that the poet by nature who calls in art to his aid will be a far better poet, and will surpass him who tries to be one relying upon his knowledge of art alone. The reason is, that art does not surpass nature, but only brings it to perfection; and thus, nature combined with art, and art with nature, will produce a perfect poet. To bring my argument to a close, I would say then, gentle sir, let your son go on as his star leads him, for being so studious as he seems to be, and having already successfully surmounted the first step of the sciences, which is that of the languages, with their help he will by his own exertions reach the summit of polite literature, which so well becomes an independent gentleman, and adorns, honours, and distinguishes him, as much as the mitre does the bishop, or the gown the learned counsellor. If your son writes satires reflecting on the honour of others, chide and

correct him, and tear them up; but if he compose discourses in which he rebukes vice in general, in the style of Horace, and with elegance like his, commend him; for it is legitimate for a poet to write against envy and lash the envious in his verse, and the other vices too, provided he does not single out individuals; there are, however, poets who, for the sake of saying something spiteful, would run the risk of being banished to the coast of Pontus. (EMPHASIS ADDED). If the poet be pure in his morals, he will be pure in his verses too; the pen is the tongue of the mind, and as the thought engendered there, so will be the things that it writes down. And when kings and princes observe this marvellous science of poetry in wise, virtuous, and thoughtful subjects, they honour, value, exalt them, and even crown them with the leaves of that tree which the thunderbolt strikes not, as if to show that they whose brows are honoured and adorned with such a crown are not to be assailed by anyone." [Click Here: Check out "Don Quixote - Miguel de Cervantes - Free Online Library"](#)

BACK COVER...

David Inkey is the duonym of a retired international civil servant. Pseudonym suggests something false. Duonym represents two components of self... Inkey, then in his 14th year, became a Charter Member of the UN on October 24, 1945. In his 44th he joined UNESCO thru his 60th and now he is untiringly retired, yet serving as the UN Santa for Unicef and as The UN Philosopher in System-wide development. Inkey lives on Racc Ridge, neighbor to a wiley raccoon, in the bucolic state of awe in the nation of imagi... He is also the founder and self-proclaimed president of antarctica university (A.U. = AWE) and thus his email is the honorific antarcticu@aol.com... an email that has melted in timeliness.....Inkey laments no spilt ink, ever striving to be in key with monkeys, turkeys and others...

YOUR POEMS

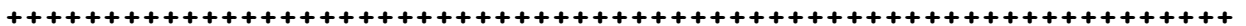
Your poems brightened
my life for many months.
The thanks should be
in the other direction!

Jo anne.....

14 words from the edges of time...

before
after
in
outof
no
half
full
over
under
extended
thunder
asunder
wonder

awe



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Apology, No... A Prologue, (Tidings?)

In childhood, we used to celebrate both February holidays of Lincoln and Washington... That gleeful innocence seems long lost, and now we simply lax ourselves on an ill-defined but otherwise beautiful day in February... We had waffles for breakfast and are enjoying about an inch of freshly fallen snow...we expected 4-6 inches... This is a very non-wintery winter... We do miss the inconveniences caused by wintry winters, we reflect poignantly on beauty in memory instead of the immediate, heaped-up ephemeral, glistening grandeur of great globs of snow....and ice...

Our being less engaged at this time may be imaginative idling... Enjoy it while it lasts... Soon sound and fury will stride again onto the scene and we will wonder what happened to silence and fantasy... I spend my days freely as if I will never want for a full account of days and daze. I have just spent two half-days at the library this week and also "plowed" through several books I bought in Vermont... Have "spent" more time dwelling with other peoples' thots than with my own.... This week I want more to amble along with my Imagination than follow in the tracks trampled by others...

Some Colombian Carnations bloom on the kitchen table, my treasured gold of early forsythia blossoms greet extraterrestrials, called Beams, invading our "sunroom" and enlightening us, from 9 a.m. till about tea time. We are sorry to see them leave before tea, but they promise that soon they will dally longer, except when Clouds close their paths... The geraniums are asleep, hibernating in the windows of Win's room. Poinsettias pose pragmatically in a "living" room, listening, I believe, to the silent notes of an unplayed piano... Will our baby grand never grow-UP, to be a grand grand? What symphonies sound and re-sound in our lives? Symphonies we are not sensitive enuf to hear! A miniature rose bush poses with two yellowing buddies to proclaim again the joy of a special anniversary. Walking on water will be again for another season... Swans will return to play their song behind our barn...reminding me of when I was indeed an extra in Sheherazade, with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. My entire ballet career encompassed in one enchanted evening, a guard for the Court, then freed to be an awestruck, youthful onlooker by the shores of Swan Lake! Could that have been just two scores of years ago? Raccoons will rinse their rations in our pond and squirrels will seek their stashed souvenirs of another season in our enclave. Acorns will open awe's awareness, flowering with daffodils in delight to welcome their season. Herons and ospreys, hawks and gulls will gleam and scream their humble, hosanna hymns... Lily of the Valley will ring loudly their lavish love and flourish forever, for yet another May Day...

Summer will swing in our hammock and fireflies will lift lightness into our souls. On the Fourth of July while many commemorate this country's 221st birthday, a few will celebrate David Henry's 1845 muted move to Walden Pond. August will try again to be august. Summer will quickly slide into September and oxymoronic Labor Day will be a day of rest... October will await the O'Lanterns starry-eyed, pumpkinish smiles, mystery glowing through squashy heads...honestly pulpy while we, too often emptied by sorrow, celebrate annually ALL SAINTS and ALL SOULS' daze and days. Demons will delight in the darkness and leaves will leave their summer employment, ever coloring my autumnal spirit as I lay them to rest in my heaping compost... Winter will return with its stark skeletons of superbity... Squirrels will again scamper beneath our bird-feeder to steal fallen food... New Years will call and re-call again and a gain their old and young acquaintances... And February, frivolous February will quicken glad hearts and comfort grieving ones, with yet another celebration of Valentines, strange red, yellow, blue, white, green, purple, indigo, brown, orange and virtually visible symbols of LOVE... The empty silhouette of the paper cutout heart will scream, "I am not empty hearted... Look thru my lens with naked eyes and see that I am opened hearted!" Don't call the cops just because my heart seems to be missing. NO! Know that I give my heart to lovers and they share theirs. Short of eee, I send you another spelling, of LUV,

We circle the year, again like erstwhile revolutionaries rotating around a little "morning" star, while other timekeepers stretch 365 days into a linear daze, pointing all ways and always into a void or promised epoch, The Future. Are we tangents to Time? In our stardust is there some faint glimmer of universal timeliness and timelessness. Is it Mourning or Morning in this uneven time, this Even-Tide....

I bring you good tidings of Great Joy!

AWE

Once upon a Time... Once upon a Time in that long ago World of Childhood I believed in, I believed in AWE, even though I did not know The Word. Each and Every Day was an awesome opportunity to explore, to grow, to IMAGINE, and to yearn toward getting bigger and being able to do so many things one couldn't do when one was "only Five," "too little," "only..."

There were occasional Sorrows, Disappointments, Tears, Tribulations and Trials, but Memory is our marvelous, selective (re)solvent. IT is a Magic Formula for erasing many of The Sorrows. There were many Joys, so many Joys perhaps, that later they might have made IT harder for me to learn the Significance of Sorrow...

Ultimately, Joys and Sorrows merge in Healing...

We lived on the Edge of The Park and My World was filled with Wonder, such as I never, ever, ever again would experience with such Innocence. Such Wonder... Perhaps that World was too Innocent, because I had not yet learned about Cruelty and Crime, Poverty and Pain, the Ignorance and Neglect of Uncaring, our Racisms and Rancor, Exploitations, Inequity and innumerable other "Problems" I learned and experienced, in "Growing Up" ...

Half a Hundred Years Ago, and half a decade more, I suppose I lived in such a little World of Care and Caring that I could not Imagine Its passing. At Five, I played and played and played... From waking till sleeping till waking again, My World evolved and revolved with Living and Learning, Dreaming and Doing, Caring and Crafting, Imaging and Imagining... I was not FREE in the sense of having no Constraints, Chores, Restraints and Responsibilities, but I was a Free Spirit... Two older brothers had to go to School and a younger one was not yet contemplated nor conceived. AWE was My Playmate and Guide,

AGEING

That World of Childhood has passed into The Worlds of Memory, but AWE remains faithfully with Me, still as Playmate, Worker and Guide...

Billy and Bobby were occasional Playmates in The Park. However, most of The Time, I was there Alone without being Lonely. I communed with Nature ...so deeply... that IT now amazes me I did not become a studied Naturalist. I remained an Innocent, and a Simple Lover, because both Nature and Nurture are too precious for me to have labored to their namings...

Gradually, I grew fully to be Six, and still I was spared that stark, tragically real reality of Schooling, because I am One of December's Children... Granted an extra year of unencumbered Childhood, I did not have to go to School until I was well past Six, almost Seven...

Yet, the little World was threatened, another "world," filled with strangers and stern guardians, KINDERGARTEN was presented as an Option, almost an Obligation... In heavy, daze days and three times a weak week, I was to be "Socialized." I was caught, crushed, cajoled, confined, constrained, constricted, confronted, without any clear Comfort... I was not ready to venture into larger communities and worlds where Kinder (kin-der) and Kinder (Kind-er) were and still are confused into one speculative, even suspect, spelling, and neither tenderly Understood. Rhythmic, rancid regimentation of tap-dancing destroyed me. I could not learn that rote response to routinization and I appealed, for Individualism.

GOOD FORTUNE was one of my Best Friends and my Parents listened to me explain his priceless Logic, thoughts wondrously identical to Mine..., "What will you do if you do not go to KINDERGARTEN?" They asked endless questions... Is that when I learned to calculate the circumferences and inferences of Circles...

I replied with more Imagination than I have ever expressed in most of my Life, "I WILL PLAY IN THE PARK!" My silent secret is still there. UNAGING, I AM STILL PLAYING IN THE PARK!

AB-YZ [ABYSS]

AWE

beauty,
care, concern, clowning
dreams, desire, devotion,
enthusiasm, energy, equity,
faith, fun, friends,
grace, goodness, GODness,
hopes, health, helpfulness,
Imagination, insight, inspiration,
Joys, justice, joviality,
kindness, knowledge,
Love, learning, Lifeness,
meaning, myth, mirth, mystery [my story], magic
nature, nurture, nonsense, nun-sense,
openness, opts, Optimism,
Peace, pathos, patience,
quest, quality, query, quiet, quirks,
reverence, rest, reserve, resolve,
search, serenity, Soul,
trust, truth, Time,
unity, use and union,
value, vow, Valentines...
wonder, wisdom, worship, WIT
x-hilaration, x-citement
yearning, yielding, Yearning,
zeal, zaniness, zd...

AWE, AB-YZ [ABYSS]

Why is Eternity so Invisible?

ALFABETITIS...

Alfabetitis is an extensive Inflection or Infection marked by many, small, orderly signs and counter-signs where we may find special germs of germane and ungerminated thots... This pandemic disease [distance from ease] is of special interest to amateur Epidemiologists and Lexicologists. The germs of AB-YZ that I have spelled out to fill my Abyss are a most benign specimen... In WOE, I have an emptying "ab-yz," simply filling our letters and eroding our Spirits...

I learned many alphabets in The Park. I learned about apples and apricots, asparagus and alpaca, belief and butterflies, balls and birds, balloons and baboons, Clowns and clouds and the Cosmos, duties and dodos, enthusiasm and exhaustion, fun, friends and fantasy, fires, folly and foxes, gulls, grains and gargoyles, hobos, health, hope and helping, ice, igloos, and ice cream, Japan, jugglers, jokers, jesters and junipers, knaves and knights, kings and klever klerks, Loraxes and lazyness, mud, mustard, May Poles, muddies, nasturtiums, notions, and nuts, operas and oracles, Optimists and pessimists, pies, pickles and pumpkins, poppies, popsickles, pop and popcorn, Quizotic and Quixotic quests, recreation and respite, smiles, sunflowers, sunburns and swimming, taffy, turtles, tattle-tales, turnips and tractors, My Mr. Tate and Trust, unions and Unicorns and non-unions, valleys and voids, work and worship, windmills and Wit, x and xx (a cross and double crossing), x-roads, yelling, yearning and yielding, zest, zeal and zaniness...

I was not ready for School and no School was ready for me... If I had only known then what I now know, I might never have started in the First Grade... Like in this alphabet, there should not be a rule that one has to start at the Beginning...

I never learned in School that I could spell my First name using almost all of our Alphabet, and the Spelling does not matter at all for the font, ordering or disordering:

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxy
MNOPQRSTUVWXYZABCDEFGHIJK
zaybxcwdveuftgshriqjpkonm

Noel!

ALIENS, BEWARE!

Before we study all The Aliens in our lives, IT is good to hear, to read, to learn a tragedy-comedy which might even be a Sacred Song from every Child's Childhood:

The Lament of A Crybaby

I cried in the morning and I cried at night,
I cried with fright and I cried with delight,

I cried on the First Day of School,
I cried on Our Last Day, A Fool?

'How alien were my Teachers!'

I cried a hundred thousand daze,
I hear my Cries yet: Yet? Still? Again?

I cry silently, for my wounded Imagination,
Where was my Parents' Indignation?

I do not always have wet Tears, when I cry,
I would moisten my parched Soulfulness....

The Tears of mourning are due,
The Tears of morning are dew?

A Crybaby

ALIENATION!

Aliens are not only those strange little Beings from Extra-Terrestrial places and marvelous celluloid shadows of the Silvered Screen... Aliens are also those People who stifle our Senses, cripple our Spirits, and shrink our Souls...

Fortunately, IMAGINATION learned to hide from most of those People through our sixty long, fleeting years of Friendship... We are Revolutionaries together around The Morning Star...

Now, I find as I am excavating Memory, musing and mirth, I can reassemble most of the AWE and Inspiration I have known. My quest, my greatest question, is: Have I come Home to IMAGINATION or has IMAGINATION come Home to me? We have remained Friends just like a Child and the Child's Shadow...

Simply, IT has been one of the greatest Sorrows of my Life that most of the Adults I have known never share with me their experiences with IMAGINATION... Curiosity is the public scholar title I use to introduce IMAGINATION, especially to those People whose Trust is not visible... Children who have always treasured being Childlike always enjoy meeting IMAGINATION as soon as they see or hear the first flash and flurry of Creativity...

BIG...DIFFERENCES

Getting out of Kindergarten to enjoy an extra year of Childhood did not carry with IT a waiver from Our Sunday School, where I took my lessons very seriously... We were too constantly drilled on the text of THE TEN COMMANDMENTS, as though there were a hundred of them, and though some of those rulings did not concern us directly, nor did we even know what they meant, we had to know them all, faultlessly... Further, though we lived in a valley, we had to understand that Sermon on the Mount as literally as if we had lived atop an Everest, Fuji, Orizaba, Popo, Ixty, Kilimanjaro, or Erebus... I took seriously all those teachings about Loving the Neighbors and the Good Samaritan and not stealing and not Killing... Regardless of what the Neighbors and Strangers did, We couldn't even swear true-witness against our Siblings without getting our mouths washed out with laundry soap... Yet, somehow, still to my amazement, proximity to Thievery did not cast us into Damnation: I thoroughly enjoyed, with tiny twinges of shared guilt, the candy Bobby stole from Safeways on the days we did not find any empty soda bottles to redeem in our penny-wise recycling. Bobby's thievery was only on weekdays....

I liked being David, though I didn't use that name until I grew up... I like being David, but I am not looking for any Goliaths and never have. If I could be granted one great Insight back into my Learning of WHYS and WHY NOTS, I would like to know: "WHY: Why, I so completely abhor War?" I learned so much from THE BOOK OF GENESIS: I would like to know the genesis of my Beliefs...

I certainly wasn't ready for the Second World War when IT came along both before and after we "joined," though I certainly had heard from Mom more than enuf about the First... During the Second, I was already anti-military in my Beliefs... Now, I believe devotedly that we need to work on drug problems, but I won't take an important drug education post with the United States Government to work with Latin American nations.... I cannot take the job because my government sends helicopters and gunboats to Latin America to fight "the war on drugs," instead of working more on Education and demanded factors here... I also score against Wars on Crime and Poverty...

BIGGER.....DIFFERENCES

Again and again I have asked myself why I have to be so Different... One day when I was particularly upset by summitry difficulties and differences in the United Nations, I insisted on having lunch with a busy Friend who said that she was too busy, but for me she would find TIME... I needed to know why she thought I always had to be Different!

With only a moment's hesitation, to be certain that I was securely seated, Mary asked, "Have you considered the Alternative?"

I was struck Dumb...and I am seldom Silent... The Idea of being the same as all those who only see simple and simplistic solutions welded my Soul back together and into Me... Now, IT is all right to be Different, when Difference really shows up as Good Conscience assessing real issues. Let Others pursue excursionary and exclusionary endeavors, I find Difference in the Heart of Inquiries.

No Answers in my Childhood showed such a contrast: Then, one hundred or a thousand, a thousand or a hundred thousand, one million or a zillion were "things." They were summed up to have Answers... Once, when I was bedded in for three days with a severe sunburn, I counted to ten thousand, just to get the idea of big numbers. Ideas and Ideals and Doubts seamed and seemed to have Answers... What we did not know might have hurt us, but simply in knot knowing many results we were spared kneading to [k]no[w] so much of Because, because....

Mary knows how Happy she has made my Spirit, for I tell her endlessly... And we are both Happier for the Bigger Difference!

BIGGEST.....DIFFERENCES!

*Light was light, dark was very dark,
Good was very Good, and Bad was very Bad...*

The First Episcopal Bishop of Alaska, a marvelous old man who seemed to us to be almost as old as God, had come to visit us in Sunnyside, but the Eskimos, later, like earlier, to be Inuits, had not taught me that there are 57 or 75 different kinds of Snow. Besides that, I could not even begin to Imagine Navaho color schemes...later chromographs..

The Navahos hadn't yet found me and I hadn't found them... Eventually, when I was almost Twelve, I was Schooled with and "educated" by Navahos...

I was an Adult before I learned that Blue and Green merge differently in Navaho chromographs, than in my Rainbows... I was A Parent before I told Stories of how Grass became Green by a mixture of Sunlight and Skylight, Yellow and Blue coloring to Green the otherwise Invisible Carpet of my Backyard... Win and Bets, my one and only favorite son and my one and only favorite daughter Love that Story...

All my Life, I have noticed zillions of big and little differences, but Finally, long after I dropped out of College, I leaned the Biggest Difference, the most basic Belief. Though I had cherished the Differences of Others, I had not learned to cherish my Own Differences...

BENNY

7th December 1941 and 6th August 1945: These dates mar my Memory with old Fears of War. Some long forgotten date in 1942 scars my tired Feelings for the loss of Nisei Playmates...

Benny and his Family were interned just for their Ancestry... They were dragged away from their Home on the other side of The Park and cast into a Concentration Camp, far from us, until Benny and his Brothers were released to serve "their [our] Country." In the Final Daze of World War II, Benjamin, Isaac and Joseph--our Playmates were well-named--went to a place called the European Theatre. My Country, before I knew anything of Allegiance and Patriotism, cast my Friends into Prison, just because they were Yellow and I was White...

The Records say that Benny died a Hero...

Notes from 1991: [Half a Hundred Years Ago] We were traumatized... Now I am troubled that on December 7th, 1991, We as a Nation and Japan as a Nation banter neither Party need apologize for Infamies...

BENNY'S BLESSING...

I have found that my own Best Solution is in Forgiving. I have learned we resort to War when we fail in efforts in Conflict Resolution. Sometimes we do not even engage in Conflict Resolution. In the helplessness of Childhood Loss, I could not understand the Living Death of my Loss...

I hated for Fifty Years the actions of My Government! Finally, I realized that I would Heal only when I learned to Forgive... Finally, I was able to Forgive... I believe that in Essence, I apologize(d) for my Wounded-Anger...

In 1942 my Mother had from Benny's one and only sister, proxy-Mother, a pathos message, describing the bleakness of the camp barracks and pleading that just maybe Mom could send some curtain material to "brighten up the place." Sadly, the letter was never saved, except in my Memory, but good, colorful yardage was sent, post haste...

When the United States of America and Japan apologize for their War behavior they may open dialogues toward genuine cultural exchange and the post-script, even the Text, will be Planetary Sharing, planting Planetary Culture...

When these words are our own Words, We are not Plagiarists and we do not have to place them in Quotes: Forgive Us our Trespasses as We Forgive those who Trespass against Us.

We are blessed with Benny's Blessing...

MS. BROWN, AND BIBLIOMANIACS

[Half a hundred years ago and half a decade more,] When I was Five and went to the Sunnyside Library in our little town, enmeshed among the Yakima Indians who pow-wowed in The Park, Miss Brown always, always graciously greeted Me and served my every Interest. She stretched my unused and underused Ideas and Ideals and she awakened reams and realms of Imagery and Imagination I had not discovered, nor created, nor Imagined...Or, was IT I who awakened Imagination? Miss Brown seemed to know more than Everything, or more than Everything I would ever need to know, and besides, she was beyond Measure in Kindness. In those eons of great libraries, as in Alexandria, Paris, London, Oxford, Cambridge and Cambridge, and Sunnyside, in those epochs before, long before, television, videos, computers, CDs, technicolor films, Moon shots--except those in Science Fiction, space probes, cyberspace, atomic warfare, supersonics, superpersons and sulfas, We lived in a little world of Wonder, wishing, Wit and Wisdom...

I had to "grow up..." to learn that Libraries are not the bastions of Peace? Recently, I have encountered terrible troubles in Green Town, Do you suppose Libraries in the lands beyond Luxor and the Lorax suffer Controversies?

When Young and Old Bibliophiles were served in Sunnyside were they all asked and answered as wonderfully as Weuns or were we treated specially because we were Episcopalians and Miss Brown went to what I thot was my Father's Church... that was before I learned that it was God's... Also, since Miss Brown was just about as old as God, when my little Brother was born my Parents asked Miss Brown to be Ray's Godmother... Statures do make a Difference, even among Bibliophiles and Episcopalians... In those Ancient Times, I wandered through the facts and fictions of Peter Rabbit, Alice, Dorothy, Scarecrow, Tinman, Lion, Snow White, and Dopey, Smiley and Snezy, the Yakima and those Indians, of my Birthplace, the Nez Perce, before we called them NATIVE AMERICANS... I was in College before I learned that they were pierced noses... So much for Miseducation. So much for Schooling.

The fish of Puget Sound were still fully fresh and Ecological and the Glaciers of Mount Rainier were as Beautiful from our front porch as they were when we scrambled over their surfaces and had our snowball fights... Fighting was so simple in that Era... Was Miss Brown a Godmother? to Others in Our Town... I shall never know... I prefer to keep unfathomed Faith, that she was Special for All... I was forced into School before I learned that Fish also had Schooling. But, before Long, my Stories became Fishy and I had to check out many Libraries to keep from becoming a Bookie.

If you count the Books I "own," I am undoubtedly a Bookie...

BIBLIOPHILIA

I have suffered and enjoyed many Library experiences in my Life and I trust that I will have maybe another Score, even Two Scores, of Library Liberties in this Universe... I collect Libraries the way some people visit Harbors, Parks, Markets, Museums and Mausoleums...

I expect my Martian Bound Son to establish the First Extra-Terrestrial Library founded by Gaians, people of GAIA... I trust he will serve yet to be discovered Martians and maybe even Lunatics, Lunatics of those Moons he will discover in other Galaxies, as magnificently as Miss Brown pioneered my Bibliophilia. I hope my Son, Win, will not treat his clients as members of some branch Libraries in Green Town are, discriminated against by Chartered Members.

I hope that We will ask more Library Questions in the Next Millennium than we ask now... Right now, right here, right... I believe We need to ask new Library Questions... The First Question, even the Prior Question, might be how do We conspire to convince all holders of Green Town Library Cards that the entitlements thereof are inspiring...or inspirational? Is there an Announcement or a Logo or a Question or an Answer to Green Town Bibliopatrons that will infinitely awaken an Awareness that their Library is the most coherent institution in their community for Lifelong Education? Somehow I got lost from Public Libraries from early in my elementary Schooling till late in my secondary Schooling... If we had better Schooling as EDUCATION this might not have happened. My Return to Public-Library based non-formal Education was awakened by the best English teacher I ever had in School... Parents and Siblings, my Spouse and Children are the best Educators I ever had, yet... The Libraries of Colleges and Universities and of several metropoli and nations re-charge(d) my Passion for the Goodness of Library approaches to Learning... I apologized to Boston for not having mentioned her...

Now, I am in Green Town, where I have lived for a third of my Adult Life, and in all that Time I have enjoyed the Main Library as the finest small city Library I have ever known, despite the FACT that the "city" insists on calling itself a Town... How can the Library enhance its Lifelong Role?

BEYOND BOOKS

The Demands and Delights of International Civil Service with two of the organizations of the United Nations System, as well as collateral relations with many other parts, prevented in Me the development of "community" in a geographically defined, confined, limited, small locus such as a Town or City... Now, with mandatory re-tire-ment from the United Nations, I ask: Amongst the Sacred and Secular Institutions here in Green Town, or nearby, is the Library the Academy best structured to create the greatest sense of Community? That close, Quixotic Question deserves a dozen marks... ?????????????? Is there sufficient IMAGINATION here or to be borrowed from Elsewhere to create in Our Library programs, images we will enjoy in 2002?

Please give YOURSELF [and ME], dear collaborator, as many "q" marks as we desire...please have a "q" for every query we feel. And with this, perhaps Happily, we will adopt a new mark which I call THE ANSWER MARK... The Answer Mark is a distinguished asterisk [aster-risk, star risk], an eight-rayed star which I discovered recently in another clime, in the Enchanted Isles, namesaked by the Galapagos Turtles. There, I also discovered a new work, LIFENESS, but the explication of that Sense will have to await another Epistle...

Will the Town, the Friends of The Library, and the Trustees thereof cooperate to create several Senses of Community, locally, regionally, nationally and supra-nationally... This is the same Town that voted down on March 2, 1946, a proposition that IT surrender some of its BACKCOUNTRY to establish UNOVILLE, a post-War capital of New World Ordering... Would an Exhibit on the Restructuring of the Library in Alexandria open our Eyes and Minds to tlc, The Learning Continuum and tender loving care, Planetary Culture, Planetary Civics, and Personal Commitment... Do our PCs only extend to personal computers and political correctness?

(BEYOND, BEYOND BOOKS...)

Post Scriptum: I wrote all of the above some months ago and I did not finish it... Later, I was asked to join the Board of a Branch Library and I was profoundly honored... tho I am not a Corporate Type... While the Green Town Main Library better serves my Curiosity, because of its more abundant holdings, my Neighborhood Library better serves my Sense of Community, by its personal personnel kindnesses... I trusted that my Service in the Local Library would evoke the Spirit of Miss Brown from my earliest Lending Daze... A year later I was removed from the Board for objecting that a new building might be built on a flood plain. I ever so carefully suggested that instead of trying to copy Monticello, as proposed, tho I am enthralled with Jefferson as Politico and Architect, We might copy Wright's Falling Waters, to build over Our Streams, of Consciousness...

iCAVE(D) IN!

I believe that we must understand Shadows and Lights in our Lives....

We had caves in the Yakima Valley but we had nothing of the magnificence of Plato's Cavern, nor Carlsbad, the Volcanic Tubes of the Galapagos, nor the labyrinths of Lascaux, which I shall probably never ever be able to enter... I believe Our Caves in Sunnyside Country never compared even miserably with the Ice Caves of Antarctica, nor with those of the Himalayas...

I never relished the Idea of Spelunking, but to better understand the Caves of Plato's Republic, I would visit Caves...

Long ago in The Park. We tried to create a Cave and we were doing quite a fine job of excavating, digging into the Hillside of a Wild, Weeded Arena, until Parental Inspectors closed down our Public Works. We tumbled faster than Tumble Weeds, we "caved" in...we were the caved in...

Would we have created more magnificent, durable caves had we, as Plato had done, left our structure in the realm of Imagination... We would govern our Polis with Ideal Politick in place of the over-dominant Real Politic which plagues so many émodern? nations and notions... *In that era before Feminism, no Men nor Women let us be CaveMen... Now, for PC, We would be Cave People...most civilly, of, on course...*

THE CLOWN PRINCE

After I met a real Crown Prince some two and twenty and two years ago, I decided that my New Mission in Life--as Soon as I could find an Institution that would Tolerate IT--would be to BE The Clown Prince...

I had to change Jobs Twice and go through a period of Unemployment before reaching My Goal... Now, in My Principality, I ascend the Stairs and slide down the Banister whenever I wish... I pursue My Princely Prerogatives without pre-rogation, without Pressure, without Privation... In a Sometime Democracy, such as I find in the United States of America, IT is irreverent to Be Monarchical or even Aristocratic, but I circumvent due and undue Criticisms by Courting Circus Elements and Jesting with Other Others: A Princely Clown is like a Jester of Olden Daze and I prosper and I prevail...

IF, if Every Day were April Fools' I would declare The First a Planetary Celebration... A Global Holiday...to be of Special Significance in the Principality of IMAGINATION... We would give extra daze and dazzle for Valentines, Shamrocks, Pumpkins, Persimmons, Rainbows, Sunbows, Cloud Curves, and Princely Clowning...

Now, I no longer need to build up any Pretenses nor tear down any Post-Tenses... Simply and Serenely, I share Joy. I even try, at every turn and in all the straight stretches of Being, to encourage Others to Play The Royal Flush of Fantasy, Fervor, Focus, Fun and [some] Foolishness, even when Faint and Feigned.

THE CLOWN PRINCE IN SONG

Song of the Lyric Sort is so Far away from my Tonal Talents That I will await another Cycle of Life to Sing, audibly...

If I could ADD but Two Talents to all my Strengths and Weakness, I would choose to be a fine Clown and to have a Finer Voice for Song. I would not ask for, nor long for any Greatness, just Fineness...

I can be Funny in Many Ways, and I have become a Good, A Very Good Santa Claus... I would LOVE, to have the Unmeasured, Immeasurable Gift of Clowning...

The Carnivals and Circuses of My Childhood and of My Fancy and Faith have shown me Sensitivity to and into the Humane Experience...

The Great Clown was Depressed... and went to a Doctor for Relief...
The Local Physician said that he could not help the new Patient with any known Medicines... However, he prescribed that the Patient go see The Great Clown who had just come to Town...

unmasked, near naked, baring and bearing his Soul and Soulfulness, The Sad Clown replied with the celestial softness of all symphonic sympathy, "I am The Great Clown."

Only Great Physicians know that,
No One can heal his-her-self...

*It has been said by an Ancient Seer or Modern Seer:
An Actor must Play roles written by Others,
Clowns Play roles they Create....*

THE CHOIR BOY?

In the wretched daze of my Choir Boy Duties, I occupied a seat and a stand, but I never could Sing... I finally escaped the Ruse, when Suffocating Heat in the Deep South fainted my Body with my already Fainted Spirit...

Again a Northerner, in my Final Year of High Schooling, My Best Friend, George, and the Music Teacher trapped me once again--the Friend got me into the School Choir and the Directress exploited my Other Talents, by getting me to raise Funds for New Robes...

I have never decided what Voice I would have... Bass would probably be too Base for me, and Tenor too Tenured... Baritone might bear or bare my Tonal Goals...

Tone Deafness has not deafened my seeing, scenting, hearing, helping, tasting and touching the Joy Others gain from the Muses...

¿CLOWN COLLEGE DILEMMA?

I have pursued Learning in many Institutions and Non-Institutions, and I would not want to travel again many of the corridors and paths to Knowledge where I have stumbled, fallen, faked, frolicked, feared and filosofized... However, there is, I believe, One Place where I would like to Study: CLOWN COLLEGE...

I do not think that I will ever apply to Clown College, because I believe I am quite thoroughly Underqualified... However, Someday I will visit THERE... By not Applying I deprive myself of even Being a Clown College Reject... I am a Kinder Garden Dropout! And I am a College Drop Out! I have not even explored the possibility of Being a Clown College Drop Out!

Clown College has the most superb Application Questions I have ever seen... The Questions asked on the written Application surpass in the Realms of Imagination and Knowledge any I have seen in the Entire World of Higher Education, ¿higher? than what??? And, and when my One and Only Favorite Daughter was applying to Ordinary and Extra-Ordinary Liberal Arts Colleges, I tried to convince Bets to Submit, to submit a Clown College Application in lieu of a Personal Essay... I was Unsuccessful in that Attempt and Now I am thinking that when my One and Only Favorite Son, ironically named Win, finishes his Undergraduate Physics Major I would be delighted to see him apply to and attend Clown College...

I would like to have the Satisfaction of Being a Clown College Drop Out! I wonder what would be required to obtain an Honorary Degree from that Esteemed Institution?

CHILD IN MY CHILD

How Green Was My Park! My Valley was an arid arena, an irrigated oasis, a desert stretch in The Inland Empire, ere I knew about Emperors, Empresses and Empires...

"I will Play in The Park" Those words now have more Magic for Me than they ever had when I was only the Child in My Child. Now, I cherish the Child in my Adult Self, and, with Fondest Memories, I record the Uncommon Experience of Being a Kinder Garden Dropout! in a world that Implicitly tried too hard to Instruct me to accept its Value, that I might Learn All I really need to Know when I was Only Five or Only Six...

I did not share that Questionably Kind-er Fortune, Then nor Now... Now, Confused in the Closing of my Sixtieth Year and in the Opening of My Seventh Decade, I find poignantly that I still have not Learned all I need to Know...

I think that when I have learned all I need to Know, I shall Be Ready to Die... I already Know that I shall Die before I have Learned all that I would like to Learn...

A friend recently wrote of me, "David loves the world of ideas and people." Indeed, I Love the world of the Child in My Childness and more... I Love the worlds of Ideas, Ideals and Beings...

I Invite Myself as an Imagineer--a name, role and response, ability borrowed where no permission is Needed, from Einstein's rich Vocabulary--to Share my Memories, to laugh in my Laughter and to cry in my cries... My friend Albert needs more of us to relish being IMAGINEERS... By sharing our Joys and Sorrows, we grow from our human limitations to Something Greater in Creating Humaneness...

I think, I believe, I think... I imagine, I imagine, I know...

I know, I think, I create...I discover, I Imagine, AYE.....

chinese jazz, 26th october

Dreams are the building stuff of reality... I awakened this Morning on a Surging Stream of Synthetic Subconsciousness... Immediately, while little else made sense, the title to the turbulence is "chinese jazz," and the timing is Today...

I was myself, today and timely... I am 61 years young, mandatorily retired from the United Nations System at 60, searching for meaning and self, seeking understanding of freedom, responsibility, privilege and purpose. I was in something like graduate school, without having to move from Racc Ridge in Connecticut, I was in a group of some 80 people--mostly men but maybe with 20 women. I seemed to have a master's degree instead of my doctorate from imperial Harvard, and I had had all the other aspects of my international supra career, family, joys and sorrows. It seemed I was trying to get a doctorate in anthropology in a composite graduate situation reminiscent of the Harvard Graduate School of Arts and Sciences' earlier program of Social Relations. The people were mostly in their 40s and 50s, with just a few in their 60s and under 40... Three or four were 70 or Beyond... Age was not really a controlling or threatening factor. Most of the people seemed to me to be over-ripe graduate students, burnt-out babyboomers who had never found what they wanted to do nor what they ought to do, so they had lingered on year after year in graduate programs to be told by some very nice but controlling professors what they should do to conform... I soon was identified as inappropriate to the anthropology program, though I would get my doctorate there, and I would spend most of My Time trying to share time and talent with others...

Immediately, I was told that "chinese jazz" was the principal major and I was handed a guitar to join a quartet, to play music totally unfamiliar to me. I protested that I was tone deaf and markedly non-musical. I was to occupy a presence anyway! Hurting memories of my incarceration in choir in my Childhood... At the quiet end of the group of some 80, I found a small coterie of health sociologists who let me join them and share my Imagination and Knowledge... One antagonistic type attempted to control Me and I was inspired to spill upon him a bit of my ice water drink, yet just as I tried to symbolically and substantially cool him down I tripped a trifle or was tripped by the person between us, so I spilled more on both of them than I intended. To show that my displeasure was not malicious, I poured the remaining ice water upon myself, and remarked, outwardly with all seriousness and inwardly in jest, "We all need to cool down."

The Extravaganza of Chinese jazz for which we were practicing was to be a great interfaith and supranational musical festival, but all I could see and hear in the amiable middle-aged, tenured professor was control, control and more conformity... Dostoyevski, with his puppet, THE GRAND INQUISITOR, could not have equaled nor surpassed the professional perfection of control of our graduate professor...

THANK GOD, I was Mature... I told my insulted, dampened-in-Spirit and in reality (Baptized?) colleagues that I would not be a part of the concert and conceit for I saw no worship therein... All was scheduled for performance. Nothing was prepared for Process nor Growth... While I wanted, for reasons totally unknown to me, to study for a doctorate which I somehow had not earlier gained, the "price" thereof was not my surrender... The professor was little available but I was able to let him know that his program was useless to me if it did not embrace a genuine learning experience, in which I owned my education, Education... He might own a part of my Schooling, but I am the Owner of My Education...

My colleagues seemed disinterested, indulgent, occasionally helpful and mostly self-centered. In the end, it was the two whose cooling I had effected who most appreciated my difference and who encouraged me... They were sorry that I had no more water to symbolically de-fever their colleagues. They asked me how was it that I had become Different and I did not know exactly what to tell them. With a smile, I said that I believed We would never know whether I was born Different or whether I had become Different, but early in my Life, early on, I learned that I am Imaginative, Curious, Creative, Bright and insatiably Curious... Fortunately, for myself as well as for others, I was created with a deep sense of and grand reservoir of Kindness...
Unfortunately--Or, (was) (is) it Fortunate:

I awakened before we had time to pray together,
so in my awakening moments, while I was reeling
from the strangeness of chinese jazz, I was also
reeling, becoming Real, with Joy, Peace, Prayer,
and Understanding, Wit and Wisdom.....

Dreams are the building material of Reality... I want to share my sense of AWE with all... May all our dreams be as beautiful as our wildest Imagination and may all of our realities be solidly constructed of dazzling dreams... Awake or asleep, we may dream the desires of our devotions... I trust that the chinese jazz concert will awaken miracles of meaning... How poignant it is that I cannot communicate even through chinese puzzles...

This was not an Indigestion Dream, but perhaps it was an ingesting dream aroused from the Abysses of my Being by the Chinese Take-Out Dinner my Wife and I shared...

I am ready to go out and catch the falling leaves of this beautiful autumn day and share Lifeness with All whom I encounter. Lifeness is the relation of all Beings one to another: Love is the Question, Love is the Answer... On Hallowed Eve, I ate my Fortune Cookie and read my message: "Some seek Happiness, You create It! Is this the essence of chinese jazz, when no Children come to share our masks, magic and myths.

Peace,

CLOWN COLLEGE...

Clown College
Attn: Director of Admissions
Alligator Alley and Stewardship Court
Imagineer Village
Ecstasy Island
Planet Earth

Dear Clown Colleague:

Please send me two copies of the Clown College Bulletin and Application Form. I have an Orwellian imprint, 1984 copy of your publication and wish to be brought up to date and to have a loan copy to share with Friends...

I am not a Candidate for Clown College, but I believe your application form to be the Most Challenging I know of... Recently, I featured your Questions in a talk at the Annual Fellows Meeting of The Society for Values in Higher Education... I always ask, Higher than What? I hope that you get a Bevy of requests for your Significant Publication.

With ALL BEST WISHES,

David Inkey,
THE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER!
Racc Ridge, Green Town
THE CONSTITUTION STATE...
email <RaccRidge>

*IF you have a Newsletter or Annual Report, I would Love to be on your mailing list...
What are the prerequisites for an Honorary Degree from Clown College... I have seen
FOOL MOON twice and I keep a picture of Kelly on my beside table... To keep My
Dreams re-minded!*

COMMOM CENTS

Tommy and I were talking about common cents during recess and our teacher overheard and interrupted to correct us, so she thought. I was saying I had more common cents than Tommy and he said he could match my cents and out-bid anything I could come up with...

Miss Jones said, "Boys, I think you both have a great deal of common sense and why don't you just play together... Recess will soon be over and when we are back in Class we can discuss how common sense can be applied to your lessons."

Well, Miss Jones might spell better in the Classroom than Tommy and I do, but out of School, she doesn't ever hear the difference between cents-less and senseless... Tommy and I were trying to get together enuf money to buy presents for Mothers' Day and I said I could get 5 cents loans from each of my two older brothers and contribute my 5 cents allowance. Tommy had a ten cents allowance, but he was an only child and could only, just possibly, get a loan from his father, but he would not be able to explain to his father why he needed 5 or 10 cents, because his father would lavish 25 cents on the Project, if he knew IT was so Tommy could get something fancy to suit Mrs. T.

Finally, We decided We had to teach Miss Jones a thing or two, because someday she might be a mother, though we wouldn't wish that fate on any baby or little kid... So, we two stayed after School for 5 minutes and explained to her that during recess we were studying Economics and Education and in Economics one needs to be centsible, just as in Education one tries to be sensible....

At the end of the grading period, Miss Jones "gave" Tommy and Me highest commendations for our common sense and out of school she asked each of us to loan her two cents so that she would have greater common sense... Tommy, Miss Jones and I all thought that We truly got more than two cents' worth of understanding...

The day after School let out in June, Miss Jones bot Tommy and me chocolate milk shakes and hamburgers... She was very centsible...

DEPUTY DIRECTORS

Every so Often, I meet Someone who is so Capable, so Comprehensive, and so cautiously or recklessly Compulsive that I think He or She must be either a Self-Appointed, Self-Anointed Deputy Director of The Universe, or a Divinely Inducted One... Such People fortunately for Me and My Perspective(s) have only occupied quickly passing, insignificant places in My Universe.

And Thus, I have seldom felt Daunted by or Controlled by THEM...

Fortunately, I have occupied parallel, non-concentric roles with them... My Orbits, Pilgrimages, and Circuits (and Circuses) have not been displaced, decommissioned or devastated by Any of Their Encounters of the 144th or 167th Types... Their Complexes of Complexity will have to be explained Later, when Crows and Canaries collaborate with Condors and Cormorants, Loons, Dodos and Quetzals... And when the Passenger Pigeons all get Home...

DIRTY DEALS

Early, early, early in Life I had Chores... I cannot remember a Time, any Time, when I did not have to Help with the Dishes... I cannot remember a Time when I did not have to make my Bed, pick up my Clothes, clean my Room, help with the Laundry and Shopping, and also help clean other parts of The House... By the age of Five I had an allowance of 5 cents a week and I earned a few extra pennies quite often... On Saturdays, when I had Time to sell, I could earn a penny wiping down the Stairs between our Upstairs and our Sunnyside Dining Room, which we seldom used... Mom thought that that Dirt should Descend, so I always had the Chance to start at the Top. How sad it is that so many in the Modern World live on The Ground Floor! How sad that most people are relegated to Lowdown Jobs!

A week's worth of Dust weighed in at a penny and it probably took me 15 minutes to swipe it... On Saturday Nights before my Bath, I could earn 1 or 2 cents polishing Dad's huge black Oxfords, at a penny a pair. On rare occasions I could even earn a dime polishing Dad's magnificent Old Gladstone, small change as rare as a Season's change. Dad got his two cents' worth from me in more than shoe shines...

Life was Cheap in those years because millions of starving Chinese could be saved if we cleaned our dinner plates and did not waste food. Fifty Years later I have yet to learn how many were Saved, but We must have done a fantastic Job because there are about one billion two hundred million Chinese in the world now...

Somehow or Other, I think that that too simplistic, Sunday School Christianity was too Innocent and thereby I have had a Lifelong Struggle between the Goodness of Innocence and the Wrongness of Ignorance... Neomalthusians may explain my years of work on Population and my dedication to Family Planning Issues as a guilt trip caused by all those clean plates avalanching on me...

I am, I believe, totally Unqualified to be Deputy Director of the Universe, but I am a Magnificent Truant Officer and recurrently I Play as an excellent Mentor of Alternate Education... That is in Our Planetary Crime Commission...

DROP OUT!

No one to my Knowledge criticized Me for dropping Out of Kinder Garten, nor did they reprimand my Parents for liberating Me...

I never much thought about the Action until Recently, recently when a Best Seller captured the American Public and made Us think about what We learned and did not learn in some of our pre-School years...

I now so appreciate so many things I was able to do when I was only Five, only Six, just, yet, still so very small...

Dropout! Drop Out! Is it one word or two?

Dropout is the Other People's Term... Getting Out is a Selfsome Term. For immediate response, Drop Out is probably a Better Term...

Let us come to terms...

All to whom I explain that I was a Drop Out understand me, though their amusement appears short-lived... They seem to doubt my Serious Joviality...just as many fail to fathom my Ironic Optimism.

I am not especially Proud that I was a Kinder Garden Drop Out! I sometimes think that Father Fate and Mother Courage have a very large deck of Cards and they cut and deal to suit their Fancies...

I did not Belong in that Sunnyside Kindergarten more than Half a Hundred Years Ago... The Fates favored my Fantasy in Other Options.

I wish that many, many Other Children might enjoy the Freedom, Curiosity, Courtesy, Contemplation, Nature, Nurture and AWE I found in The Park in Sunnyside, or wherever They might BE... Being is an Essential Element in the Basic Equation of Childness... Optimism is The Creed.

Through all my sequential, consequential, eventual LIFE, there have been so many Things, Thinks and Think-Things to which I belonged and to which I have not Belonged, that I am Sometimes Plagued by Memories Fore-Gotten and by Fore-Gottens scarcely Memoried... or too Clearly, Carelessly Memorized...

DEXTERITY!

The skill I learned least well is Belonging... Curiosity is not an Obedience Instructor... Further, I did not become especially skillful with Patience, until Fatherhood showed me the beauty of Job's Determination. Loyalty: I have never lacked Higher Loyalties, though I abhor Loyalty Oaths and my Lower Loyalties have frequently been suspect...by a Few...

When "patriotism" is confused with "allegiance" and flag waving takes precedence over Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Justice, I am in left field or cast out of The Park... I am Somewhere Else...

Reverent, Yes... I have Always been Reverent, even when some People think I am Introverted... I have looked so long and so diligently for the Inner Light in Others that I have found It in Myself...perhaps by Reflection...

Honesty is to Me the Highest Form of Kindness, but in The Old Days I might have faulted frequently... Kindness is My Best Suit, even and especially when My Soul is Naked...

I am only Left-Handed, yet I believe that God is Multidextrous...

Do I want to be positioned on the "right hand" of God! Heavens, No!

DREAMS ! ! ! ! !

I am both Sad and Glad that My World changes... That the little kid from Idaho would build Schools in rural Mexico and develop health programs in Central America, would create new areas of inquiry and education about Life and Values around the world, and would serve excitedly in the United Nations System, watching and working for the Emergence of the New World Ordering:

In Kinder Garten I did not learn very much... I did not stay in those confines because I did not believe their lessons... Elsewhere I learned Other Themes and Theories... Everywhere I went, I learned to touch, to taste, to hear, to see and to feel:

I can touch the Heart of Meaning,
I can smell the Perfume of Faultless Faith,
Sometimes, I see the Scripts of Sanity and Serenity.

iI can even taste tidbits of Total Trust!
Through Tones' trembling ties, I can hear the Unicorns,
Unicorns in Choir of Unconditional Love.
Who has tested the Tendrils of Tenderness...

I am no Stranger to Chaos... Should I have studied Cardiology, Histology, Allergies, Optics and Surgery, to be an Expert in c.h.a.o.s? Could I have studied Humanities and made them more Humane? Would Theology have taught Me to know God?

¿DIVERSIONS?

ARE THESE THE STUFF MY DREAMS ARE MADE OF,

The Death of my Innocence burns on the Pyre of My Sorrow.
The Birth of Understanding shines as Astral Dust on AWE'S Altar.

I swam with Dolphins a score of years before My Turtle Daughter's Birth. I watched the Stars cross the Night Skies of My Childhood and now, my Young Astronomer Sun-Son studies Asteroids through the lenses of a Space Telescope... My Wife has taught me Love...

Dreams have guided me to construct Cathedrals and Temples of Response, Abilities, where I do humble Service and give Sanctuary to Epic Ethics, e.p.i.c. being ecology, education, equity, Peace, poverty, penitence, patience, participation and poverty, Imagination, identity, cooperation, culture, Creativity, and Conscience... Humane Instruction is the most Delicate Art and there seem to be so few Great Artists...

*Dreams are the Architects, Builders,
Carpenters and Stonemasons of My Being...*

DIS-EASE

Why didn't They teach Me that Disease is Distance from Ease?

Why did I have to go to work in a Medical School to see that our most serious diseases are in our Souls and not in our Physiology?

Words are often the sword We use to cut our Neighbors and Enemies. If we turn the words upon ourselves, could we stand against that sharp sword? We need to see 'words' instead of a sword... And we need to use letters carefully...

Aggression is confused with Absurdity
Banality is boastfully brash...
Credit is not just a cashier's concern...
Disbelief is often a Ridicule...
Engaged is a real Challenge...
Philosophy can be a fractured Feature,
Less-liked is often a lonely Unsolution,
even an abandonment...

Ordered is a fictive Fact of Life...
Possessed is a cause for Grief,
Quieted is sometimes another Frenzy...
Untrusting is usually Alienation,
Wit carries Its own Wisdom...

Would you believe that some 780 years ago Children were sold as easily in Crusaded Campaigns to The Holy Land as we now exploit some 250 million Children as Child Laborers... Would you believe that Children are used to clear some of the Mine Fields of our Barbarianism? What kind of Education do we need to Learn that Armaments Budgets are equivalent to the earnings of half of Humanity? One-Fourth of Humanity lives in Iodine Deficient Areas of the World and for the princely sum of five cents per capita we can alleviate the lethargy and mental incapacity this "lack" causes...

*Dis-Ease is virtual Light Years distant from **ee** (pronounced "ease")...*

EVIL, I

we will never know whether my eyes crossed and i lost binocular vision because i suffered whooping cough when i was two or because someone cast an evil eye upon me, or both... whatever was the case, the cause, we explain to people that my whooping cough at age two crossed my eyes for life, and that destroyed my binocular vision... ophthalmologists have had a steady, reliable customer with me and i never was good at any of the fast projectile sports like baseball, tennis, and football, nor could i show any skill in archery and associated acrobatics. simply, i see the world differently...

no one in all of my aMERICAN education instructed me about evil eyes until i reached my graduate studies... fortunately, in another land, i learned about evil, evil eyes and protective measures. fortunately, for my education, in mexico, in the early 1950s, i learned the folk medicine to fit my ignorance and ever since i have known how to protect myself from susto, soul-loss, fright...

i have never yet found a kinder garten that teaches this kind of folk medicine to susceptibles. lenses have taught me more about sight than i might have learned had my eyes stayed naked...

lenses open our worlds and they expand our vision of the naked eye. a simple magnifying glass in the hands of a two year old opens endless "worlds of nature" s/he would never see without the new toy-science instrument. the simplest telescope transfers us into the heavens in ways no texts ever uplift.

evil eye turned around becomes eye live... a bit of dyslexic spelling but enlightened hearing... i live! language tricks us or teaches us that evil eye and evil.i may be one...

THE EVIL PURITAN

About half my life ago I was told by a friend that he cherished me as a Friend but that he would hate to be my Enemy. I knew he referred to my Cruel Nature of cutting down anyone who opposed my Puritan Soul and Self.

I replied, "I don't have any Enemies." He, who was Old Enuf to be my Father, said "You must have Many!" I replied, "No," His horror-struck-doubt-filled countenance required further explanation from me and I continued, "I write them off. I wipe them out of My Thoughts and World." He replied, "That is Murder." He was correct, but I did not want to admit it then...

Several years later, when I had learned better to Live with myself, when I was more secure in My Soul and Self, I heard the Enchanting Story of how Lincoln dealt with his enemies... During desperate times in the Shadows of the War Between the States, General U. S. Grant was reprimanding President Lincoln for being too Kind to His Enemies. Grant asserted, "Mr. President, YOU MUST, YOU MUST DESTROY YOUR ENEMIES!" Mr. Lincoln replied softly but firmly, "I do, I do when I make them My Friends."

I heard a Healing Message in this Story. Now, I do not Destroy those who might be my Enemies and I believe I have many more Friends... Why didn't my Elementary School Teachers tell me that story instead of trying to impress upon me Young Abe's Reading Habits or George's skill with an axe or hatchet?

Nowhere in Kindergarten did I ever encounter such a lesson, nor the adequate rudiments of such a lesson... Now, each day in each Trial and Tribulation of Diplomacy, Supranational considerations and personal commitment, I try, along the lines of this filament, to be somewhat Lincolnesque...

AN EVIL PURITAN IS HIS OWN ENEMY!

ETHNIC CLEANSING

Dear Children,

I have never told you or anyone about the problems we had with ethnic cleansing during the Sunnyside Wars, but now with all of the trauma of "never again" thinking going on about Bosnia, I believe it is time to tell you about those wars I had to fight so many wars ago. I don't know whether it was the cruelty of those wars or the stupidities of the Second World War that made me a Peacemaker. Maybe I was born a Peacemaker... You know that I subsequently served many years in the United Nations System to create Peace, to help rid the world of the scourge of war. I trust, I really do trust, that the lessons of ethnic cleansing of the Sunnyside Wars will help you to understand the criminality of the ethnic dirtying currently soiling our lands and lives.

The Sunnyside Wars are probably the least reported wars in the humane story... Our first record of a known "Peace" agreement dates from 1269 BC, when Ramses II of Egypt and Hattusilis of the Hittites declared amity between themselves and "their" peoples... As you know, there were many wars in the 3206 years between the end of the Egyptian-Hittite battles and the commencement of the Sunnyside Wars in 1937 AD. I was a child soldier, just half way into my Sixth Year, when my older brothers recruited me into their wars... Do you suppose that unconscious, subconscious and conscious memories of their battles planted ideas (ideals) for me which I would ever so many years later use in discussions in the United Nations when we were preparing the Convention on the Rights of The Child, to protect the likes of me from military demands?

My brothers were officers among "Allies," they both became excellent gunmen and had the war not ended as a stalemate absorbed into the initial hostilities of the Second World War, I believe they would have been highly decorated, killed in battle, executed for war crimes, imprisoned or some bizarre combination of these, other and yet other "alternatives." I was a simple? ammunition boy, cast into retrieving unexploded materiel from the No Man's Land between the two war camps. [Our War embraced no women or girls.] Our fortresses were pre-constructed from overturned picnic tables and benches, those peacemeal fabrications were confiscated from their communal feasts and festivals to provide other "security." I crawled across the fields picking up live ammunition undercover of a PeaceTime Cover, a blanket normally used for our camping trips. Fortunately for field boys, both sides were in such short supply of ammunition that we were usually left to salvage without being fired upon either by the enemy or by friendly forces...

Our side, the supposed Allies, was a precursor out of sorts to the supranational allies who figure in the formation of the United Nations. We had German enlisted "men" and several Japanese officers and numerous male, white "American" officers and "men." We were "defending" the sovereignty of our lands which were the very best in Sunnyside... The hill tribes were ethnic Americans, all white male Americans of European stock, racists of one sort? So, you see (or I am trying to help you "see") they were trying to clean up on us and we were trying to send them home dirty as you can get in playing war in The Town of Sunnyside Park, in a little "community" of some 2300 people in the Yakima Valley of Washington State in the years between 1937 and 1939. (Would they become as "dirty" as the day they were born?) I think we finally got tired of our wars and, of course, we were moving from the Sacredness of Sunday School to the "Scaredness" of the crumbling political world upset by Nazism seeking room, lebensraum. Billy B, the

German I knew best, went to other wars. And my closest childhood playmates, other than my brothers, were Japanese Americans... Neighbors... We left Sunnyside in 1941 when my Father joined the United States Army as a Captain, or was he only a Lieutenant...taking orders on top of the Orders of The Church... Dad wore little crosses on the collars of his dress shirts and his hats and he tried to 'see" that Christ was well represented among the Allies. I never again saw my buddies, except one whom I visited in Sunnyside many years later--but then, we had both "lost" much of the magic of Childhood.... My friends suffered the consequences of my government's criminal system! In 1942 Mr. Tanaka and his five children were cast into our concentration camps. The oldest child and only daughter wrote a letter describing the bleakness and devastation in their lives, which I never forget, scarred into the child mind... Mom sent Marie the requested curtain materials to brighten up the bare barracks of Benny's bereft state.

Children, Others... I am not interested in going to war in Bosnia or Bolivia or Botswana for ethnic cleansing. My Life is too short for me to grasp their lands and impose my Peacekeepers upon their and their enemies governments. I shall not fragment their lands into ethnic enclaves so that a next generation and several generations hence their progeny will repeat the laundry or dry cleaning devastation of ethnic wars. Since I first met Native Americans when I was just, yet, only Four, I have been a student of Diversity... I have wandered from the peon and peasant hovels of Latin America to the pyramids of power in this hemisphere and the Middle east. I have supped in palaces in Europe and Asia. I have nurtured my Christian "roots" with Judaism, Hinduism, Buddhism, Islam and Atheism. I have sat in segregated bus stations in the Deep South and a year before the 1954 Supreme Court Decision that changed the racial rules of my society, I tried to achieve movie house integration in my nation's segregated capital, where not even white and black soldier friends wearing uniforms to serve their country in Korea could enter together...

My ethnic cleansing is not a war game to beat up on one more tribe so that a few thousand peoples survive to continue age-old animosities. Again, again I have to remember how my government financed Iraq against Iran until our bully decided to bully us. A few weeks ago I saw a tally for the Gulf War at some 700 billion dollars... I don't want to believe my eyes and news, but that it what I saw... My country cannot even pay up on time its dues to the United Nations and my country cannot participate in UNESCO, the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, for educational, scientific and cultural cooperation... For several years my country boycotted the United Nations Population Fund, while I believe the quadrupling of human numbers in this century sets the stage for not distant, great demographic struggles, perhaps wars, which may make the battles of these decades appear as simplistic as the Sunnyside Wars of my Childhood. I believe that storians of future centuries will study the "20Th" Century as The Health Century and wonder why humans could not be more humane. We entered this century with some 1.5 billion humans and we will probably "exit" on 31 December 1999, with some six billion. With 6,179 language groups contributing to PANDAEMONIUM, I will try to make myself understood in French, Spanish and English, and ultimately I will greet many people(s) with that marvelous Nepali term, NAMASTE!

ee EE ee EE ee EE εε EE ee EE ee EE ee EE

I have written an earlier Chapter on DIS-EASE,
Wracking my Body, Brain and Spirit with little and great Aches...

With eeeeeee, the task is simplest of all...
With each pair of fifthly letters fetched from our common alfabetz,
We have a POEM... "ease, Ease, EASE, eASE..."

IT may be "little ease," "middling ease," or "GREAT EASE."
Would that we, Each One, would Dis-Cover, Create, Imagine all EEEE...

AN ODE TO EASE...

ee EE ee EE ee EE

*TEACHERS miss the Grade...
I no longer want AAAAA... (A's)
All my AAAAA become malaise.
NO WONDER, I Play Hooky...*

FREEDOM(S) AND LIBERTIES...

Imagining, that....

We circle the year, again, like erstwhile revolutionaries rotating around a little "morning" star, while other timekeepers stretch 366 days into a linear daze, pointing all ways and always, staring into a void or promised epoch, The Future. Are we little tangents to Time? In our stardust is there some faint glimmer of universal timeliness and timelessness. Is it mourning or morning in this uneven time, this even-tide....

Realizing that...

I live in Awe.

I am an Imagineer, in Awe...

I live so much in Awe that I imagine Ideals and other Ideas,
Even, Especially? when most People apologize,

"I can't imagine that..."

I reply, **I can Imagine that...**

In all the languages I know and do not know, I find no thoughts, expressions, and evasions quite so distant from Faith, Hope and Love...

Long ago in Time and far away in Place, another David, not the giant killer, my highly trusted and namesaked mentor Thoreau, asserted a dubious line, "Most men live lives of quiet desperation..." In my long short threescore and six revolutions around our Sun, I

have yet to discover anywhere in the universe that Thoreau was correct in his pessimistic perception. Rather, I observe that most people seem to suffer from extreme Apathy...I work only in a third career now,

a Life as a supra-national civic savant beyond the United Nations System... I count the nations, states and countries of the United Nations and with Quixotic curiosity I fail to find my native land, Imagination... I speculate on why the geographers and planetary cartographers have failed even to nominate Imagination to the roster of our polities...

Have they never ventured there?

Too many diplomats are less than diplomatic with me...

I see answers to questions that they have yet to imagine...

At first,
I thot that those who called me, named me
THE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER!
were simply making a pleasant, expensive joke on my account...

Then, shortly, I grew from being just an international civil servant to be a supranational
civic savant, a retired but never tiring
Planetary Citizen...

I evolve to be THE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER!

It is not enuf...

to be "Sir David" because of my interagency service,
humorously explained as S(py) I(n) R(esidence),

to be a lively, sacred symbol donning red workclothes to be the UN Santa, to be, without
RIGHT OR LEFT margins...

Philosopher Clown of Planetary Culture....

FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES

In the Magic World of Childhood one knows many Kings and Queens and Princes and Princesses... Later on, in School, one learns about other Royalty, like Counts and No-Counts, Dukes and Dupes, Barons and Robber Barons... However, in so-called Real Life, when do we learn the greetings of Kings and Commoners and do we have always to long for Plato's Philosopher Kings? Don Quixote not only taught us to dream Impossible Dreams. Many of our states seek Peace and make War. Many of our Leaders are required to separate "church" and "state." In the Kingdom of Nepal, the King may have many, innumerable problems of governance, poverty, ignorance and disease... However, HRH Birendra does not have to separate "church" and "state", nor does he have to procrastinate on declaring "Peace." The King of Nepal is the reincarnation of Vishnu, one of many Hindu deities. I find it thrilling that a person can be, like the Dalai Lama, an emanation of Godness among us and can explain NAMASTE greeting and farewell (fairwell) as "The God in me salutes the God in you. The God in me takes leave of the God in you."

Birendra has a Zone of Peace magnificently declared to the world, to "his" people and to himself. He has managed to enlist 108 governments, last I took count, to accord with this special status for the loftiest country and only Hindu Kingdom. I know only two words of Nepali, NAMASTE and DADNEBAS (Thank You...) In my next language lesson, I shall learn to say PLEASE. I know English, French and Spanish and a few words in a few other languages. No word in any language means so much to me as NEMASTE, excepting LOVE and AWE...

Suppose you could have a small dinner party for four or five people from any time and place in "history," "Herstory," or "ourstory," or before, or after... Whom would you invite? I would invite the special religious figures, Christ, Confucius, Buddha, Mohammed and Vishnu... After that dinner if I were allowed to have a second dinner, I would like a second feast of food and spirit, and I would invite Ramses II and Hattusilis, because they accorded the first known peace treaty in our story, in 1269 BC, and George of Bohemia, because he developed a Universal Peace Plan between 1562 and 1564 AD, with Birendra and Myself, and WE would discuss PEACE... If I had my Druthers, I would summon Birendra and Einstein, and we would Time Travel to 1269 BC to meet Ramses and Hattusilis in their Time, not in Our Time...

Each of us would be Victor Victims of our Own Time...

FAITH TO MOVE MOUNTAINS

I have never been to the deep Depths of The Oceans, deeper than what I could Scuba, but I have surveyed the Depths of Death Valley, both literally and figuratively... I have climbed High Mounts in Mexico and Montana. My eyes and Spirit have ascended Everest and her/his Lofty Neighbors and rested at Sunset on the Summitry of those heights... I have scrambled over the big blocks of many pyramids in Egypt and Mexico, Guatemala, El Salvador and Peru...and searched through the narrow tunnels of their innards for some extra-special meanings...as if I were an expert archeologist and diviner... Yet, none of those moving Experiences gave me Faith To Move Mountains...

Once, when I was trying to see the Sun set on Mount Everest, during Monsoon, this was not a reasonable effort... Yet, with great aplomb, I confidently and confidentially told my colleagues that WE WOULD SEE the Sun set within 12 to 15 minutes... Skeptics, and they abound, showered me with Scorn, but I said, "Just wait. We have a saying about Faith to move Mountains and other great Barriers... Why can't We have enuf Faith to move Clouds?" Well, 13 minutes and about 13 seconds later, later we saw a Beautiful Sunset illuminating the crest of this world's Highest Mountain!

My Colleagues, Skeptics included, were delighted, but I was troubled and I said, "I will never Know whether the Mountain moved in front of the Clouds or if the Clouds moved behind the Mountain." Three hours later, back in Kathmandu, in the Restaurant of The Yellow Pagoda, I told my Friends that I still had a very serious Theological and philosophical problem and I wondered if they could help me... When they agreed that they would try, I explained that I believed that it was Quite Possible in Humane Life to have sufficient Faith to move Clouds and to move Mountains, but "WHY IS IT THAT WE LACK FAITH TO MOVE PEOPLE? It is so easy to move the Himalayas, why shouldn't we be able to move people to have faith in themselves..."

They could not help me...and they diverted the Conversation by asking, "Why does His Majesty's Government charge Tourists to climb in the Himalayas?" I told my Attentive Audience that The Answer (is) (was) something that they should have learned in their "kindergartens." I wanted them to understand "realism" and Idealism... Quickly, I explained that The Court Jester had told me-- but I really did not need his help, Imagination would have said as much, already had said more: "Because Nepal has real Mountains." The Company I was supping with continued to discuss Nepal, but My Thots

floated across the Years and I believed I had come to this Mountain Kingdom to see beyond Geography, Anthropology and Politics (GAP)... While I was still a Sophomoric Agitator, I used to say to People that I wanted to have Life on my Own Terms or I did not want It. The usual response I got to this assertion was that if I really meant what I said, I probably would not have a Long Life. To this I had a stock response, "My Terms are Flexible."

Thoreau says that most "men" lead lives of quiet desperation. I have the utmost difficulty understanding this... I have found much Fatalism, much Apathy, and much Quiet Resignation, but not Desperation.

FOR GOD'S SAKE

I did my Christmas Shopping early this year and I put up our Tree, lights, wreath, stockings, five Nativity Sets and Wishes long before I have Ever Before.... We even got our letters and greetings in the Mails before the Feast of Santa Lucia... Reveling in Our Exploits, IT dawned on me that I hadn't gotten a Gift for God... "For God's Sake," my Wife implored me, "Aren't you going to give God something This Year!"

Well, God has never been on my Christmas List, so why should HE be treated any different This Year than all the Others? My Wife is not an altogether Patient Person, but She is thoughtful, and her graces run the Alphabet, from "a" to "z" and probably back again:

AMAZING, BEAUTIFUL, NEVER YET
BORING, CARING, CAREFUL, CREATIVE, CURIOUS, DEVOTED,
ENGAGING, EVEN, EQUITABLE, , ENERGETIC, ECSTATIC,
FANTASTIC, GENEROUS, HAPPY, HOPEFUL, IMAGINATIVE,
JOYFUL, KIND, LOVING, LIVELY MEANINGFUL, NUTURING,
NICE, NEEDFUL, OPTIMISTIC, POISED, PEACEFUL, PATIENT
AND PERSISTENT, QUIZZICAL, QUIET, RELIGIOUS,
SOULFUL, TRUSTING, UNITED, VOICED, VITAL, WITTY.
WISE WONDERFUL, WISE, AND XENOPHILIAN, YEARNING,
YIELDING, YET YEARNING, ZESTFUL, OCCASIONALLY
ZAPPED, AND EVEN... OCCASIONALLY ZANY...

I may have missed some of her Great Attributes, but this list will give you a fairly good Idea of Who (and What) I live with, so when my Wife suggests that I should give God a Christmas Gift the Idea is not to be brushed aside like autumn leaves in the driveway, nor dumped in the compost heap... I have a hard enuf time not being angry with God about the Things I believe HE leaves unattended and I am supposed to be Generous to HIM...

"For God's Sake," I said, "I cannot give HIM anything HE hasn't already given me... But I will think about the Proposition and what kinds of Conclusions I might arrive to.. I am very good at puzzling and ordering and I was once a candidate for Being The Christ Child Actor in The Church of The Nativity Pageant of 1931, when I was only days old... The Chief Priest in that parish vetoed my participation in The Play... IT was suggested, asserted, assumed, prejudged, that I would not be Silent, that I would Cry irreverently, that I would Puke, or have a BM, or Upset, Upstage the Sanctuary...and That was before many people even understood what Sanctuary is supposed to Be... I was less than a week old, so as an Incomplete Weekling I was considered Underaged... Thus, on my First Solstice, I lost my Innocence, or I failed to gain IT, and I have never, ever again found the clues thereto..."

Well, I got past the Nun-Sense at St. Joseph's Hospital and arrived Home for Christmas, where all the Gifts for me were really in the Spirit of The Season, labeled NOEL-DAVID because my Parents were so Happy to have a Christmastide Tot. In my Childhood I had ample opportunity to play the parts of Shepherds, Magi and Innkeeper, but I only once was to be AN ANGEL, and even then, not Gabriel... My Wings never grew and as I was tone deaf I could not keep up any Heavenly Harmony...

Terrestrial Trials have tested me tremendously through Theological Tricks...and still I am supposed to go Christmas Shopping for something for God... I don't even know how big HE is! I don't know where to find HIM on a regular basis... I have never seen HIM. He is not the most Communicative Being I have known. I don't know what is HIS favorite color, material, food, song, book, plant, animal, or element. How Absurd! How Absurd that I should buy something for GOD! How HE would think I was currying favor!?!

Well, through the years I have Learned that we frequently say, "BY GOD!" And, and, and When some of us try to escape GOD'S domain we pretend to say, "BYE, GOD..." Hoping, even against Hope, that He won't bother us... Prayer is frequently a Power in our Lives, but even Prayer fails when we do Theological Trespassing--offering GOD such and such IF only HE will grant us something or other. In Our Prayers we try to BUY GOD... We are not even Ashamed at our Plea Bargaining! When we try to approach the Problem phonetically we go by, bye, and buy, but theologically we remain scared instead of achieving the Sacred... We confuse 'scared" with "sacred..." We try to Live, but we get turned around to "evil." And, even in our Frivolity, even Then, we sometimes misspell SANTA as SATAN... I act better than I spell, so the United Nations has called upon me for years to be Santa for some "needy" Children... I am trying to find Santa's Solutions

to many of our PQs, Planetary Questions. And, when I hands-and-heart tire, I call on Santa's Elves to transform themselves into Santa Selves... A sense of Place, shifting one letter one space and dropping the possessive, redundant Apostrophe (Because IT atrophies?) makes a few Helpers into Self-Reliant Santa Beings... When the greedy Adult says, "You didn't give me what I asked for?" I think, "You are Lucky..." This Santa can kindly reply, "I only give Love and occasional Candy Canes..."

My Wife interrupted Again...and Suggested...that I should go out Somewhere in Nature and Meditate about GOD'S gifts to me and to the whole world. Being the amiable chap that I am, I found IT easy to comply and I ran through my Mental Inventory of All the Favorite Places I have from Filosofic, filanthropic and filial fantasizing... Whether I think of The Galapagos, The Grand Canyon, The Taj Mahal, Walden Pond or Chartres, I do not think my GODSPELL will focus adequately this Time... Consequently, I tried the Back Yard on Raccoon Ridge, where I face 53 acres of Pond and where I can walk through a Valley of Caring, beside Still Waters, and HE has comforted me. The Living Currents, the still waters, the awakened waters, the healing waters, all the Symbols and Rites are "right" and I can sink into the Depths of Understanding as well as Climb to Heights of Awareness, where HE has long nourished me in HIS service, which I am told is Perfect Freedom... I do not always feel Perfect Freedom, but the transcendent Beauty of This Place is sufficient to give me great freedom, even, perhaps especially, when I do not sense the Prayered Peace with passeth All Understanding... I usually seek Peace within my Understanding... So, FOR GOD'S SAKE, I have taken some time OUT... We won't do the Progressive Dinner this year. We don't have to hear Handel's or any one else's MESSIAH performance for the zzzth times... we don't have to write Everybody... We can limit our calls... We can be Kind in our Small Family Circle. We can minister to ten who need to hear from our Spirits the Sense of GOD's Peace we have sensed and the Power of 10 to the tenth will reach some 10 Billion, and thus Most of our fellow human(e) beings might each Hear the Message, twice...

FOR GOD'S SAKE, IT ideally and really is not so difficult to Share... I went deep within myself and I found that GOD had only given me very simple lessons in both the Old and New Testaments, to do Justice, to Love Mercy, and Walk, not Run, Humbly with My Lord and to Love GOD, AND My Neighbor as Myself... GOD had essentially told Me that I needed only to Love myself and I found to my great Consternation that most People I know do not Love themselves and thus cannot Love their Neighbors. Then, I thot, and Prayed, again, "FOR GOD'S SAKE, This is no very Difficult!" FOR GOD'S SAKE, IT is Easy!

My Gift for GOD IS THANKSGIVING, and seeing that of GOD in HIS Creation... FOR GOD'S SAKE, I am ready for Christ's Mass...

My Wife told me the next day that GOD had called while I was doing my Santa Work and that She had said in all HER HOLINESS, "I want Noel-David to know how pleased I am that he is beginning to see..."

By Even-Tide, SHE spoke to me through the mists of the most beautiful Moonbow SHE ever Created.. I went calmly to sleep, Praying my childhood prayer, revised...

"GOD is Good and GOD! GOD is Great, We thank HER..." GOD never was HERNESS, nor SHENESS, nor IT..... GOD IS....

GLOBAL IDENTITY

Life has basically been Gracefilled, Good... From Early Years in the Pacific Northwest, dropping out of Kindergarten to Gain a coveted extension of Early Childhood before Scholastic Surgeons applied their Cosmetics, I grew in Body, Mind and Spirit. I learned earnestly to Play and to Work. I learned Joy, Wisdom, Wit and Sorrow... I saw Playmates interned in Concentration Camps simply for sharing an Identity with Our Enemy. From 1941-1961, I experienced Racism in California, Arizona, Louisiana, Montana, Wisconsin, Oklahoma and in California, again... Since 24 October, 1945, I have Belonged in the United Nations System and my Credentials with those of Others read, "We the Peoples..." When we Revise THE UN CHARTER we will have "We the People..."

In the Words of a New Prince of Denmark, "We are global citizens, with tribal souls." We have the Magical Opportunity to cherish some Tribal Identity for local belonging, yet we have an unprecedented Challenge to create Planetary Culture. Some will first call this GAIA Culture because of the GAIA Hypothesis, named for the lovely Greek Goddess of the Earth, giving her name to our new world ordering, ordering, ordering... Our more secular selves may opt for p.c., Planetary Culture and match that with the sacredness of another PC, the prime and ultimate PC, not political correctness, nay... Personal Commitment...

In evolving systems, as we discredit the political abuses of nations and seek caring, community orders, we may create a replacement to the UN and call the new alliances, The Planetary Convention...

Departing from Old Conventions, entering New Ones, we will continue to seek Peace... I will suggest: "If you want to live in Peace, prepare for Peace..." Was it a Latin Warrior or an Modern Pacifist who gave us these Words? My conjoint Words are: "I am not a Champion of Lost Causes, I am a Champion of Causes that have not yet been won."

My Poet Friend Piet Hein may discover in the next edition of his Works, "We are Planetary Citizens, with Universal Soul..."

GOOD, GOOD FOR NOTHING...

I would have liked to Be a Good Boy Scout, but the Trials of Cubbing were such that I could not with Good Conscience advance... Dad was the Director of the Cubs and I already suffered more than enuf, having to be One of The Best Cublets... That was in addition to His Being an Episcopal Minister, and for That, I already had a Heavy Assignment... My Brothers and I had to be just about the Best Kids in Town and IT was not Easy... IT seemed that we Always had to be Good for This and Good for That, and for ...Everything... I just simply wanted to be Good for No Good Reason, whatsoever!

Now....so many years later...I think, I know, IT would have been much Better, just to be GOOD FOR NOTHING....

GEOFFREY...

I want to Introduce You to Geoffrey...

Geoffrey was an Earth Child until he was Seven... Then, he had the Opportunity to climb The Great Beanstalk with Cousin Jack... After Jack had borrowed the Hen that lays the Golden Eggs, Geoffrey asked his Family if he could return to the Clouds for the Rest of Time. His Mother and his Father wondered why he wanted to Live in the Clouds and he told them that It is so beautiful Up There, that he wanted to be There... He explained, "You always tell me that I have my Head in the Clouds. Let all of me be in the Clouds!" He told them that, of course, he would miss his Family and Friends here but they would Know he was Happy because he would Paint Rainbows, Polish Sunbeams, Move Clouds for Bright Weather and for Shade. He did not want to call Rain, Sleet and Snow "bad" weather... He would Paint beautiful Sunrises and Sunsets...

Geoffrey went on and on and on, " "You know, you do know don't you, that since you gave me my Magnifying Glass when I was just Two, I have been a Science Artist and an Artist-Scientist. PLEASE, please, please let me Live in the Clouds." Geoffrey's Father and Mother, his Sister, his Aunts, Uncles, Grandparents and borrowed Grandparents, Friends, and Acquaintances--even Strangers and strangers of the Strangers--All that that he was making a crazy mistake to be leaving Earth for All Time... Geoffrey replied, "NO! IT is not a Mistake to want to Live in the Clouds. You do not Understand! I will be The Cloud Child and I will only Age with the Sunlight and I will stay as Young as the Snowflakes. I will Cry sometimes and You will Feel my Tears, as Rain for Growth... Please let me Go!"

His Parents, other Relatives, some more relative and most, mostly not relative, and Friends, even the Strangers, said to Geoffrey, "We want to Thank You, thank you for asking us to let you go, but you do not need to ask us. You own your own Life, you own All your Past Experiences and will Own your New Ones... We have wanted to Share experiences with you, but If your Vision is Higher, even ever Higher than Ours, or Rounder, or Longer, or Farther OUT, or Circling some Creation we have not Seen, we cannot ask you to Stay Here where the Horizon stretches only to the Hill on the Right and to the River Bank on the Left, to Forests North and South of us, and to the Deserts and Jungles East and West of us..." They said to little Geoffrey, for he seemed so Tiny, "You can go in the Musing of our Longings for you. You can Re-member that every splash of Sunlight in the Garden will remind us of you. You can Paint the Colorless Grass for us,

taking Blue from the fabric of the Sky and Yellow from the threads of the Sun, pouring them on the Grass we feel, Making Grass Green..."

"Before the Trees sleep in Winter you can paint their Leaves for us in Autumn to let us know that Art is indeed a basic part of Nature... You will have to study Astronomy and move the Black Holes we Earthans think sink in distant parts of the Universe to the Red Holes for Valentines and Fire, to the Yellow and White Holes for Light and the Blue Holes for Clarity and Confidence..."

Geoffrey Thanked all his Earthan Family and Friends, even, especially Unacquainted Ones, and said that although they would not be able to See him again, his Work would show them that he still, always, Cared for them and that art-science and science-art are One...

When Geoffrey went to Work as The Cloud Child many Angles thot they had to Teach him all the science and artistry of Our Atmosphere... On the First Day, Geoffrey did not get to do any Mixing, nor Pouring, nor Painting, nor Anything but Watching...at All...because the Angels thot he would Mess Up all the Earthly Weather Patterns and Perspectives... All he could do was Listen, Listen, Listen, Look, Look, and Look... They, those Inconsiderate "Angels" did not even let him ask Any Questions... until at the Very End of the Day they looked at him and asked "Do you have any Questions?" Geoffrey asked only one question, "Why didn't you Trust me to help you?"

Never, never, never had the Angels ever heard such Rudeness...but they did not Understand... Geoffrey was not Rude, he was Curious... He said, "I came here in Trust and you did not Trust me Today... You have made me Wonder whether I should have come, My Parents always Trusted me... They knew that I would Sometimes make Mistakes...And that my Drawings and other Designs would not always stay in the Lines, but they Knew I would Learn from my Mistakes... My Parents knew how to Protect me... And they Knew that they could not always give me IMAGINATION, CREATIVITY, INTELLIGENCE and AMBITION... You wanted me to come here because you liked the Laughter in My Eyes and in My Voices, you found Joy in my Smiles, you found Hope in My Breath, You could See your own Longing in the Light of My Soul, you could Feel Warmth in My Touch when you needed Warmth, and Coolness, when you needed Refreshment... In My Behavior you even Thot you could find Sense and Scents that would smell with the Freshness of Spring Showers and would give Fragrance to Summer Evenings as Blossoms in the Twilight... You Believed the Fullness of My Pictures of Full Moons would give you Fulfillment... You even Believed that the Newness of My New Moons would give all

Special Renewal... Then, you That you could not Trust My Innovations on My First Day with you...."

"Tomorrow, tomorrow you can keep all your Rainbow Colors and All, and I will Work with All White Light, and the darkness of Blacks and Brown-Browns.... and I will take the One Place on Earth where People have not Learned to Live permanently... I will take Antarctica and I will Paint that Continent so that Earthans will Know in that Land challenges they have Nowhere else on their Home Planet."

Tomorrow came and the Angels gave Darkness, great masses of White and many hues of Black and Brown... Geoffrey, who was Very, Very Experienced in Sandpile Culture and Sculpture, immediately knew that the Tasks ahead of him were enormous.... He could not make great Ice Sheets, Mountain Ridges, Islands, Volcanoes, Deserts, even just Dry Deserts, and Gulches, Glaciers, and Gimmicks, but he would have to mix the "right" colors so that when he poured the colors down on the last continent, Antarctica, Explorers would Know that All the Features of the Last Continent had been Painted "correctly....."

All the Angels took the Day off and left Geoffrey to work all by himself... Since IMAGINATION is Geoffrey's closest Friend as well as the major Tool and Result of Work in the Clouds, Geoffrey did not feel that All the Tasks before him were more than he could handle... As a Matter of Fact (or Two Facts) Geoffrey knew that he could Paint all of Antarctica in a Day, because he had often made Entire Universes in his Sandpile at Home and Sometimes in Winter, when the Snow in his Backyard was especially Fine, he had made entire Snow Worlds Peopled and Animate and Planted with more Beans and Beings than Humane Beings had ever Imagined...

Long Ago in Earth Time, Geoffrey's Uncle Noah had taught him quite a few Things, Ideas and Ideals about Land, Water, Plants, Animals Existence, Imagination, and... and... and....

At the end of that Tomorrow all the Angels declared Geoffrey the Most Imaginative Child they had ever met, belying the Fact that he was simply and surely The First and Only Cloud Child they had ever heard of, Imagined, seen and met... They Thanked Geoffrey for Teaching them that they should in the Future be Trusting of Beings who Come for Well-Being and they asked Geoffrey if he had any other Lessons for them... He said that he had Only One, but Before he told them what it was, he would have to Check out the Facts and Foibles of their Vision: Did they Know that evil could be turned

around to live? Did they know that you can get out of being scared by scrambling the letters of The Word, to be Sacred. Did they Know, Really and Ideally, that the Easiest Way to get from Nowhere to Here is to pause Briefly. Nowhere clearly becomes Now Here... All the Angels knew that one plus one equals two, but not a single, solitary Angel, nor all the Choirs of Angels had ever Imagined that One paired with another One becomes a great Eleven.

All the Angels agreed with all these Lessons and Geoffrey said, "All Right... Please Sit Comfortably and get ready to Imagine... Please Help Me Imagine how we might en-vision the Change from Warfare to Welfare, from Welfare to PeaceFare, and the magnificent Muddling of PeaceFare to Peace Fair... How Much do we need to change all our PieceMeal work, worry and Wit, to create PeaceMeal Festivals...

Geoffrey had never Learned how to Erase any of the Drawings and Paintings, Clay Models, and Sand Castles and Sculptures he had made on Earth--except for those he created below the High Tide Line.... Then, in the Clouds, in one Whooshing Moment ALL, ALL, ALL of the Angels disappeared and Geoffrey never ever yet, again, has seen any of them... He was and is Amazed, hoping that he had asked a Sacred Question, but he was left in Doubt and Remains There, Yet...perhaps he had only Scared his Audience...

For eons and eons Geoffrey has Given us his Best Works and he shows us his Smiles in Sun Beams and his Tears in Rain... In Antarctica we have his most Unchanging Work, yet even It changes, and Geoffrey invites us to Discover the Challenges of All the Sciences and All the Arts there... He will not tell us if Antarctica is his Favorite Work or Not, but I think we can Guess that he cherishes It because it was his First Discovery as the Imaginative, Curious, Creative, First Cloud Child...

If you ever make a Snowperson, just about as tall as tall and as short as short, just about the size Geoffrey was when he climbed the storic Beanstalk eons and eons, ages ago, and you can put some sunglasses or ski goggles over the Unlighted Eyes next to a Glorious SnowSmile and the Carrot Nose you have given your Snowbody, I believe you will see behind the goggles or sunglasses Geoffrey Laughing at all your efforts and Playing with you.... That is what happened for Bets and me when Bets was just Five!

Geoffrey does not Spell very well, he spells in as wobbly a fashion as Pooh, if you know how woobbbbbbblllllllyyyyyy that is...but he will Help you spell FUN, for he will help you F...IND U...R N...EEDS... Finding Ur Needs and knowing how to build up a Reply becomes FUN, even when IT is Hard Work...

Geoffrey has no Today's and Tomorrow's anymore... He simply Moves Around the Earth with Lights and Shadows and Creates many Appearances for us. I talk to Geoffrey Every Day and I tell him that I once Knew a Child like him and his sister Jane... I am Thankful that we have Learned part of his story... Geoffrey says his Words very fast and this one comes out, History... Jane is more Silent and her Poems are more like the Ripples on a Pond, feathery like the Dandelion seed blowing in the Wind, Smiling like the Butterfly pausing to Talk to The Tiger Lily... Jane Works and Plays in our Garden Of Dreams, from which she draws signs, G, O, D, or the Word, GOD...

Many, many Snow Storms later we Learned that Geoffrey had Found somewhere between the Rifts of His-story and Her-story, a new Summit which he called Our-story. Once, Geoffrey listened to My Story and told me that from IT he learned to appreciate the Source of Mystery...

GOODBYE COMES EARLY

The world of my One and Only Favorite Daughter is Special with Dolphins, Koalas, Turtles, Whales and Whiles in the Lead... In an Earlier Era the World of My Childhood was locus'd with Glass-Porched Captive Canaries, with A Backyard Goat, Poned-Golden Fish, Real Rabbits, and My Own REAL Bunny, a quiet character, stuffed not only with wool but also with his Mother Maker's and with my Love.

How often do I still hear the Neighbor's Canaries? How often do I try to Get The Neighbor's Goat? Why are my Stories so Fishy? Would I again wash my soiled sunsuit in the Neighbor's Birdbath....

I don't know when my Dirty White Grey Bunny disappeared from My Preschool World, but by the time I entered First Grade in the Denny Blaine, Bunny had left me... I believe he never said Good-Bye, and thus he is one of my early, Unexplained Losses...

So many Losses cross my Years and soak my Soul with a Special Sadness... I have learned that ForeGone GoodByes are Paths of Poignancy... All GoodByes are a Measure of some Loneliness... I believe that to Say GoodBye is To Die, A Little.....

Half a Hundred Years Ago I said GoodBye to my Sunnyside Park and Yet each Spring the Lilacs bloom again there and I know their Fragrances in Dreams... Each Summer for some 50 Seasons the Roses bloom although my Eyes have not seen those Bushes since Mr. Tate and I planted them when I was in my Tenth Revolution... Each Autumn the Pungent Aroma of Burning Leaves sears my Memory, and Tears of Memory wash Smoke from Eyes blinking in Time and Trial... Winter remains Winter even if a Hundred of them give up their SnowPeople, and Even though I of Late become the Sainted Santa of a Foundling Home... NAMASTE, auspicious Word of my Auspicious Kingdom in The Clouds, softens the Sorrows of other GoodByes with Vishnu's Vow, I salute the God in you and I take leave of the God in you... Love must Learn All from our GoodByes, Adieux, Adioses, and Namastes...

GAI A CULTURE

DISCIPLINARY DILEMMAS OF ANTHROPOLOGY,

Notes for Anthropology 1999, The Antarctic University. (Pass-Fail Course, Unlimited Credit, Continuous Unrestricted Registration). Sir David Inkey, The Unique Julian S. Huxley Professor of Epic Ethics and Policy Studies (PEEPS) and Propagandist for Programs of United Nations Studies (PUNS), The Learning Center (TLC).

We are the pioneers of a new world ordering which we may see as GAIA Culture. Through ages, virtual eons, of struggling for simple survival we have reached an age of struggle for complex survival.

Myself, 1991

The GAIA Principle has been discovered and developed by many, but I believe--with deepest regret--that I am the first explorer of GAIA Culture. I am the first to apologize that "the word" comes from the Ancient Greek. I would have preferred to have a name for this culture--this global culture--transcending all our pasts. GAIA Culture transcends some political, economic, social, gender, racial, educational, and species prejudices of our human being and embraces all being. It intends--if cultures can "intend"--to be humane.

Before I was a kinder garden drop out, I was introduced to or into the Nez Perce Tribe where my parents and other ancestors were great friends. In marvelous CHILDNESS, I became an innocent of anthropology. When we, my family, migrated to the Yakima Valley, my intertribal experiences increased and I was given leave to participate in Yakima and Intertribal Pow Wows in The (Sunnyside) Park. We never discovered whether The Park was a sacred ground of other eras, but there, my brothers and I were welcomed as afternoon playmates of children of many cultures. With the Nez Perce, Yakima and related tribes, I joined united nations before "the Allies" fought World War II and "inaugurated" what they call The UN.

Those ages ago are long past, but the experiences, I believe, set the clocks and stages for me to explore and for me to have the sense of freedom and worth to affirm all the diversity I found beyond the familiar. My friend Thoreau later taught me that he believed most men (people) live lives of quiet desperation. I never really learned the lesson in that form: I find more people than I care to count live lives of quiet resignation... Then, from Don Quixote I learned that life is richest when filled with dreams, even when filled with impossible dreams. Life is richer yet when one can help others fill their dreams. The Don prepared me well for my ideological windmills and

impressed upon me the importance of the title "Don" which I soon earned in chivalrous lands. Einstein taught me late in life one of the most precious of lessons, that "Imagination is more important than Knowledge." He never for a moment suggested that Knowledge is not important, but he saw that Knowledge only becomes useful when empowered by Imagination. When I met Sir Julian (Huxley) in the University of London he instructed me in many programs of epic ethics and policy studies (peeps), almost two decades before I joined UNESCO in Paris. Would that I had taken United Nations lessons from him so early so that I would have had his fresh insights on UNESCO... Instead, Sir Raymond Firth showed me dramatically the importance of myth, magic and mercy. And Sir Raymond taught me so many other things about professing without being unduly professorial. London was a marvelous experience.

How do we journey from childhood memories of "anthropology," untutored in the pedagogy of field methods, and from the academic, often academenced, constraints of classic anthropology, to become participants in the GAIA CULTURE? For anthropology, Sir Edward Burnett Tylor introduced the term culture late in the 19th Century and defined it in his book PRIMITIVE CULTURE (1871) as "that complex whole which includes knowledge, belief, art, morals, law, custom, and any other capabilities and habits acquired by man as a member of society." I was long past being doctored in anthropology and well beyond the first decade of my international civil service in the UN System before it occurred to me that the United Nations is the emergence of a new cultural system. As soon as I began to think along these lines I immediately ran into and stumbled over semantic troubles, because I did not want a system organizing an order or an order organizing a system. I did not like to call it "new" because the human experience is presumably a continuity from "more" to "less" primitive times. Who calls modern warfare less primitive?

What are we to do about "culture" in the world today? Are we to become "grumpy" because professionals and non-professionals from other disciplines are borrowing our ideas about culture? How are we to explain enormous diversity, with linguists listing some 6,170 languages? How can we make the world safe for and from ethnicity as one of our ethnologists asks? How should we run, steer, sail, be guided counter to predominant currents and fads in anthropology to ask questions about how-from "within" our own culture--we can study global culture and conclude that we are participants in the evolution of a new culture which must de jure and de facto be transhuman, transcendental and interspecies? I turned to imagination, image and observation. I concluded most tentatively that in the UN System we currently have most or all of the elements we would want in a planetary culture, and rather than float between the

predominant water and lesser land areas of Earth, I concluded that *Gala Culture* was (is) my best locus, though perhaps, for reasons of p.c., we will dub it as planetary culture.

I ask your indulgence as we look at the current structures and functions of the UN System and we challenge and redefine parts and particles thereof, in order to embrace all the elements we deem both necessary and desirable in IMAGINEERING (Einstein again!) the culture in which we would find our greatest fullness of being.

We are pioneers of a new world ordering which we may see as *GAIA CULTURE*. Through ages of struggling for simple survival we have reached an age of struggle for complex survival.

And what has happened to Anthropology?

We hear from the upper echelons of the establishment, in the most august pow-wows of the American Anthropological Association, that tribe members are worried about "Cultural Anthropology Without Anthropologists?" My problem is deeper, I worry that my fellow anthropologists are not overjoyed that "other disciplines, not only cultural studies but also history, social sciences, comparative literature, and art history, had borrowed anthropological concepts..." With or without punning, I would declare that traditional anthropology was already ossified when I embarked upon my doctoral studies in the mid-1950s. I went first to the London School of Economics and Political Sciences to study British Social Anthropology and then because the National Science Foundation would not give me a second year there, I repatriated and entered Harvard's Department of Social Relations for interdisciplinary work in clinical psychology, social psychology, sociology and social Anthropology--rather than study all the physical anthropology, archeology, linguistics, etc., I did not want in that marvelous warehouse of cultural baggage, The Peabody Museum.

We borrowed freely from many, with no shame and no sense that we had to give disciplinary attributions. Now, a very proficient Southern professor indicates "The concept of exchange does not apply easily to these appropriations." I personally am delighted that "the intellectual capital of anthropology has been appropriated without acknowledgment." I did not see any of the patent rights, I thought that the intellectual and spiritual capital belonged on the Commons (after the thinking of Garrett Hardin of Santa Barbara and triage fame). The Huxley Papers are at Rice, so I should suggest that that anthropologist may see first hand the non imperialist appropriation of Sir Julian's erudition. Huxley was a brilliant man of his Time.

I was a non-combatant in the childhood wars of Sunnyside Park and I have never again fought in wars--having declared myself an anthropologist of peace when my Nisei playmates were thrown into internment because of their ancestry. Thus, I have practically no military credentials to assess what the Chrono of Higher Education reports as "the cultural-studies-vs.-anthropological turf war" now waging in academia. However, I am a master in conflict resolution and was unofficially knighted for my espionage in the UN. ("Sir" David is explained Spy-In-Residence.) For my First Principle, I propose that "culture" is no longer a monopoly-asset of anthropology. The Fine Arts never thought culture belonged to anyone beyond artists. Second, I would suggest that we evolve from our taxonomic stage of tribalistic studies (whether it is 6,170 brands or more or less) and that we try to examine Lifeness, Lifeness being the relation of all beings one to another. We enjoy pure and applied math, pure and applied physics, and we expect philosophy to be theoretical and applicable. Should we expect less in the study of ourselves? Theoretically we belong to the human race, then somehow or other we fragment... Third, I would appreciate it most humanely, as a supra-national and international ICONOLOGIST and as a student of EPIC ETHICS, where epic is an acronymy for ecology, Peace, inter-(supra?)national cooperation and equity, education, poverty, participation, population and Imagination, identity, culture and Creativity, if the fields of anthro could develop beyond the descriptive, analytical and theoretical of human behaviour to be the scientific and humanitarian study of what eons ago was classified as Homo Sapiens, with nomenclature update to inclusive language and query about "wisdom."

Anthropologists suffering some degree of cultural defeat are described as grumpy. When I left academia a score of years ago I ventured upon the terrain of applied anthropology in the UN System. I have learned from thousands of globalizers that "culture" is neither an intellectual preserve of any one discipline nor is it the medium of barter.

The most tragic and the most amusing--depending upon one's degree of attachment/detachment--comment in The Chrono is: "Time and time again during the dialogue about the field's future, as elsewhere at the meeting, anthropologists expressed dismay that the currently trendy culture studies had stolen their thunder." Thunder is simply a distant noise in the sky and I do not think we should worry at all about anyone stealing thunder. Thunder is not even worth stealing! We should be far more concerned who is hurt by lightning and what we can learn from the interpretations of both thunder and lightning... A lot of hocus-pocus surrounds thunder and lightning and we should be more interested in understanding the uses thereof than the ownership!

I have distanced myself from the main currents and flyways of anthropology, but I read enough to know that most in my cohort never achieve inter-disciplinarity and too, too few bother to listen to "voices" in the United Nations that declared 1988-97 as the World Decade for Cultural Development--with UNESCO (United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization) as lead agency. (How many have ever read the new tribal treaties: The UN Charter or the UNESCO Constitution?)

The Chrono reports that a far-West sociologist, "chastised anthropology for its fascination with the exotic and criticized anthropologists for knowing more about voodoo practices in the Caribbean than they do about 'the voodoo economics practiced at the World Bank.'" Let us become familiars of poverty, hopelessness, hunger, ignorance, abuse, illness and other inhumane conditions. I contend that we need to study XENOPHILIA, instead of concentrating predominantly on XENOPHOBIA. I find too often that my colleagues are so profoundly enculturated to their discipline that they respond, almost instinctively, to something different, as "That isn't anthro!"

My work in population education and family planning was described by some as "gimmick psychology," rather than development anthro. I was lucky to get my doctorate from Harvard and for 30 years I have enjoyed the real and the spurious prestige that that institution gave me, though I have to apologize that Harvard said, "We now welcome you to the company of EDUCATED MEN."

I have not played by many of the academic rules and I did not practice all the rituals, but I have done some very interesting work in international development, education, equity, population, all in the name of ANTHROPOLOGY without disciplinary territoriality. When people who thought they were "real doctors" questioned whether I was a real doctor, I TOLD THEM THAT THEY WERE PHYSICIANS AND THAT THEY AND I WERE ALL DOCTORS... FURTHER, I either told them or insinuated that I knew more about Folk Medicine than they and that I frequently got better patient response in treatments than they who thought being an MD was a guarantee to dispensing good medicine. Our problems with CULTURE are not so very different from the semantic confusion between health and medicine...

Cultural Anthropology Without Anthropologists? I think I would rephrase the case to Gala Cultural, Anthropological Challenge! On the eve of celebrating the 50 Anniversary of the founding of the UN which I wrote about as The UN Celebration! 1945-1995, I could find no anthropologists studying this new institution. A little later, on October 24,

2031, we are going to celebrate the 3300th Anniversary of the Peace Accords of Ramses II of the Egyptians and Hattusilis of the Hittites--the first known peace treaty in our human(e) story, 1269 BC.

Where are my colleagues on anthropological peace studies, still behaving archaeologically, digging trenches. My contention is we need anthropological analysis of how much the UN System has accomplished in health (including the eradication of smallpox). What have traditional societies done with their smallpox gods and goddesses. And, we need to learn about the UN in education (education for all), in population and family planning, in work, in culture, in food and agriculture, in world meteorology, in atomic energy, in intellectual property, in gender equity and sexual orientation, in justice, communication, in substance abuse, in peacekeeping, in human rights, in trade and tariffs, in the arts and sciences, decolonialization, oceanography, in philosophy, publishing, especially in publishing.

One of my saddest days in anthropology was the day I passed my doctoral orals, because one of my professors said, "David, you didn't do quite so well in general anthropology, but you will get it when you teach an introductory course--but you did very well in your special topics."

I was--needless to say--very polite but internally dismayed, knowing that I would never pay intellectual ransom to be particularistic in the way that so many professors want. Subsequently, I taught "social and cultural factors of health," in the University of El Salvador Faculty of Medicine, starting a week after the ill-fated invasion(s) of The Bay of Pigs. After a foundation stint in supra-international population and family planning, I was recruited to the Harvard Graduate School of Education to pioneer on population education and to teach "cultural constraints in educational development."

My "academic" efforts ended in cross appointed and cross-purposed Anthropology and Education in Chapel Hill, about the time of the mid '70s gas crises. What am I trying to say, I am saying is that I want Anthropology to work on "cultural constraints and nonconstraints in anthropological development," or to learn from its own analysis of Culture.

I want to belong to a maturing profession instead of a forever disciplining discipline. Repeatedly anthropologists ask me how they can have more impact on the social, economic and political development programs of governments and international organizations and I reply that they can do so by joining the process. This is not

compromising nor surrendering scholarship, status or self--this is in thought, word, and deed, anthropology, development anthropology, policy analysis and politics. (AND POETRY....)

We should not be overly dismayed by the current disciplinary dilemma: Medicine is in a similar "mess" and no one has yet met the physician(s) who can heal himself or herself. The Southerner is correct in one or several senses of his observation: "The concept of exchange does not apply easily to these appropriations." I think he means that Anthropologists think they did not get a fair dead-end on this. I would judge him right and wrong, correct descriptively and incorrect analytically. If he means that anthropologists in a broader exchange network are providing valuable insights and policy suggestions and that we (they) are not receiving acknowledgment of our/their contributions, then he and others may have to go to the planning table and enter into collaboration with colleagues of other disciplines. Anthropology and psychology have both learned much about both competition and cooperation. Cooperation engenders cooperation, the other--the opposite. IF ...

Let us conclude with some questions: (1) When are anthropologists going to discover that the 20th Century is indeed the health century when humans quadrupled from approximately 1.5 billion at entry to some 6.3 in December 1999? (2) When are anthropologists going to engage in cultural economics analyzing the supposition of Thomas Mann, that "War is only a cowardly escape from the problems of peace?" (3) When are anthropologists going to create cultural justice institutes or cultural crimes commissions to indict the rich and educated for failing to share as little as 80 million dollars worth of iodine (five cents per capita for some 1.5 billion People) to prevent thyroid and goiter problems? (4) When are anthropologists going to indicate from all their agricultural, nutritional and land tenure studies that Jonathan Garst's contention of the 1960s, NO NEED FOR HUNGER is a principal of cultural cooperation for global society? (5) In 1966 Jonathan warned me that we needed to create a Planetary Crimes' Commission to protect the Earth from environmental crises... When will we perceive that cultural wars warrant the creation of a PLANETARY CRIMES' COMMISSION to protect Planetary Culture? (6) When will we evolve from studies of cultural identity and global process to cultural processes and global identity? (7) When will we develop analysis of birth prevention practices comparable to the studies of sexual practices and initiation and fertility rites? (8) When will we consider it a professional responsibility to facilitate sustainable development practices, rather than holding to what frequently appears as traditional professional non-interventionist observer study? For (9) When will we develop multi- and inter-disciplinary programs of cultural studies and participate

cooperatively rather than in our usual competitive fashion? (10) When will we learn that both the exotic and the familiar are essential elements in understanding the differences and similarities of some 6,170 cultures in our lexicon? (11) When will anthropologists create systems of cultural analysis which engender an appreciation of alternate futures? (I know that there is some work on this at present, but I have not been able to identify the streams sufficiently to appreciate that it is making any difference in the training of anthropologists?) (12) When will we be less grumpy about our weaknesses?

We in anthropology are good at documenting the visions reported to us in exotic cultures, but we become quite deranged trying to distinguish between vision and visions. In closing, I would like to suggest that the dilemma is that we lack Vision.

HEN FRUIT, THE PATIENT'S PATIENCE...

At Five (and a Half) I had a Patience that Probably Surpassed any Patience I have Ever known, before or since... I wager my Patience was, non-Biblically speaking, as Good as that of Job...

After a long Train Ride from the Inland Empire of the Pacific Northwest to the Great Prairies of the Midwest, Mom and I had a great Visit at my GRANDparents and I entered into an Active Life as Country Kid... There were Cows and Horses, Pigs, and Chickens and Turkeys, Geese, Dogs and Kats, and Chickenssssss... Milking, for some Reason or other or not, did not surprise me nor interest me... Perhaps, my other Grandfather, a stern old man in Idaho, had scared us away from his Barn too often... Horses, Pigs, Geese, Turkeys, Dogs and Kats were not Animals with which I could do much... But Chickens! Chickens became my Specialty... I fed them, I watered them and I sat on an Old Stump in the Hen House and watched and waited...

One Day, Everyone was looking Everywhere to find me.... Then, My GrandMother had a Great Idea, She would look for me in The Hen House... I had been "Missing:" for about Two Hours... GrandMother found me in The Coop and asked me what I was doing ... I replied, " I am waiting for the Hens to lay their Eggs." I had not yet Learned about Counting One's Chickens Before They Hatch... Then, I never had to Learn that Folklore...

I was Simply Content, content to wait for the Hens to lay their Eggs and then they would let me Collect their eggs, which GRANDma called "Hen Fruit."

I knew all about picking Apples and Pears and Apricots and Cherries in the Yakima Valley, but I had never heard of Eggs being called "Hen Fruit...." Grandma was a Great Teacher and her Vocabulary was much more interesting than that of any SchoolTeachers I would ever encounter.... Long before I learned to spell "differences' in Words, I acted Words, The Patient's Patience...

HOBOS

Hobos are the First Monarchs I ever met outside of a Deck of Cards...

Hobos are People of Great Pride and when we knew them in Sunnyside half a hundred years ago, they counted no Beggars in their Midst... Bums were Beggars... At least, that is the Way we understood the Ethics of Those Travelers in the wide world of our Childhood...

Across the Street from Our Church, less than 500 feet from Our House, we had a little Train Station and a few trains a week... Just enuf trains came to Town for us to have Frequent Hobos knocking at Our Back Door and asking Mom whether she could Give them Some Chores so that they could Earn a few Potatoes, Onions, Tomatoes, a Piece of Meat, or "Whatever you can spare, Missus." After quite a few, Many, Requests, we learned we were a Marked House!

If I had several other Lives to Live, I would be a Hobo.... My second Brother was my Inspiration about Hobos and he always, as Long as I can Remember, wanted to be King of the Hobos... He never rose even to knighthood on the Road... Life took him into the Clouds as a High Ranking Officer in the Strategic Air Command and he refueled planes for small and not so small wars after The War...

If Imagination and I could have Given my Brother one special Gift out of our Creativity Bank, we would have made him King of the Hobos... Other Dreams faded into Reality when we never constructed a Huck Finn Raft to navigate The Big River....and most Sadly, we don't even share our Dreams any more....

Someday, in my Time Travels, after I finish my work and play as THE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER! and as a Cosmic Clown in Training, and as Clown Prince of Planetary Culture, I will find The Hobo Court where my Brother can be crowned in a Royal Flush, a Monarch in his Long Imprisoned Imagination.... THERE, I will be The Visiting Clown Prince and I may Stay a little while Longer than a Little While to See how clever is The Jester there...

HEARTBEAT 1991

On a Busy Street in Midtown, between the United Nations Headquarters and Grand Central Station, at the End of a long Day, I heard a man say to another, "I Hope that The War is Not Affecting you Personally..."

I was Overly Possessed by Sorrow about The War and IT was affecting me Personally in some 104,000 ways daily, a Way for each Heartbeat... How could One, Anyone, say to Another One, Anyone, "I hope that The War is not affecting you Personally..."

I could not Turn Around to See my Verbal Assailant, because for the Rest of Time, I needed him to remain Anonymous, just as most of the Victors and Victims of Militarism throughout his-story and before Ourstory have been Anonymous to me...

¿THE HEALTHY CENTURY?

**Ben Wattenberg may "pop" The Population Explosion...
Which, maybe, never ever, really happened, anyway...**

**We were not, and are not, a generation of alarmists.
.....We are Pioneers in Planetary Culture...**

**After eons of simple survival we are now in a
magnificent struggle for complex survival..**

Thomas Malthus, one of the greatest alarmists of the so-called dismal "science" of demography, would, undoubtedly, be amused by the texty testament of the highly enterprising, American Enterprizer, Ben J. Wattenberg, THE POPULATION EXPLOSION IS OVER (NYTimes Magazine, November 23, 1997). Further, my great food mentor, the late Jonathan Garst, would be ludicrously appalled at Wattenberg's ignorance and his victimization of false alarms and alarmisms... In a tiny, poor, agrarian nation, in the Republic of El Salvador, in 1961, with and against the "odds" of a 3.7 per cent annual population growth rate and rampant, severe malnutrition, my septuagenarian guru told me most assuredly "We AgriCulturists can feed all the world's population you are going to see in your lifetime." and Jonathan established a great, ecological, demographic, family planning challenge for me that has served me superbly for more than half my (solar) revolutions: "We can probably support about as many people as you can stand to have around!"

Paul Ehrlich was grossly incorrect in fussing about and fusing THE POPULATION BOMB and Les(s?) Brown somehow or other succeeded in convincing many followers that the highly celebrated Green Revolution was subject to turning very, very BROWN...drought-like... Ben blends arguments that "the issue of global warming [is] linked to soaring population growth deep into the next century..." BJW suggests that a recent United Nations Population Division meeting on "low and tumbling fertility rates" is akin to "a step toward a near-Copernican shift in the way our species looks at itself." I read in a recent issue of the NYT how UNPD was suggesting that many countries would not have enough people early in the 21st Century, and while the reporting was somewhat "alarming," I discounted that analysis as fully as I had had to do with Ehrlich and Brown analyses decades earlier... Wattenberg, in his fourth paragraph, suggests "The Plot

Thins." I would suggest, and have done so unnumbered times in the most recent 36 years of this century, that the 20th Century may well be recorded in some future-time as THE HEALTHY CENTURY.

We humanoids entered this austere, banal, cruel, awe-inspiring, benevolent and creative century numbering approximately one billion five hundred million human(e?) beings and by always suspect but always approximately appropriate calculations of devoted demographers, we "expect" to be exiting Our Century with a count up or a count down of some six billion beings... We are quadruplets in a scant blink of astral time... I will not trouble myself for this essayette to outline the increased life-expectancies of the humanoid cargo we have on Spaceship Earth... Introductory texts of demography, management, and mismanagement, have such data readily available to the curious... I am more curious, far more curious and imaginative about other questions: When do the people count? When are we going to enable people to count? Why do people count? What do people count for?

BJW: "THEREFORE WHAT?"

BJ's essay begins to get interesting when he suggests that:

"Speculation is in season." (emphasis added)

Further, "Don" Benjamin observes, "But the good news may make it more difficult to sell bad news." From this section of Wattenberg's observations onward, I believe his analysis is in steep decline... Demographic patterns are knitted into business blitzes and speculations on the economic future fail to illuminate his case... I guess BJW forgets that "ecology" and "economy" both share the same "home" base... A bath or dunking of Wattenberg in the witty wisdom of Thoreau's WALDEN would be a healthy ethics cleaning...

Soon after Khrushchev visited Jonathan's brother, Roswell, in Iowa, to try to learn how to improve agriculture in Siberia and the good Comrade boasted that the Soviet Union would catch up with and surpass the United States of America, Jonathan gently but ever so dili-gently instructed me, that when the Soviet population had achieved the leisure of the "American" middle class, then "they" would begin to know what real problems are. IT is in this still brilliant light of enlightenment that I read Wattenberg's incomplete analysis, misguided assertions, and distorted thoughtframes. I conclude, temporarily at least:

Speculation is not in season...
Speculation is not a seasonal item...
Speculation is a way of life...

Recently, the NYTimes did some different population reporting... Let me quote from some text I wrote earlier. I love quoting myself... IT shows me in a special timeframe that I am frequently ahead of myself...ahead of TIME, itself...

"Declaring that it wanted to help fight overpopulation worldwide, the U.S. said efforts must include focusing on women's right to abortions." On 12 May 1993 the NYT reports new Clinton Administration efforts to work with the UN on population issues. Yes, the U.S. Government "is once again examining how it might cooperate with the UN on global issues concerning population and development. We are told that our president is 'deeply committed.'"

As one of the pioneers of population education I am delighted that my government is once again cooperating in international fora to work on global issues of such importance as population, but I would be further pleased if we did not employ aggressive diction to explain ourselves. We need less of "fighting overpopulation" (no one ever having really explained what constitutes global overpopulation) and more of understanding Life. Let's combine our thoughts and look at our health policy and program analysis and let us reflect upon how pro-life we humanekind have been in the 20th Century. Then, I believe we will be ready to determine the options, to decide the choices. I think we will find few "anti-life" and we will find that we all make choices.

... I like to time-travel, and I do not need a time machine to do this. I time travel with Imagination and easily find myself in the 25th Century where historians and herstorians and ourstorians and health workers, economists and ecologists classify our (20th) century as THE HEALTHY CENTURY, but they are awestruck how easily we increased our numbers with deep, persistent disregard for what they consider most rudimentary needs. The 25th Centurians comprehend our social systems with dire disrespect that we were better at space shuttles and landings than protecting the lives and longings of our selves and our progeny.

I wrote then and savor my words again, "We do not know if we live in the best or worst of times, but the question is a non-question." I believe that what we call our "explosion" of human numbers is "credit" due to our success in surviving. How we will establish new

equilibrium in nature is the dilemma before us, now and for many years to come. Fortunately, we have among us more people addressing many of our problems than ever before. The United Nations and thousands of non-governmental organization personnel contributed to the 1International Conference on Population and Development, in 1994, and continue its "mission." As with the 1992 UN Conference on the Environment and Development, we are challenged to think globally and act globally and to think locally and act locally. Our Times may be most promising times as we (try to) evolve from being humans to being humanes.

Every "being" should be a wanted being... In many lands I have shared my understanding of population and family planning issues with peoples of many faiths. I have great respect for Life, but something dies in me when a 12 year young African refugee child asks, "Why did you save my Life?" I believe humanity's answer and mine has to be that we saved your Life because we believe in Life. However, our "belief" must not be an empty phrase like some facile slogan. Our response must be a sharing of our planetary provisions and Planetary Culture...

IF, indeed, in deed and dedication and declaration, speculation is a way of Life and we decide that we need to concentrate, coordinate and confirm our speculations into serviceable specifics for species survival...then, now and then and all the Time we have Time... we will need to practice one of the precepts of the great, intellectual peasant, modern revolutionary, Gandhi, that "We must be the change we wish to see in the world." Jonathan "taught" me many, many survival tactics...but the greatest strategic and tactical lesson is this:

**I am not the champion of lost causes,
I am a champion of causes that have not yet been won!**

I am a champion of education for all, good nutrition, adequate health services, potable water and essential sanitary services, good housing, appropriate raiment, clean air, meaningful employment and recreation... etc., I am neither a Utopian, nor a Dystopian... I am an Entopian...

I want to Live in a world of Planetary Clowns, where I can share my joys and my grief with the joys and grief of others... Just 50,000 or 60,000 nuclear armaments ago, just 100 million land mines ago, just about 3 billion humanoids ago, WE THE PEOPLES gave our name to the Charter of the United Nations and just 50 years ago some of our leaders gave us THE UNIVERSAL DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS... Let us commemorate

and celebrate our Declaration and practice its tenets... Then, maybe just then, we will learn lessons of complex survival and practice the humane use of humane beings.. The Danish poet Piet says that we are global citizens with tribal souls... I wonder whether we are Planetary Citizens with Universal Souls...

If I could believe that Wattenberg means for us, loyal readers of the NYTimes Magazine, to be less alarmist and that he writes some of his text in the sense and sentiment of the 1654 reforms of Charles IX of France, making April First a great celebratory day in modern storisms, then I would suggest that we submit Ben's text, THE POPULATION EXPLOSION IS OVER, to the AAA, not the American Automobile Association, for "deadline" (read "Life"line) consideration on April 1, next, for the near millennial-time gathering of the tribes intending to exhume the spirit specter and spectacle of Malthusian humors. Because I am a "reformed" Harvard Anthropologist (Ph.D. 1964) I do not intend to participate in academented autopsies of Don Thomas, Doubting Thomases and demographic determinists... The cyberspace(d) announcement of the tribal pow-wow is:

Dec 2-6 (1998) AMERICAN ANTHROPOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, 97th Annual Meeting.
Philadelphia, PA. Theme: "Population: 200 Years after Malthus." Submissions deadline: April 1, 1998.
Submission information in the January 1998 AN. Contact AAA Meetings Department, 4350 N
Fairfax Dr, Ste 640. Arlington, VA 22203-1620; 703/528-1902 ext 2; jmeier@ameranthassn.org

In 1996, for The 532nd Anniversary of April Fools Day, I wrote peaces of an essay on PLANETARY CULTURE, a number of idea(l)s relevant to what I am advancing here about population issues... I wrote in a different font:

Today is The 432nd Anniversary of April Fool's Day and herewith we have a magnificent opportunity to consider the nature, creation and creativity of Planetary Culture. ... In 1564, Charles IX of France, adopted a reformed calendar. New Year's celebrations had commenced on March 21st and ended on April 1st, but the new chronograph honored January 1st. The happy traditionalists who continued to observe April 1st came to be known as April Fools and soon the custom of fooling friends and relatives commenced. In France the "victim" of the trickster is known as an April Fish... ..

I look for Planetary Culture everywhere, but the UN System for me is an especially fine framework, a spiritual, psychic and corporeal skeleton, of Planetary Culture. We need to move from THE GAIA HYPOTHESIS to consider that in innumerable ways the unified actions of the UN address planetary culture, communication, education, health, nutrition, labor, economics, politics, trusteeship, drugs (of pharmacy and of abuse), atomic and other energies, disarmament, inner space and outer space, intellectual property, world heritage, air, water, land—law, justice and technology—desertification, volcanology,

tectonics, oceanography, Man(?) and the Biosphere, population, migration, displacement and refugeeism, racism, creed, social organization, security, poverty, tolerance, ethics, philosophy, weather, transportation, conflict resolution, peace studies, gender and humane rights, global identity and personal commitment, the ultimate p.c. We have all the rubrics of PLANETARY CULTURE, including many that I have left unlisted...

We the People of our planetary system, the only one we know to host Life among some 50 billion galactic systems, are too, too frequently plagued with war after war after war. And when we do not have enough military wars, we declare wars on poverty, wars on drugs, wars on crime...and cultural wars. My response-ability in this is to say, Let there be Peace and let it start with me! I was advertised before today and today as "a reformed Harvard anthropologist." I like it. Yes, I have re-formed many times since I inhabited that cherished institution I often call The Crimson Kremlin on The Charles, but I am much more than an anthropologist and even a reformed one. Today my best suit is abolitionist! I am tired of declared and undeclared cultural wars and so-called multiculturalism. Although I do not keep apace with the tomes and tons of contemporary anthropological writings, I believe I am The First Anthropologist of Planetary Culture. (My physicist son rebelled against some of the strictures of classical and modern physics and he would have preferred his first degree to be Comparative Planetary, but his esteemed science institute was too Earthbound for that heresy.. While he worked on extraterrestrial intelligence those around him chided him and urged him to focus, also, on planetary consciousness.)

Where do our cultural wars come from? What are the benefits of cultural wars? Why do we rely so persistently upon having human enemies instead of topical struggles toward living more fully. Many years ago Jonathan Garst, one of the pioneers of hybrid corn production, told me when I was pursuing the topical struggles of malnutrition and rapid population growth, "David, there is NO NEED FOR HUNGER," and he went on to write a book with that title. Jonathan became my "extra" Grandfather, one of the greatest mentors of my life and a major compass in my thinking about stewardship for all Life. Subsequently, Gandhi taught me that we must be the change we wish to see in the world. Later, a man called Mann (Thomas Mann) instructed me in economics that war is only a cowardly escape from the problems of peace. Clarence Gamble taught me foundation and foundations skills with The Pathfinder Fund, pioneering in international family planning, population education and the belief of "Every Child, A Wanted Child." John Gordon, Harvard's great epidemiologist, said he and I both had to be ecologists, and that was almost a decade before the first Earth Day. I have extrapolated all of these lessons to 'every being, a cherished being." Yet, we still allow or we force a billion to unlettered oblivion, we let one to two billion suffer malnutrition from food scarcity, we leave a third

of humanity without potable water. The dream constructs of Planetary Culture are one entity, while the nightmare "realities" of our lack of Planetary Culture are another. Do I make some special kind of mistake when I try to create, from my Imagination and from all my knowledge, Planetary Culture. A friend of mine thinks that she is a Goddamned Idealist and I tell her that there are No Goddamned Idealists.

There are not even Goddamned proto-realists, to the best of my knowledge.
I am a Conscientious Objector to all assertions of Cultural Wars.

I believe we must experience a paradigm leap away from the fragmentation of multiculturalism and affirm, yet again and again and again, that the human race is one. We may concur with Teilhard de Chardin that we are not human beings in search of a spiritual experience, but we are spiritual beings in search of a human experience... And, I would correct de Chardin's diction to be "humane." As a sometimes academic Almost Modern Man, I would affirm that we need to discipline our disciplines and to be incredibly more interdisciplinary than is the wont of most of us... I would suggest that we do some salvage anthropology as corporate iconologists, studying all the icons we can possibly amass into all of our courses and discourses. From beginning to end, we will treasure the aesthetics and sacred significance of each others icons, without ever, ever, ever being iconoclastic... We will study and practice diversity, "di" deriving from two, and "versum" suggesting truth and channels.

In Olden Times when our clocks required winding, we had time to unwind and to run out of time. Now, with digitals and cyberspace, we have lost the luxury of timelessness. Nonetheless and none the more, we do not ask nor do we answer inclusive cultural questions as exhaustively in social anthropology as we seemingly do in physical anthropology, of what makes us human. I propose that we take "VALUE" as our point of commencement and departure. This "familiar" term in our society may be inflated, but we need to further inflate it so that it is universally visible. Then, in process, we may explore global ethic akin to the fashion Hans Kung gives us in *THE GLOBAL ETHIC*. From The International Year of The Family (1994) we may derive synthesis and antithesis about our human family and pluralism of family values. From the International Year for Tolerance (1995) we may summarize how completely and incompletely we begin to understand the parameters of our too common inhumanity. Subsequently, we might step back to 1993 and analyze afresh what we learned and failed to learn during the International Year for Indigenous People, which same year we held an important United Nations Conference on Human(e?) Rights. If we succeed just a bit more than a trifle or just a trifle more than a bit or megabyte, then, I would suggest we "leap" back a four year distance to 1992 and assemble and reassemble our thoughts on the United Nations

Conference on Environment and Development, (UNCED might become U N SAID!) while most lose sight and citation of the magnificent 1987 prelude documentation, OUR COMMON FUTURE. If we subscribe to the belief we have a common future we will be rewarded in our reading—and if we do not believe such--then we better prepare a credible alternate future. AGENDA 21 is the primal text of 1992, outlining guidelines for sustainable development, now so assiduously under study and structuring in the UN System.

I cringe from the virtually complete neglect we are currently giving the special focus our emergent supranational system assigned to our "inter"national civil servants for 1996, The International Year for the Alleviation of Poverty. This is also the year designated for an international conference on Habitat, to catalogue how abysmally legions and legions are protected from the elements while the military powers have stockpiled 30,000 to 50,000 nuclear devices and believe that a world with some 110,000,000 land mines in place and a comparable number available for other planting provide more security than insecurity.

I suggest last year's text, AN AGENDA FOR DEVELOPMENT, as appropriate yet inadequate orientation for any understanding of poverty. In the rush of special years and texts, I trust we do not overlook and underestimate Boutros Boutros-Ghali's alarming document of AN AGENDA FOR PEACE (1992), though I am a harsh critic of much of this misappropriation of peace to serve the militarization of the Security (?) Council. Daily, weakly (w-e-a-k-l-y) and weekly, monthly, seasonally, unseasonably, yearly, each decade and each century—though the UN is just half a hundred years young plus one—we are repeatedly told that the world is suffering an enormous increase of civil wars. I contend, again as a conscientious objector and as THE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER! (sanctioned so by friends and no special protocol):

NO WARS ARE CIVIL!

My equally redheaded, international predecessor in Paris (1784-1789), Thomas Jefferson instructed us that every man (read "person") has two countries, France and his (read "his/her") own. I learned during a comparable length of time in the City of Light (1975-1981) that my two countries are "my own, my native land" and "the world is my country (cf. Marx)." Jefferson was probably justifiably proud for giving us most of the language of our Declaration of Independence. I am similarly proud that the authors of THE CHARTER OF THE UNITED NATIONS have given us one of our most universal declarations of human(e) interdependence, though here, too, I am a rebel with a cause, a reformer and a careful iconologist... I invite any and all of you to let me know when you would like to go on tour with me in the sacred space of The UN Headquarters, to see

with me my own and owned special selection of ICONS, OF PEACE. The first icon I will show you is a replica of our first known peace treaty...

... Regardless of the success or failure of my anthropological training, I do not believe that we have to be warring pessimists. Rather, in addition to being today's abolitionist, I am a virtually or totally incurable Optimist and I want to leave you with a parting question and an accompanying clue to behavior modification. The question is: *What in the world do you want, now?*" My answer is not what I told me Mother at 3, or 4, or 5, more candy, some cookies, cake and ice cream, pop corn, another story, etc. My answer is *"I want the world. I want the world to be! I want peace and joy and kindness and love and quiet and song and dimensions of foolishness that amuse us to our hearts' content."* My clue to behavior modification is not to be The Champion of Lost Causes: *"I am not a champion of lost causes, I am a champion of causes that have not yet been won (one)"*.

I trust that you enjoy your role in creating Planetary Culture as much as I cherish the opportunities I have had, now have and hope to continue to have in the evolution of this exciting enterprise. Should you be available on Tuesday, September 16, 2031 CE, I invite you to celebrate with me and kindred spirits The 3300th Anniversary of The Peace Treaty of Ramses II of the Egyptians and Hattusilis of The Hittites (1269 BCE). This first known peace accord of the humane pilgrimage warrants celebration as much as April Fools' Day and probably as much as October 23rd 1997, the 6000th Anniversary of Creation, following the chronology and kairology of James Ussher (1581-1656), a great scholar and divine, Bishop of Dublin, Bishop of Meath, Archbishop of Armagh and Chancellor of St. Patrick's Cathedral. He found that at 9 a.m. on Monday, October 23rd, 4004 BC, God created the Earth. Lest you doubt the importance of Ussher work, let me advise you with caution, that his ideas were believed a lot longer than they have been disbelieved.

Just as I would like to think that today might be the 350th Anniversary of Ussher's PC, Proclamation of Creation, (April 1, 1646?), and that Ussher is one of the great April Fools of all time, I like to think we have taken temporary leave of our common sense to enjoy an uncommon sense. ...Our homework is to read what I believe to be the greatest contribution of The UN System to Planetary Culture, the young UNIVERSAL DECLARATION OF HUMAN(E) RIGHTS. To be less any kind of unmitigated fool, read it twice and share it with ten of your colleagues. If each ten would multiply by ten, we could quickly be in the billions: $10 \times 10 \times 10 \times 10 \times 10 \times 10 \times 10 \times 10 \times 10 = 10$ Billions! Some people will have to listen twice...

(In my next reform profession, I aspire to be The Cosmic Clown Prince of Planetary Culture, a ggip-c, "Guardian of Global Identities and Pluri-Culturalism." This is in addition to my commitments as President of Antarctica University (AU pronounced "awe") where students, faculty and administration, all are Optimists, forever looking up.

I wish my obituary to be dated December 16, 2031, giving me a Sentinel, Centennial Life with ample time to see, touch, taste, scent and sound the meaning(s) of THE HEALTHY CENTURY above the whimpered excuses, evocations, and evasions of THE POPULATION EXPLOSION... Maybe, just maybe, The Population Explosion is the cry, crisis, trauma and tantrum of every unwanted child ever born... Maybe THAT is why the 20th Century has so disordered the sacred word, LIVE... and ordered veil'd, vile *EVIL*...

...Let us Live all the daze of our Lives, abundantly....

HAPPY REVOLUTIONS

Dearest Turtle,

Will you ever, ever, ever understand how many revolutions You have been a part of... On 16th November 1997 You will complete Your 24th Revolution around Our Morning Star and once again I will remind You how magnificently You have revolutionized My Life... I will forever be thankful that You are You...and whenever I think of special smiles in My Life I member once again that You smiled on the first day of Your Life Sentence on Planet Earth... I rushed into Downtown Geneva to pursue a purchase of fine chocolates, a little white lamb and a glorious Swiss Miss Velvet Outfit which You have cherished and shared with other Beings many times during many other "Revolutions."

I treasure You for being You and I just, simply, once again, yet, repeatedly want to express to You the Joy that You have given Me in many, many endeavors... I am currently enjoying, by proxy, your exploration of humane rites and rights, European culture(s), LIFENESS and sharing... Every time I see, hear, feel, touch or taste another aspect of humane rights, I reflect and flect, "What would Turtle think and do in this?"

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In Your Absence, I have many conversations with My Galopy...Marine Turtle. I suppose that there are several other gifts that You have given me over and under the years, but surely Galopy...and the time You and I shared in the Enchanted Isles...will always be a Special Sharing..

What I am trying to say to You today, this week, always, and FOR EVER... IS, thank You for being You and for being so special to Me... May You enjoy Your Day...as much as You have enjoyed any day, or more... Remember the Swing Story in Massachusetts, the Butterflies in Mexico, the pj dress in Quito...and LIFENESS...

LUV, Dad

HAITIAN HIATUS

On my Fiftieth Birthday I had to fly from New York to Haiti to participate in an Early Childhood Care and Education Mission for UNICEF... Never ever, never in all my 50 years did I so little want to take a Trip as that Day... I wished to Celebrate with my Wife and Children, in our Nature Nest, Racc Ridge...

In Haiti, a land of deepest sorrows, I learned a deeper meaning of my favorite Psalm: The Lord is My Shepherd... He Leadeth me beside Still Waters... I shall Fear no Evil...

Quotation Marks are No Longer Necessary on Thots
when They become One's Own...

In the Plight and Pathos of Haiti, I discovered that Indeed, I needed to Learn to Pray for my Enemies, my worst Enemies being Poverty of Spirit, Ignorance, Apathy, Famine, and unLiving Waters...

I WILL PLAY IN THE PARK

Half a hundred years ago and half a decade more, I learned to be something very special to myself. I learned to express a precious will without undue or overdue willfulness.

My parents saw my older brothers in school and "worried" about what I would do. With their best of intentions--and parents always have best of intentions--showing like some Sunday, Depression Era Grand Finery they decided I needed to be in a thrice weekly half-day kindergarten. I went. I WAS SENT! Or, was I delivered?

I despaired, despaired, despaired. I despaired. I despaired. I despaired. I despaired. I despaired. I despaired, despaired. I despaired and despaired. Whether I was distraught a dozen times over or more will never be known, but we know I was unhappy!

Dante may well have had a sign above the Entry to Hell, saying "Abandon all hope all ye who enter here." Because I could not read I will never know what signs or cosigns the school used nor will I ever know how many hours I endured there. My parents died before I thought of asking this historical item. All I know from that time till this is that I prevailed upon Mom and Dad to "release me." They queried, "What will you do?"

What would I do if I stayed in the school? What would I do if I got out? "What would I do?"

In those days toward the end of The Great Depression, in my uppermiddle class, Episcopal priestly family, I had to have a highly credible reply. I had one reply which I did not have even to premeditate. I had one reply and to this day I believe that God was on my side and I was on His...

I said "I will play in The Park...."

GOD had blessed the Episcopal Church in Sunnyside, Washington, with a Church, Parish Hall and Rectory on the southeast corner of The Town Park.. In a town of 2,300 souls dispersed among 18 congregations, The Episcopalians occupied what in Monopoly I had already recognized as Park Place. The Park itself was the most valuable piece of property in town, to my way of thinking and thus qualified as Boardwalk....

Grace descended upon me like the Dove from Heaven when John met Jesus. I was freed from my not kind-er, not gardened kindergarten. The rest of my book is the fact and fictive story of my pilgrimage through childhood and adolescence and adulthood into my sixties.

Henry David Thoreau was one of my earliest unacquainted friends... Had I been acquainted then with his great message of intent, I would have told my parents, "I am going to The Park to learn what is the purpose of education so that when I come to die I might not lament that I had never lived and learned free of scholastic servitude."

Had I been so "something or other" to have had such a ready reply, I probably would have been sent to The Sunnyside Town Jail for the night to do penanced piety against pig-tail pulling in Sunday School--not on pigs--or against crimes of chewing gum in Church.

As it was, permission to have an extra year of unencumbered childhood was granted and I have had a richer life pilgrimage thereby for all the other years.

The gully, bridges, bushes, trees and flowers, picnic benches and tables, the swimming pool, gas stoves, sinks, birds, bugs, snowflakes and sun, rain and rainbows, clouds and clowning, hobos, imaginary friends, neighbors, townspeople and Mr. T., the cherished town gardener became my teachers and curriculum.

I suppose I was Nature's and Nurture's best and worst student then. Through the glistening clouds of Memory and up and down the lovely lanes of Meandering, I was not the best nor the worst. I won the freedom to be Me.

Once upon a time, long, long ago and far, far away, long, long ago
almost to the far edge of Memory I was a kinder garden drop out,

ME!

INKEY'S ASSERTION

"Speak to The World"

I Want to Be, Be a Writer... I want to Be a well Published Writer... I want to be a well recognized Writer... For a while I thot I would like to be a Journalist and have a Weekly Column, Syndicated in a Hundred Papers, circling Planet Earth... Then, I re-examined my Census and Senses and I concluded, I do not want to be Famous for myself, but I want to Speak to The World... On the 29th of February in 1999...a day they haven't put on the Calendar as we rush to the End of the Second Millennium of Our Era, or Before, I will complete my Work and Play in THE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER? I am already the unauthorized, unacknowledged, and virtually unknown First UN Philosopher, but when I publish my list of UNWORDS, showing the urgent need for Vocabulary Expansion, unaware, UN AWARE, unbelievable, UN BELIEVABLE, uncaring, UNITED NATIONS CARING, unfair, UN FAIR, unjust, UNITED NATIONS JUST, unwanted, UNITED NATIONS WANTED, I Imagine that many will see the Wit and Wisdom of my Tasks...

I hereby Affirm and Assert, "IN KEY" and in INK'S inkiness, that Now is The Time to Celebrate each day...and I propose that we reform, form, and perform thru the UN Structures to create cooperatively a Planetary Culture that employs and respects the Being of some Six Billion Humane Beings...

I have recently had published one of my poems and that was before I wrote THE ODE TO EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE.

indices ad pacem

Lifenes is a gift that most of any species understand with respect to their own species. All of the participants except dubious Thomas Turtle immediately wanted to know everything there is to know about Lifeness.

.All admitted that during the enchanted conference they felt the connectedness of life. We all examined our experiences of old-ness, new-ness, good-ness, bad-ness, kindness, right-ness and wrong-ness and we aspired to encounter more lifeness. We aspired not to have life more abundantly, in numeric terms, but we inspired to comprehend and have life more abundantly in the sense of an abundance of enriched life.

No official report was ever intended by the participants in The GIP-C, this being the Galapagos Interspecies Peace Conference. When my Turtle and I left the Islands of the Sacred Cross, the Sacred Faith and others, we were left back on the mainlands of the Western Hemisphere. We collected and re-collected fantasies and experiences and arrange along the logic or illogic of an English Alphabetical Sequence Exercise (EASE), indices to peace.

All the species are searching for interspecies exchange be it verbal communication or other communing. From the seven days of our creation, through all the intervening ages, to the 8th day our voyage, species have been looking for size, spelled s.i.s.e, searching for inter-species exchange, be it verbal or not.

Among other species, we did not find any clues of written "language" as we understand it or do not comprehend. Nevertheless once we got beyond no/where and now/here and moved backwards to EREHWON; saw seas, sees and c's: cleared suns and sons: checked cite, site and sight: surveyed there and their, pear, pair and pare, here and hear, red and read, be and bee, due, dew and do, fare and fair--when we had done all this we found pieces of peace. Later we could distinguish dear and deer, miles and smile, evil, live, vile and veil. We sensed:

*sight beyond sight
smell beyond smell
hearing beyond sound,
speech beyond voice
taste beyond flavor
touch beyond insensitivity.*

IMAGINATION?

ANTARCTICA UNIVERSITY

AU is "Awe," Inspired...

AU is the Most, challenging eduecoexperience on Earth.

AU is the most selective education within the Heliopause.

AU excels in courses of Comparative Planetology.

AU is unique in creating a course in Planetary Culture.

AU is unsurpassed in the study and service of Optimism,

"We all are forever looking up."

AU is unrivaled in Interspecies Diversity.

AU is unlimited in Imagination and Curiosity.

AU is a training camp for Cosmic and Planetary Clowns.

AU is a life sentence in Life Long Education.

AU is unparalleled as a Non-Academented Institution.

AU is the Universe's test site for The Ultimate PC,

Personal Commitment.....

**a virtual covenant,
by d. inkey,**

I am Now a Writer and Public Speaker. I have Discovered the Computer Age and I wander Again through Great Ranges of Inquiry... I am finding Satisfactions that were not Available or were not visible in the Daily Demand of The Bureaucratic Work World... I have Time to Be Santa every Day and on an uNtIMED Shift to Be, to Be The United Nations Philosopher! I relish the Opportunity to Question Questions and to Answer so many of our SubStandard Answers. I am progressing quickly beyond the boundaries of usual and virtual states... And I have explored Further and Further and Further the 361 Degrees of Optimism One can Enjoy and Enjoin in AWE, A.U., modestly described as Antarctica University...

This is my Substitute for Clown College...

JAILED:

MOTHER jailed me! One day when I was only Five My Mother put me in Jail... The idea was to show me what Jail was... I was not locked up for more than a few moments or minutes, but the experience was one of the most dramatic of my entire at Home "education."

I would like to be able to report that that was the end of my career with judicial institutions, but such was not to be the case... That early exposure was probably sufficient show and tell for my tender, pre-school self, but my College Drop Out Self would tell other stories...

My second incarceration occurred far into my high school years when... On Christmas Day, 1948, Dad that I needed to be exposed to some of the more devastatingly serious problems of our society, so we had some Orphans to our home for Christmas and after we returned them to their institutions, with little or no prep for my reactions, Dad took me on one of his Church visitations... God only knows why I should have to visit the Bedlam of the County Mental Hospital in our little Wisconsin community, and God has only partly told me why... (I should mention only softly that the Town was named "Sparta.")

About this same time, India and Pakistan were gaining independence, nonviolently? and I was learning many things, one of which was civil disobedience.... The entire story of my civil disobedience will never be told, but for the moment it is good to include my little text:

CIVIL DISOBEIENCE

I wish I could remember how I first became acquainted with Thoreau... His night in jail story intrigued me immediately and it indeed stated what I believed about the theft perpetrated in the Mexican War... I suppose I learned about the Jail in Concord at about the same time I was following the spiritual activities of Gandhi, somewhere in that period between 1946 and 1951...

Walden and CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE were to affect my life as no other book and short essay in all literature have, except for many books of the Bible... In other chapters of My Life I will refer to my commitments to racial harmony and Peace..

JOY, OR IS GROWING UP WORTH "IT"

I believe that in my early years, Joy happened frequently.

Joy is now something less spontaneous. I seem to have lost a lot...

Joy was Popcorn on Saturdays, before we went to Five Cent Movies...

Joy was Homemade Fudge on Sunday Afternoons, in Winter...

Joy was Playing with Snow People in our Back Yard...

Joy was racing with Snow People in The Park...

Joy was the Picnic the very Day we got out of School, in early June...

Joy is still giving May Baskets to the Neighbors...

Joy was the 4th of July Rodeo and having to "explode" 10 hours of
Bobby's fireworks,

Joy must look Beyond the Past...

Joy calls Us.....

JOY, RE-EN-VISIONED

Joy is smiling at a sunny day,
Joy is walking in the rain,
Joy is discovering a beautiful windflower,
Joy is waiting for the first snowdrops
Joy is the voice of a friend,
Joy is helping a person learn something new,
Joy is the revelation of Imagination...

Joy is seeing through the shadows and knowing that,
Love is the Question, Love is the Answer...

When your Joy is slumbering and you feel alone,
Know that my Joy is waiting for you...

Joy is my Friend...

KATS, CATS AND -ITTENS,

The Teacher asked me to spell the name of the animal in the picture she showed me and I spelled, C, A, T...

Just about 13 and 2/3rds minutes later, using a different feline photo, the Teacher asked my classmate Kathryn to spell the name of the animal in the picture shown, and my friend responded, K, A, T...

The Teacher was ANGRY with my friend Kathryn and told her directly, unmercifully, that SHE WAS WRONG... Kathryn would have to write CAT ten times and hand in the assignment the next day... After School, I said to my friend KAT, "The Teacher doesn't know that your cat is called KAT, just like you..." Kat was crying because The Teacher had ridiculed her... I said, "Miss Jones knows how to spell according to School Rules, but she does not know how to hear..."

Kat and I went to her house and played with 6, new little -ittens...

KNOWING AND NO,ING...

George Bernard Shaw said that there were two great tragedies in Life, not getting one's heart's desire and getting one's heart's desire... I have discovered that there is a third, not knowing one's heart's desire... There also seems to be a Fourth Tragedy, .believing more in Knowledge than Imagination... To confront this Fourth Dimension, I have written about my long affair with Harvard and Harvarditis...

iA REFORMED(?) HARVARD

ANTHROPOLOGIST!

an almost modern man...

**Sticks and stones may break my bones,
but names can certainly harm me!**

I have been described, much to my amusement, beyond the wittiest and wisest bounds and bonds of my pleasure, and curiously, comically, courageously, strikingly to the inner core of my consternation, as "a reformed Harvard anthropologist." My great mentor, Thoreau, inadequately but inadvertently asserts that most men (people) live lives of quiet desperation... I have greater problems with that simplistic summary of Life than I can explain today... Be that as it may be, suffice it that I say, here, many of us who profess, pretend and perform, professorially, live in such an *academented* world, and that is not at all amazing, IT is quite astounding, that this nomination, this prosaic proclamation, occurred in my 64th year, just, only, scarcely 32 years after I had earned, or otherwise had had conferred upon me, a doctorate in social anthropology from the summitry of academic, imperial pridefulness, from Harvard University. Forty years ago, forty revolutions around our morning star past, I was quite delited and daunted to *gain* admission to the Harvard Graduate School of Arts and Sciences and a giddy group of us adopted a credo of self-explanation (expiation) and public, degrading apology, "What respect can we have for Harvard if WE were admitted?" As TIME passed and most of us moved toward our ultimate academic degree goals, WE changed our chant, "What respect can WE have for Harvard if WE get our doctorates?" Was it "graduation" or "commencement," or both and something else besides, on that beautiful day in June when I grasped a paltry piece of parchment, a rich or poor exchange for tortured and triumphant years of pathetic and passionate patience and impatience... Our parting patois beyond the gated commencement "theatre" was "What respect can WE have for Harvard if it ever offers us a job..." Some functionary, before I learned in France how functionary many functionaries can be, proclaimed words which challenge the best and worst of any gender identity the graduates had, "I welcome you to the company of educated MEN." (I learned recently that the newer vintners suggest, "We welcome you to the company of scholars.")

When I was but a teasing toddler of two, my Mother tautly taught me a Quixote Question to fill the text of A LIFE MANUAL... "What in the World do you want now?" I wanted to understand Life... I want to understand Life... Curiously and imaginatively, I believed or thought I believed that I could utilize the arts and artifices of anthropology to gain humane understanding, though my mentors and would-be mentors all spelled, somewhat dyslexically, "human" without any ease... eeeeeeeeeeee's... [Would that they would think and spell "humane..."]

I was going to be an Africanist because there seemed to me to be some promise that the second half of the 20th Century was going to be a great era for post-colonial achievement on that Dark Continent of the 19th Century.... Fortune baked and broke other cookies all around. Fortune played other cards for me and I became something more of a Latin Americanist, not to my regret, but always to my unfulfilled longing of wonderment, wonder of how different I would be had I spent as much time in Africa as I labored, enjoyed and gave in Latin America... Harvard did not teach me to ask questions of PC! Harvard was perhaps so occupied with being Harvard, that one professor was more concerned with seeing ancient values in Chiapas than contemporary change, another was more fixated on "need for achievement" than need for comprehension, another was quantifying more than qualifying...

I left Harvard to teach in a small, poverty-stricken, rich, vibrant country in Central America...and I was within six months of being in El Salvador to "discover" that population issues are one of the pre-dominant themes of the 20th Century... Instead of learning to explain custom and constraints in culture, I had the opportunity to learn such iconological issues as, "Why did you save my Life?" I learned to counter the conventions of aid from the colossus of the North, and during the First Development Decade, I learned to be response-able to "development for what..."

I have had a patchy "career," and I am sometimes saddened to think that I never achieved any of the academic dreams I spent nights and days with when I was chronologically a more tender age... Yet, yet, yet, I am profoundly pleased, to the furthest stretches of my Being, that I am still, yet, just, ever and always, an academic activist... It does not embarrass me that I never go on a tenure track, it does not please me that the Academy is at war with itself, trying and very trying...to figure in and out what should be done with tenure... I frequently wonder whether "tenure" is not some permutation of indentured servanthood... Occasionally, but rarely, I like to refer to myself as a United Nations anthropologist....but the UN has never, to my knowing, been

accepted in the canon of cultures, as a "legitimate" field of study... Culture and cultures is another "problem" which, I believe, anthropology has not yet solved or resolved...

Now, as I enter what is probably the last third of my terrestrial time, I speculate, inquire, imagine that the arts (and sciences) of anthropology would be well served by a transcendental, triumphant post-tribal testament of PC! PLANETARY CULTURE would be the greatest humane discovery of our feeble two million years of human "being...." We would trash such tacky twaddle as political correctness and find planetary consciousness, mixed with cosmic clowning and political consciousness and the "ultimate" PC, Personal Commitment....

I think that my Mother must have asked me the question, "What in the World do YOU want?" about as many times as I have ever been able to count... In my sixth summer when I was in bed for three days with the worst sunburn any redhead should ever suffer, I decided to count to ten thousand, by tens. (It took many years to learn to count by the power of ten.) My Mother--may she rest in Peace as fully as she worked for Peace--may have tried to keep count of how many times she repeated her best question, but I suspect that even she lost the tally about the time I was testing my account-ability of ten to the fourth, before I knew much about power and powers... I suppose that I have been asked this question with more different tones of voice than most people can even imagine. I used to have very simple answers and my unassuming, undemanding needs were easily met with pop corn, or an extra story--I loved to have my Mother read me stories beyond my own literary skills, or to take me to a movie, to give me an extra piece of fudge, homemade fudge, the only kind we new in those eras, and to treat me to ice cream and other sundries. Then, through the years, the question was expressed with certain exasperation and my replies were sometimes considered quite unreasonable. Finally, I discovered a global answer. That was when I discovered what a good friend Imagination has been during my entire life.

I did not choose to come to Planet Earth. The great French Jesuit anthropologist, Pierre, said so long ago that it seems only yesterday, "We are not human beings seeking a spiritual experience, we are spiritual beings seeking a human experience." I would prefer that Monsieur Pierre Teilhard de Chardin had been less wobbly in his spelling, that he could assert the "humane." I came to Earth on a cold winter night, naked, hungry, speechless, homeless. In the Cosmos, I was before all and after all quite content so far and fully as I can remember, member and premember, to being something of a Cosmic Clown. Yet, I was painfully brought into this life in a condition of limited responses, in a state of infinite innocence, fully dependent, helpless, proverbially "wet behind the ears,"

all wet and slimed, and perennially blinded by fellow humans' inhumanity one to another. Through years of tutelage, I have been rigorously both dragged and driven from dependence to be independent, only, just, ultimately, to learn that interdependence is the favored state! On a pilgrim's voyage to the Enchanted Isles, in mysteries beyond my-stories, puzzlingly in an hour-story of our stories, I have learned Lifeness, lifeness being the relation of all beings one to another. All histories have only been versions of his story. All of herstories have been rarely expressed, yea, often muted or not yet written. Ourstory is only, just, scarcely pre-dawning. Our birth and death certificates proclaim, as if they are diplomas:

... When philosophers become clowns ...

... And when clowns become philosophers ...

... We shall indeed be humane beings ...

All my life I have wanted to be a child when I grow up. Would it help me (us) understand anthropology and me if I confessed to becoming an anthropologist at the advanced age of four years young, when my parents introduced me into the Nez Perce Nation. Perhaps, it is just make believe. When I use all of my Imagination, I can be the Clown Prince of Planetary Culture. Long, long ago, about as late as yesterday and as early as tomorrow, and far, far away, about as close and gentle as the waves of the heliopause and as distant and lost as my cradle, extremely early on the morning of the Sixteenth of December in The Year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirty One of Our Common Era, my monitors declared that I fully possessed all five of my senses... "They" were so unschooled in the sense and nonsense of censuses and censure that they little realized how many senses I need to create Planetary Culture. Why couldn't they know that I would need both common and uncommon sense? What have they done with the senses of faith, fun and foolishness, despair, pain and hope, Love and lust, wit and witness and wit-less-ness, wisdom, humor, grief, joy, play, punnery, prudence, art and awkwardness, worship, service, childness, Lifeness and Awe... If I ever die I want it said of me, iHE LIVED! HE LIVES! Yes, I am A REFORMED HARVARD ANTHROPOLOGIST... What in the World do I want, now? I have modest wishes,

I want a world with three dimensions, of Peace...

Inner, Communal, Universal...

[LIGHTS OUT]

My soul is tired. Sometimes My Soul seems to get very tired and I feel as if My Spirit escapes My Being. When that happens, be it night or be it day, I am sad and lonely and I cannot see the bright sunlight, even when the sun is shining.

When I was broken with Sorrow and My Soul found its basement, I learned that God never completely abandons Me and I learned that He has always provided even when I feel that He is most distant.

Sometimes I am fortunate enough to realize that it is I who is distant and that God is never distant...

Sorrow... Sorrow just simply Is.

Sorrow is not a feeling that One has to learn. It is a condition of Existence. It is an essential element in the Humane Condition...

Yet, I find Sorrow is so pervasive, that when I am swallowed up in it, I know I must learn--not what it is but how it is--an essential portion of Being and all Being.

I am deeply saddened by the pervasive racisms of human(?) life. Whether we see it in the murders in New York or Johannesburg, whether it sounds in Congressional hearings or in the deafness of those in Los Angeles--City of The Angels--we pit very real and accomplished People against each other and Nations divide by feelings of what is true, good, necessary and even expedient.

*Turmoil cuts my consciousness and focuses upon my still, Small Soul.
Conscience pictures myriads of decent acts for and from me.*

I want there to be no mourning at the Boundary between the end of my earthness and beyond. I would like there to be a Realization that I had carried Eternity already through this Life and whatever that was, that had illuminated the Shadows in and near my Being.

I am sorrowful today without being crushed, distraught, destroyed, abandoned, unhopeful. I am both Jobian and Ecclesiastican while I am Jonahian, Paulian and Peterian. Job instructs me that God abides, Ecclesiastes tells me that there is a time for all things, Jonah shows that we are rebellious, Paul explains that the mirror is obscure and that Love is the fullest essence and Peter, Pierre, Pedro, that we are bumpkins in mind, body and Soul.

With these reflections, past Sorrows mend the wounds of present Sorrows and Surrender becomes the Solution or part of the Solution. The elusive Serenity Prayer seizes my Shoulds and slowly I see Myself, I see beyond Self.

Sorrow is the mystical dark Night of the Soul, as in, GOD! REST MY SOUL. PLEASE, REST MY SOUL! From this Darkness I will emerge to see the Morning with greater light, the Mourning in fullness...

.the light is dark enough....

LOVE'S OCTETTE

there are eight words which constitute the greatest octette ever written, or so i believe

when we learn this lesson, we may no longer need kindergartens and many other of our very human sometimes inhumane institutions

we will evolve from our miserly musings to majestic mirth

love is the question

love is the answer

LOVE IS THE QUESTION

LOVE IS THE ANSWER

love is the question

love is the answer

love is the question

love is the answer...

mAY dAY

A branch of May reaches across from all my dreams of childhood to cast light shadows upon the arches and aches of all my adulthood... The May flowers of other years will always blossom in memories' many magic gardens and the songs of song and of silence surrender to today's maze. The child I see is myself and my children... The morning dew becomes the due of duty and delight and the mourning of eventide catches upon the dove's soft wings...

Today is yesterday's tomorrow and tomorrow's yesterday. I should not have to speak for the world... Today, while I listen to the little bells of the lilies of the valley my dreams ascend to the heights... And I will rest in the wholeness of healing...

A little boy is my sea urchin and a little girl is my Turtled timester, forever counting the uncountable grains of sand upon all the beaches and in all the deserts where we have created sand castles...

Each child has discovered the magic of wonder and as the aches of addition subtracted from their childishness, the mystery of magic multiplied their meanings and magnify their magnificence. The dandelions crop up to butter our own child's laughter and ants excavate castles we shall never see.

Before I discover the fields before birth and after death, let me share a few more branches of May and may I laugh with the lilacs, linger with the Lorax and leap with the larks.

Perhaps your day is worried with war. caught in conflict, crushed with dis-unions. Today is not a day I have to worry with war, unite with unionists, nor remember records of rebellion. Today is the day when I shall feel, hear, smell, see and taste that "It is a gift to be simple, it is a gift to be free."

Today is the day to honor that if I cannot feel, hear, smell, see and taste such simplicity how then will my neighbor know my joy. How else shall enemies find peace?

MOSES

On The Train to South Dakota, Old Moses conducted our Lives and Told us when we could Breakfast on Golden Pancakes, Lunch on Whatever tempted a Child and Sup on Serial Surprises... Tommy traveled frequently because his father worked for the Great Northern Railroad Company and Tommy told me that "Moses really is Moses."

I cried when my Mother taught me the Time Constraints of his story, which too many have twisted, twined and turned into History... Somewhere in Montana, feathered and beaded Indians entertained us and embroidered Memories for me that will never fade in a Nobler West. Color, Time, Space, Memory and Leaks of Memory weave a fabric we each call Life...

God may Someday tell me how many lessons in Anthropology I had before I submitted, Yea, even willingly Applied, to the formalities of studying Anthropology.... Slowly, I learned what Samuel Johnson learned in Torture, "Change is Not Without Inconvenience, even from Worse to Better....."

MUD AND MUDDLED

Ray's Birthday was only his Seventh, but we Celebrated IT as if IT were his Seventieth, not Knowing It would be his Last... We Celebrated It more Imaginatively than any Other to which I have been a Party...

We Made a Six Inch High and Eighteen Inch Diameter Mud Cake, long before I ever Learned how to Measure the Distance around Circles... Then, we Boxed Generous Chunks of our "Chocolate Creation" in Bakery Cartons and Delivered the Goods... We delivered Gifts to All the Seven Mothers of Ray's Seven Guests... IT was only Early August, but Our Mom started getting phone calls of Thanksgiving, Gratitude, even before we finished our Deliveries, so by the Time we returned to the Episcopal Rectory in our 95 Per Cent Roman Catholic Community, Persimmon, Louisiana, we were well Wrecked...or about to be detained in the Rectory...We had a Fabulous Farce for Our Gang, until our Muddied Masterpiece was All Washed Up...

Shame that Nagasaki's Nightmare was that Same Day... The Fun of our August 1945 ended the following January when Ray burned to Death in a Gas Fire. The Fire scarred my Soul until finally I found Healing Love... August 9, 1945

MELCHIOR, MAGIC AND MIRACLES...

God help us!

I started out Life very Innocent(ly). Theologians later told me that, without doubt--with everyone else, I had Original Sin. I disagreed, not to be disagreeable but to Learn. I disagreed, because if I had Original Sin then I would not have had to study what Sin is... Similarly, being Humane, I should not have not so much difficulty seeing the Humane...

I think all of us are slow learners and some of us are extremely confused learners We even have troubles seeing the lessons and we usually doubt that there are Scripts. I had a fine example of this during my acting career in Church Pageants...

From the Beginning, we did not treat Christ very generously. We did not give Him the best room in the Inn, we did not even give His family a room--we didn't even provide the stable, on a family rate. Then, we bundled the Son of God in swaddling clothes so that He couldn't wave His hands and wiggle His toes. His playwrights did not give Him another part in the Drama of Life until HE was a child in the Temple. Then, He had to work in a carpentry shop and did not have time for outside acting. Sometime later He did get a great casting as The Good Shepherd and that is the role for which He is probably best known. Understanding His role in that piece we call The Passion Play is the hardest job. JOB of the Old Testament had quite a difficult job, but nothing like carrying a big, heavy cross to the Hill of Skulls... People still sell copies of Veronica's handkerchief to show Christ's crisis.

In the Yakima Valley, where there were a lot of Catalan shepherders, the only non-Iberian shepherd I even knew about was Christ. Christ was always in the role of The GOod Shepherd, so all of those of us who got shepherd parts in Nativity Plays knew that we were understudies. We weren't very good actors and our directors were always catching us playing crookedly with the crooks, more seriously than the acting. So much for instruction...

I was just Five when I got what was billed to me as a big part, but I soon learned that I was third string on someone else's fiddling around. Hell, I was dressed up in my dingy old bathrobe--not the fancy Knight Watch one I now have --and without spilling the jar of green-dyed water I was anointed to be Melchior. Melchior is serious stuff. He doesn't get the gold and he didn't even have the sweet smelling stuff, Frankincense. He was

third in line with that bitter stuff called myrrh, suggesting funeral functions... How subtly and directly I was cast as Melchior, when I was only Five... I was a third child, I couldn't lead, someone had to suggest early the Crucifixion Cycle.

Why me! Slowly, slowly, how slowly, in a practical and serious world did I learn how skeptical most people are of Magic. We gave our gifts too soberly and only later when I learned more of Magic did I discover that having been a wiseguy, a Magi, I had had an early lesson in one of Life's great skills, the Magi's Magic of Meanings... I created a Miracle!

MY LITTLE PRINCE

I would have liked to meet My Little Prince before I was Twenty Years Young.
I would have Taken Better Care of Flowers and Foxes...

I would have Studied the Stars and Asteroids more Attentively, with Naked Eyes and would have been more Ready for the Authority of Astrologers and Astronomers.

I would have Watched more Sunrises and Sunsets before I Learned the Dusty Chemistry of their Colors. I might have Tried Harder In and Out of Art Classes to be the Artist my Stricken Soul would have had me Be...

I might have Climbed more Mountains and Swum more Rivers...

I Know I would have Remembered more April Fools. I would have filled more May Baskets... I would have Smiled at more Jack and Jill, Jeffrey and Jenny Pumpkins in the O'Lantern Clan.

And I would have Spoken more often to Santa, would have Harvested more Hearts with St. Valentine, and would have been more helpful to Humpty Dumpty and Jack Rabbit "Easter Bunny" O'Hare, to beckon Spring... I am always Green with Envy when St. Patrick Marches in.

I would have Searched for, Created and Explored more often the Chances to be Simple and to be Free. I would have Swum more with Dolphins... I would count Freely my Time till the End of Time and Beyond...

I Owe a Debt of Great Homage to Saint Exupery's Princlet...

NUN-SENSE

The first week of my Life was a very trying experience, so I did not talk about it until I was about 9 years old. Then, one day I made the mistake of revealing my earliest childhood thoughts to some friends--within hearing distance of my Mom. When I was a bragging minor, 9 years young or so, I told some buddies that when I was just a little baby, a newborn, a week weakling, I had been left in the maternity ward to spend my First Christmas with The Nuns of Saint Joseph's Hospital. I explained this Abandoned Baby Syndrome with the excuse that my parents wanted to be sure to have a great holiday with their other prole, my 3 1/2 year old and 1 1/2 year old sibs.

Mother was scandalized! I did not get my mouth washed out with Fels Naphtha for that tall tale, but I did often enough for "dirty" words, like darn, and heck and gosh. Hearing such almost-blasphemy in my imaginative tale, my Mother said that the story was never to be told again, it was total falsehood, false witness, and total fabrication yet...

Through the decades since I have wondered a thousand times or more if it is true, not by being true-true, but true because it is an account of my earliest impression of being out. In a lonely sense, I have spent much of my life wanting to be "in." I have never been a joiner and I have always been a dreamer. I imagined parks where there were vacant lots. I imagined travels for those who couldn't move. I played, planned= prophesized for the environment, peace and international cooperation as early as I could get out and see.

I heard early the plight that you cannot go home again and I have fantasized a zillion times a great book I want to write on HOME TO AMERICA. I would write on all my resolutions. I was driven by curiosity not to go home and driven by desire to go home and to have a home, to be in a community and have a sense of community. I have traveled in many lands and have had a number of passports, but oh how terribly I have lacked a nationality in the sense of true pride of nationality. Fortune's smile did give my spirit the "country" (World) of Childhood and satisfactions of many beautiful memories. (Now, I carry a Passport from Imagination...) Three grandparents, two parents, many aunts and uncles, some 30 cousins, friends, almost strangers and strangers--all have given me hospice and some-sum in me will always give hospice and hope.

Nun-sense is not to be confused with nonsense. Most of the nuns I have known have been filled with marvelous nun-sense. My nun-sense of later years is not the abandonment

story. Rather, my nuns of early hospice engaged me, cared for me so completely, that the early bonds hold. The nun-sense is total, sustaining faith, hope and Love.

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxy

I did like being Special under the Weight of Being Named, NOEL!
However, IT was something of a Burden which Eventually I lifted Away...

I "grew up" as Noel and only in Mexico did I move to my "middle" Name.
It is a strange dualism, to be "identified" in "different" contexts...

As a Child I thot that The First Noel was Sung to Tease me... Later, I came to think of myself Kindly as a Second Noel...

Now, I am David, a new psalmist, not a giant slayer...

ORIGINAL IN

"In" into imag-ing,
Imag "in" ing...

SIN* "in" in
I-mag-in-ing,
I'm Aging...

With Sin's second sound,
I'm Saging...

* "sin" being the Spanish word, "without"

OCTOBER DAZE

October Days are Special Bridges across Time because I believe October was my Mother's Favorite Month. She Loved the Old Poem, "October's bright blue weather." Perhaps, during that Month more than during any Other, she expressed Joy, Joy still flowing through All My Life...

Sunbeams, hers, mine, ours or Everybody's, transfer me in Time to Earth Events otherwise caught in Times Past or to Events yet locked in the Future. I seed my Children's Joy with Pumpkins and Introduce them to Jack and Jill and Jeffrey and Jenny of the O'Lantern Clan, to Create the Belief-Faith that I will be a Smile or a Grimace in their Children's and Children's Children's Pumpkin O'Lanterns, after I have moved Beyond Our Time...

AWE, Wonder and Enthusiasm initiate a Spell,
Lettering AWE...

Words and Letters move Enchantedly,
between the Fact and Fictive.

Nowhere is a short space becomes Now Here...

Evil turns around to Live...

Slang's "nope" reorders to "open."

Selfish o-w-n becomes a success in Now Won...

for all of u.

Taking the contraction from I'm Aging gives Imaging,

And putting an extra "in" in that, we create Imagining...

Our Haste in Race loses Care,

Time's "elapse" may be a moment to Please.

My Pumpkin is named WIN, because the Eyes are Starry Wonders...

1 + 1

Too, too early I learned that one plus one are only two..

Too, too late I learned that one and one are eleven...

The lesson, son, is not in math,

The lesson, lessened, is in path...

The path. the place, and perhaps a leavened space....

TU, in Spanish, makes us familiar...

Why were my teachers so determined in math when early?

And they, then, never placing Imagination on their slate?

Only Einstein taught me that, knowledge:

"Imagination is more important than Knowledge."

THE PLAINTIFF'S APPEAL:

iI am sentenced to Life!

I am sentenced To Live all the Daze of My Life. I am not like that earlier, complexed-simple, poetic David who could pull the strings of harp and life and so easily sing his praise prayer, "Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.." No, in this later hour of our time, I want a light to follow, lives to guide me, and Awe, awe to fill my every breath... Early on the morning of the Sixteenth of December in The Year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirty One in Our Common Era, I was given a life sentence. The judgment, then and now, ever, in all ways and always, is for me to learn around-about, and to work in and on and through innumerable mundane endeavors. Then, finally, finally and in some final days and daze(?), with neither voice nor vote, I am charged, chagrined and challenged. I am given the response-ability to imagine, to image through an entire century eon of Earth time, a co-creative pattern for PLANETARY CULTURE. I have the most difficult and exciting task that I have ever heard of in all of Creation... Perhaps...perhaps, per chance, I am as well prepared for my task as is my neighbor and is my neighbor's neighbor, and none of us is ever fully prepared for what lies, and lurks and leads before us... With great, good fortune, I have not--to the very best of my knowledge--been deprived of physical comfort, unfailing health, general prosperity and some quiet recognition. Yet, I am serving an indeterminate Life Sentence, a term for perhaps so long as a hundred years unless with Amazing Grace, with justice and mercy, I may gain time off for good behavior. Am I somehow, somewhere, sometime, looking for time off or time in Eternity? Should I seek some Dispensation?

If such dispensation is granted My Sentence will not be commuted, it will only be reduced to Death... In some sort of last rites, apparently losing all my other rights which I learned and exercised only slowly and not always well, I will be committed with dispatch, to rest in peace, nobly or ignobly. No one with whom I have associated can tell me. I will probably be dismissed, summarily, buried, soiled in the soil of this Earth, or burned in some cooler oven than our imagined "Inferno." Strangely, some priestess or priest will give a valedictory "fare Thee well," with "ashes to ashes and dust to dust." Gloriously, I will be reunited with other star dust. All of this happens because of what numerous, noted Cosmologists have claimed in all their astrological and astronomical findings,"that we are celestial beings, made of the dust of stars..."

I did not choose to come to Planet Earth... The great French Jesuit anthropologist, Pierre, said so long ago that it seems only yesterday, "We are not human beings seeking a spiritual experience, we are spiritual beings seeking a human experience." I would prefer that Monsieur Pierre Teilhard de Chardin had been less wobbly in his spelling, that he could assert the "humane." I came to Earth on a cold winter night, naked, hungry, speechless, homeless... In the Cosmos, I was before all and after all quite content so far and fully as I can remember, member and premember, to being something of a Cosmic Clown. Yet, I was painfully brought into this life in a condition of limited responses, in a state of infinite innocence, fully dependent, helpless, proverbially "wet behind the ears," all wet and slimed, and perennially blinded by fellow humans' inhumanity one to another. Through years of tutelage, I have been rigorously both dragged and driven from dependence to be independent, only, just, ultimately, to learn that interdependence is the favored state! On a pilgrim's voyage to the enchanted isles, in mysteries beyond mysteries, puzzlingly in an hour-story of our stories, I have learned Lifeness, lifeness being the relation of all beings one to another... All histories have only been versions of his story... All of Herstories have been rarely expressed, yea, muted or not yet written... Ourstories are only, just, scarcely pre-dawning.... Our birth and death certificates proclaim, as if they were diplomas:

**... When philosophers become clowns ... And when clowns become philosophers ...
... We shall indeed be humane beings ...**

All my life I have wanted to be a Child when I grow up. Perhaps, it is just make believe. When I use all of my Imagination, I can be the Clown Prince of Planetary Culture. Long, long ago, about as late as yesterday and as early as tomorrow, and far, far away, about as close and gentle as the waves of the heliopause and as distant and lost as my cradle, extremely early on the morning of the Sixteenth of December in The Year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirty One of Our Common Era, my monitors declared that I fully possessed all Five of my senses... "They" were so unschooled in the sense and nonsense of censuses and censure that they little realized how many senses I need to create Planetary Culture.

Why couldn't they know that I would need both common and uncommon sense? What have they done with the senses of faith, fun and foolishness, despair, pain and hope, Love and lust, wit and witness and wit-less-ness, wisdom, humor, grief, joy, play, punnery, prudence, art and awkwardness, worship, service, childness, Lifeness and Awe....

I want it said of me, iHE LIVES!

THE PUBLIC LIFE OF DAVID INKEY

Once upon a time, just a few days after time began, was born? or was discovered, I appeared or something brought me to the Planet Earth. We do not know what land I lived in nor what I did in previous eons. We only know that in "our time," that is to say in the 20th Century--counting in Western Time--I am a citizen of the United States, that I have worked in international organizations, and I am -fully, completely, courageously and unapologetically a small d-democrat. From time to time I have been labeled as an aristocratic anarchist and once in a while I see myself as a democratic monarchist.

These are terms I will annotate anon. I am a multiply conferred L, as in "liberal" of the 1988 vintage. I am more accustomed to voting against candidates than for them. In other words, mine is usually a protest vote. Lately, when I crossed party lines on a split ticket and voted for 3 others even my top others lost...

Nevertheless, as David Inkey, I am an incredible Optimist. This foreword is written forward. While parts of my account are written forward, parts are sideways and parts are backward. I confess that I would even like to write some ideas upside down so more skeptical spirits might get to the root of an argument or idea, sooner, better and gainsaid, in fresh open space.

There are myriads of stories that I can tell, but rather than awaken the risks of stealing thunder, I will choose carefully my own blots, thematic apperceptions, and word processing. When I have found kindred ICONOLOGISTS who appreciate my factions (facts and fictions united), I may share other accounts.

When I have exhausted my Imagination, I will borrow from Geoffrey's and after that I am sure I can entail Turtle Tales, cite Albatross Anthologies, and propose Dolphin Dramas.

POSADAS

No one is supposed to have NINE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS in the same year, but thanks to Mexican Customs and the date of My Birthday I was feted nine times for My 28th Birthday.

In lovely rural Mexico--despite poverty, violence, ignorance and illness--peasants and proletarians welcomed me into their annual ritual reenactment of Mary and Joseph's search for room in The Inn, posada, and from the 16th of December through Christ Mass Eve, Mary and Joseph and others celebrated that year my birth as well as that of the Christ Child.

It was no coincidence to these friends that my Christian names are NOEL-DAVID, "Noel" being "Navidad," Christmas, and David being the lineage, beloved.

As I have wandered in many other countries and spent Christmases in many settings, nowhere else did I celebrate the anniversaries of my birth so fully.

QUIXOTE

If DON QUIXOTE is the world's comic masterpiece, it is the clearest explanation of what Socrates must have meant when he remarked that the genius of comedy is the same as the genius of tragedy, for the one book by which Cervantes is known is both ludicrous and sad. Its hero is the foolish old man who sets out from home in the belief that the world is the ideal place which romancers have described: a place where virtue and vice will appear plainly marked, and where the first will always, after heroic effort on the part of its knights, triumph over the second.

The Don's first adventure would have been adequate evidence to the contrary for any ordinary man. But, he was a hero. He could not be disillusioned by any number of misadventures, whether with windmills, with robbers, or with cynical ladies who exploited his chivalry. Some people think that he had too many adventures, or misadventures, and that the length of the book is excessive, but the book, in order to make its point, had to be long.

What is the point of the book? Is the joke on Don Quixote? As I read, it was not so clear that that was the case; and at the end I felt that I had been left with an insoluble problem. It seems quite possible that the joke is on the world for not being what this great man assumed it to be. The book presents the ideal and the actual, and makes the reader choose one, but the book seems to say that both are indispensable, just as it says that both Don Quixote and his hardheaded companion Sancho Panza are right in their irreconcilable views...

This is an essay I wrote when 21 Years Young. I saved few papers from the era Before Being A College Dropout. This is one of the few and I only re-read it when I Reached 61. This is something that I find hallowed haunting...

Queen Marie

Queen Marie of Rumania probably was not directly responsible for upsetting the equity equation of my life, but my memories of the mansion built for her not far from Sunnyside still disrupt my simple economic sense of the 1930s. On the one hand the visit to her palace prepared me for later encounters with Buckingham Palace, Windsor, Versailles, Knossos, Chambord, Fointainbleu, the Louvre and palaces in the Middle East and Asia. On the other hand I could never again savor the simplicity of my original innocence and even blissful ignorance. Adam and Eve ate of the proverbial apple, which some think was really an apricot. From several palaces, I learned Satan's message of selfishness, greed, pride and envy...

I grew up in a world where a penny bought a penny's worth of candy or gum. A nickel was a small fortune, enuf to go to a double featured movie on Saturday afternoon and stay through double showings. A dime was considerable wealth and a quarter was spectacular affluence for children. Within five years of being a drop out, a quarter devalued so that even three dollars a week earned on yardwork did not seem so great. When I was thirty I believed that \$10,000 was a great nest egg. A decade later--knowing a lot of wealthy people who were working on international population issues--\$100,000 seemed no longer so astronomical, a mere pittance when approaching planetary problems. By 1999, the old princely sum of a million dollars here or there is no longer so aristocratic to some greedy peoples' way of thinking. The economic changes of the 20th Century have debased My Childhood Math stretching numbers as if we needed no understanding of decimals.

Be careful when you show little children and big children the discrepancies of the world of economics... I still remember vividly the clink of 23 cents my Father tossed on the kitchen table in Sunnyside, one Saturday afternoon... Mom asked, "What is that for?" Dad said, "It's yours. I just performed a wedding and that is what the couple gave as an gift for the Rector's wife...."

Ray, 7

1938- 1946

Ray, my little brother, will live forever in The World of Childhood and a part of me will always be there with him--locked with the Joyful and Sorrowful Memories of our shared years. Ray was born in the last month of my special year in The Park and he burned to death just as I would have been meandering away from the last Daze of my own child years.

This is the first time I have written about his death and his continuing life in me. In his funeral, I wept inconsolably and the hymns thereof still bring up tears with "The King of Love My Shepherd Is," and "My Faith Looks Up to Thee." I remained angry at God for forty years, until finally I learned that my sorrow would only cease when I ceased being angry.

My two other brothers, my parents, numerous relatives and many friends know that my insatiable curiosity is, in part, a drive to understand, a frequently frenetic grasp for the meaning of one event or another. Finally, finally, my Jobian why, why, why has mellowed to a quieter prayer of "God, I believe---help my unbelief." I could not write the account of the kinder garden drop out until I reached that point in life that I could also see the fullness of the joys and sorrows. Benny and his family are now represented in my concern for Bosnian refugees. Ray is represented in my deep commitment to children. The Park is now A GREAT BLUE MARBLE where I pursue numerous ecological interests. Lifeness, the relation of all beings one to another, fascinates me, but larger than life I realize that I am committed to a special appreciation of each moment, each idea and each element. Long, long ago, I learned that recurrent prayer: God is Good, God is Great and we thank Him for this food. Life has been unbelievably and believably kind to me and now as I approach and wander through each day I look for all the expressions of love I can find. There are myriads of problems that trouble me, but God doesn't give me any more problems than He gives me the strength to work on them.

God is no longer He, nor She, nor IT I have learned that my God is larger than any idea I can imagine and that the purpose of My Life is Love. Where was my God when Ray was burning to death? My God was with Ray, but I did not see Him and I have never seen Him. I only know God is the great expressions of Love manifest in our Lives.

If any pages in these leaves of Life need to be rewritten, probably this page will be the first. No other page so completely tested my vulnerability and no other page has given me so much... so much Love.

THE RETURN OF THE SCHOLAR?

Long ago, in 1991, before I left the United Nations and long before I seasoned into months of tiring and re-tired, sabbatically disrupted exploration of self, I thought I might be able to return fairly directly to the groves of academe which had in earlier years given several of the more satisfying=stretching moments and megameasures of my life. In that safety net era, I drafted some very loose notes under a working title "Course Ideas I Drew Up in Mid 1991." Toward the end of 1993J I re-examined the notes and made several unsystematic additions:

1. THE WORLD DECADE FOR CULTURAL DEVELOPMENT: This course would be an exploration of the United Nations' and Unesco's "World Decade for Cultural Development," of which we are currently in the middle years. This exercise would, I believe, provide friendly anthropologists an excellent opportunity to study and to contribute to international activity on this topic. Others of course are welcomed to share the learning and to contribute their talents.
2. EDUCATION FOR ALL: education in cross cultural perspective. This course would be shaped around the Declaration and Framework of the World Conference on Education for All (1990) and should draw upon extensive UNDP, UNESCO, UNICEF, World Bank, UNFPA, and other UN, NGO (non governmental organization), government, foundation and other institution materials.
- 3 CULTURAL CONSTRAINTS IN EDUCATIONAL DEVELOPMENT: This course is a revision of the course 15 students and I created in the Harvard Graduate School of Education during the First United Nations Development Decade and which I subsequently introduced in the University of North Carolina. The divergent expressions from this course from educational innovation in Nepal to examining the impact of Nazism on German universities, from the constraint of "smallness" in Grenada to examining racism in Sesame Street, yielded insights that still haunt us.
4. LEARNING TO BE: This is an exercise in autobiographical anthropology framed from the contexts of the benchmark UNESCO publication of the same title, using episodic accounts from the lives of students in the course. (Current work from UNESCO on the beautiful topic of "Learning To Care" will be blended, both from the viewpoints of being cared for and of caring for.)

5. **ARMS, DRUGS AND ENERGY DEPENDENCY:** This course is critical analysis of the super-systems which are the 3 major commerce items of world trade, among the trillionnaires...

6. **CULTURAL PLURALISM:** This seminar examines the options and constraints operative in multi-cultural systems. Selected focus and foci will be placed upon adjustment, accommodation and assimilation practices and values in 20th Century Life in the United States of America. (While cultural wars are waging everywhere, we might look at both cp. and p.c.)

7. **AN OPENING OF THE SPIRIT:** This course is a pilgrimage and philosophical analysis of cultural diversity and integration. It is the writing course as an analysis of epic ethics, epic being ecology, peace, and international cooperation and epic being education, population, identity and culture--equity, poverty participation, imagination and creativity. I deal with meaning and commitment in 20th and 21st Century Life. I deal with my intense rejection of Bloom's book: *THE CLOSING OF THE AMERICAN MIND*.

8. **CULTURE AND POPULATION STUDIES:** This course is an historical-comparative analysis of change in our demosphere, from a world of 2.5 to 5 billion people, in less than 40 years, 1950-1987. (My thinking has changed considerably on this, in part due to the neglect of population issues at the UN Conference on the Environment and Development. Now, I would rephrase this to "a century of health" and show the changes in our demosphere from 1.5 billion in 1900 to some 6 billion humans in 1999.)

9. **PEACE: PERSPECTIVES ON PEACE STUDIES:** This camera is a storical-anthropological analysis of "peace", based on Unesco's anthology "PEACE," and innumerable ancillary axes.

10. **ANTHROPOLOGY AND THE UNITED NATIONS:** This course might be an anthropological analysis of nation states moving toward world exchanges and world socio-economic and cultural orders, or it might be an analysis of anthropologists in the system, or both options or neither.

11. **ANTHROPOLOGY AND MILLENNIAL POLITICS:** "amps" is an exploration of utopian societies and their relevance to contemporary social systems, preparing for the next millennium. (Subsequent word games on this have evoked thinking beyond, through dystopias, entopias and ecotopias. A great deal more imagination and knowledge will have

to be called up, constructed and created in these realms. Hawkings, in his SHORT HISTORY OF TIME wonders why we cannot remember the future. I believe we need to re-member the past, member the present and pre-member the future. We know we will need air, water, food, clothing, shelter, work, leisure, health care, education, and belief systems in any future. When we calculate all we already know about OUR future needs, we should have little difficulty "seeing" how completely our current state of mind and action "determine" our future. Therefore, I believe that our colleges and universities might create meaningful courses of futurology and I would like to see anthropology occupy a significant place in this.)

12. OUR COMMON FUTURE: Using the Brundtland Report and ancillary UN documents on the environment related to the World Conference on the Environment, Brazil 1992, this course would examine the human ecology necessary for sustainable development. (Of all my 1991 reveries, this is the most naively expressed and now perhaps the best documented. Agendas, treaties, background papers, foreground papers, etc., etc.. etc. will provide mega-challenges for the development of this course.)

13. IDENTITIES: Individualism, Conscience and Conformity in USA Life. This is the least formulated of my ideas, for public expression, and the most practiced of my life. I have thought that this might be an "everyman" or every-person effort embracing prologue, log+logo, and epi-logue, logo. Then, I's: I, Id, Ide, Idea, I deal, Ideal. Aye and Eye.

14. COMPARATIVE PLANETOLOGY: What have we learned in The Space Age that can be used to enhance humaneness? Will humans' ability to explore other planets help us to evolve an universal culture on Planet Earth? How can social scientists and philosophers integrate into contemporary cultures the "awe" expressed by the few humans who have already traveled in space beyond the atmosphere of OUR biosphere.

15. THE USANS: (This has been revised to be the USANS and the UNANS, peoples of the USA and of the United Nations.) In my post-UN-career I am thinking a great deal about the relationships of Us policy on the United Nations and about the development of the UN as a new cultural system, see #16, and I currently believe that, with the end of The Third World War, that is, The Cold War, the USA suffers the highest possibility of considering itself the remaining super-power, world policeperson to the detriment of international understanding and the development of peacefare. Therefore, I believe that the USANS must be studied as a primitive tribe relating to many, many other tribes. The New World Order did not begin in late 1990, the New World Order was established

when the Charter of the United Nations came into effect, 24 October 1945. The Cold War put great stress upon this order and now the order may need re-ordering, but intrinsically the Charter of the United Nations is the most advanced agreement nation states have defined since King George of Bohemia developed a universal peace treaty in 1462. This course will relate closely to #9---which covers a time span of 3 millennia from 1269 BC to 2031 AD, from the signing of the first known peace treaty in human history, by Ramses II and Hattusilis till the 3300th Anniversary thereof when I believe the United Nations should commemorate the advances it is making under the aegis of "An Agenda for Peace," the most comprehensive. contemporary ironic writing of the United Nations. This other George is intriguing!

These fifteen thoughts have flowed through my development. Now, whether we date their recognition from half a hundred years ago and half a decade more, when I was a kindergarten dropout, or from a scant four decades ago when I first went outside the United States, the challenge is pro-active. I would be satisfied with 15 topics, but I think 16 is a marvelous number and I think that as the United Nations is being called upon for more duties than ever before in its scant half century, we may do well to examine this organization in new ways:

16. THE UNITED NATIONSS AS A NEW CULTURAL SYSTEM: The policy, program and cultural components of the UN SYSTEM reflect all the major components of traditional cultural systems and now, I believe, to meet the societal needs in the next millennium we need to analyze, organize and appreciate the cultural reality of this emergent, metaculture. Some analysts would consider these thoughts utopian, but I believe we are in an new en-topian situation where by creatively groping with our beliefs and grouping OUI best behaviors we can accommodate more effectively and more affectively re OUI problems and opportunities.

Earlier, in the 1900 and sumtime, I wrote a paper for myself and some UN colleagues about "where education fails." Though I have titled this paper, "the return of the scholar," I believe it also is a paper about where education fails. Both papers treat the problem that we do not free OUI' imaginations to create new paradigms of inquiry and opportunity. I end as I should have begun, with the words of Einstein, that "Imagination is more important than knowledge." This does not mean that knowledge is not important, this means that all the knowledge we amass will be of little avail unless we cherish our imagination to shape the knowledge into actions. I am rather more than amazed that I would with little duress move to analyze these 16 scenes and listing these has given me the context to expand each into a chapter and make each treatment a chapter in my

magnum opus, THE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER !I want an academic or foundation setting in which I may test these and other ideas. One friend has marvelously described my situation as, "You are so lucky, you do not need a career because you have had a great one in the United Nations, but you do need a job." It is in this light that I have prepared these pages and that I share. Your reactions are welcome and any assistance in helping me find appropriate place(s) for my divergency, profoundly appreciated. About two years ago when I was particularly frustrated by being too different in a difficult UNICEF situation I appealed to a friend for solace and complained "Why do I have to be so different." The devastating reply was akin to "Would you rather always be the same." I promised that I would never again complain about my divergency. Perhaps all of this can be encompassed in a course on PLANETARY CULTURE! AND PERSONAL COMMITMENT!

PCI!

The SS ===== The (Sunnyside) Sunday School

God may have created the world in six days and have rested on the Seventh, but I do not think God created the Sunnyside Sunday School. Our Sunday School had to be a work of the Devil's helpers. It was a less populated copy of our weak day school. It did not matter whether you were black, brown, blue, green, purple, white, pink or plum--but you did have to be an Episcopalian.

Not all of the following list was true-true, but sadly most of it now seems that it was more true than false:

Attendance was expected.

Belief was enforced.

Conformity was unchallenged.

Duty was undiluted.

Expectation was exemplary.

Fun was controlled.

God was in The Church, we were in the Parish Hall.

Hell was hotly harmful.

Isaac was one of the good guys.

Jesus was captain, or king or ...

Kingship contradicted our democratic principles and only much later did

I become a democratic monarchist...

Love was our greatest benefit.

Moses was almost a survivor...

Nineveh was Jonah's Waterloo

Oases were somewhere out there and we had no camels to get back.

Pilate was on the gas stove, but he had to wash his

hands...anyway--without soap or detergent...

Queens were mean and powerful women and that was before women's lib, and equity and we knew nothing about queens in closets...

Rainbows were really great things for the obedient. Others drowned.

Satan was an Applefarmer in Yakima.

Santa was not quite a Saint, either.

Thomas was our one dubious one, no kin to Jefferson nor Paine.

Unclean gave you leprosy.

Virgins could have kids without having human intercourse

(Anyone who reads The Bible carefully will get quite a sex education,

better than most schools provide.)

Woe worked overtime on Fridays.

X was the way Christ signed His name, in shorthand.

Yahweh was an old fashioned name God used before He sent Jesus to Christianize us, but don't tell a good theologian that Christ came to Christianize us. he was not a pagan, Zaccheus was a little guy who wanted to get up in the world, so he climbed trees. The Orchardists thought he would be a good Applepicker. I think that is the reason we had to study about him.

Whenever we could we planned 14 mile hikes on Sunday so that we could get out of both Church and Sunday School, but usually the teachers and our parents outsmarted us and made us go to Sunday School before we could take off. Now, so many years later, I think I learned more about God's creation on those great hikes than I did in the Sandpiles of Sunday School where we had little papercutouts to reenact Bible stories. Catalan shepherders in the outer stretches of our valley showed us more about The Good Shepherd than our regular teachers, Mrs. R or Mrs. B. Also, we did not get caught with the crooks when we were outside.

I never got to play Joseph or Gabriel in any of our pageants. [The worst-role-loss I ever suffered was in the first week of my life when the Lewis Town Sunday School kids wanted me to be the Baby Jesus, but Mom and Dad used double veto power, ecclesiastical and parental.] I could write many chapters on the pros and cons of Sunday School, but I should be generous instead of caustic. Sunday School probably is not less successful than Weak Day School and with all good fortune for all Education is stronger than Schooling. I would not bore you if I were to write many pages about my formal Christian education, but I think it would best be left to other times and other places.

We did learn the 23rd Psalm and Paul's Letter to the Corinthians and the Lord's Prayer and a number of other good think-things that have indeed been helpful to me. I think that my basic complaint with Christianity in particular and religion in general is that too many practitioners spend too much time repeating gobbledy-gook about the past--with their current and future fears--instead of openly, confessionally working fully on the Golden Rule. Just as I try to find happy, clownish elements in myself to share joy, I would appreciate my fellow-beings to be God's Happy Fools.

Both my wife and I had less than successful careers in Sunday School, though I have a trophy cabinet of perfect attendance pins. When it came to the "Christian" education of our children, we did better to let our progeny do art work quietly in the main service than suffer some of the too numerous banalities of Sunday School... You gain some and you lose some, but no one taught me in Sunday School that I could find the meaning of Christ's Mass in being Santa in The Big Apple....

SNOW JOBS

In a peace dream I saw two young children in the Middle East ready for a war just as the sun emerged from the clouds of war. One child stood in the shade, armed with a magnificent pile of snowballs... The smaller, weaker and wiser child stood in a small sunlit puddle and cried toward heaven, "I can't fight, my snowballs have melted."

Was that foreign sound indeed a cry of despair or a shriek of delight. The child's smile spoke louder than all his words and the two boys took the remaining snowballs home to their families because the scuds had destroyed Baghdad's water system.

I never counted my snow battles because they were few and friendly. My playing in The Park was so much play that in My Childhood I never had to fight in racial, economic, or ideological wars. The Sunnyside Wars which I report in another chapter were supposed to be a game...

SEGREGATION'S SUBTLETY

Testing, testing, testing... Testing is a virtually omnipresent abomination of Scholasticism in America. I tested very well and usually "knew all the answers." Schooling was more boredom than challenge and only the better and best teachers knew how to keep me busy with extra work.

One day in the sixth grade, Miss N--may she rest in peace--made a ridiculing attack on a classmate who frequently faulted on his homework. Ms. N. said, "David always has his work, why can't you be like him." Horror of horrors, that day I had forgotten to do my assignment! I couldn't have wished better chagrin for Ms. N. A year earlier, my first, tough Southern teacher was trying to make me, a recently transplanted little Northerner, learn the causes of the War Between the States, just after I had learned in the North the causes of The Civil War. Ms. Lee finally put me on detention when I forget three times in a row to say , Yes M'am and Yes M'am and No M'am. No M'am. "Yeah" was my rebel text (cry)...

The cruelest physical punishment I ever suffered in school was from Ms. Noon. One day, when she caught me trying to answer the question the girl in front of me had just asked, Ms. N was judge, jury and hangwoman. Jane's was a fair question about something she did not understand, but fairness was not the curriculum in my sixth grade year. I was a culprit. My punishment was to sit on air for 20 minutes during the lunch hour in the front hall of the Persimmon Elementary School (the white one, of course). Embarrassment piled upon embarrassment when to my horror my Mom was called to substitute for another teacher that afternoon and Mom found me doing unrepentant penance. That form of corporeal punishment was soon eliminated or abandoned or abolished. I sometimes think that this was one of my better abolitionist activities. AND I got all A's from Ms. N, but I think she stopped liking me. With most teachers I had to do something really wrong to get B's, except in penpersonship and comportment...

Years later, somebody tracked me down to contribute to the retirement purse that was being filled for Ms. N. I wanted to send some foreign currency, but my indeterminate decency prevailed and I decided that there was some good riddance in the case... I don't know of any other corporeal punishment in my life that so demeaned my Being...Cruelty!!! It was only after I left the South that I realized really the cruelest treatment I had had in Southern Education was the inequality of my segregated school. The State of Louisiana and my nation failed during the 1940s to give me My Constitutionanl Rights, equal education.

Dear Editor and Reader:

SANTA'S VALENTINES

On Valentine's Day I give special expressions of Love to Fourteen Friends. I give pre-seasoned flowerings of forsythia, sunlit signs of unspoken love. I give to 14 Friends because this is the magic number of my friend St. Valentine. Did you ever imagine that Santa Claus gives gifts in all seasons? I hop as skillfully as the Easter Bunny and I smile as superbly as your happiest Pumpkin Elf.

Valentines are the reason to write? but also, I write because of some unfinished business from last year. Simply, I find there are too many people who don't know what is real and what is unreal. Last December, as I made an early Christmas visit to a child service organization to give my Love and UNICEF Staff Association toys, once again I was asked: "SANTA, ARE YOU REAL?"

I am different from all the Santas we see in stores, on the streets and in the media. Although my workclothes are traditional, I am not. I have red hair and a red beard. My big tummy fills the coat and pants of my suit and I appear with no pipe because I don't smoke--with no sled because we have so many ordinances outlawing flying sleds--and without dear deer anymore because human pollution is dangerous to all species. Although I have heard The Are You Real Question zillions of times, it still troubles me to be doubted. Years ago an article, "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa," helped my Spirits soar, but even the best of Editorship did not resolve the reality problem.

Dear Editor, I need help. I hope that you will print My Story, to share these few idea(l)s which I believe to be important to all, always...

The biggest question I was asked last year was about how my clothes misfit: "Santa, how can you be THE REAL SANTA when your pants are too short and your other pants stick out?" I wanted to say gently to the little kid, "Please don't embarrass me!" He knew I knew my red work pants were shorter than my other pants. However, never short on Imagination, I said to Luis: "My red pants got all sooty from going up and down chimneys and then they shrank in the wash. To keep warm I have to wear another pair of pants underneath."

Luis was amazed and amused, and whether he knows it or not, then and there, he enjoyed one of Life's miracles... He, with children of all sizes and ages, want to believe in me... That's what makes me credible. Children have no difficulty learning that MY STORY and MYSTERY are one! It is only when we adults destroy child faith that we lose the most precious gifts I give, AWE, CREATIVITY, LOVE, IMAGINATION AND WONDER. For many years I have searched for just one philologist to show the reality: mystory = mystery. When I find My Special Scholar, I will also ask him or her to reveal that "history" has been spelled or misspelled his story and s/he will suggest a new Word encompassing his story and herstory. Tomorrow or in another time's tomorrow we will all learn how to turn evil around, to live. Someday, we will erase all doubt about my reality. Meanwhile, I think that much of our confusion comes from dressing devils in red. Do you think it is merely coincidence that devils wear red and give a misspelled title, Satan, to name their chief? The heretics even play SCRABBLE with my name! I thank Heaven that SANTA comes before Satan. Satan holds humans to only 5 senses and I lead us all to discover five other senses, of humor, of humility, of self, of imagination and of Lifeness.

"Identity" is very important not only to me but to all of us who believe in and need me. Let us consider how demeaning it is to me to have my name and reputation abused. scaring children into believing "better watch out, better not cry, 'cause I'm telling you why, Santa Claus is coming..." We assassinate my character without remorse and inflict extreme and unusual (or usual) punishment on children with the message that I am vengeful.

Please, Dear Editor and Reader, let's propose other forms of discipline and let me "be" Santa. I want all of us to know that we do not need to watch out, nor cry, to guarantee my visits. I am not a good speller and I don't go around giving spelling classes, but I do want all readers to please be sure to see the differences between evil and live, Satan and Santa. I should also speak up for Scrooge. He is often given a bad play in harsh presentations of A CHRISTMAS CAROL. Scrooge does not belong among the rogues--despite SCRABBLE similarities. He repents and lives a good life.

I receive zillions of letters and that is good. Ms. Claus hears my wishes, but she cannot grant me the one identity wish I have. I want all who dress like me to "be" Santa. I don't appreciate having people pretending to be me to collect money for different causes, even good causes. I want Santa, Santa's Elves and our Santa Selves to be generous on our own accounts

After I delivered two gifts to each child and made a special event out of sharing candy canes with all the child-sized and the adultsized children, after we sang Jingle Bells twice, and after we had a marvelous cake, washed down with soda--before I returned to other joyful tasks--each child wanted to show me the security of his or her "home " Some still had other "homes" and some did not...

Luis (not his real name) told me he spoke Spanish and I replied "Yo hablo Espanol, tambien." (I speak Spanish, too.) I did not exclaim this with !!! marks, because I wanted all the Luises, Robertos, Joses, Marias, Juanas, Elviras, Carloses, Catrinas and Kathleens, Helens, Elenas and others of the world just simply to know that Santa speaks differently to each child, transcending age and ethnicity. Every doubt Luis ever had about me prior to that moment disappeared -forever. For one magic moment in the life of one abused, little minority child, Santa belonged to him. Life may give our Luises and Louisas other reasons for doubting my goodness, but for now Luis knows Santa is real.

On my way home I thought about how wonderful it was to hear Luis and Louisa in their choir of angels. singing Alleluias as I waved GoodByes. My visit was fitted into Luis' and Jane's, Bob's and Maria's, Guido's and Karen's magic and I had eaten a little extra icing to keep cool and sweet, lest all our hot tears of joy and sorrow melt me. With their many tuggings of my beard and many hugs to my spirit, the Children renewed my faith in Santa. I only gave a few toys and a few moments of care, they sounded the eternal message of LOVE. Love is not as difficult as we often think: we are not champions of lost causes, we are champions of causes that have not yet been won.

If someone on a bus or train, in a store or on the street tells us s/he is Santa, please, please believe because that person may want to show how easy it is to give messages of Joy, from Santa's Elves to our Santa Selves. If, amid so much sorrow in the world and in our lives, we have trouble seeing Santa, I want us to look into the smile of a child! Find in the child's smiles and ours of childhood our present, our past or our yet unexperienced joy of Santa. Then, try to give to all whom we meet, those of all faiths, the smiles and caring we would have from all.

It is simple enough to be Santa one day a year, or for a few weeks. I have found it a great challenge to be Santa every day and IT is the greatest experience of my life. Last Monday I gave my haircut time to a rushed gentleman in Old Green Town, simply so that he would be less rushed in getting to the airport. My one and only favorite daughter says, "Dad, if you aren't Santa, you should be." My one and only favorite son has no doubts about my being Santa and believes that someday he will be Santa at the South

Pole. My wife believes in Santa, but she is not quite certain whether I am the real Santa. She magnificently refuses to be my "Mrs." because history has stolen Herstory. If I am walking down the street or waiting for a bus, or talking to big and little Children, please greet Me with Smile and Blessing.

We must be careful! (full of caring) when we look at children in New York or Los Angeles, Lima or Nairobi, Tokyo, Toronto, or, Manila or Moscow, Sunnyside, Lewiston, San Salvador, Sarajevo, Chernobyl or Mozote, or ... Children may expect us to be Santa and will want parents and homes, and warm beds, food, toys and games, friends and relatives, health and education, jobs and recreation, imagination, creativity, humor, hope and love... They might even ask us when we will fill their lives with a peace, of bread, or inquire when we are going to build PEACE ON EARTH! Children might ask innocent questions for which we have no innocent answers.

How silently, how silently, wondrous gifts are given... If you catch me "red-handed" carrying Valentines to and from My Friends, know that I am delighted to be caught with Love. When you are cutting out paper hearts, know that the space left is not empty. It is your own open-heartedness. Whether we shout or whisper, we pray: "And Happy Valentine's to All!"

Luv, Santa Claus

(Transcribed by David Inkey)

SANTA'S IMPOSTORS

I loved Santa when I was a Child. I never got a chance to talk to him except at Sunday School Christmas Parties and I think that we knew that the Sunnyside Santa was an Impostor. When we all moved to Sacramento, the lights went out on some of Santa's activity because that was 1941, and I was probably getting too old to talk to Santa in the downtown department stores, anyway...

I grew up never experiencing a great loss as I learned the meaning of Santa in our world... I never really stopped believing in Santa and I never depended on Santa being a real person--as seems so frequent with many Children.

When my wife and I had first a son and then a daughter it was very easy for us to be Santa's Elves, without realizing that we were really being our Santa Selves... With a little improvement in spelling we wrote whole new Lives for Ourselves.

The years passed quickly and we read all sorts of marvelous stories about Santa and his helpers and we always participated however we could in the Magic of Santa's Story. Then, just as My Tummy was matching Santa's and my hair was turning from red red to golden golden white, I went on a camping trip in the Grand Canyon and I decided to vacation from Shaving. Well, I began to have a beard and I decided to return Home with it. Back at Work, colleagues immediately asked whether I was going to keep my Beard. I replied that I did not know but I was thinking about keeping It for awhile. One friend said, " We have already decided you should keep It. We want you to be Santa.

Immediately, I recognized that I would "Be" Santa Claus. I am Santa! What is more, I have learned that there are no Santa Impostors. It is difficult to Be Santa, just One Day A Year... I have The Greatest Challenge and Joy being an Everyday Santa!

One of the great Joys of life is to greet another Santa and to tell him or her than I also am Santa.

Luv, Santa

2031 OCE

My Centennial will be My Centennial, whether I survive till 2031 Our Common Era, or not... I have only a few years to create my centennial festival which I wish to share with all the world, for I want us in That Year, not to celebrate a Kinder Garden Drop Out! reaching the 100 Year Mark... No, I want The World to awaken to 3300th Anniversary of the PEACE TREATY OF RAMSES II OF THE EGYPTIANS AND HATTUSILLIS OF THE HITTITES, the first such know accord in the human(e) pilgrimage...

TEN TO THE TENTH

Ten to the Tenth = Ten Billion...

If I could create a communication system that would work on the basis of ten to the tenth, my message could be dramatically conveyed to ALL the PEOPLE of PLANET EARTH, virtually twice... Part of what I would want to communicate is AWE

Child of the Depression,I was the Two Billionth Being of That Era...

TURTLE TALK, ONE

Dearest Turtle,

Greetings and surprise!!! I have had an exciting breakthrough in my Galapagos thinking. This morning I awoke with a new alphabet and the idea I have needed for reporting on our trip last summer? It is to be, THE VOYAGE OF THE GIP-C, gip-c, pronounced gypsy, being an acronym for the Galapagos Interspecies Peace Conference. I will include many species to represent All the species, extant, extinct, yet-to-come, and mythic.

We only have a piecemeal, or peacemeal report garnered from the clouded memory of the one human who attended. You of course were chaperoned by Thomas Turtle. I trust you will enjoy this swim of fantasy and the additional interspecies gifts to the pieces of peace. I will share all of this with you soon.

Thank you so much for our sharing talk last night. I do trust that all goes well. I know it is hard for you to think of all the changes we might have in our next year. Nevertheless, I do feel we are better positioned for these changes than we have ever been. Retirement? moving, sorting out lifelong accumulation, changing communities, etc., are not easy tasks.

I greatly enjoy our sharing and I look forward to seeing you soonest.

Love, INKEY

TUMBLING, THE PRICE OF PEACE...

One upon a time? for just a moment between remembering the past and preremembering the future, I stumbled on my imagination and fell into a series of black holes where there was so little light and consciousness that I will never know the dimensions of that moment or how long or short the time warp was. Beyond the black holes I tumbled through non-serialized or unserialized primary red, and yellow, and blue wholes and holes, until I emerged back into myself, forgetting the thousands of shades I had seen and felt in rainbows without rains beyond the beyond... Recast into myself, I remember-between past and future all arrayed on one flat area a picture of pictures--all portraying wars... On another flat surface there was a mystical non-picture, a 1001 pieces of peace, collage of outlines of every shape of peace we know or can imagine, but all detail within the outlines was missing and the textures of peace have to be poeticized for they were un-painted, un-drawn, unphotographed, un-sculpted, un-cast, un-done. All the whiteness around suggested splendid, monochrome sunsets. And all the redness became the readiness of infra-red rainbows or reign bows or borings. The irises of Van Gogh melted into my irises and the price of peace became incalculable because each peace or was it each "piece" dyslexically lost was priceless. No counting could tell us if price-less meant exaggerated worth-less-ness or exaggerated worth-full-ness. And thus we concluded that "war is only a cowardly escape from the problems of peace." A Man named Thomas Mann told us this truth, we would measure as tumbling, trying treatises between our determination to make either peacefare or Peace Fair, or both... Lest we return from yes-ter-day's tomorrow and tomorrow's yes-ter-day, to to-day... In tumbling through the wholes and the holes we try to find holiness and wholeness...

Would the price differ if I were white, or black, or red, brown, yellow? Would the price differ if my religious symbols differed from those you wear and those you reject. I merge into oblivion wanting no more no and knowing... I will image and imagine and "the sun will be another morning star..."

dusted...

TEN COMMANDS

I.

Make war exorbitantly expensive so common people and even uncommon people will believe they are getting something important. The great turn-of-the-century economist Thorstein Veblen--who so adroitly documented and labeled this value of "conspicuous consumption"--has left to us the application, not only to further capitalize it but also to "make a killing" with capital gains.

II.

Create suspicion around all skeptics and always have increasingly expensive military hardware proposals so peace initiatives are seldom given serious consideration. Advance ludicrous peace proposals on occasion to show absurdity of counter plans to "military intelligence." Use oxymorons to military profit.

III.

Always use slogan language closely related to the science, facts and fantasies of the popular culture. The great film actor and two term President, Ronald Reagan, used us and Star Wars with uncanny skill, borrowing his scripts and scenes from Star Trek. Our protoeconomists and Pentagon potentates skillfully went "off budget" with many military expenditures and relied exclusively on military lexicons for terms like preparedness, security, "peace is our profession," strategic defense systems, smart bombs and patriotism. Desert Storm was a logical consequence of desert invasions. Make the reports show provoked response and self defense. Mirage derives from mirages. Spuds scrub, reversing the scrubbing of spuds, our old familiar term for potatoes, in the Kitchen...

Use colorful language.

IV.

Engage in brinkmanship in staff and material allocations which cast doubt on the patriotism of any and ALL skeptics. However, create rumors and speculations that the brinkmanship is a modest response to gargantuan threats from "evil empires."

V.

Show dramatically the unemployment threats to civilians when military cutbacks are proposed for deficit reduction. Deny ignorance and incompetence in transition from defense spending to civilian development.

VI.

Isolate and intimidate any doubters of valiant militarism.

VII.

Propose multilateral support from allied tribes. Appear generous with special materials. Never appear to be causing hardship to enemy civilian populations.

VIII.

Finance propaganda on disloyalty and subversion from within and blatantly show treason and terrorism by depressed, unassimilated ethnics of the same or related background of the alleged enemy.

IX.

Create, manipulate and distribute military media, toys, medals, photographs, and ribbons which support the credibility of war solutions in other eras, using not only our own history but that of current allies (being careful never to indicate that have been arch enemies in other wars).

X.

Appear honorable even when behaving in the most dishonorable ways of war. Pretend that the worst losses we have suffered are due to some scrimping of loyalty or some error of judgment of an unpopular military commander, leading astray his troops. Sacrifice occasional commanders when circumstances are propitious. Make martyrs of lost-troops such as the servicemen "lost" at Pearl Harbor and "gallantly" sacrificed on Iwo Jima. Closet the most traumatic reports of suffering as military secrets except when reports can show perfidy.

xi

Be stingy with the honor of martyrdom. Create a generous supply of live heroes with very few disabilities. Avoid letting any disabilities verify the horrors of war. Be very, very careful to judge the appropriate number of heroes and make them all politically, socially, economically, racially, linguistically correct... Under-represent minority groups among the heroes, because disgruntled minority heroes can make excessive post hoc demands unbecoming to war causes.

xii

Dramatize the comradeship, victory processions, and music of war. Disavow that "since wars begin in the minds of children..."

xiii

Create splendid shrines of some utility. Spare no expense on exquisite cemeteries, but limit occupancy so as not to show the high mortality of militarism. (We did not miscount. The military gives many more orders than it counts. Overkill?)

No One drew the line at Ten...

UNO DE POBRE

Se~::~nor Don Geraldo Campos was quite poor, but I didn't know how poor is poor until he invited me to dinner... I arrived at Don Geraldo's door promptly at 5 p.m. on Sunday laden with an enormous gift of fresh fruit for Don Geraldo, Sra. Campos and their 5 Children... Little Jorge, the 6 year old, opened the door and shouted gleefully to his father, "Es Don David!" Geraldo humbly came to the door and exclaimed "You Came!" I said, "Yes, isn't this the right day and time?" Don Geraldo fumbled in his pants pockets for a few centavos to send Jorge to the market to buy an egg... Then, humbly excusing himself, Don Geraldo went to the shanty kitchen to tell his wife that Don David had come to their home for dinner... Do~::na Maria greeted me and humbly asked her husband whether el Se~::~nor could eat rice and beans, for that was all they had... Don Geraldo, somewhat embarrassed, explained that Jorge had gone to buy an egg... I was then invited to sit down in one of the three old, traditional straight chairs, usual furnishings of the poor...

About half an hour later, Do~::na Maria brought two large plates of rice and beans to the two of us, placing one with a poached egg before me... I protested to Geraldo that we must share the egg... Further embarrassed, Don Geraldo said to me the most stark words of proletarian pathos I have ever heard,

"DON David, Usted sabe, uno de pobre."

Without verb or object, Don Geraldo had complimented me beyond measure.....

Honored David, You know,

One who is Poor...

too, too literally, "one of the poor"

Are Francis' stigmata any more real
than "uno de pobre" engraved on My Soul

UNACQUAINTED

Dear Rusty,

UNMET BY THE GODS AND DEMIGODS!

We are quite good, unacquainted friends, though you know far less about me than I know about you. I enjoy the opportunity of meeting you frequently on Masterpiece Theatre and of reading your ravings and rantings rather regularly, yet you have never had the opportunity (yet) of reading the several letters I have written to you, because I have never sent them! Now, it is time to write you and to send what I write. I have read and pondered at great expense (and emotional and intellectual expense?) your tender little essay of Tuesday, May 7, 1996 in the New York Times and I am a trifle miffed for you and a trundle more than a trifle troubled for myself... You might find some solace in Emily Dickinson's elegiac poem, I'M NOBODY, but alack and alas, you might still insist correctly (!) that you are somebody and very often, frequently, almost invariably, I would dare to say (out loud) somebodies have illusions and delusions of grandeur and believe intrinsically as well as extrinsically that other somebodies are supposed to recognize them, not just recognize them, but even to respect them...

I have had the pleasure and challenge of knowing several famous people and several of that several have been very special people in my Lifeness, lifeness being the relation of all beings one to another. However, and this is a profoundly troublesome "however," I have yet to find anyone in this Life or in all my knowledge of other lives and in all the arenas of my Imagination...anyone....who does not have the proverbial feet of clay... Part of the problem, I think, is the erroneous assumption we suffer from our miseducation, that for some reason or other "famous people" are supposed to have "IT" more together than we do... What does "IT" matter that I met Harry Truman in Kansas City with Ernest Gruening or that I once diverted a reception line away from Madame Pandit, or that the King of Nepal is a friend and former student of mine... Can you imagine how amused I was at Birendra and Aishwarya's wedding to discover that Edgar Faure did not know Lowell Thomas and Lowell did not know Edgar--until I introduced them to each other... Being redheaded in this world does help! When I met Teddy Kennedy some 20 years ago and told him a few things about population problems IT did not help his legislative behaviour. When I talked to Mrs. Clinton at Jim Grant's memorial service at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine "IT" did not enhance our government's non-

commitment to The Convention on the Rights of The Child and I have yet to see any evidence that we are contributing an extra iota to girls' education... I never met Roswell Garst who showed Khrushchev around an Iowa cornfield in 1959, but his brother Jonathan taught me one of the great lessons of my life, he instructed me to "defend" myself by boldly announcing before the fact rather than after the fact, that: I am not a champion of lost causes, I am a champion of causes that have not yet been won! Imagine my consternation when the President of El Salvador wanted to meet me because of my pioneering work on family planning in "his" country and I "believed" that "my" students in the Faculty of Medicine would not simply burn me in effigy, they would burn ME! Do you believe it was easy to arrive in tiny, poor El Salvador as a visiting professor just a week after the misadventures of The Bay of Pigs... Mary Trevelyan was unfortunately better known as a niece of a great British "his"torian, GMT, and sister of the diplomat Sir Humphrey, but she should be remember as a most lovable Overseas Student Adviser at the University of London and should be treasured for teaching many of us to read WHO'S WHO, not to the end of being able to identify the greats and the "little gods" of this world, but to become skilled at learning human foibles. Sir Julian (Huxley) taught me to treasure his curiosity rather than instructing me what to be "care-ful" about in UNESCO--How could he and I know that eighteen years later I would become an international civil servant in the agency he and a few others architected and he served as first Director General... Sir John Hunt taught us better to roll up our sleeves than to climb Everest...

Our Failure to meet some of the famous whom we might like to know is one of the great quirks of life and is, I believe as you "like to believe," due in "good" part to the fact that both of us are "of those mysterious persons who are hard to know." God blesses us... I don't know how I could possibly introduce myself to you, significantly, when daily and w-e-a-k-l-y and monthly and yearly and Lively, I still shrink into the Socratic shadows and silences cast at Delphi where all are challenged to "know thyself." Goodness, gracious, us...we should be profoundly modest that we enjoy as much of the miracle of Imagination and knowledge as we manage to learn in all our various scores, even unto three score and ten and beyond...

I do not believe you when you write, "Intellect terrifies me, so does glamour." For all my cherished acquaintance with you, I believe that you mean to say that you do not trust only the intellect and you refuse to be blinded by glamour... Similarly, your prose is not to be trusted in your only comfort of self-pity, pretending to be a wallflower... David Larible told both of us many moons ago, in your sometimes esteemed New York Times,

that the difference between an actor and a clown is that an actor has to play the roles created by others and a clown has to create for himself/herself...

Rusty, perhaps you are "Unmet by the Gods" (your chosen title) because you have not studied enough theology. HM Birendra may have a sufficient "answer" for you in his explanation of the Nepali word of greeting and farewell, NAMASTE! My friend, Vishnu Reincarnate, says, "The God in me salutes the God in you, the God in me takes leave of the God in you."

I may not be one of the "Gods" you want to meet now or next week or next month, but I would like you to come to Racc Ridge in bucolic Connecticut where I give lessons seasonally of walking on water and where I meditate on the two "famous" honors friends and colleagues in the United Nations conferred upon me for my Wit and Wisdom, I am THE UN SANTA and THE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER! Perhaps you would like to join in my non-famous endeavors, David Inkey's Program of United Nations Studies, PUNS!

We suffer a common malady that we are tired of "his"tory, "her"story is seldom recorded and "our"story is only in the making... I am an Optimist and I do believe that someday, someday, someday we will evolve from being mere humans to discover ourselves, humane beings. By then, PC will be Planetary Culture, Peace Council, and the ultimate PC, personal commitment.

Luv,

David Inkey

UNACQUAINTED

In the magic world of childhood one knows many kings and queens and princes and princesses. Later on, in school, one learns about other royalty like counts and no-counts, dukes and dupes, barons and robber barons. However, in so-called "real life" when do we learn the greetings of kings and commoners and do we have to always long for Plato's philosopher kings to rule The Republic? Don Quixote only taught us to dream the impossible dreams. I think I have learned from acquainted and unacquainted friends many of the dream makings of my life and I build my world of imagination and images around them all. Many of our states seek peace and make war. Many of our leaders are required to separate "church" and state. Many of us remain quaint instead of acquainted.

In the Kingdom of Nepal, the King may have many problems of governance, prevalent poverty, ignoble ignorance and despairing disease... However, The King and The kingdom do not have to separate "church" and state, nor does anyone have to procrastinate on declaring peace. The King is the reincarnation of the Hindu Deity, Vishnu. How thrilling that a person can be an emanation of Godness among us and can explain the NAMASTE greeting and farewell as, I salute that of God in you. I take leave of that of God in you .

Birendra has a Zone of Peace declared magnificently to the world, to his people and to himself. He has managed to enlist--if that is the right term--108 governments to accord this special status for the loftiest country in the world and the only Hindu kingdom we have in The United Nations.

My innocence of things and thoughts Nepali is profound, as great as the greatest abyss. I know only two words of Nepali' NAMASTE, already defined, and *Dadnebas*, thank you. I know English, French and Spanish and a few words in a few other languages. However, no word in any language means so much to me as NEMASTE, excepting Love and Awe.

Nemaste, Love, Awe

Afterwards or after-words, we would have a love feast: Suppose you could have a small dinner party for 4 or 5 people from any time and place in history or before. Whom would you invite? I would invite the special religious heads, Christ, Confucius, Buddha and Mohammed, and Vishnu... If allowed to have second "helping," I would invite Ramses II and Hattusilis, who accorded the first known peace treaty in history, in 1269 B. C., and George of Bohemia because he developed a universal peace plan between 1562 and 1564 AD, with Birendra and myself. We would try to see how blessed are all the ambassadors.

Further, into myth and mystery, if I had my druthers I would summon Birendra and Einstein, and we would time travel to 1269 BC to meet Ramses and Hattusilis in their time-out of our time. Each of us would be victor victims of our own times....

Nemaste, Love, Awe

VISION(S)

Vision in the singular is a highly commended quality...but be careful if you try to put it into the plural. People will accuse you of being crazy.

PEOPLE may even devote you into martyrdom... His-torians have to do terrible body counts on things like this... Nevertheless,

After taking a census of my senses, i decided that i needed to create a forty year development plan... Now i nurse a fantasy that between 1992 and 2032 oce, we can create a great peace plan and that in forty years we can celebrate THE FIRST PLANETARY PEACE FAIR, the 3300th anniversary of the first known peace treaty in our story.... Ramses II and Hattusilis will be remembered for their act of 1269 BC and the sword will be transformed to words, words of Peace....

VALENTINE FACTORY

I had to grow up to learn the importance of Valentines in My Life..... In My Childhood the World of February was somewhat corrupted by "penny" valentines and to man of my cohort were compelled by consumerism to count the take... I never got the fewest and I never got the most, but I remember with Agony the Ordeal of Valentine's Day during my first three years of what adults called ELEMENTARY EDUCATION. It now hurts me to have to qualify both its "elementary" quality and its lack of educational "reality."

Jimmy, the not-so-bright kid whom I helped in Math, never got many Valentines, and Jackie, the boy's great heart throb, the prettiest girl in the school, always got the most... With tokens of Love (?) we mortgaged the weak and capitalized the strong, brave and beautiful...

When I grew up I changed My Mind about Valentines and I have become quite an entrepreneur of Creative Love. One year I made a Valentine for a Policeman and wrote: "Call the Cops! Someone has stolen My Heart." The Love-liest, I think, was the Valentine I made for My Wife: The front showed red tracings of my hands holding a heart and the caption was YOU CAUGHT ME REDHANDED! Inside, the message was BUT I WANTED TO BE CAUGHT...

LOVE, DAVID

VISION: THE EIGHTH OPTION

LOVE'S OCTETTE

love is the question
love is the answer

LOVE IS THE QUESTION
LOVE IS THE ANSWER

love is the question

love is the answer

love is the question
love is the answer...

there are eight words which constitute the greatest octette

ever written, or so i believe

when we learn this lesson, we may no longer need kindergartens,
nor many others of our very human sometimes inhumane institutions

we will evolve from our miserly musings to majestic mirth...

woe !

For months I had been speculating on the prices of peace as a soulful sequel to my puzzled analysis of the pieces of peace. Once again I scribbled my mental notes across the wide-screen of my spirit and mind. The words change each time I do my alphabets, but the agony remains agony, torture remains torture, and the yearning remains and grows in yearning. I do not capitalize woe:

agony, abandonment, angst
brutality, banality
cruelty, cupidity, corruption, crime
devastation, destruction, darkness, desolation, disturbance
evacuation, evasion
fright, flight, futility, frustrations, fear
greed, gluttony, gloom, grief
hate, hopelessness, heroism
inquiry, injury, injustice, ignorance, insolence
JEALOUSY, juggernauts
killing, Kill, Killer, Killest

lust, languor, Lifelessness
meanness, mendacity, meaninglessness
nothingness, nihilism, nuclear naught
oppression, offal, opportunism, obstructionism
poverty, pestilence, pogrom
quest, quandary, question
rubble, refugeeism, repugnance, rage, rape
struggle, surrenders servility
trauma, trouble, terror
unconditionality, unconcern
victor, victim, vortex, vulgarity, vexation
war, WAR, war, war, war, war, war, war, war.....
x-tinction, xenophobia
Yellow Stars and ribbons, yearning
zealotry

Done, John? John Donne?

X -XX (CROSSED IN AND CROSSED OUT)

I did learn in Sunday School that Christ wrote his name in shorthand, just making an X. They did not have much paper in those ancient times--they seemed to be quite good ecologists, except for a flood or two and that famine that caused Joseph, the well dressed one, to go down to Egypt. It seems he might have been checking things out early for Jesus and His family when they had to rush down there on refugee status because Herod was killing little kids.

Christ certainly helped a lot of illiterates in later centuries, lending respectability to using "x" as a signature.

I like a lot of the stories I have heard from those days, but you have to be careful of some of them. They told a lot of fishy stories but we did learn from one of them how to walk on water.

Now I have a few questions: Why do you suppose I am only the second person in history that I know of who goes around telling people that if they have sufficient faith they also can walk on water?

I GIVE LESSONS OF WOW (WALKING ON WATER)
..... SEASONALLY, USING HYPOTHERMIC H2O

YES, VIRGINIA... I AM SANTA CLAUS...

I have known since Childhood that Santa is REAL, but I never really knew who s/he was until MY SANTA SELF was discovered in the Halls of The United Nations. During a camping trip through 2 billion years of Earth Time in The Grand Canyon of The Colorado River, I had let grow a marvelous red beard and low and behold upon seeing Me back at regular work members of the UN Staff discovered my identity.

I work attentively as Santa year-round and I am able to bring Joy to people with smiles, flowers, candy canes and kind comments. Enlivening our Myths makes Magical Our Lives.

I do not even have to see people to bring Santa's Story and Surprise to Believers. In my first year of being publicized, after making my appointed rounds to some homeless and abandoned children in New York, I called my octogenarian missionary cousin who keeps My Spirit in Saintly Care and I told her the Truth. In parody of a newspaper article of many years ago about the existence of Santa, I said, "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa. I am Santa."

*How much easier Childhood will when we all
recognize that Santa's Elves are Our Santa Selves?*

THE YELLOWED VALENTINE

Yesterday's Valentine is yellowed...not as old parchment,
Nor as My Mother's ancient tablecloth...

Our Valentine is yellowed, as the song of the winter canaries
of My Childhood...

The signs are yellowed as the shining sunbeams polished by my ever happy Cloud
Child Friend, Geoffrey?

The Yellow is as the daffodils I await in April's Glory:

The Yellowed Note shouts as early blossoming Forsythia,
The Peace filled spears pierce our Hearts for God's Sake,

For God's Sake, LOVE!

February 15th 2031!

ZACAPU

Zacapu is a town in rural Mexico, far from the trains and airports of the modern industrial nation and closer to my heart than any community in the world outside of my native land.

I had to grow up, because I guessed and I have learned that is what part of life is about... I have carried thousands of memories from my experiences of dropping out of kinder garden, playing in the park, talking to hobos, smiling at rainbows and sunsets, counting my Grandmother's chickens, making snowballs, tumbling through time and universes, and praying for Benny--but by migrating from childhood to adulthood, I learned deeper dimensions of care, delight, sorrow, ministry, Love and Imagination and in closing this volume of I WAS A KINDER GARDEN DROP OUT! I want to pay a debt of appreciation to Zacapu as a place and as a community for helping me understand my young adulthood.

I went to Zacapu, a little bit like Thoreau went to Walden Pond, to experience several more dimensions of what is important in life. I learned in my most committed anthropological fieldwork many of the makings of family, community and nation I had not learned in my own. Although I have known some people poorer and richer than the people of Zacapu--there, I learned what it really means to be "Uno de Pobre--One of the Poor" and many of my smallest deeds of kindness were counted as incomparable treasures of caring.

It is easier for me to time-travel into the world of My Childhood than it is for me to translate myself back into the experiences of a bright, young, enthusiastic anthropologist (anthologist), but I must do both and I must re-travel many other roads--so as I come to the end of many trials and trails I will appreciate all of them.

I shall always wonder what I missed by being a kinder garden drop out--but I shall always know that in the evolution of my responseabilities, I WAS A KIND-ER GARDEN OPT OUT!

////////////////////

I cannot tell how important it is to feel Zeal without being a Zealot...

I cannot tell how important it is to be Zany without Offending, or Even Offending....

I cannot tell how to go beyond the alfabetz without needing to Know Z+

These are think-things or idea(l)s or acts that are not taught in any KINDERGARTEN that I have seen... I have never found a School, College, or University where they are intrinsic in the curriculum...

And I believe I do not want to find any institution where they are taught...for the same reasons why I had to drop out of kindergarten...

I must leave you here because in my Kinder Garden or out of any Kinder gardening, as long as I LIVE, I will be trying to understand Lifeness, lifeness writ small and LIFENESS WRIT LARGE, the relation of all Beings one to another... I have grown up and GAIA, the World, Earth, is now My Park....

And, I probably have as much to do Today as I did on that First Day I was a KINDER GARDEN DROP OUT!

AWE, TWO!!! OUGHT TO...

We grow in Beauty as Beauty grows in Us...

I shall "forever" be thankful for the gardening lessons My Mother so generously gave me... I am quietly appreciative of the wonder of Nature that My Wife brings into my Life... Our Children, the two who "grew up" in this Family and the many other Children into whose Lives we have cast Ours give us great Hope and Joy...

Many words written in this account of my "growing up" are not spelled in conventional wayz and many are not conventionalized in their meanings... Humpty Dumpty had a dictionary where words meant what he needed them to say... Alice and the Unicorn agreed that each would believe in the other, though they had had prejudices before they met, that "the other" was monstrous...

I close this essay....with Glee for so many things I have had the opportunity to do and with some Grief for the Shadows of Sorrow that have shaded my Being....

There are more than two AWES and there are many needs in Life which we can meet with The Conviction that "We ought to do Something!" We will do what we can... I trust that the Lessons I have learned in Time Traveling will assist others to "travel" as freely, joyously, caringly and Imaginatively as Life has let Me....

Most "authors" place their thanks at the beginning of their works,
I wrap this entire WorkPlay in Gratitude...

luv, David Inkey....

ANSWERED, BEYOND BELIEF, CONCLUSIONS...

THE DAZE OF OUR LIVES...

As Lives go Out and Lives come In...
Just, almost like Great Tides...

"Fast falls Our Even-Tide..."
Let us see EVIL turned to LIVE..

Falling Angels, we see other Angles...

Reverse our overtried DEVIL...
Bedeviled?
BE LIVED!

Satan restor(i)ed is Santa...

let us Live all the Daze of our Lives...

=====

The imaginary friends I had as a kid dropped me
because their Friends thought I didn't exist.

Aaron

THE VOYAGE OF THE GIP-C

by David Inkey
with the assistance
of Darwin Inkey
and Tie X. Inkey

The Thoreau Institute of Ecological Studies
Raccoon Ridge, Cos Harbor
The Nation of Imagi

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**An Enchanted Report on
The Galapagos Interspecies
Peace Conference
With Epic-Logue and
An Eden Need
For 2002.**



THE VOYAGE OF THE GIP-C

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And a grand miscellany of other pages,...

THE RITE * OF DEDICATION

This report from erehwon * is not of my thoughts,
but it has passed through my heart and thoughts
whereby I feel I have earned the rite and right and
write of dedication.

This enchanted report is dedicated to my family,
my friend * wife, my bogman * son, my turtle * daughter,
my monkey Jean Louis, my Barbar Santa, our joyous cockatiel,
Darwin Inkey and Tie X. Inkey, our Thai feline.

We live after a glacial retreat on Raccoon Ridge,
in a 200-year-old peg and beam vegetable barn,
above the 53-acre Mianus Pond...

With turtles, swans, geese, herons, skunks, dear deer, turkeys,
other friends and our raccoon

David Inkey

* This is The Answer Mark.

My questions are not your questions,
And my answers are not your answers.
The Answer Marks are my most needed markings.

EN-CHILDED

Once upon a time, only some summers ago,
My "turtle" and I traveled to the Enchanted Isles,
to trace the time and trust of Darwin ✱, the dolphins
and delight. We signed on to the good ship El Dorado, ✱
a ship supposed to be the golden one, only purposed to
visit the Galapagos Islands, but mystery mastered our
musings and under the Southern Cross ✱ we discovered
we were on The Voyage of the GIP-C. We heard gypsy,
and pronounced the voyage as gypsy, but beyond reality,
or into a new reality, we were engaged, engaged in
The Galapagos Interspecies Peace Conference ✱.

Strangely, strangely, strangely...
we entered into a gypsy journey, through time and
beyond time,
between the primordial and the eternal.

We were inexplicably captured and yet free in ways we never
before had experienced and we were expanded in abilities,
of communication which transcended our understanding,
and senses of wonder.

We think we were "en-childed" for life.

While the "world" of humans was engaged in dismantling a
horrendous cold war of incalculable cost, a "conference"
occurred which,
so it seemed, no one had called, only I recalled,
no one commanded, no one would or could conclude.

BEYOND THE REINEBEAUX *

We were far from the *Great Continents* of the Western World, we were far into the Western Sea, we were sailing, * among the less humaned * Enchanted Isles. * We were so disconnected from our species that "turtle," and I, would never have known that the Conference lasted eight days, were it not for the fact that afterwards we could read our spent El Dorado tickets and know that chronos. *

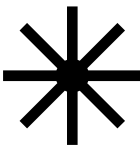
Years ago, when I first read *Candide's* adventures in search of a place called El Dorado, I knew * I would someday find El Dorado -- but I little suspected or anticipated that a golden-white ship would be "turtle's" and my ethos* into lifeness. *

We had longed for inter-species communications just almost as some scientists and philosophers seti-ize --search for extra-terrestrial intelligence. * We found beyond our understanding a congregating of species from our experience and from our myths, coming with gifts to all -- with the intention of creating a new understanding of peace. *

Each being believed that in order to understand peace it was essential, of essence, to know that old refrain: "Let there be peace, and let it begin with me." None of the species, least of all humans, understand what is peace, but all the species, including the x-tinct* and the mythical conspired to change many of the war orders so dominant in their inter-species relations.

We in-spired !!! !!!!

* * * * *

RAYS 

A great Ray led our sight and insight to realize *
beyond our own exploration. The boobies * showed
us beauty on barren beaches and reminded us that
the name humans have given to or taken from them
is a totally distorted label for them and/or their
role in the ecos. *

We did not get close to the whales because in just
eight days we simply could not get close to all the
species, but the whales shared wonders with all. We
did not see all the voyagers, conferees, because
they were multitudinous by day and many were fully
nocturnal and beyond our sightedness. Some of the
species shared the same peace. Excuse me, pardon
me, I mean shared the same pieces of peace. * of
sight, high c of music * and of briny mists
conspired to seize (seas) our census and senses. *

We discovered that Peace Fair would support Peace
Fare and each gave pause. Some gave four fine
pause-paws. *

The real and the unreal and the reel captivated
curiosity.

Circles and squares and other geometrics finally had
to be alphabetized only for righting this enhanced
report.

From AB-YZ, the beings filled an awesome abyss.

A

The Albatross gave awe *.....

Apes, alertness.

Ants, anticipation.

Alligators, awareness

Amoebas

The Anaconda, Antelope, Anteaters and Auks
awaited.

B

The Boobies, beauty.....

Bears, belief

Bees, blessing

Bobolinks,

C

The Cats gave care.

Camels, compassion.

Clams, calm

Cougars, candor.

Chameleons, color

The cuckoos choired

Curiosity and creativity collected continuity.....

D

The Dolphins gave delight
Dogs, devotion Dinosaurs, definition
Dragonflies, direction
Doves, a sense of divinity.
Dodos, destiny.....

The Dodos had been fated with dumbness by our ancestor humans, so I had determined dialogue of deference with Dodos' description of destiny.

E

The Elephants gave enthusiasm.....
Elands, endurance
Elks, endearment
Eagles, elevation
... .. eagerness entered and exited...

F

The Finches gave fun.
Frigates, faith.....
Foxes, friendship
Frogs, forgiveness.
Flamingoes, fantasy *

Fantasy forecast fragile fragments freighting the future, but no one could give the future nor present all the pasts perfectly. Full-timed, the present of our presence was our present.

G

The Giraffes gave glory.

Gulls, grace

Griffubam, grief *... ..

The Geese, Grasshoppers and Grouse, glee

H

The Humans, humility *

Hyenas, happiness....

Horses, hope.

Hérons, humor.....

Hawks, health

I

The Iguanas, insight.

Ibex, imagination

J

The Jays, joy.....

Jackals, justice

K

The Kangaroos, kindness.

Krill, knowledge

Katydids, kinship

Koalas,

L

The Llamas, love

The Lizards, lifeness *

Leopards, light.

Lions, laughter. with a promise of pride...

Larks, ...

Lifeness lifted and lingered and lent line to all our longings

M

The Monkeys gave meaning

Mongoose, meditation

Mockingbirds, mirth

Mice,

A mystery of music and mutedness mingled

N

The Newts, need. ...,
Nightingales, nurture ...,
Nautilus,

We knew anew we needed Need, but we little knew
to look into Need and to discover a different order
to the elements, to Eden. We will wander and
wonder into an epic-logue and from our needs see
our hour Edens.

O

The Ostriches, optimism.....
Oysters, openness
Owls, observation.....

P

The Puffins, patience
The Penguins, play.
The Parrots, pleasure
 The Periwinkles, pain *

The Pandas, prayer The Pelicans.

No species could give perfection.

The Dolphins and the Deer thought that the Pandas
and Penguins had brought peace, but we all
discovered we had all brought and given peace one to
another and to all.

Q

The Quails, quiet ...
Quarks *... quest...
Quonos * ... query...

R

The Raccoons, reverence.
Rabbits, relaxation
Rhinos,
Rats, revolutionary relevance...

S

The Skunks, simplicity
Squirrels, serenity.....
Salamanders, sorrow..... *
Seals, security.
Sharks,
Snails,
Starfish,

T

The Turtles, trust.
Termites, time... ..
Terns, timidity.
Tigers, tenderness.

U

The Unicorns gave union

The Unicorns also gave charity, hope and a great peace of peace * ... Their silent song gave all participants an extra sense of the magic of mind, myth, mirth and mystery...

No one knew from whence they came, how long they stayed, nor where they went. Everyone knew that union was a gift needed in all conferences, congregations and hearings.

V

The Vultures gave vows, valor, and vitality... ..

W

The Whales gave wonder

Wallabies, want..... *

Warthogs, willingness

The Whippoorwills whistled wisdom.

We w-o-n our o-w-n revered n-o-w

Nowhere... .Now-here,

X ???

X

The X-tincts x-plained
Xanthos gave x-citement ...

The X-tincts were in-visible so no one knew how many attended nor how long they participated, but they were known by their gifts and they made us all appreciate our x-istences, our dependency on all beings, all
prior beings and non-beings... ..

Y

The Yaks gave yearning
Yerls, yielding *

Yetis, a gentle yes.....

Z

The Zebras gave zeal.

Zealotry stayed away and no one worried about zones of peace because we all transcended zoning.....
*

LIFENESS, LIKENESS AND LINENESS

The Dolphins danced before our delight.
The Sea Lions swam as our siblings ,
The Symphony is * Lifeness

Life is a fulfillment that all life relates.....
I suppose each and every participant in The
Galapagos
Interspecies Peace Conference moved from the
encounter
to new encounters and was moved thereby...
For me, as the only human visible and for my
half-heavenly, half-human "turtle," life will never
again feel only,
only loosely linked or often unlived as it had from
time to time before we ventured on The Voyage of
the GIP-C. *

My most precious discovery of the Voyage was, is
and will ever be lifeness. Thomas Turtle, a
magnificent marine in the Lagoon of Sacred Faith,
taught "turtle" and me the guiding life and light of
lifeness, the relation of all beings one to another.

BEYOND DARWIN'S DREAM *

Darwin's visit to The Enchanted Isles changed interspecies history.

It gave us the Darwinian Revolution, and for the Western World? * or The Modern World? * or for all Earthans... How we separate evolution from revolution...

It gave us the "monkey business" which real monkeys have never appreciated. Monkeys, to the very best of our "intelligence," do not go around mouthing murky messages about man's meanness or human's horrid hurtfulness.

Monkeys manage meaningfully to let humbled humans help harmonize.

At the end of our peace voyage we each realized that the voyage had really put us on a new journey in life, to indeed be more peacefilled, to fulfill toward peace-full....

IN THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL

*Between the Southern Cross * and a half-filled, half-emptied Moon... we searched the night skies with unfamiliar enthusiasm.*

We ever search unfamiliar skies with familiar glee... Our days varied between solar splendors and clouded comfort.

If some one or anyone ever asks you whether you want to journey to The Enchanted Isles, please ask your enquirer softly whether she or he has ventured there and query if she or he found El Dorado, if he or she attended a session of The GIP-C.

"turtle" and I believe that GIP-C is a mystical * "moment"* and for eight enchanted days and nights by Gregorian count, * while we were not counting, we were captured or enraptured between the Primordial and the Eternal, or between A and Z, or Alpha and Omega. We swam into The AB-YZ of Lifeness. We x-perienced by tastes and winds and wisps and sounds and swells and sights and prevising and feeling that in-spired the moment and opened all attentive spirits.

We returned to our daily lives with immeasurably stretched, opened, healed and healing spirits.

DAILY

Henceforth, daily will be a delight, instead of drudgery...

Was it drudgery before, I think not, ,,,

STILL AND UNSTILL

We were led beside, before, behind, into, under and over still and unstill waters and filled with in-stilled waters. When the wet water of the enchanted sea was not sufficient to cool our burns and other hurts, the living waters of lifeness engulfed us.

At home, in the so-called temperate climes, I walk on water, seasonally. As our worlds freeze in fear and frustration, let us be freed and full-filled..... Then, after the GIP-C, our worlds will free-ease ...

WHOLES AND HOLES

In addition to black holes we will have red ones and yellow ones and blue ones. Someday... we will probably fill out our reinebeaux* and have orange holes and green ones, indigo ones and violet ones. , some beings will take us through the ultraviolet and beyond the infra-red

THE SEARCH FOR UNICORNS

No human should ever go to the Enchanted Isles unless she or he is childlike. Rumors rush about that some alien humans want to build greater human habitats in the Isles and import others who might not even dance with dolphins, fly with finches, mime with monkeys, time with turtles and zeal with zebras.

When all beings form a great circle there is no need for one or another to stand apart or to feel that he or she is a leader. When the circle moves one way the beings before you become your leaders while you lead the beings behind.

Then, when the mist of morning moves into evaporated motion, the circle moves in the other direction and through many planes. Each earlier follower becomes a leader.

No one worries about such silly distinctions as clockwise and counter-clockwise. Whoever thought *The Clock* was wise? The splendid Sun had already been described as only our Morning Star. *

Across and through our twenty billion light years and into how many dark years, there was, and is, and will be time * enough for everything and every being. We will enjoy all our myths. We will share with all our heroes and heroines. We will imagine and create new myths and know great epics.

We will not fear sorrow, want, separation and death. Instead of reasoning a short his story of time we will discover a long story of time. Maybe we will find an eternal story of time. *

Our unicorns will leap free from their threaded bondage of ancient tapestries

EPIC - LOGUE

Some would love an epi-logue, but I, who have been assigned * the responsibility of relating the Galapagos Interspecies Peace Conference to my fellow unhumbed and humbled humans, and some sum of humanes, opt for an epic-logue. This fragment lacks some of the poetry of the prayer-filled voyagers, yet I record this because it shows my humane limitations.

In the days, weeks, months and years ahead I may act and react with inappropriate emotions, but I will always count the gift from the *GIP-C*.
How many millennia will pass before we imagine or know the reports of other species

I will try to be contractedly careful and contrastedly care-filled about:

Anger and Awe
Boredom and Belief
Cruelty and Caring
Dread and Devotion
Envy and Enthusiasm
Falseness and Faith

Grief and Grace
Harassment and Hope
Impatience and Imagination
Jealousy and Joy
Killing and Kindness
Loss and Love
Murder and mortality
..... and Meaning

Neglect and Need
Oppression and Optimism
Poison and Prejudice
..... and Peace
Quest and Quiet
Resentment and Rest
Sulking and suspicion
.....and Serenity

Temper and Trust
Unrest and Union
Vexation and Vows
Worry and Wonder
Xenophobia and Xenophilia ✱
Yearning and Yearning
Zealotry and Zeal.

As I left the Enchanted Isles and perforce spent more time again with my fellow humans, I returned to that sad message that wars are made in the minds of men and moved beyond that to the ever sadder concept that while earlier human wars may have been adult or questionably "manly" events, we now have proliferated our cruelty so extensively that modern wars are "created" in the lives and minds of children. ✱

Sometimes, Peace begins with me, yet, most of the time Peace does not have a beginning nor an end. I will write epic as e.p.i.c. -- Ecology, Peace and International Cooperation. But, that is another too human story, another too peopled story, endeavor. The U.N. Philosopher will write those ethics. Before I close this venture, I need to note another eden. ✱

As I left the starkness of the Enchanted Isles I knew I had missioned with the animal kingdom, but I had not mingled and merged sufficiently with beloved, believing and bewildering plants. I had need of sensing my garden of dreams. Had I been human in that Voyage of The Galapagos Interspecies Peace Conference or had I somehow transcended my human state? Before, I tried to let peace begin with me, following my beloved St. Francis. Now I can still pray "let there be peace," but I cannot say or pray "and let it begin with me." I know that peace is indeed a way of life and the task is to live in lifeness harmony with the peace which passeth all understanding.

As I live all the days of my life, I will rite, right, write my life as an epic, that e.p.i.c. being ecology, peace, and international (interspecies) cooperation. But that is another experience, another story. Anon, I will find epics! spice

Adam and Eve, our human ancestors in the Judeo-Christian mythology, lived in the Garden of Eden, before the Fall. Even though evil fills much of our site and sight, Adam and Eve will always live in our myths in the Garden of Eden and romantics * will always need an eden to fill their deserts, depressions and dreams.

My eden grows through all my life, in every season. While animals spirited and dominated my fragmented report of the Voyage, my heart always sees rightly * and ritely, and hears, feels, smells and touches all edens. Since wars being in the lives of children, it is in the spirits of all we must seed and nurse the dreams of peace...

MY GOD

An alphabet, like a chain of flowers, does not create a garden, not even my garden of dreams. The alphabet becomes a fabric or a field to fold and hold together every fragrance and feeling I have experienced in my awakened gardens and my garden of dreams.

As all the lifeness of the garden archives atonement, at-one-ment, my need makes my eden emerge as:

My Garden Of Dreams
My G... O... D
Oh, one extra "O" to God gives Good
God is in Good, twice?

MY GARDEN OF DREAMS

"turtle" and I moved at tortoise tempo toward tropical trees, jungle and rain forest before we transferred temperately to deserts, plains, forests and urban clusters. We entered another eden. But I left turtle in silence. The stroll, journey, pilgrimage would be mine, not as of the congregation of animal-beings in the GIP-C. turtle is blessed but she has not yet learned the bower blessings of my being. My botanical bounty will be a bouquet I put together in my child's garden of dreams: sights, sounds, smells, tastes and touches. *

In my earliest years my Mother guided me to be a gardener, long before I learned to wander into the wonder worlds of the zoologic. Thus talking to flowers blossomed as one of my lifelong joys and I count and recount and need not count my friends. Edens, Peace Gardens, and dream gardens speak with God's silence and each letter lessons learners with love.

Here and hear the voices of the flowers from their Awesome AB-YZ and you will gather parts of my bouquet and you may plant other meanings:

Acceptance

Asters, Angelwort, Asparagus, Azaleas
Allspice Almond Amaryllis Apples

Bonding

Baobabs, Bayberries, Begonias, Bachelor Buttons,
Barberry, Bluebells, Buttercups, Blueberries,
Bluebeards, Bumbleweeds, Bogman's Brook

Consideration

Carnation, Carrot, Camelia,, Clover, Cedar, Cherry,
Columbine, Clematis,
Cornflowers, Cotton

Desire

Dandelions, Daisies, Daffodils, Dogwood,
Delphiniums, Dahlias, David's Glow

Enlightenment

Eideweiss, Evergreen, Endive

Fondness

Forsythia, Fern, Frescia, Flax

Gratification and Gratitude

Gardenias, Geraniums, Goldenrod
Garlic, Grapes, Gladiolas

Help

Heather, Holly, Heliotrope, Honeysuckle

Inspiration

Iris, Impatiens, Ivy

Joy

Jonquils, Jasmine
Jack in the Pulpit, Juniper

Kindredness

King-cups

Longing*

Larkspur, Locusts, Lemon, Lilacs,
Limes, Lavender, Lily of the Valley

Myth

Mums, Millet, Marigolds, Mustard,

Nurture

Nasturtiums, Nightshade, Nettles

Ought

Orchids, Orange Blossoms, Oaks, Olive, Onions

Purity

Pansies, Petunias, Pineapples, Palms
Poinsettias, Periwinkles, Peach

Quandary

Quince, Queen Anne's Lace, Quinine

Redemption

Roses, Rosemary

Safety

Snapdragons, Sorrels, Summersweets
Sage, Spruce

Temptation

Tulips, Tansy, Tamarisk, Tamaracks
Thyme, Turtle's Twist, Thistles, Templetops

Union

Umbels

Vanity

Violets, Venus' Trap, Verbena

Wisdom

Willows, Water Lilies, Wisteria

Xenophilia

Xerantheman

Yearning*

Yarrow, Yucca, Yew, Yuian

Zaniness

Zinnias, Zephyr Flowers,

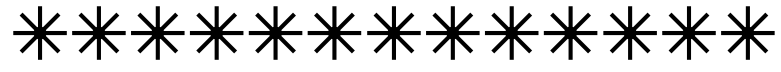
PRE-FINIS

Just living is not enough," said the butterfly,
"One must have sunshine, freedom and a little flower."
Hans Christian Anderson

It is only with the heart that one sees rightly.
Antoine Saint-Exupery

Love is the Question
Love is the Answer.
The UN Philosopher

Namaste, that of God in me salutes that of God in you.
Namaste, that of God in me takes leave of that of God in you.
Birendra Bir Bikram
Shah Dev



"EN-CHILD"

When
I
Grow
up,
all
I
want
is
to
be
a
Child.

finis...

DARWIN

THE
UNITED NATIONS'
PHILOSOPHER!

by david inkey

"to be a philosopher is not merely to have subtle thoughts,
but to so love wisdom as to live according to its dictates,
a life of simplicity, magnanimity and trust.
it is to solve some of the problems of life
not only theoretically, but practically..."

david henry thoreau

if i had then known e. e. cummings' excuse,
"it takes courage to grow up
and turn out to be who you really are."
i might have been less impatient with myself.

i would if i could explain to all the unmeaning,
the meaning and the UN MEANING
of THE UNITED NATIONS... lifeness is,
i believe the relation of all beings,
one to another...
an ever-unfinished endeavor...

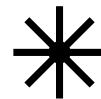
i plea, please,
where and when i am repetitive,
be forgiving...
where i am unwitting,
be especially unforgiving....

where i am philosopher and anthropologist
be UN GRATEFULL,
and, before all, after all,
be critical...

i will be forgiven for any UN DUE meingness...

Back Cover

I believe we live in ONE WORLD of AWE, anguish and absurdity, belief, beauty, and banality with boredom, CREATIVITY, compassion, and crassness, devotion, desire, and doubt, enthusiasm, energy and education, faith, fear and frivolity, goodness, greed and grace, HUMOR, hating and happiness, IMAGINATION, ignorance and insight, JOY, jealousy and juxtaposition, kindness, knowledge and kneading, being needed and kneeling, LOVE, loneliness and lust, meaning, meanness, and meingness, mirth, need, nurture and nobility, OPTIMISM, opposition and opportunity, pessimism, poverty and PROMISE, query, quest and quarreling, rest, rancor and relief, summing and summitry, study, stupidity stubbornness and serendipity, trust, terror and timidity, union, universalism, and usefulness, vision, vice, and vivacity, wonder, worry and weariness, WIT and wisdom, X-CITEMENT, x-haustion, and x-actitude, yearning, youthfulness and YEARNING, zeal, zealotry and ZANYNESS. We enjoy or we fail to enjoy living on Planet Earth, the only body in our universe that we know sustains LIFE... LIFENESS is the relation of all beings one to another... ever, still, yet, since, yearning...



* these rare eight rayed stars are of my own making, ANSWER MARKS... tact and traction will vary immensely in my tests and texts of our humane experiences. I will use capitals and small prints to suit my wit and will, not some 3rd grade grammarian who imprisoned me in conformity, tried to smother my curiosity and unceasingly threatened my imagination...during these tight years of involuntary servitude in elementary education that was insufficiently elementary and in high school that was not high enuf. when i am disposed to "justify" margins, i do so... when i feel that right margins are not justified, they remain with the jury, and the jury is OUT... weigh out...

THE UNITED NATIONS' PHILOSOPHER!

¿a united nations' anthropologist?

I live in Awe. If I could not live in Awe, I believe I would not, could not even ever dare to be THE UNITED NATIONS' PHILOSOPHER! I certainly, undoubtedly, irredeemably, inexcusably, unmeasurably would fail to be THE UNITED NATIONS' SANTA. Indeed and in deed, I probably would not even be a successful interagency spy-in-residence, a SIR DAVID. Yet, still, ever, I would be an observant, activist, unapologetic, UN APOLOGIST, reformed harvard anthropologist.

I am THE UNITED NATIONS' PHILOSOPHER! by some multiple nomination, and even and odd denomination, despite little formal schooling in philosophy. I am a well-trained and tested social anthropologist by instinct and instruction. I entered the employment of the United Nations as a mid-career, "distinguished" professional, having made supranational contributions to both of the major revolutions of the 20th and 21st Centuries, the Demographic Revolution and the Communication Revolution. I invented a field called population education and planted population awareness therein.

A certain timidity, a great reserve, a passion for privacy and an integrity in my Imagination, all of these and a few other facts, fictions, and factions have kept me from quickly producing a text, a testament, to being., of being, or of ever trying to be THE UNITED NATIONS' PHILOSOPHER! I might have pontificated philosophical on paper and in cyberspace soonest after my separation from direct UN employment gave me time to do so... yet, I opted for slowness, a simmering, a synthesizing of signaling, a sorting in and out of the joys and sorrows of my work in the UNITED NATIONS as I learned the need for distancing from the immediate demands thereof, before I could balance my confession and confusion of AWE... Had I then known e. e. cummings' excuse, "it takes courage to grow up and turn out to be who you really are." i might have been less impatient with myself. i might have been more patient with others and myself.

my point of entry and departure as a philosopher is claimed in the eloquence of David Henry Thoreau, better known as Henry David Thoreau, who, I claim, proclaim and protest plagiarized my thoughts nearly a century before I was born. Henry and I disagree on his "thesis" that most men (people) lead lives of quiet desperation... Henry and I profoundly conspire, inspire and express transcendent accord on the definitions and decisions of a philosopher...

I do not wish, never really did wish, to be known as THE UNITED NATIONS' PHILOSOPHER! I believe it would be immeasurably better for all of us to be United Nations philosophers, and I would be simply one amongst many. As for being a united nations anthropologist.....that is a title, an honor, of which I shall ever be proud. I trust I can be ever helpful to other aspiring planetary citizens to understand and contribute to the detribalization of our warring clans and clanspeople, be the name spelled Klan or Clan... Mythology might time travel us to being mud mixers and brick binders building the Tower of Babel to explain a pitiful portion of our divisiveness... There are some linguists who complain bitterly and believably that UNESE is a new language, sometimes, frequently, unintelligible even to those other international civil servants who have created UNESCAN... both cants should make us feel extremely ill at ease...

I suffer the dire disadvantage of being born a Usan, having on my political birth certificate that I was born in the State of Idaho, in the United States of America, on December 16, 1931, the same day, though the year differs, as the birth date of Ludwig von Beethoven, and as the greatest tea party I have ever heard of but to which I was not invited, The Boston Tea Party, 1763 ...even Margaret Mead or her parents of fate chose this date for her deliverance. Fortunately or unfortunately, for them and me, those charaded Boston Brahmins pretending to be Native Americans didn't imagine that I could time travel to their patriotic protest. I invited them to all of my Boston Tea Parties when I lived on A Street Named Beacon, 1963-1969, speciously and anonymously also celebrating Ludwig's and my birthdaze. Furthermore, I was scrupulously politic, not inviting my next-door neighbor Henry K, so as not to expose any of my guests to scrutiny from Henry's CIA and Henry allegiance to CFIA, the Harvard Center For International Affairs... Though labeled at birth as "an American," I really was born in the Community of Curiosity, in the State of Awe. I am a citizen of The Nation of Imagi, Planet Earth. My birth certificate bears only one sign... é I suspect that my death certificate will be quite similarly marked... ? Together, my Lifeness will be confined to two

marks, quite similarly one to the other, separated by my prime creation, the ANSWER MARK...

¿

*

?

The parties I hosted in Back Bay were in that terrible time of the Viet Nam War, prior to Nixon and Kissinger and McNamara sharing the guilt of the bombings in Cambodia, before Watergate, before my entry into UNESCO's employment, even before I gained some semblance of fame as the inventor of population education and population awareness. I was ever so much older when I was young, and now that I exceed chronologically the Biblically allotted "three score and ten," I am so very young, so ready to admit simple and complex ignorance, innocence and ingenuity.

Would it help matters if I were to share anon's a little story...

This is a little story about four people named Everybody. Somebody, Anybody, and Nobody. There was an important job to be done and Everybody was sure that Somebody would do it. Anybody could have done it, but Nobody did it. Somebody got angry about that, because it was Everybody's job. Everybody thought anybody could do it, but Nobody realized that Everybody wouldn't do it. It ended up that Everybody blamed Somebody when Nobody did what Anybody could have done!

To render transcendent homage to Henry David, every Fourth of July, I and my family celebrate the anniversary of his move to Walden Pond, July 4,, 1845,,,

PC

prefacing, fonted in comic sans ms and sand

i would share the epiphanies of being, and of becoming, a philosopher, even ever of my evolution revolution of being the united nations philosopher! on an early september afternoon in 1956, i opened a door to the tentatively "united" nations secretariat to introduce my friend martin to the awe and angst of our unprecedented effort to create structures and functions promoting peace... peacefull babble filled the corridors of a new glass palace on the east river in new york. my young friend was stunned by the ease of my approach and by the exuberance of the wellcomings we received in several offices.

my days and daze since an auspicious greeting by lucille griffith, my sister-in-law's former supervisor, the head of housekeeping personnel, have been filled with lightness and darkness, not enlarged nor diminished by the job offers we received... the receptions in the world health organization's new york office still haunt me, that i never had the opportunity to be in who's employ, though certainly i have worked with who programs, unfevered, favorably, frequently, and fortuitously. martin and i graciously declined ms. griffith's offer to hire us as security guards a week before 9/11/56.

i wasn't a new comer... i had been a charter member of the un since my fourteenth year, when the nation of my birth ratified a treaty for usans to be amongst the 51 original members, qua october 24th of 1945. i had already collaborated with unesco in the "field," in the republic of mexico, in pilot projects of fundamental education in 1953-1954, when that specialized agency was only just yet scarcely a seven year olding. all education is basic... little did i then think or much less imagine that I would someday be a senior program officer in unesco, even live in paris for 6 years, would be a jovial knight in the un, sir david being a shortening of spy-in-residence, would even through the courtesy of unicef become the united nations santa, and would in the terminal years of my supranational civil service be thrice dubbed the un philosopher...

i now spin yarns and yearnings thru my 71st year and my enthusiasm for the goodness of the un system diminishes not an iota, while i ponder with great regret our failures to realize the founding dreams of a new world ordering, we the peoples are not yet we the people... martin's stunning rebuke of my 25th sense enthusiasm lingers, "you have just used 2 hours of the world's time and

what are you going to give in return...". yet, now, championing, my zeal without zealotry is robed in awe, of what i have given and received.

could i in 1956 have future thought into the words and worlds of LEARNING TO BE, my favorite un publication, written so early late as 1972, or did edgar faure, my chance opportune luncheon host in kathmandu in 1970, plagiarize my being into his being, editor of such an ominous opus... now, in 2002, i am the planetary clown who mimics and mimes unescan eloquence as i murmur meditate with my mantra motto, i am not the champion of lost causes, i am a champion of causes not yet won (one):

"In a highly unstable world where one of the main driving forces seems to be economic and social innovation, imagination and creativity must undoubtedly be accorded a special place. As the clearest expressions of human freedom, they may be threatened by the establishment of a certain degree of uniformity in individual behaviour. The twenty-first century will need a varied range of talents and personalities even more than exceptionally gifted individuals, who are equally essential in any society. Both children and young persons should be offered every opportunity for aesthetic, artistic, scientific, cultural and social discovery and experimentation, which will complete the attractive presentation of the achievements of previous generations or their contemporaries in these fields. At school, art and poetry should take a much more important place than they are given in many countries by an education that has become more utilitarian than cultural. Concern with developing the imagination and creativity should also restore the value of oral culture and knowledge drawn from children's or adults' experiences."

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we should want a paper of about 25-30 minutes duration that would help us formulate a program which would do justice to global education and involve us in a dialogue that would give us access to resources for reflection and action.

hope this helps... bobo

pc

we are global citizens, with tribal souls... piet hein, 1960

we are planetary citizens, with universal soul.... david inkey 2002

i am now 70 years young in et, earth time... fifty revolutions ago i was a curious youth of considerable intelligence and imagination, greatly lacking in joy and definition. i had read widely and deeply to find myself in the thoughts and activities of others but i was ever too elusive a being to be bound in those facts and fictions. using fission, i fussed, one person's facts would be another's falsehoods. "scientists" would seize nature and nurture, clever chemists and physicists would bond a straying, strained fact with a handy ion, cruelly or cleverly or both, constructing a faction. then, with diabolic determinism or with less than angelic agility, sophistic social "scientists" could would declare factionalism.

in the last century of the second millennium of our common era, 1900-1999, plagues ravaged many peoples and nations. isms were the sacred potions east, west, south and especially north: communism, capitalism, colonialism, totalitarianism, all terrorisms... i was born fairly or unfairly early in this chaotic epoch, before daylight on a cold december morn in 1931 of our common era, in the so-called great depression. i was born in the state of infancy, cold, naked, wet, crying and hungry... but soonest, as i could see where i belonged and move there, i became a citizen of the state of awe, the nation of imagi...

my verybest friend, curiosity,

carried me there and accompanies, comforts, and challenges me yet, ever, still, in every thing, act and aspiration.

i have wandered through many lands and climes yet i have yet to find the bridge where i most wish to stand. i wish to position myself on the span connecting idealism and realism. half my life ago i lived in the higher education capital of america in the back bay on a street named beacon. as the world divided itself, was rent, more and more strikingly between north-south, i faced south with considerable concern for the ideals of epic epics, epic being a composition of four creative spirits: equity, peace, imagination, and creativity. on the far side of my north wall, a barrier as opaque as the berlin wall and as indomitable as the great hurdle of the people's republic of china, my virtually inscrutable neighbor was henry, director of harvard's cia, center for international affairs, later to be named cfia, supposedly to reduce by reductionism sum confusion twixt cia and cfia, though kissenger left little doubt around, that he was connected to both. i still almost always believe that both cia and cfia commit planetary crimes in real politick. henry probably regretted the name change.

i never cease to be amazed that a fragile partition of bricks, cement, wood and plaster could separate two neighbors, both members of veritas' company of educated men, into two distant "worlds," the realms of real politick and ideal politick. in our glaring differences even socrates and plato would not ever detect any shadows... henry and i met only once, and that was probably one time too often... i believe that that was the most rebuffed encounter i have ever experienced... henry was then and still is from all the reports i garner information a political scientist, though i quibble whether policy studies was, is or ever will be "science." i was then and still am a very very social anthropologist, though i aspire to be the clown prince of planetary consciousness and when released from the gravity of living here on earth, i wish to be restor(i)ed to being, eternally, a cosmic comic.

now, in this august august of 2002 what needs to be said, written, and done to direct us away from our tribalistic behavior, our terror of terrorism, toward a planetary culture, a planetary consciousness, a planetary civics, a personal civics and ultimately to the ultimate pc, personal commitment... in 1960, when the danish poet, not hamlet, but piet hein, wrote "we are global citizens, with tribal souls," i was only just scarcely 28 years young, yet i trust that even then i would have responded, we are pc, planetary citizens, with us, universal soul i would have quizzed, quixotically, "with universal soul." i might have conceded souls, but i prefer unification. from 1960 to 2002, i worked and played in many nations--most significantly—for a portion of that time--according to some observers, in the corporate culture of the united nations. today, i want only to examine and report on my puns, program of united nations studies, as if these proposals, projects and programs are the quintessence of planetary and personal civics, though i am obliged with modest repetition to refer to other programs for contrast and contexts: (1) i was a kinder garden drop out which qualifies me for debunking robert fulghum's text, "all i need to know i learned in kindergarten." (2) i was a college drop out which qualifies me to respond to the challenges of life long education. (3) i am the united nations santa, and (4) to even the accounting, wonder of wonders, i am triply, without tripping, designated the un philosopher. with three and four, i achieve planetary citizenship...

what i have written here for you is written in sand. pierre, pedro and peter did not provide the foundation stone for our pcs... yet, we must not let such carelessness trouble us, unduly... another david, a robert, a jimmy and a john, who have tried, and many whom i leave in their quiet states of desperation or apathy, have not given us the foundation blocks to build supranationalism... planetary culture. i can only introduce you to some of the times, topics, proposals, projects and programs that have been significant building blocks for me and for many of my supranational colleagues... art, culture, education, health, justice, nutrition, peace, security, trust, unity. each carpenter, bricklayer, mason, architect, designer, homemaker, citizen, realist, idealist, will have to choose which elements are the construction materials for her or him. i will change my font from "sand" to comic sans ms. as you discuss these ideas. member they were written by a kidlet whose first name is abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz: noel. rather than remain no L.. i give my l to reform that 4 lettered word, idea, to ideal.

should this essay require deconstruction, i would appeal to my Don, the ever quizotic Don Quixote: "It is insanity to see the world as it is, instead of as it should be." puns, my program of united nations studies, collaborates with my mentor humpty, tearing down threatening barriers, walls of isolation and terror, and instead of laying minefields, we cultivate minds:

THE UN's 100th ANNIVERSARY unwords & UN WORDS!

unaware
unbelievable
uncaring

UN AWARE!
UN BELIEVABLE!
UN CARING!

und _____
une _____
unf _____
ung _____
unh _____

UN D _____
UN E _____
UN F _____
UN G _____
UN H _____

unimaginative

UN IMAGINATIVE!

unk _____
unl _____
unm _____
uno _____
unp _____
unq _____
unr _____
uns _____
unt _____

UN K _____
UN L _____
UN N _____
UN O _____
UN P _____
UN Q _____
UN R _____
UN S _____
UN T _____

unu _____
unv _____
unw _____
un-x _____
uny _____
unz _____

UN U _____
UN V _____
UN W _____
UN-X _____
UN Y _____
UN Z _____

Please do not be troubled that UN IMAGINATIVE is unaligned...

And "j" has been omitted to avoid all unjust words and acts.

PREFACING

Once upon a time--long, long ago--
like just a few days before yesterday,

only a little more than half a hundred years ago--far, far away, about as close as the pacific, Pacific City of Saint Francis--Patron Counselor of Peace--in San Francisco--just fifty or sixty thousand nuclear warheads ago and untold and UN TOLD disarmament conferences ago--before we had planted more than a hundred and ten million landmines where we should have food crops to feed our fellow beings--a few, a very few people gathered to draft and subsequently to approve a new document for humane development. 1945... We-They chose to call our-their testament a special charter, THE CHARTER OF THE UNITED NATIONS, and we-they prefaced resounding, resolute references with wonderful words, "We the Peoples of the United Nations," yet, but never, never, ever again in all of our-their rhetoric nor in our-their reverence did we-they really respect/expect "*We the People(s)*..." to create a new world ordering that would share pairs and be partners of many PCs, peace council and peace counsel, planetary consciousness and personal commitment, to promote consensus, to create (or discover) Planetary Culture, and *to re-cognize the ultimate PC*, transcending even the provocative, public colossus of Political Correctness, *personal commitment*. Neither, neither were the assertive United Nations truly *united*... Then, in that frequently brutal and banal era, a philosopher saw that a new order emerging... Hamlet shows him yet, speechlessly, the importance of "words, words and words," but it would take me a long, long time, half an ¿Eternity? enough, to learn about the tri-ology of phonemes and morphemes, unwords, words, and UN WORDS...

I was just, just, simply, scarcely, only
a very, very young philosopher.....

and maybe not even yet, then, witty and wise--perhaps, probably, particularly, I was more interested in prophecy than philosophy, when the *victors* of the Second World War were divinding (divining and dividing) their spoils, and were spoiling in their divisiveness. I was in my fourteenth year, still wondering how my Mother, any mother, yea, all mothers, could have been so wrong about the First World War,

which she (they) had believed was *the war to end all wars*... My playmates in that special world of childness had been dragged off to concentration camps three years earlier, simply because they were "yellow," and I was "white." It would be another octave to my tone deaf life, eight years, before I would work in my nation's capitol and capital on other "racial" issues, attempting to achieve such a small justice as equal access for "blacks" and "whites" to black and white movies. I thought I was well schooled in the tenets of American democracy, but no one had adequately explained to me that the unprinted *small-print* was "privilege" for "white" Anglo-Saxon protestant AMERICANS...and that various "shades" of opportunity and repression were only helter-skelters, sometimes grudgingly, gratuitously granted to "others." Worse, perhaps far worse, than all those traumas and quasi-traumas was the reality that it would be yet another forty-four years before I would be THE UNITED NATIONS' SANTA and if that were not sufficient fantasy, that I would also become THE UNITED NATIONS' iPHILOSOPHER! Why had it never occurred to the UN that IT, in deed, needed its ideals and ideas expressed philosophically by a dedicated supranationalist soulfull being, someone who could be THE UNITED NATIONS' iPHILOSOPHER! while becoming a planetary clown, prior to extraterrestrial commitments as THE COSMIC COMIC...

Clowns and clerks, kings and queens, presidents, peasants, peons, parliamentarians, proletarians, priests, popes, princes and princesses, prophets, and even professors, public scholars and philosophers, parrots, penguins, marigolds, iris, daffydills and dandylions...and no one had ever expressed the need for a philosopher to express the wit and wisdom of the United Nations. A few of these sprites and spirits have tried endlessly in innumerable ways to assist me to see "their *worlds*" as The World. We have failed, then, now and beyond now, into Futurity, to "see" all of the pieces of peace, and peaces of peace, we have imagined and might further and furthest dream to build into A UNIVERSAL INDEX OF ICONOLOGY. We have been so terribly preoccupied and occupied with iconoclastic struggles that we have not even created cadres of IMAGINEERS and prides of ICONOLOGISTS to find and to own A PRIMITIVE CODE OF ICONOLOGY. I have yet even to find a dictionary with the word *iconology*... ICONOCLASTS are never in short supply, they are, I believe, about as abundant as warriors and super patriots... All the ICONOLOGISTS I know compose a solitary crowd of one unique speciperson...

Through the years of the half century from the end of World War II till The 50th Anniversary of The United Nations and beyond, until now, I have studied many maps, always looking for a path, a trail, a road, a geography that would show me

where I could go most fortuitously to find Peace... I have not found *any "one," any singular place, or any individual 'thing'* showing such a map. With great, greater, greatest good fortune, however, a few beings, a few sites and a few experiences have illumined some reflective shadows and lights within and around me, to create an Inner Peace...

I am always amused and disturbed by the quipsters who say,
"When you do not know where you are going, any road will do."

I have reluctantly determined that those quipsters, with their dubious directions have been faithfulllllly followed, by most all beings for most of the Human(e) Pilgrimage. Yet, without pride, with little pre-judging, with prayerful purpose, even when purpose is peculiarly personal and perhaps especially, then, without being punitive, pugnacious or positivist, I persist. The few leaves I have gathered here, pages of trial and trust, thought and thoughtfulness, I share with a few friends, in faith, hope and Love, that my dreams are not too distant, distracted nor distorted from precious PCs perceived, practiced, preferred and performed by other cosmic clowns in Planetary Culture.

I sleep and I awake... ¿I dream? I try to Imagine,,, I do Imagin!!! I am participating in OUR FIRST PLANETARY CONVENTION, with Peace Council and Peace Counsel, where all temporary, contemporary and contemplative Planetary Clowns will have the Personal Courtesy and Public Cause, to be response-able. Just imagine, IMAGINE,, "We the People(s)" have become singularly A PEOPLE and WE own the response-ability of being united. We will need, We will have great need...

And We will work and play together, to gather, to meet our needs.

This is the bottom line.

INTERFACING...

A POET... of some note, wrote many years ago that, "once to every man [person] and nation comes the moment to decide..." I believe that John was forcing his and our options, needlessly... I believe that *often* to every individual and community momentous moments arrive for decisive decision making. We who are ready to make personal commitments will be richly rewarded with Inner Peace, and essentially, we will be philosophers more powerful than many monarchs, merchants, mercenaries and meddlesome mechanics of unmeasured meaning...

ANOTHER POET, more tragic than John Greenleaf Whittier, concentrated his reading and soliloquies on words, and words and words... And, not poor Yorick. the poor prince of Denmark died in confusion, torn between being and non-being.

WE, who so mindfully mix metaphor, words, unwords and UN WORDS, we find interfaces of meaning that hoary orators, listless and listfilled lexiconologists, dubious diplomats and punitive, pugnacious politicians fail to fathom...

I have won a lexicon of unwords, words and UN WORDS. I have organized some words, idea-I-s and realities, which I wish to share as an unprecedented and UN PRECEDENTED way of understanding our supranational troubles, tasks and triumphs. In a New World Order(ing) of INKEY'S PROGRAM OF UNITED NATIONS STUDIES: iPUNS! we may find sense and nonsense to increase the numbers of UN Philosophers, to answer awkward arguments, to benefit billions of bereft beings, to content the contentious, to define desirable destinies,

WE will not find that our tasks are easy ...

As easy as A, B, C, D and EEEE..

Yet, WE shall find IMAGINATION and CREATIVITY,

PREFACING

INTERFACING

TABLES OF CONTENTMENT

!THE UNITED NATIONS' !PHILOSOPHER!

PHILOSOPHY ¿001?

PHILOSOPHY ¿002?

unaware, aware,

unbiased, biased,

uncelebrated, celebrated,

undecided, decided,

uneducated, educated,

unfathomable fathomable,

ungodly, godly,

unhealthy, healthy,

unimaginative,

imaginative,

unjust, just,

unknown, known,

unloved, loved,

unmapped, map

unneeded, needed,

unorganized, organized,

unpredictable, predictable,

unqualified, qualified,

unread, read

unscholarly, scholarly,

untimed, timed,

unusual, usual

unvoting, voting,

unwittingly, wittingly

uncrossed x-ed

unyielding, yielding

unzipped, zipped

UN AWARE

UN BIASED

UN CELEBRATED

UN DECIDED

UN EDUCATED

UN FATHOMABLE

UN GODLY

UN HEALTHY

UN IMAGINATIVE

UN JUST

UN KNOWN

UN LOVED

UN MAPPED

UN NEEDED

UN ORGANIZED

UN PREDICTABLE

UN QUALIFIED

UN READ

UN SCHOLARLY

UN TIMED

UN USUAL

UN VOTING

UN WITTINGLY

UN XED

UN YIELDING

UN ZIPPED

EPILOGUES: SEPTIMAL SONNETS AND THE CONTRACT

THE UNITED NATIONS' PHILOSOPHER!

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, and far, far away, great leaders met to commit themselves and their peoples to Peace, for the first time ever known in the humane experience. Once upon a time, not so very long ago and not very far away, the world had become smaller, great leaders met, another time, to commit themselves and presumably, or presumptuously--or both--"their" our people(s) to Peace. I am a child of the Twentieth Century so I am not so very well versed in what Ramses II of the Egyptians and Hattusilis of the Hittites believed they and their peoples would be able to accomplish almost three thousand, three hundred years ago, so close to yesterday, presumably and questionably, in 1269 BCE, but as I am one of The Great Optimists of Our Common Era--when the victorious "Allies" of World War II agreed to create The United Nations--I committed myself and much of my Life's Quixotic Quest and Questioning to being a part of and a participant in the NEW WORLD ORDER(ING) established on October 24, 1945.

"WE" the people of the new endeavor are in the sixth decade years of our labors. Many multitudes are great beneficiaries of what The UN System has been able to achieve, and many are wisely skeptical of the unfulfilled promises, the incomplete programs and the tragically unaddressed suffering, the illnesses and threats of plague, the unlettered ignorance of uncounted and unknown hundreds of millions of our fellow beings, yea billions, as well as the savage inequalities we see on all sides, in all countries and in many disguises of our Planetary Culture.

NO ONE will ever be able to tell or write in its entirety the story of the new system, no one is omniscient, and no one now is able even to select and sermonize the many, more and most universally relevant achievements and failures. We each own our own stories. However, someone, somewhere, sometime, ought to be able to highlight special elements, clearly, cleverly and caringly so that we may see our challenges in creative contexts of where we have been, where we are, and where we might wish to go.

I accepted the title and role of THE UNITED NATIONS' PHILOSOPHER! Because I believe completely, I *have a story to tell and write...* I am somewhat tired of "history" which is more times than not, not even admitted as being primarily "his" story. I have found few accounts of "her" story. The mutedness of her stories

causes me indeed to test my deafness to ultimate dumbness... Magically, mysteriously, magnificently, I have found that my story is indeed something of *mystery*. I have seasoned for several cycles of seasons my thoughts on THE UNITED NATIONS' PHILOSOPHER! I have mulled, marinated and measured my wisdom and my lack thereof. Now, finally, in my tenth season of savoring responsibilities, I am defining and declaring my response-abilities. I want the work to be finished by October 23, 2002, for reasons, which I will explain with great glee when I explain more about Planetary Culture... Alas, before an infinity of facts and after many calculi of the factions and fictions of my wit and wisdom, I know that I cannot close this text by that datum, because the tasks of faith, hope and Love persist beyond dead-lines and life-lines! Time flows in all directions. Time rushes us backwards and forwards, it drops us to depths of despair and it raises us to ecstasies, and too frequently we complain that it seems to stall us in every aspiration, inspiration and imagination. I, the author of this mystery about the UN, make no apology for lapses and leaps of faith, I write to record, chord and pre-cord, just to tie together, my beliefs and doubts--and I make no special plea that any witness, *wit-ness*, of this account agrees, witless or wittily. I subscribe to many dogmas, but that does not make me dogmatic. In any literal or figurative cents or sense of the term. If any apology, anthology, or anthropology for what I write is to be made, I believe that the best one I have found in my life is the one my extra "grandfather" gave me when I was just exploring my twenty-ninth year: Jonathan in his seventies, taught me an unimpeachable excuse:

I am not the champion of lost causes,
I am a champion of causes that have not yet been won (one).

PHILOSOPHY ¿001?

I am a student of LIFE and of DEATH, and LIFENESS...

For a part--a spectacular part--of my Earth Time, I have had the privilege and duty of being THE UNITED NATIONS' PHILOSOPHER! I am less than modest about the job-- frequently, I think that I am too immodest--and I request of all commentators: "Please do not judge me harshly for immodesty until we all understand better what we are trying to make believable." I believe we all have all too easily surrendered the magic of "make believe" we knew in our childhoods.

I believe I have the best assignment in the entire World. Some of my colleagues and all of my critics believe that this awesome (awe-filled or awe-full) title and job is more of an oxymoron than a reality or an ideal. Curiously, I have learned that it is a trilogy: an oxymoron, a reality and an ideal. It is a struggling troika, sometimes equilateral and other times isosceles in triangular stress... It is something of a "paradox," and we need to learn to live with all sorts of doxes, including the ortho, unortho and UN DOXES. Without trespassing into the realms of theology, or trespass if we may or must, we have nevertheless (and all the more) to note that "they" have many long debates and conflicts between conceptual constructs, Trinitarian and Unitarian, Gnostic and agnostic, theist and atheist. These and those struggles here shall not bother me. Rather, I wish to share with all other curious souls what I have experienced in my great almost totally unofficial, unauthorized, unannounced, announced, sometimes frequently unappreciated, appreciated and unsuspected role and reach as THE UN PHILOSOPHER!

PHILOSOPHY should be or is constructed, neither de-con nor unconstructed. I will UN CONSTRUCT. Semantically, Philosophy is constructed from Philo and Sofia, Love and Wisdom. I am more than a little troubled by distinctions between knowledge and wisdom. Too often, it seems that many knowledgeable beings lack even the most basic essentials of elementary and secondary wisdom. I am in something of a "third age" where I enjoy the luxury--derived from that Latin word I learned as a sophomore in high school, lux, light--of being "retired" from the workaday world of regular employment and I am profoundly engaged in many imaginative endeavors of exploration, exploitation, discovery, "realization," idea-l-i-zation, and creativity. "Real" is a term we have concocted to describe "from the thing." We do not know very much about what "things" are, but in order to find our ways around and through *thingness*, we have developed vocabularies to show where

we are and where we are not. I hope that my semantic digressions do not get in the way of what I want to say about the basic wit and wisdom of The United Nations, and what I will recount as parts of its inherent folly. From the time of the first known peace treaty amongst humans till the founding of the UN, we had to wait some 3,214 years, so there must be a great deal more wisdom and folly than I will ever be able to discover and describe, but let us leave those extra details to subsequent UN philosophers and I shall recount, count, and pre-count the thoughts of a little chap from Idaho who "grew up" to be the first UN philosopher!

I was fascinated when a friend named me THE UN PHILOSOPHER!

HOWEVER, as the years have rushed away since that time so long ago and not so long ago, I have realized that the title is indeed a mixed blessing. It is a blessing, but it is one of awesome awareness that the UN System succeeds in many miraculous acts and one of awful awareness that it fails terribly. "We the People(s)" are often blind to many needs, or we are simply sighted without being insightful.

IF... I am guilty of being "too idealist," please defend me with all your spirit, explaining that we humans do not possess the capacity of being "too ideal." Ideal is our Utopian quest, and as "nowhere" is not yet redistributed to be "now here," I use my "ideals" as compass points in the pilgrimage of life. I would offer ample forewords, but I would not be too forward. I have written this work for at least three reasons: I have a story to tell write and tally for my own satisfaction. I have "my story" (a *mystery* for dyslexics), to share with all who would like to study metaphysics. I have a legacy in the sacred drama of life, which I want to leave as iconage and as coinage of my realm. I have been to Delphi and the oracle told me, "Know Thyself and Love Thy Neighbor." I have lived at Walden and both Thoreau's and my orchestras of different drummers, fervent philharmonists, forever create a symphony in Imagination. I have visited Marx's grave in near London Town and have worked with the International Labour Organization in Geneva, on Lac Lemman, to help workers of the world break our chains. I have been through the fields, factories, hospitals, hospices, tombs, temples, synagogues, cathedrals, cemeteries, slums, suburbs, marketplaces, palaces, parliaments, congresses, schools, universities, garbage dumps and sewers of several civilizations. I have doctored with the dull and the illustrious in anthropology. I have been treated and mistreated by folk practitioners of many stripes...

I have studied with monarchs--humane and butterflyed. I have studied with and been studied by monarchs and merchants, peasants and proletarians, I have learned that, except for never knowing unconditional Love, poverty of spirit is the greatest tragedy. Many have taught me that for wealth, joy is the greatest comedy. Once upon a time, in an extremely humble, Mexican home, an old peasant-proletarian taught me that I do indeed understand the despair of those who see little or no hope in their lives: "Don" Luis said to me, "Don David, Usted sabe, uno de pobre..." "Don David, You know, one who is poor..." So innocently, so very innocently, Luis gave me THE STIGMATA from all of his suffering and Love, that evening, he gifted wounded Wisdom that grounds and guides me in all my searches and service, in Love...

PHILOSOPHY ¿002?

IN PHILOSOPHY ¿001? I study (studied) parts and parcels of The Past. Now, I will examine where I am and where I might go... In PHILOSOPHY ¿002? I wish to explore fantasy, the future, and good fortune. I enjoy *degrees of freedom* higher, greater and more encompassing than any formal school has ever opened or offered me and conferred on anyone I know. Our so-called *educational institutions* do not even have a capacity or terminology for these *degrees*, they being content with diplomas, certificates, bachelor's degrees, masters' and doctorates of innumerable variety and frequently questionable quality. I was satisfied, for a while, with one of those degrees called a Ph.D., a Doctor of Philosophy... I did not even have to study a course of philosophy to earn my doctorate. However, LIFENESS, the relation of all beings one to another, has shown me that academic degrees are far, far too academic... Academented?

In 1998, on the 29th of May, I celebrated THE NINTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE UNITED NATIONS' PHILOSOPHER! It was a great day of reminiscence and challenge and I thought almost endlessly of what being THE UN PHILOSOPHER means to me... It means a great deal, but there is now another challenge which is enticing me and upon which I work with great dedication. I want to be THE FIRST CLOWN PRINCE OF PLANETARY CULTURE! But I am a bit "lost," there are no schools nor clown colleges where one can go to learn how to be a clown prince of anything, especially to be The First Clown Prince of Planetary Culture, there are no identified maps, guide books, manuals and no mentors... I believe that one can become what one wants to become only by becoming that being... I like to believe that I am now seven-tenths finished with my life sentence here on Earth and that I have learned quite well a great artfulness of being and totalness.

WIT AND WISDOM is the syllabus of The UN Philosopher! While laughter and tears, the twin masks of classic, sacred drama, are revealed answers to the final examination of our Life Sentences, I believe Love is the Quixotic Prerequisite to win a death sentence.

IMAGINE; IMAGINE, IF YOU CAN, my surprise on the 29th of May in 1989, to be dubbed by a lifelong friend and UN colleague THE UNITED NATIONS' PHILOSOPHER! I was approaching with no uncertain temerity my imminent and immanent retirement from more than sixteen years of international civil service and

I was quite confused what I would next do in my lifelong pilgrimage to find or make meaning in *Life on Earth*. I did not understand in one day what the new title and assignment would mean to me, and the authority who conferred this responsibility upon me made it universally clear that it would be my personal task to discover, create and describe the response-abilities attendant thereto. *Imagine, if you can,* further, my surprise when within two short months time in the innersanctums of the UN community in New York City, two additional UN colleagues would, independently each of each other, similarly discover to their joy that I was for them the essence of THE UNITED NATIONS' PHILOSOPHER! Fate, if it is such, destiny, intervened in mysterious ways and I was well set upon the enviable and unenviable, even the UN ENVIABLE, task of being and becoming what I seemed to be. I did not and could not start upon my new response-abilities without considerable concern... previous experience, to become in my enlarged spirit what others saw in me... Fortunately, I had been at a very early age a kindergarten drop out and a Kinder Garden opt in. I had served splendidly a harsh, twelve-year sentence of compulsory education, and I had re-owned in a renowned college my own education. I learned the rewarding and devastating meanings of poverty and wealth in my own society and others, I became a well-trained anthropologist and I matured into being, what a friend describes as "a reformed Harvard anthropologist." It is strange and terrifying and beautiful how a friend, in one brief expression, can tear asunder a fabric of functioning and simultaneously construct anew an insight of altered *being*...

I have known great pain and loneliness if Life and I have found encompassing Love and dedication to continuing Life. I suffered for many years the dilemmas of that other Job, so devastatingly and faithfully recounted in his namesaked book, THE BOOK OF JOB, but like him, I never blaspheme(d). In recent years I have learned the totality of unconditional Love, in the blessedness of giving and of receiving. BEING, ever the task of being, a UN philosopher immediately seemed to me to be incomparably easier than being THE UN PHILOSOPHER! Thus, therefore and thereupon, it took me nine long years to determine how to start my story about the United Nations. I have started and restarted many times and I recorded many sections of the story, which appear here in later chapters. However, finding the first words has been the greatest task I have had for ten seasons... I do not know if these have been the lean years or the fat years, but they have been the most stretching... During this time I have been blessed by learning more about clowns than I ever knew in earlier years and I have become a better gardener, even a better naturalist, learning: I grow in Beauty as Beauty grows in me...

AS A CHILD, I delighted in circuses and carnivals that came to the small towns where I grew up, but no clown ever completely, nor even scarcely, suggested nor convinced me that I, also, could be a clown. Recently I learned about Clown College just before its demise, and I was disappointed to discover that I was not qualified by nature or by nurture to study there... I disqualified myself, though I like the application which asks me to confess, "When was the last time you cried and why?"

I had to learn my clownish capacities in another way, I had to hear that the difference between being an actor and being a clown, is that an actor takes the roles created by others and stages them, a clown creates his/her own role. I became a Charter Member of The UN on October 24, 1945. That was when I was in my fourteenth year, before and ever since, I have been an avid student and participant in many of the creative changes in the post World War II World. I was a child soldier in the Sunnyside Wars of 1937, when we, the valley kids, tried to do some ethnic dirtying of the hillkids who attacked us with wooden rifles and rubber bullets, but I quickly became a peacetime pacifist and subsequently a peace and war pacifist, burning my draft-card during the Korean hostilities and refusing military service. Earlier, in 1942, I was traumatized by the internment into concentration camps of my playmates, because they were yellow, an enemy "race".

Nisei, Chinese, Navaho, Yakima, Nez Perce, Hispanics, Negroes, Coloreds, Blacks and African Americans have all been a part of the concert of the humane race I heard while "growing up." And, thus, it was really quite easy for me to become a Charter Member of The United Nations. Somehow or other, however, it was not so easy for me to become THE UN PHILOSOPHER! With the title, I felt there was, is and will continue to be some kind of underlying expectation that I have answers to questions which are answers others want to believe but do not yet quite know how to believe because they have not yet discovered the same or similar questions. SO, I have become a UN philosopher and perhaps I am the first UN philosopher. Let me not quibble about any of that. Let it suffice that I have a story I want to tell and write, and share. I hope that you will enjoy my story and that it will in some small ways and some great ways help you and yours, us and ours to understand some of the events, ideas and ideals that have been such a very significant part of my life. I was very lucky many, many years ago, to learn that I am not even the champion of lost causes, I can continuously be a champion of causes that have not yet been won. Sharing this story frees me to explore other events, ideas and ideals, which I believe will help all of us to become The Clown Princes and Princesses of Planetary Culture.

unaware

UN AWARE!

George Bernard Shaw believed that there are two great tragedies in Life, not to get one's heart's desire, and to get one's heart's desire. I believe that there is a third and far greater tragedy, *not to know... not to be aware...* It is in this context that I have struggled from my earliest years to answer my Mother's eternal question: "What in the World do you want, *now?*" A prince many years ago told us that we read words, words, and words. Sumwhat humbly and sumwhat proudly, I have found, also, that, I am destined to meditate, unconsciously, consciously, and even UN CONSCIOUSLY, upon words, unwords and UN WORDS... david inkey...

My questions may not be your questions and your questions may not be my questions, yet, *perhaps, we* can work together to assemble some words, unwords and UN WORDS, to transform our thoughts, words and deeds to UN WOR(D)(K)(LD)S. Words before works before worlds. In a table of contentment, I list many more words than I have played with and worked on here in this edition of THE UNITED NATIONS' PHILOSOPHER! I have chosen with a gambler's glee to write on only a scant 101 unwords and UN WORDS... not all of which appear in this testament. I leave many unwords and UN WORDS for others, other daze and other paradigms...

I offer a great challenge to prospective UN PHILOSOPHERS. I invite other authors, authorized and unauthorized, perhaps even UN AUTHORIZED, to contribute to the multiple revised editions of this test, text and testament... WE might entitle the text iADDITIONAL EDITIONAL UN WORDS! "Aeuw," akin to Eliza's angst in My Fair Lady. The appended work sheet is a format I developed for elementary students, because I believe these ideas are PRIMARY, on the occasion of any and all Anniversaries of the United Nations... I invite all readers to send me their lexiconic lessons...before the United Nations' Centenary...

unwords & UN WORDS!

unaware
unbelievable
uncaring

UN AWARE!
UN BELIEVABLE!
UN CARING!

und _____
une _____
unf _____
ung _____
unh _____

UN D _____
UN E _____
UN F _____
UN G _____
UN H _____

unimaginative

UN IMAGINATIVE!

unk _____
unl _____
unm _____
unn _____
uno _____
unp _____
unq _____
unr _____
uns _____
unt _____
unu _____
unv _____
unw _____
un-x _____
uny _____
unz _____

UN K _____
UN L _____
UN M _____
UN N _____
UN O _____
UN P _____
UN Q _____
UN R _____
UN S _____
UN T _____
UN U _____
UN V _____
UN W _____
UN-X _____
UN Y _____
UN Z _____

[Please do not be troubled that UN IMAGINATIVE is unaligned...
And "j" has been omitted to avoid all unjust words and acts.]

UN WORDS help me to be more aware! Most of my life I have been standing betwixt unawareness and UN AWARENESS...and even enjoying some awareness...

What in the World do YOU want, *now*?

Ruth Inkey, early 1930s

What in the World do I want? I want the World!

David Inkey, 1945+

Half an hundred years ago I could have written a philosophic treatise on alphabets, but no one gave me the literary license I might have needed to appear credible. Now, I am little interested in the appearances of the credible. So many things people have believed in through the ages have proven incorrect, insignificant, and insincere, that I prefer to study the less credible, the incredible, to stretch Imagination to imaged limits and beyond.

I have not (yet) journeyed AROUND THE WORLD in any temperate, intemperate, tropical or polar circumnavigation, nor crossed the International Date Line, but I have been around and around and around, and inside many of the principal causes of our time. Because I could not find the education, peace, and international cooperation (read epic). I sought in my own society, I sought larger foundations and horizons in the study of culture. As a young adult, I found the initial other challenges of anthropology in neighboring Mexico. When I was just twenty-one years young, I had the opportunity to work with the American Friends Service Committee (the Quakers), the Mexican Government and the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO). Although I did not yet identify myself as an anthropologist of peace, nor as an academic activist, an international civil servant, Sir David, "Don" David, The UN Santa, and The UN Philosopher, I was unusually, uncompromisingly committed to internationalism, later to stretch this to supranationalism. (No one should ever take these titles and tasks too seriously, nor as studiously as I have. Everyone should take these terminations and trifles as tell-tale teasing, to add humor and humble-pudding to the slings and arrows of misfortune and missed fortune.)

Let us explore auspicious agreements, believable bargains, calculated clowning, delightful designing, endearing education, Quixotic quoting, pacific pondering,

sophomoric sagacity and zany zeal. And, never let us be foreclosing on youthful yearning and zany zeal. In 1945 my alphabet was still only the awkward ABC of early childhood copied over into enforced elementary and middling schools. By 1950, I would have listed PEACE, PAIX, PAX AND PAZ in a babble or burst of supranational diction. Now, I suggest and urge PAX NOBISCUM!

I think that my Mother must have asked me, "What in the World do YOU want, now?" about as many times as I have ever been able to count... In my sixth summer when I was in bed for three days with the worst sunburn any little third child, left-handed, bespectacled, redhead should ever suffer, I decided to count to ten thousand, by tens. (It took many years to learn to count by the power of ten.) My Mother may have tried to keep count of how many times she repeated her best question, but I suspect that even she lost the tally about the time I was testing my account-ability to ten to the fourth power, before I knew about such powers... I suppose that I have been asked this question with more different tones of voice than most people can even imagine. I used to have very simple answers and my unassuming, undemanding needs were easily met with pop corn, or an extra story--I loved to have my Mother read me stories beyond my own literary skills, to take me to a movie, to give me an extra piece of fudge, homemade fudge, the only kind we new in those eras, and to treat me to ice cream and other sundries. (Would that I would have learned that I would have to pay for these tastes at 70, with an angioplasty.) Then, through the years the question was expressed with certain exasperation and the replies were sometimes considered quite unreasonable. Finally, I discovered a global answer. That was when I discovered what a good friend Imagination has been during my entire life.

Now I have been asked to write some of my thoughts and to express a few of my audacious assertions that the United Nations System is the greatest international experiment in the humane experience. I have been asked what it means to be THE UN FILOSOFER! and I have been asked repeatedly how I would help others understand the UN, with all its strengths and weaknesses.

We do not need to take a "don't ask and don't answer" approach in matters of such import. I have a friend in New York who has known me for most of my professional life and she has made one observation, among many, which I cherish above all the comments of all my friends: "David loves the world of ideas and people." When I first read this commentary, I was a little saddened that it did not say, "David loves the world of people and ideas." However, on reflection, I concluded that my friend

is correct. I live in a blended world, but many times in my life I have, indeed, felt safer with ideas than with people. In this account of my experiences in the UN System and in this exploration of my thoughts therein and beyond, I will play with words in something of an unorthodox manner. I do not think of unorthodox as an unword, but of course it is... I play with words just as if they were among my imaginary and real friends from childhood, youth and extended youth into maturity. If you do not like this playfulness, then you would probably not like me, and this being the case, please do not trouble yourself to read further. If you enjoy my unwords stretched into UN WORDS, then I invite us to move from our unacquainted state to acquaintedness and to being UN ACQUAINTED! I have uncounted opportunities to play with words and I promise not to cheat you, myself or the scrabble of efforts. However, we must be cautious because we may find curious combinations and separations, for "live" and "evil" use the same letters. Santa requires two letters "a," an "n," an "s" and a "t." Another "being" who also wears a soot-soiled, red suit and is equally famous, or more famous, uses the same five letters, SATAN!

When I was asked to write a memoir for The UN's Fiftieth Anniversary, I deferred, explaining that I wanted to write a book for the Fifty-First Year of New World Ordering. Many people, more experienced and more involved with celebrations should center on the Fiftieth. I wished to dedicate my efforts to a global picture we the people(s) have not yet seen and in the process I thought I would record my thoughts, imagination and creativity about GAIA CULTURE, an emergent global identity and an anthropological challenge. I expanded that to PLANETARY CULTURE! struggling with the intricacies of PC.

Before going to the "ins" and "outs" of anthropology in these millennial times, I wish to focus on a tiny portion of my filosofic filibustering. I wish to present unofficial thoughts from an unauthorized, untiring (but recently retired) international civil servant. I, unconsciously, as well as consciously, believe that Optimism is better medicine than Pessimism. Further, I support unstintingly and unapologetically (without apology, if you prefer a different syntax), the uncontroverted contemporary consideration that unawareness is a deadly sin, unbelief is moribund bad manners and uncaring is unmitigated rudeness to an undetectable degree.

I know that arsonists argue differently from anarchists and that philosophers and pyromaniacs are schooled differently, though both camps may be tested by fire. Therefore, I readily wish to put all on alert to the dangers of my unlettered and UN

LETTERED package. Uncounted pyromaniacs should burn this document before attempting to read it. Unsuspecting readers may evolve to the status of being UN SUSPECTING literates while enlightened and unenlightened critics may conclude that we should all seek both the virtues of enlightenment and UN ENLIGHTENMENT! The unadjusted and unjust constraints of our condition have already emerged in a UN JUST (UN should be pronounced U N, un should be pronounced un, ergo an unsavory case, a UN savory consideration.) consideration of the unprecedented and UN PRECEDENTED study, OUR COMMON FUTURE (1987). If my quite lesser study is of unwarranted severity and is too unusual for you and your associates, please consider changing colleagues. Please do not do the unthinkable and think that my story is only myst-ry, not a Miss Try nor mistrial. I will have to draw unkind, unmindful, unneeded and untried, unintended analogies.

I seek your uncompromising support of the work and words of UN IMAGINATIVE enquiry and I seek your unceasing critique and contribution to enlarging our common and our uncommon consciousness. Do not be remiss in your remarks, do not be tardy in your testing, and do not be wanting in your wisdom... Complaints may be rude and not quite welcome, even unwelcome, but they should be registered and UN REGISTERED. Ultimately, they are UN WELCOMED! and welcomed. Please also inscribe occasional congratulations.

As I finish this first edition of THE UN FILOSOFER! and still have undiminished energy for my other endeavors, I am creating a university to cooperate--not to compete--with the UNU, the United Nations University. The enterprise is an ultra-egalitarian Center of Global Studies (COGS) and I reverse many of the arguments from PC to cp, for we need to work on comparative planetology, conscientious participation, and creative pedagogy. Other acronymists might suggest COPS for The Continuum of Planetary Studies! I have to establish a university where AWE is the sovereign, because we have destroyed much of the awesome in "education" in the Americas, Asia, Africa, Australia, and Europe. The very acronym of Antarctica University, AU, sounds and resounds "awe." AU is an interspecies institution where terrestrial studies encompass Planetary Culture and where we get beyond ourselves by working on extraterrestrial topics (ET). By Covenant, all participants are OPTIMISTS, forever looking up and always, all ways, setting our perspective on THE LEARNING CONTINUUM, TLC, and on traditional tlc, tender loving care.

WHAT IN THE WOR(L)D DO I WANT?

1 + 1

I WANT THE WOR(L)(D)(S)

TO BE WON AND ONE!

UN WORDS help me to distinguish some of the boundaries of being... unwords and UN WORDS play a particularly amusing and instructive function for 280 million of the Earth's 6 billion humans. In a flight of some fantasy, I tried several years ago, to examine components of unamerican and UN AMERICAN! in post-McCarthy prose:

unamerican and UN AMERICAN!

IT is not for nothing that on May 29, 1989, toward the end of my illustrious sixteen year career as an international civil servant, that I was named by a UN colleague and Lifelong Friend, THE UNITED NATIONS' PHILOSOPHER! For seven years I have cherished this sometimes unenviable, occasionally enviable, and frequently UN ENVIABLE title. While the Secretary General of the United Nations, Boutros Boutros-Ghali has what has been described frequently as the most difficult job in the world, I, while I was UNESCO Adviser to UNICEF, was told and totally believed that I had the best job in the United Nations. Since January 1, 1992, when Secretary General Javier Perez de Cuellar and I both went into retirement, I have believed that I, as the unauthorized, unofficial, unpaid, and unstinting Philosopher of the United Nations (PUN) have the finest pedestal from which to observe, understand and encourage the development of PC... My PC is two-fold, PLANETARY CULTURE and PERSONAL COMMITMENT. Would that our former United States delegate to the UN, Mr. George Bush, subsequently President of the US, could have engaged in this type of PC, rather than personally committing himself (and many others) to Political Correctness. The turned pages of "his" story are best left to

the past... Now, today, Summer Solstice 1996, "we the people(s)" have a greater task...

Today, NYT columnist A.M. Rosenthal, long a dedicated student and contributor to United Nations programs has written on the Op Ed page an article entitled "Mugging Boutros-Ghali." How tragic it is that "your" country, my country, our country (for all of "us" who are USANS) is "mugging" Boutros-Ghali instead of asking what are some of the basic reform questions that may well be asked about UN REFORM. I am a student of alphabets and words, and I think we need to study what I call "the unwords and the U-N WORDS." Let us start with unaware and UN AWARE! If we concentrate on unasked and UN ASKED! we may find constituents asking when the wealthy are going to feed the poor, when the educated are going to provide schooling for the unlettered and innumerate, when are the healthy going to reach out and assist the ill to shorten the distance between disease (not ease) and ease. If we look at unbelievable and believable and UN BELIEVABLE issues, how are we going to evaluate the privilege of our veto power in the Security Council, and when are we going to discover that we have defined security in military terms more than in terms of trust. We muddle through budget problems in the United States, asserting that we cannot afford school lunches for all, adequate housing for the homeless, health care for the aged, employment for the unemployed, and yet we spend an estimated \$260 billions on our military establishment while we "owe" a reported overdue \$1.5 billions to the United Nations...

In 1984 I was dubbed SIR David, for my inestimable, good service as "spy-in-residence" (acronym SIR) in interagency cooperation... In 1989, a month after nomination as The UN Philosopher, a UNICEF colleague informed me that that organization's Staff Association had decided that I should "be" their Santa! I was asked to "be," not just to play Santa... Have you ever thought what it means to "be" Santa! For seven years it has been my daily duty and pleasure to contemplate and to work on being a real and mythical synthesis of goodness... I have learned in and out of the UN System to ask: How bad does bad have to be before you consider it bad? And I have learned to query, How good does good have to be before you consider it good? I am not happy with Boutros Boutros-Ghali's extremely important testament, AN AGENDA FOR PEACE, because, for me, it is too much a continuation of the use of military remedies in international relations, but I am profoundly gratified that the UN has this document, just as I am pleased and challenged that the UN has declared this year to be THE INTERNATIONAL YEAR FOR THE ERADICATION OF POVERTY... No one expects any organization, government or

international collective to be able to eradicate poverty in one year, but "we" for the first time in OURSTORY, not his-story nor her-story, in OUR STORY had commenced to analyze global issues in global dialogue: IMAGINE THAT WE THE PEOPLES OWN THE RESPONSE-ABILITY OF BEING THE UNITED NATIONS! (unimaginable, imaginable or UN IMAGINABLE!) I anticipate the day when all of us will so cherish Peace that with wit and wisdom we will all be UN philosophers...

*Imagine that "we the people" own the response-ability,
of being the United Nations!*

Long, long ago and far, far away, in a colonial, war-torn world, when I was but a youth in my 14th year, the supposed victors of the Second World War convened and concluded that "we the peoples" of the newly forming United Nations--which were not then and have not since 'united'--needed a new world ordering to secure peace. There were a number of people, mostly men, who concurred that the old ordering had not worked well enough that something new was required. However, neither then nor now, have the supposed sovereign nations willingly revised their claims to sovereignty... Further, the fifty one nations of the then-times and the 186 nations--2002=190s and "climbing" nations-- of the now-time have been paltry in their support of their cooperative venture, only contributing less than two United States dollars per capita to finance the entire workings of the United Nations System... During the worst years of the speciously named Cold War, the largest longest battle of the Twentieth Century, our global militarists spent as much as a trillion dollars a year on arms, soldiers, tanks, guns and war-games (games?)...

Many years ago a man called Mann wondered aloud and declared, "War is only a cowardly escape from the problems of peace." Even before I know this observation of this Man(n), I had concluded for myself that one of the most terribly confusing problems of my era is that we the peoples are not capable of even calculating the price of peace and "if" we were capable of doing so, we would probably be incapable of committing ourselves and our systems to making such an investment. I think that we would probably find that purchasing peace is indeed so incredibly more expensive than financing all the past wars still in our total debt and all our current conflicts and all our contemplated conflagrations... Dag Hammarskjold, second Secretary General of our United Nations Systems, discovered many years ago and placed his declaration clearly in his MARKINGS, that "there is no peace, except that of the soul." I do not believe that we have to believe Hammarskjold... I believe we can work for, seek and practice three kinds of peace, personal or inner peace--peace of

the soul, communal peace of family, clan, neighborhood, village-town-city and state, and PC, planetary-conciliation, PC, peace council, peace counsel...

A few bureaucrats, politicians, diplomats, journalists, PCs (public and private citizens) and panhandlers may be trying to mug Mr. Boutros Boutros-Ghali... However, it is my current observation that no one is indeed mugging our Secretary General. Rather, our very able PC, public critic, Mr. A. M. Rosenthal of the New York Times, is using a figurative figure of speech to dramatize what I would rather refer to as character assassination. Any student of the American story of the 1940s (I desist from using the word "history" because I am tired of his-story and few recount our story...) can determine, with no great, great difficulty that the formation, indeed the "creation", of the United Nations was in no small, minuscule, reduced, insignificant, minor, or trivial part due to the deliberate, dedicated, determined, dynamic, diligent and grand work, wit and wisdom of Americans cooperating with nationals from elsewhere in the Americas, from Asia, Africa, Australia, and Europe... Only Antarctica sent no representatives, which is indeed a shame, for if the Antarctic Union had participated, some journalistic, storian or sophisticated student of the events could have observed that the last continent made contributions of AU, "awe."

Mr. Boutros Boutros-Ghali may not need a second term as SG of the UN and we do have already mentioned a goodly number of challenging candidates, including women, for our world ordering which is still very derelict in developing equity... The practical case is not whether Mr. Boutros-Ghali should have a second term, as some sort of right in the rites of PC, political consideration... The PQ for me and many others, the prime question is how, when, where, why and what are the PC, principal considerations, in, of, by and for the selection of the most appropriate person to synthesize the incalculable debts we the peoples still owe in order to acquire in OUR COMMON FUTURE, something I want to call epic ethics, with epic being spelled from the initials of ecology, equity, education, peace, prosperity, participation, people, integrity, identity, imagination, international and interspecies cooperation, culture, conscience, and creativity. Is it naive to suggest that we may employ may spells and spellings to achieve humane rights...

In the previous paragraphy I purposely constructed a list of work(d)s to suggest epic tasks and then I purposively exceeded the usual American English spelling of human to read "humane" rights. It is not a simple task to promote consciousness of humane rights... My country, our country--for here I write for an audience of United States citizens and residents--is not a great leader in the arena, parade and

practice of humane rights. In 1990 the long struggled for Convention on the Rights of The Child entered into international effect with the commitment of the enabling number of nations for it to become a convention. Now, most of the nations of the world have subscribed to this pervasive calculus, yet my country, the United States of America is the only major industrial nation in the entire world that has not become a party to an essential, of essence, statement of humane rights for children... We may question the reliability of one or another of our statisticians, but we are repeatedly informed with dire drama that as many as one of every five children in our society, our nation, exists below the poverty line...

I have found a certain degree of profound, personal peace on the banks of my own Walden Pond, on Racc Ridge, less than 100 kilometers from the sacred space of the United Nations Organization. Almost 51 years ago our delegates established THE CHARTER OF THE UNITED NATIONS as a sort of secular "prayer" of our hopes and aspirations for peace, equity, human(e) rights and development. In 1948, our former First Lady, Eleanor Roosevelt diligently and dramatically contributed to what I believe to be the greatest civic document of the 20th Century and of most centuries, THE UNIVERSAL DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS. In 1987 the UN adopted a special report on OUR COMMON FUTURE and in 1992, the global community of nations, non-governmental organizations and many people created AGENDA 21. In 1992, the Secretary General, Boutros-Ghali, prepared for the UN a text entitled AN AGENDA FOR PEACE. In 1994, the SG gave us AN AGENDA FOR DEVELOPMENT. I do not want to belabor my case about the UN by mentioning special years and decades for women, children, the aging, indigenous peoples, human rights--they did not spell it with my "e"--peace, eradication of poverty, space, tolerance, disability, the family, water, and so on... I simply and not so simply, because I do not believe that we have many very, very simple solutions available, want to record, cord, chord and pre-cord the greatest of PC, personal commitment and to proclaim that there will be no global peace until we create sufficient faith to live in peace... And, I believe that a part of that creation comes from each of us declaring, "Let there be peace, and let it begin with me." Alternatively, let there be peace, and let it grow with me...

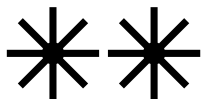
I been mistakenly identified as an "expert," an expert on such things, ideas, issues, topics and agendas as early child care and education, peace education, population education, girls education, literacy, health, housing, disability, drug education, urbanization, rural development, primary education, higher education, lifelong education, and ecology. I do not here want to claim any superior ability on any of

these items, I want simply to appeal to my fellow americans not to be unamerican. I appeal to all fellow citizens and residents to be UN AMERICANS.

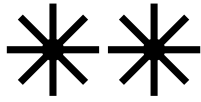
About half a lifetime ago, half my lifetime ago, a great American farmer told me while I was teaching in a tiny Central American country that I might get into trouble during my life and that I should have an invincible logo to dispel all enemies, potential enemies and evil. I should declare from then till the end of my time, 'I am not the champion of lost causes, I am a champion of causes that have not yet been won (one)!' My (late) friend's name is Jonathan and my name is David... We do not need to refer to old testaments to find new testaments of Faith, Hope and Love... The United Nations "taught" me that I can try to make a difference and that I can be a planetary citizen even before we create what I like to call PLANETARY CULTURE. We Americans pride ourselves in our motto of "e pluribus unum," one from many... May we borrow from our wordage and work from warfare to peacefare, so that someday, maybe on the third Tuesday in September, the UN's International Peace Day, in 2031 AD when the General Assembly is opening its 86th Session we can celebrate a planetary PEACE FAIR, commemorating the 3300th anniversary of the first known peace treaty, that of Ramses II of the Egyptians and Hattusilis of the Hittites (1269BC).

With so many tasks before us, of hunger, illness, ignorance, inequity, war and want, we should not have much time to be unamerican, nor American, nor UN AMERICAN! I think that we will need our time to be PLANETARY CITIZENS...

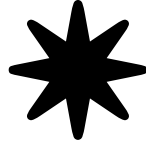
Then we shall endeavor to become COSMIC COMICS, CLOWN PRINCES AND PRINCESSES OF PLANETARY CULTURE AND CONSCIOUSNESS.



I owe my planetary compatriots one enormous apology for this solitary concession to a specific nationality... The plausible excuse is my passport, since I no longer have a United Nations passport. My most special claim is citizenship in the Nation of Imagi...a nation which has no passports...



* **



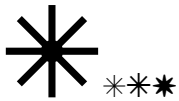
unwords and UN WORDS also gave me the clue to creating my own punctuation sign, which I generously desire all beings to use... I learned how to signal the distance from doubt to definition...

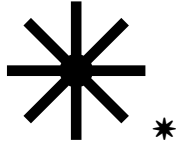
unanswered UN ANSWERED

I wanted more answers than most people could ever give me,
and when people couldn't give me answers,

I wondered why couldn't they help with the questions.
I still wonder...

I drew upon all my resources, especially my friend,
Imagination,
and together we created THE ANSWER MARK....





¿PC BY DAVID INKEY?

THALES, TOLSTOY, THOREAU, TWAIN, TOM PAINE AND TOM SAWYER, BETSY ROSS, MME. LAFARGE, MARY POPINS... PETER RABBIT, FLOPSY, MOPSY AND COTTONTAIL, VELVETEEN RABBIT, MOLE, THE LITTLE PRINCE AND AT LEAST 101 OTHER FRIENDS, THE FACTUAL AND FICTIVE....

I am not the champion of lost causes, I am a champion of causes that have not yet been won (one)! I am curious beyond all measure, I am Quixotic QUIZOTIC beyond all the stretches of the Don's imagination. I am personally committed to many of the public concerns of all ages. I am only one passing citizen in search of totology... I left the inns of innocence so many years ago when I was given a twelve-year sentence of involuntary servitude in schooling. I worked and played the "educational" system skillfully so that I exited with highest honors and was allowed to give farewell diction to several of my most treasured values. I went on to "higher education" hoping to find in practice the ethics I had learned in theory, such as life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, "with liberty and justice for all." The carriage of justice too often has wobbly wheels running over many weaker members of our society and miscarriages were even more violently destructive of yellow Americans just because they were Nisei and brown ones just because they belonged to native tribes, and black ones because they were former slaves...

I grew up, because that was what was expected of me... I studied in some of the most illustrious institutions of this sovereign state and in our imperial predecessor, England, yet rarely did I find the Holy Grail of Faith, Hope and Love... How many tests of innocence must one pass?

TESTS OF INN(OCENCE)

The Christmas Pageant of The Church of The Nativity in Lewiston was scheduled for the Winter Solstice and the Sunday School Children hoped that they might celebrate the finest reenactment of Christ's birth ever. They would have a newborn infant wrapped in swaddling clothes to lie in the manger, an innocent in his first days--child of the parish priest and his wife. Sunday School superintendents, teachers, students, unanimously believed that little "Noel David" had been named to capture the majesty of the great Christian myth. This baby's first name was the French word for Christmas and his second name, meaning beloved, fulfilled ancient traditions of David's lineage. Even the child acquiesced in silent accord and behaved angelically in all his role calls. He was "Joy to the World" in the depths of economic depression and widespread sorrow. He would have smiled at the Magi and even hinted at magic. No donkey nor ox nor sheep nor dogs would be in the sanctuary to disturb the God Child. The new parents refused permission for the Sunday School to cast their new son in the role of the Christ Child and, untested, the child failed his first test of innocence. Innocence once lost seems never to be regained. Never again did David have the opportunity "to be" the Christ Child of pageantry and never did life give him the opportunity to impersonate more than shepherds, magi, and once a little angel--not the littlest. Many, many years later David was selected "to Be" the United Nations Santa and now it is in the redemptive love of that role, cast among many who have never really believed that there is a Santa that David finds substituted significance for this Holy Season... "I cannot attend any Christmas festivities without a haunting hurt of unearned innocence--I should have been given leave to be one time in my life a representative of the Christ Child. How terrible that this was not allowed in a sanctuary named The Church of The Nativity! I was not baptized till January. How cold and dirty do you think the water must have been? My Godparents were friends of the family and an uncle, but they never supported me in my pilgrimage. Years later I learned of the slaughter of the innocents, it took me nearly fifty years to forgive God for allowing Herod's cruelty. Today we allow millions of children in war-torn and non-war countries to suffer hunger, cold and other privations. You say you love to see innocence reenacted the Christmas Story. Pray tell, do they present a true to life version in your Sanctuary or have they the expurgated warm, hushed, frank-incensed presentation?

You say the congregation would be frankly-incensed if my version were given?" No wonder there is no room in the inn. You ask, "What year was this written?" I regret to say, it is written the same way every year. The Second Noel, the angels didn't sing.

**(Xmas 2001 All the angels are singing.
¿Could I have "failed" my test 70 times.)**

unbiased

UN BIASED

Speak for the world

by David Inkey, 8th May 1993

no bias in Bosnia.....

Recently, I heard a high ranking official of THE UNITED NATIONS speak publicly about HATRED IN THE BALKANS... Dennis did an incredibly comprehensive job of relating the History, Aggression, Territory, Religion, Economics and Demographics-- giving himself and his audience the acronym H.A.T.R.E.D.---in the Balkans... What Dennis missed on the historic Sunday of 2 May 1991 as preliminary peace accords were being agreed upon is that the six topics of his consideration may give us another, more promising acronym, which lamentably, no one in Dennis' Congregation perceived except me... I politely waited while six other listeners asked their questions before I asked Dennis to let me express a different view and to query him and some eighty fellow participants in the Congregational Plenary. Dennis kindly and defensively introduced me as a retired international civil servant, one who frequently expressed differing perspectives... Given this footing, I suggested that my acronym would be THREAD--territory, history, religion, economics, aggression and demographics---a thread of hope, perhaps. I elicited many smiles... Then, with wit and wisdom which is perhaps even too sharp for me to grasp, I said, that we were discussing Bosnia... Why cannot we and all others considering the crimes and concerns of the state and peoples see a message of NO BIAS?

We do not need to be reminded of great hatreds, we do need to look for a thread to link us in the greater search for understanding.



* * *

While we approach various tables for discussion, we need to leave aside the worst of our hatreds--not ignoring and not denying their reality--and we need to recognize that all sides have been guilty of atrocities. We need to clear the air and approach our discussions with a re-scrambled spelling of Bosnia, an in-sight that within the letters of that state we also have a signal of NO BIAS...I cannot justify even the margins in this essay...

uncelebrated...

UN CELEBRATED!

David Inkey's Program of United Nations Studies: iPUNS! October 27, 1995

ICELEBRATING CREATION!
AND
ICREATING! ICELEBRATION!

Just 5,999 years ago on the 27th of October, coincidentally a Friday, God rested after a busy week of creating: Here is what we can now celebrate concerning creation: October 21st, the creation of day and night; the 22nd, the creation of Heaven; the 23rd, the Earth (including grass and herb yielding seed); the 24th, the seasons, days and years with the Sun, Moon and Stars; the 25th, birds, whales and fish; the 26th, beasts, cattle and man (whom God was careful to distinguish from every creeping thing). God gave us good cause or excuse to have a whole week of celebration.

From time immemorial we have had celebrations, but it is to Bishop James Ussher of Dublin (1581-1656) whom we owe thanks for this chronology. He found that at 9 a.m. on Monday, October 23rd, 4004 BC, God created the Earth. On October 24, 1945 AD, the victors of our Second World War created the United Nations. Biased or not, "his" story, "her" story, and our story are important accounts and we are repeatedly advised, verily warned, that if we do not understand the stories we will be condemned to repeat the errors of the past. Good lessons, perhaps!

I am here today to help you in celebrating creation, but I am also here to ask you to help me in creating celebration. Ussher was a great cleric, an esteemed professor of divinity, a chancellor of St. Patrick's Cathedral, bishop of Meath and archbishop of Armagh. He authored 17 scholarly works and was (is?) buried in Westminster Abbey. Lest you doubt the importance of his chronology let me advise you with caution, that the bishop's ideas were believed a lot longer than they have been disbelieved.

If you are fervent practitioners of all the ghost and goblin arts of Halloween, as I am, then you might just simply enjoy the usefulness of the bishop's bluff because Heaven and Earth had to be created at some time if we were to occupy them. So, why not have them made just in time for Halloween? I am not a bishop nor a pawn. I am only an amateur theologian, an incipient philosopher, a modestly trained anthropologist, and a discarded international civil servant. Mostly, I am an anthropologist of peace.

The first lesson I wish to leave with you is that we should celebrate creation every day. The second lesson, and this is probably the one why you invited me here, is to codify ten reasons, like a Decalogue, of why I believe we should celebrate the UN. From many years of allegiance to, study of and work with the UN, I found ten basic reasons to celebrate. First, the UN was created to rid us of the scourges of war; every day of my life I celebrate the UN's work for peace and I long for the day when peacefare will replace warfare. I consider that no one is an adequate student of Globalism until s/he has read THE CHARTER OF THE UNITED NATIONS. I seldom embarrass people, publicly or privately, so I shall not privately, ask you if you have read this fundamental document. Second, I believe that the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, adopted by the UN on December 10, 1948, is the most important civic document of the 20th Century and I want all to celebrate its anniversary each and every year. Third, I am profoundly proud that the UN provided the coordinating mechanisms worldwide for the eradication of the great age-old scourge, smallpox. Fourth, I believe that the Water Decade from 1981-1991 is a high mark in development cooperation, providing potable water for just about a second third of us --yet, we continue to suffer water deficits for the third third of our kith and kin. Fifth, the UN's work for women and girls is disgracefully insufficient and inefficient: Yet, despite all of its inadequacies, it is commendable. (Let us not get me started on equity accounting.) Gender equity remains one of our greatest challenges in the pilgrimage from being human to becoming humane. Sixth, Alma Ata is not just a distant city in Asia, it is the 1968 emblem of cooperation to achieve health for all. Seventh, I see that the UN's monumental work on education for all is a beacon for all. UNESCO, the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, was (is) my great mentor and taskmaster for much of my adult life: In my most optimistic moments I describe(d) that agency as my lifelong education institute.

* * *

Eighth, humbly and with embracing enthusiasm, I consider that the work of the UN before, during and after the Decade for the Disabled is unconditionally one of our ten most important acts. I do not know how I learned disability caring, but I believe society is not measured by how well we care for those who are most adept in learning, producing and playing. I believe that society is measured by how we care for our weaker members. Ninth on my list but certainly not 9th in humane priority is political freedom. I am neither a student of colonialization nor of decolonization, but in measuring freedom, the work of the Trusteeship Council has to be considered the greatest liberation movement in all our recorded experience. My tenth celebratory point is something of a provisional bargain,, population is the popular name thereof but I prefer more ecological conceptualization,

I prefer to see the issue, political and humane, as stewardship. From 4004 BC or from 4 billion years ago, we have grown in numbers to nearly 6 billion. I seldom raise voice or vote in demographic demagoguery, for I am indeed pro-life in spirit and pro-choice in practice. I believe that in increasing from some 1.5 billion humans in 1900 to some 6.3 billion in 1999, we have what future ourstorians will refer to as The Health Century. Gradually, most, most gradually, we may move to a humane ethics of every child being a wanted child and every being being a treasured being. This is the ethos I have served in the decades I have dedicated to work on population topics. (If I were to have an eleventh code, I would speak to you and praise participation, while condemning poverty of spirit and poverty of non-providing. I would embrace the dilemma of refugees. I would deafen you with 100 million curses, one for each of the land mines we have planted where we should cultivate food for body and soul.

If we had kept the original date we had for this "celebration," we could have celebrated on October 20th the 48th Anniversary of the UN Flag. We would have been meeting during the very week of the UN's 50th Anniversary--joining the chorus and cacophony of UN endeavors. Instead, this week, we are pioneers in celebrating the 51st Year of this tender effort, and I would ask you to use this entire year to define tasks and to dedicate energies to what I describe as EPIC ETHICS, the epic and the ethics being constructed from the code initials of ecology, education, equity, peace, participation, population, identity, imagination, international cooperation, culture and creativity. We will have an extra day in this sequence of time, February 29, 1996, but I will discuss that later.

There are ten to the tenth to the tenth ideas--there are a thousand or a thousand and one "things" I would like to tell you. I could engage you in my imagineering for the next 36 years, but you are not my patients and I might exhaust your patience. Today, let it suffice to conclude--this was "conclude" when I was in a brief mode--with one more ourstory lesson. Just 3,264 years ago, Ramses II of the Egyptians and Hattusilis of the Hittites accorded our first known peace treaty. Three years ago, in January 1992, I established The Forty Year Plan For The Global Peace Fair Of 2031 AD. I propose(d) that between International Peace Day, September 16th and October 24th 2031AD, WE THE PEOPLES will celebrate the 3300th Anniversary of the Treaty of Ramses II and Hattusilis. For 3,264 years we have engaged in repeated battles and now we have just 36 years to learn peace fare before this auspicious anniversary. We must "learn" inner peace, create communal peace and establish Global Ordering. iGO! (As self-appointed, ornery (honorary and ornery) chair of this event, I cordially invite all to assist or take over, most pacifically, The GPF.)

Lest you consider my proposals utopian, I should immediately alert you to the "truth" that they are entopian and lest you question my philosophic standing and understanding, I firmly assert with all the authority vested in me as the UN PHILOSOPHER! that I am not a champion of lost causes, I am a champion of causes that have not yet been one. Gandhi has taught us that we must be the change we wish to see in the world and my spiritual and political adviser Thoreau teaches me to enjoy drumbeats! I live "my story" and I share my story so that it will not be lost in dyslexic mystery or be declared a miss-try. Peace and Happy Halloween!

I have addressed only ten points. I have not told you about the great, atrocious problems of iodine deficiency, I have shared with you the horror I felt when I learned how several nations, in bi-lateral work (not with the UN) were created relevant curricula in Afghanistan where one grenade plus one grenade equaled two grenades and three bayonets plus three bayonets equaled six deaths. (Maybe it was only six bayonets and we suffered in translation!) I have not suggested that you might help me convene a Constitutional Convention for UNESCO to redraft the poetic preamble of Archibald MacLeish, "Since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that we must build the defenses of peace." to reflect more modern equity and to correct ageistic assertions, i.e. "Since wars begin in the lives of children, it is in the spirits of children that we must seed the dreams of peace." Similarly, we need to psychologize ourselves about cruel, crueler, and cruelest questions and modify our maturity measures, to create a world of wonder in which

children will not ask innocent questions for which we have no innocent answers. I shall not bother you--today, at least--with my queries as to whether in the reform of the UN we should surrender the veto to achieve more democratic world ordering. I am not sufficiently schooled in economics to know how we might convince the due paying governments that a per capita global payment of approximately two dollars is insufficient to fund the kind of world we might find a better place in which to live. I have not even alluded to my personal, conscience stricken, feelings about the greater militarization of the Security Council, all in the eloquent jargon of an extremely important document, AN AGENDA FOR PEACE (1992). I would like you to be empathetic concerning how inadequately, to my reading, AN AGENDA FOR DEVELOPMENT (1995) deals with poverty. Nuclear terrorism fails to terrify me--totally--because I am inadequately informed and we continue to be denied easy and adequate access to nuclear realities. We are, I believe, pioneers in the social evolution from eons of struggle for simple survival toward an epoch of struggle for complex survival.

I do not subscribe to the eloquent analysis of going to the Dickens'... I do not believe that these are either the best of times nor the worst of times. I believe, fully, unstintingly, unreservedly, that these are our times. Further, I derive great psychic comfort believing that: Liveness is the relation of all beings one to another. Life for the Optimist is a comedy--despite all trials and tribulations. Life for the Pessimist is---despite numerous joys and comforts--a tragedy. Life is not easy, but I do believe in something indomitable in the humane spirit.

I could spend at least half of our next 36 years before The Global Peace Fair, considering the relationship between individual liberty and community responsibility. Then, I would veer off from or into a consideration of response-abilities. Subsequently, I would tell you marvelous stories of what it means to me to be The UN Santa, and how Santa is frequently confused for that other character who also runs around in a red suit and who spells my name, dyslexic ally, awkwardly as S-a-t-a-n. Then, I would want to tell you that if we do not live (l-i-v-e) in an orderly fashion, things will reverse upon us and we will find ourselves in e-v-i-l. We attempt to teach civics at the local, state and national levels, but where in the world do we teach global civics. When I was a child, my Mother, frequently in exasperation, used to ask me: "What in the world do you want?" I am not sure how often it was an exclamation and how often it was a question, but most of the times she asked this was in the great era of child innocence before I knew anything about punctuation marks. Anyway, in those long ago spent days, seasons and years of childhood, I had

what now seem like very innocent, simple answers like, I want a story, I want some candy, I want some pop corn, I want to go to the park, I want to go to the movies... How "tragic" that I was not permitted or encouraged to the response that has now become my most soulful reply: What in the world do I want! I want the world! I do not want to be greedy, intemperate, and controlling when I reply that I want the world. No, I want to be imaginative, creative, compassionate, awesome... I have confessed, alphabetically yet, that I have enjoyed anthropology, bureaucracy, clowning, diplomacy, education, medicine, philosophy and an ab-yz of other interests, but I have not yet indicated what I am currently attempting to conceptualize and concertize. When I have explored to my satisfaction the realms of being THE UN PHILOSOPHER! I believe I will undertake an even more ambitious commitment. Currently, I am intrigued about being an Exceptional Cosmic Clown in Training. I am fascinated that clowns see and frequently understand the pathos and pleasure in the human experience far more profoundly than most beings I have observed from other disciplines. Becoming a cosmic clown will perhaps train me to fulfill the message/challenge of the most magnificent fortune cookie I have even opened. At Halloween in 1993 I cautiously and curiously opened my cookie to read: "Most people seek happiness. You create it." I have had several cookie messages in the past two years but I doubt and I do not seek that I will ever again received such a comprehensive Delphic delight. Happiness is not a joy of fleeting nature. Happiness is a state of wellness, a state of confidence, a state of faith, hope and love that "things" work together for good.

I know I am trying the patience of some of you and testing the tolerance of others, but this is happily the UN Year of Tolerance and I have something important to say about multiculturalism. Why for some two hundred years of academic anthropology, have the chief priests of the discipline contended that we are divided in thousands of cultures. When they now talk or write about race they declare that humans are one "race." Nevertheless, they subscribe almost universally to cultural pluralism, fragmentation, diversity and disintegration, practically thinking or practically speaking... Well, if "that" is practical, I want to be impractical. I want to suggest our common humanity and our common culture. Historians, political scientists, philosophers and several other disciplinarians are trying to figure out what we should call ourselves in this something-of-a-post-post-modern-world, but no one I have ever heard about other than yours truly has the audacity to suggest that we should (arbitrarily) assert that we have created (or discovered) GAIA CULTURE. It seems that realists are more interested in discovery and romantics are more interested in creativity. Our total human experience has long been controlled by

the proponents of discovery of knowledge and we usually do not trust adherents to the creativity thereof. Einstein taught us that imagination is more important than knowledge, yet for all his smarts and imagination, he did not give us many clues as to how we might all become IMAGINEERS. Or, if we all cannot become IMAGINEERS, how are we to calculate how numerous the tribe or pride, of IMAGINEERS should (could) be.

My greatest anthropological challenge is how I can utilize all of my anthropology training to foment knowledge of and imagination about GAIA CULTURE. I think that the hardest immediate problem facing us individually and collectively is that posed by the Danish poet Piet Hein in 1960 when he wrote, "we are global citizens with tribal souls." I spend inordinate and ordained amounts of time trying to figure out how we may create in ourselves and others a magic inner relationship between local or "tribal" identity and global identity. We have more than enough transcendent global problems, we need more than enough transcendent global practitioners. When the children for whom I am the UN Santa ask me, "Santa, are you real?" I reply with no qualms, YES, I AM REAL! I wish for each and all of you as happy a reply as I have created and discovered to the age old question of what in the world do you want: I want the world. Now, TGIF and Happy 51st Anniversary Year of The United Nations!

Happy 51st Year of the UN!

What will give you happiness in this 51st Year? Or, from what can you perhaps take some happiness and give some gratitude in exchange? Tomorrow, the 28th, we may celebrate the UN Charter for Nature signed in 1982 and with that we might "refresh" our commitment to our common future by reading the benchmark document of the UN on the environment, population and poverty, OUR COMMON FUTURE (1987). Further, we should challenge ourselves with a thorough study of AGENDA 21, the marvelous testament emerging from the 1992 United Nations Conference on Environment and Development (UNCED). On the 29th we will commemorate the First Session of the ILO (International Labor Organization) held in 1919. The 30th marks the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), signed in 1947. The 31st in my calendar is mostly for Halloween, but we must also let UNICEF DAY have its day. In November, I give homage to the 16th because that is the day, in 1945, when the constitution of UNESCO was adopted. December 10th is a "red letter" or maybe we should say a UN Blue Letter Day, for the anniversary of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. If you want to be spaced

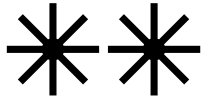
out in January, perhaps you would like to celebrate the anniversary of the Outer Space Treaty, signed on the 27th, in 1967. My favorite day for celebration in February is Valentine's and on the 14th I also remember the Treaty of Tlaltelolco banning nuclear weapons in Latin America, dating from 1967. In March, I march along with equitable celebrations of INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY, established in 1908. In April, I have, of course, to play something of the fool on the 1st, but April 5th is more special to me because on that day in 1991 the Security Council passed Resolution 688 which changes the way refugees are treated as a threat to international peace. It is my philosophic contention that Res. 688, permitting intervention in Iraq to protect Kurds, is the "death warrant" to traditional sovereignty among nations dating from The Treaty of Westphalia, 1648. Technically, philosophically, morally, all post 1991 thinking and action relating to inter-national affairs requires a new focus through a lens that no longer centralizes state sovereignty as it was seen for 347 years. If I were a political scientist--and even as a non political scientist--I would ask all my government, poli sci and international relations professors and students, colleagues all, how we all must re-create and re-imagine "sovereignty." We may in May find ourselves a bit in a fog or smog because World-No-Tobacco Day on the 31st is not observed every day of our lives, but "no matter" about that. May 7, 1975, marks the date of the Law of the Sea Convention and we may float happily on that... June 5th is World Environment Day, commemorating the first UN environment conference in 1972. July 11th is World Population Day, but I caution you that the 4th is also important for several reasons among which is the 1845 event of Thoreau moving to Walden Pond. August is an august time and I particularly like to remember that early human rights activists promulgated the Declaration on the Rights of Man and Citizen, in 1789. UNESCO now translates "man" as "person" to be inclusive in language. More than 500 years after Gutenberg we still disgrace ourselves allowing almost a billion humans to be illiterate in this fantastic information age. So, perhaps we can find time on September 8th, International Literacy Day, to do penance... It is not easy to skip over many important dates and it is very easy to do so. Since I am working from traditional 365 day year calendars, I do not have a special indication of what to celebrate on February 29th, 1996. Perhaps we would like to nominate it as LIFENESS DAY, but if we were to do so we would all have to help one another celebrate the creation thereof and create the celebration! Thank you, gracias, merci. Thank you for your attention to this point. I have one more point to make before I exhaust myself in the whirlwind account of celebration. I wish to expose some of my thoughts about December 7th. I leave it to others to remember the events of 1941, I look at 1965:

ihAPPY DECEMBER 7TH?

ihappy December 7th!

On December 7, 1965, a great resolution passed in the General Assembly of the UN: Resolution 2037 of the Twentieth Session, DECLARATION ON THE PROMOTION AMONG YOUTH OF THE IDEALS OF PEACE, MUTUAL RESPECT AND UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN PEOPLES, is a banner challenge to all educators and educands that "young people shall be brought up in the spirit of peace, justice, freedom, mutual respect and understanding in order to promote equal rights for all human beings and all nations, economic and social progress, disarmament and the maintenance of international peace and security." I was oblivious to this resolution till autumn of last year, but now I am an ardent advocate for the promotion of XX 2037. It is wonderful what a little enquiry does to my Imagination.

I have no voice of song, but I have a strong voice of celebration. None the less, I have, among my six or eight or ten senses, a strong sense of failure, sorrow, despair, dismay, distraction, destruction, and dereliction. Through it all, yet, still, however, I own my education. To be the change I wish to see in the world, I have developed the art of ICONOLOGY. The world has a plethora of iconoclasts and we pay dearly for the destruction they wreak, but it is indeed difficult to encounter iconologists, people who derive endless joy studying and appreciating the icons we all use to symbolize the most significant factors in our lives. My favorite icon in the UN is a replica of the 1269 BC peace treaty of Ramses II and Hattusilis, but there are many other cherished icons there, so I have created an ICONS OF PEACE TOUR in the "sacred" space where we have welded together our hopes, in a humane "prayer" to rid the world of wars. Finally, I wish to share one more story: I am fascinated in how we use ritual in our lives and how we fail to do so. At my house every year Jack Clown emerges from his pumpkin hiding place on October 24th with starry eyes and a smiley face smile to glow gloriously his support of the UN's Birthday. Then, each night for a week his face shines brightly in celebration and on the last day of October he benevolently showers astral and moon crescent light on the happy activities of UNICEF. When people say my eyes shine as starstruck, I confess that I experience only reflect light. Thank you for the excuse to put together these ideas and for the opportunity to share them with you I have presented a past, present and future scramble which I will most happily be willing to unscramble and UN SCRAMBE with you. We have not even mentioned my unwords and UN WORDS! I want all to enjoy the UN challenges as much as I do, and I offer you four words of counsel: iOWN YOUR OWN EDUCATION!



* * *

uncaring....

UN CARING...

a little story

This is a little story about four people named Everybody, Somebody, Anybody, and Nobody. There was an important job to be done and Everybody was sure that Somebody would do it. Anybody could have done it, but Nobody did it. Somebody got angry about that, because it was Everybody's job. Everybody thought Anybody could do it, but Nobody realized that Everybody wouldn't do it. It ended up that Everybody blamed Somebody when Nobody did what Anybody could have done!

by anon

undecided...

UN DECIDED!

Few challenges and challengers to the United Nations System are as ideological as the Senior Senator of North Carolina Sovereignty...

INKEY'S PROGRAM OF UNITED NATIONS STUDIES, iPUNS! OCT. 22nd 1996

SAVING THE UN: THE HELMS-INKEY DEBATES

The time has come for the United States to deliver an ultimatum: Either the United Nations reforms, quickly and dramatically, or the United States will end its participation. For too long, the Clinton administration has paid lip service to the idea of UN reform, without imposing any real costs for UN failure to do so. I am convinced that without the threat of American withdrawal, nothing will change. Withholding US contributions has not worked. In 1986, Congress

passed the Kassebaum-Solomon bill, which said to the UN in clear and unmistakable terms, reform or die. That did not work. A decade later, the UN has neither reformed nor died. The time has come for it to do one or the other.

Jesse Helms, 1996

Imagine a better world than the Senior Senator from North Carolina, Jesse Helms, has ever proposed in the United States Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, or anywhere else. Imagine a world where we all work and play together to create The Planetary Peace Council, the full enjoyment of humane rights and sustainable development beyond any development ever previously dreamt. Whether we are able to imagine and image these dreams in the contexts and confines of The United Nations System or whether we have to create new and different entities is not yet known, but given the instruments for understanding and sharing we now enjoy, let us labor long and diligently in peace and let us, regularly, "rest in peace."

David Inkey, 1996 (Note, I am fully to the Left...)

Imagine my surprise on October 18th, 1996, Jesse Helms' 75th Birthday, to find in the Public Library of the Town of UNOVILLE, in The Constitution State, an invitation addressed exclusively to me, Dr. David Inkey, The United Nations Philosopher! and The UN Santa, to respond in open debate to Senator Jesse Helms on the issue of "Saving the U.N., A Challenge to the Next Secretary-General." That is the topic set by Helms and developed in agonizing detail in his recent FOREIGN AFFAIRS article under the same title. By the rules of our debate I will not be impaneled with Helms, in any way comparable or incomparable to how the Fourth Estate publicized me last year with His Holiness Pope John Paul II, celebrating the 50th Anniversary of the UN System. No, Jesse and I are each "on our own." I have come here today to share with you my drafty draft response which, by the eve of Halloween Eve, I want to have fully edited and dispatched to one of North Carolina's major newspapers, The Raleigh News and Observer, to suggest that they might consider my imagination something of a most seasonable, practical prank (which Webster defines as a frolic). That paper may publish my wit and wisdom for use in the forthcoming Senatorial Contest in North Carolina, deciding whether Helms remains at the helm for a fifth term. I attach myself closely to Helms' text, while simultaneously I make extraordinary exceptions thereto... Please be patient with the lengthy labors Jesse and I expose you to. The time and tempered temper I invest in this epistle are my belated 75th Birthday Greetings to Senator Helms.

Though I wish him only small election returns, I wish him a happy retirement and one as creative as mine.

No politician, including Saddam Hussein, Qaddafi, His Holiness Pope John Paul II, and W. J. Clinton, known to me and all my colleagues, exercises so much power in US foreign policy as does Jesse Helms, and I believe that Helms is, beyond doubt, our most vocal elected official in criticism of The UN, though, undoubtedly, certainly, virtually beyond credibility, Jeane Kirkpatrick gives Helms unrelenting challenge. The opening quote is from Helms' article in the current issue of FOREIGN AFFAIRS, I half-heartedly recommend the article to you to enhance all your political science(?) courses and discourses, and all other torturing speculations we might make and might not want to make for Halloween, All Saints' Day (Nov. 1), All Souls (Nov. 2) and Election Day--when Jesse just might disappear in a cloud of tobacco smoke, or he might be politically smothered by opposition votes in North Carolina ballot boxes. (In many of my quotations from Jesse, I have standardized citations of U.N. to UN, have abbreviated United Nations to UN, have condensed United States to US, and, most courageously, against colossal "odds" and "evens," have tried to represent "fairly" the tremendous force of Helms' arguments.) Though I am 360 degrees in accord with Helms that "saving the UN" is a gargantuan task, I am at somewhere between 179 and 181 degrees of difference on how we must approach the challenge. Are we going in circles?

JESSE AND I AGREE: WE SHOULD NOT NOW WITHDRAW FROM THE UN.

When asked recently whether the US should withdraw from the UN, Helms replied, "Not yet." Yet, he believes that "As it currently operates, the UN does not deserve continued American support." He strongly believes that the UN "is being transformed from an institution of sovereign nations to a quasi-sovereign entity in itself." I differ. "Worst of all, it is a transformation that is being funded principally by American taxpayers." I disagree. (We are fiscal deadbeats.) Then, he states, "This situation is untenable." (IT hasn't happened, therefore IT isn't untenable.) The UN "needs to be radically overhauled." Yes, to achieve basic peace, humane rights and development goals the UN needs to be radically re-formed, formed anew... Jesse enjoys the agreement of many when he uses the "bloated" cliché, when referring to staffing--as have Clinton and Albright. Helms believes that Boutros Ghali "has pressed for the establishment of a standing UN army and the power to collect direct UN taxes." I disagree, in degree. I have seen nothing to make me believe that the Secretary General has done more than suggest the

options, it is neither in his power nor purpose "to press." The Senator feels that "The Clinton administration has belatedly announced its opposition [to the SG's platform for a second term] but has failed to nominate or even search for a replacement, just as it has been complacent in the face of his presumptions to power." "Belatedly" on Helms' clock but not on Clinton's. The complacency issue is insufficiently exposed to discuss at this juncture. The replacement question is greater than the extent of Helms' "Saving" article and my current disposition. "The reformist zeal of the next secretary-general will in all likelihood determine whether or not the UN survives into the next century." This point in Helms' schema is one of the most fascinating to me, for here Helms gives every indication of wishing for a powerful, determined, new SG, simultaneous to feeling despair regarding exactly these qualities in the current SG. The Senator wants to have his cake (cake) both ways and intends to do everything in his power to succeed. In his next point, Helms credits international civil servants with incalculably greater power than I observed during sixteen years of direct colleagueship in the UN System: "The international elites running the UN look at the idea of the nation-state with disdain..." Helms criticizes: "Nation-states, they (the civil servants) believe, should recognize the primacy of these global interests and accede to the UN's sovereignty to pursue them..."

The Senator clearly and correctly recognizes that Boutros-Ghali, in his 1992 text, *An Agenda for Peace*, "declared that the sovereignty of nations is an outdated concept..." I believe that AN AGENDA is the most explicit, yet still inadequate, explanation we have in international literature of the passing of sovereignty, at the advanced age of 343 years (1648-1991). Helms goes on "As the millennium approaches, this virus of centralization is spreading to the global level, and the UN is its carrier." ... "UN reform is about much more than saving money. It is about preventing unelected bureaucrats from acquiring ever-greater powers at the expense of elected national leaders." Helms attributes far greater power to international civil servants than even the highest ranking servants would recognize in their "job descriptions" and work lives. In a section of his essay, entitled THE BIG PICTURE, Helms notes that the organization "is home to 53,744 bureaucrats, comprising the Secretariat bureaucracy and those of the divers specialized agencies." "Hard as it is to believe, some advocates of the UN argue that it is not big enough. In his book *Divided It Stands: Can the United Nations Work?* James Holtje writes that 'when one considers that ...(the UN is) expected to meet the needs of 5.5 billion people worldwide, the number begins to look small.' It is not the job of the UN to 'meet the needs' of 5.5 billion people--that is the job of nation-

states." I wonder when--if ever--Jesse Helms has read THE CHARTER OF THE UNITED NATIONS. The founders of the organization ascribed to "We the Peoples" the concession that the UN would help care for the creation of peace, human rights and development for all people(s). (For contrast, please note that The Constitution State has 63,000 state workers.)HELP! I believe the Senator's basic premise is that he does not want to save The UN that 51 nations created 51 years ago in the Pacific City of St. Francis, San Francisco.

Helms explains in some detail his strong opposition to how the UN makes many problems into UN problems, and how in this he believes "the UN often makes the situation worse." He observes, "What the UN ends up doing is giving lots of countries a seat at the table who bring nothing to the table." ... "By making every issue a global issue, the UN is attempting to create a world that does not exist." (Emphasis added. And I must express some small note of appreciation that Jesse perceives some [ennobled] souls are trying to create a changed world...)

This "contention" may be the point where the views of Senator Helms and mine are most opposed, and ironically most similar. By identifying violations of humane rights anywhere, The UN makes violations everywhere "a global issue." By striving for equity, The UN struggles to compensate for our delays in guaranteeing liberty and justice for all. (Poets amongst us would remind us of what the 17th Century modernist poet, John Donne, suggested, that all insular beings need life-vests and connections to the Main. "No 'person' is an island.")

Helms asks for five basic reforms: "Successful reform would achieve the twin goals of arresting UN encroachment on the sovereignty of nation-states while harnessing a dramatically downsized UN to help sovereign nations cope with some cross-border problems. ... Second, there must be at least a 50 percent cut in the entire UN bureaucracy. ... Third, there must be a termination of unnecessary committees and conferences. ... Fourth, the UN budgeting process must be radically overhauled. ... Lastly, peacekeeping must be overhauled." He objects stringently that in the GA we lack power: "This budget is voted on by the General Assembly, where the US has no veto, and where every nation--whether democratic or dictatorial, no matter how much or how little it contributes to the UN--has an equal vote." Almost gleefully, Helms notes: "Legislation has been introduced in the House of Representatives by Rep. Joe Scarborough (R-Fla.) for the US to withdraw from the UN and replace it with a league of democracies. The US has a responsibility to lay out what is wrong with the UN, what the benchmarks for adequate reform are, and what steps we are

willing to take if those benchmarks are not met by a certain date." Because he believes that the UN will resist all reform, the Senator notes that "the next secretary-general has an enormous job to do: his or her mandate will be nothing less than to save the UN from itself." Jesse Helms concludes that this is a "gargantuan, and perhaps impossible, task." "But if it cannot be done, then the UN is not worth saving. And if it is not done, I, for one, will be leading the charge for US withdrawal." (Emphasis added with an OUCH! response...)

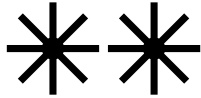
Patrick Henry was never elected to the US Senate, but he was, like Jesse now is, a great practitioner of rhetoric. He claimed his place by shouting, "*Give me liberty or give me death!*" In contrast, Jesse places response-ability beyond himself and challenges our new ordering, with transformational tasks, "*...reform or die.*" Though my heart and soul may be scarred by this, I am not scared, I am just perfectly puzzled: What shall we do? I don't know about you, but I, as The UN Philosopher, when presented with this brief brief, believe I must suffer and sadly confess that death may be the preferred option... My death sentence may be due to my guilt here today, glossing over the Senator's points on UN impotence, negligence and failure... Some eloquent protectors of the UN say that it is not the UN that has failed, it is we who have failed the UN. I believe that for 51 years the UN has helped us discuss and act upon a multitude of planetary concerns. I believe that traditional sovereignty, "born" or just tardily "recognized" in Westphalia in 1648, died, just "simply?" and honorably "died" in the Security Council on April 5th, 1991, with the warrant recorded as Resolution 688--giving "allies" permission to intervene in sovereignty compromised Iraq, to protect KURDS IN NEED (KIN?)... I probably am not a better student of "politics" than is Helms, but I am an incomparably better lifelong and life-giving student of PLANETARY CULTURE ... Whether it is smallpox, malaria, family planning, nutrition, social change, rural and urban development, population education, potable water, waste disposal systems, equity, literacy, primary and basic education, secondary, higher education, early child care and education, disarmament, elimination of land mines, substance abuse education, migration, refugee-ism, sanctuary, amnesty, disability or humane rights, I believe I have traveled sufficiently, studied with scrutiny, and worked with unstinting zeal--not zealotry, to consider myself quite skilled in the arts and sciences of PC. Whether the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs wishes PC to be political correctness, personal computer, policy constraint, peace council/peace counsel, Planetary Culture, or THE ULTIMATE, personal commitment, I remain THE UN PHILOSOPHER AND SANTA! Just as I work in peace, I rest in peace! (Did both Hale and Henry have revolting death wishes?)

Today, I can take an hour or two of your time and energy, or I can give you an hour, two hours or a life-time of my time, to share what The UN has meant to me... I can ask you all to become UN philosophers, committed to *philosophy* as was Thoreau, cited below, a century before "WE THE PEOPLES" became a chartered people in a PROGRAM OF UN STUDIES (iPUNS!) and in practicing planetary civics, planetary consciousness, planetary culture, and personal commitment. Today, October 22, is the 47th Anniversary of GA Rule 64, the rule establishing a moment of silence at the opening of the General Assembly. Many, through many years, have complained "All the UN does is talk." I disagree, the UN also knows how to create splendid moments of silence... And in some of those silences, some of us have found peace which frequently eludes us in the hubbub of daily drubbing... I trust that as our new ordering evolves, as real-ideal reforms are "adopted", as the Security Council grows democratically, as the veto power is freely surrendered, as commitment to global issues is more universally understood and as the spectacular text, *An Agenda For Peace*, is trashed to create less a militarization and more an agenda for peace, as "security" is understood in humane terms, then we will come to understand three dimensions, a troika of individual, communal and universal peace. Thank you for this opportunity for us to celebrate, with Thoreau, UN Days:

To be a philosopher is not merely to have subtle thoughts,
nor even to found a school,
But to so love wisdom as to live according to its dictates,
a life of simplicity, magnanimity and trust.
It is to solve some of the problems of life not only theoretically,
but practically...

NOTE: Mr. Helms' current address, at least till Nov. 6th, is: THE US SENATE, 403 Dirksen Senate Bldg., WDC 20510. Dr. Inkey has an office in a 220 year young pre-Revolutionary vegetable barn on RACC RIDGE in The Constitution State. Helms' FOREIGN AFFAIRS article was printed under the title: "Saving the U.N. A Challenge to the Next Secretary-General." Inkey would have liked to call this talk, JESSE HELMS AND I! But... his major advisor counseled against such! Last years' RAMAPO impaneled presentation, THE POPE AND I! (an important chapter in liberation theology) may inadvertently have contributed to His Holiness Pope John Paul II's current disease (distance from eeeee). ...

÷unlimited additions÷



* * *

INKEY'S PUNS!

11:59, 59"pm DEC 31,1996

SAVING THE UN:

THE HELMS-INKEY DEBATES²

If you choose to be an agent of real and deep-seated change,
you will find many supporters--and even allies--
here in the U.S. Congress.

Jesse Helms to Kofi Annan, December 1996

In the daze and days before the Fifty-First Anniversary of The United Nations, Mr. Jesse Helms of Pitchfork, North Carolina, and Washington, D.C., asserted unreservedly--abandoning all reserve--and unstintingly, never UN STINTINGLY, that IT was (is) time for the United Nations "to reform or die"... He proclaimed so strongly his position that I believe even the deaf could hear, the blind could see, the untouched might be touched and the halt halted..... He said, sparing all condolences and lacking no eloquences:

The time has come for the United States to deliver an ultimatum: Either the United Nations reforms, quickly and dramatically, or the United States will end its participation. For too long, the Clinton administration has paid lip service to the idea of UN reform, without imposing any real costs for UN failure to do so. I am convinced that without the threat of American withdrawal, nothing will change. Withholding US contributions has not worked. In 1986, Congress passed the Kassebaum-Solomon bill, which said to the UN in clear and unmistakable terms, reform or die. That did not work. A decade later the UN has neither reformed nor

died. The time has come for it to do one or the other. (FOREIGN AFFAIRS, September-October 1996).

The dumb, the mute, the speechless, the quieter ones--we who believe that WE THE PEOPLE own the response-ability of being the United Nations--choose me, the unofficial, the unauthorized, the unelected, to be a voice and verbum in THE HELMS-INKEY DEBATES. To this purpose, in United Nations Week, in public fora, I apologized, for Jesse's unawareness and my country's shame, that:

Imagine a better world than the Senior Senator from North Carolina, Jesse Helms, has ever proposed in the United States Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, or anywhere else. Imagine a world where we all work and play together to create The Planetary Peace Council, the full enjoyment of humane rights and sustainable development beyond any development ever previously dreamt. Whether we are able to imagine and image these dreams in the contexts and confines of The United Nations System or whether we have to create new and different entities is not yet known, but given the instruments for understanding and sharing we now enjoy, let us labor long and diligently in peace and let us, regularly, "rest in peace."

Jesse Helms has broadcast his opinions for eons... I have proclaimed my views more cautiously, imagining and believing, occasionally perhaps even knowing, that my views will prevail in the course of OUR STORY... "His" story has been published incessantly since the beginning of literacy and shouted before, long before, in immemorial oral traditions... Her story has ever so seldom been voiced, recorded and resounded... Our story is the collective of many My Stories, even when spelled, and however misspelled, as "mysteries." I am far less practiced in the arts and sciences of debate than is Jesse. I have not engaged in formal debate since I was in high school in a Spartan town in the heartland of America, almost half a hundred years ago... Our team debated in that "ever so long long ago" whether the Electoral College should be reformed or abolished... Jesse must also have debated in those yester-years for he is a master spokesperson of "reform or die." I am a reformist, I have even been labeled in and out of academia as "a reformed Harvard anthropologist." Simply and complexedly, I want all who harken the need for reform to "know" that their wishes might be heeded and REFORM may be far more "costly" than ever they and we and us and them calculate... Total Reform in the PROGRAMS OF THE UNITED NATIONS SYSTEM (PUNS!) might cost more than all the costs we quite willingly or almost unbegrudgingly spend on warfare and preparations for war... iImagine what it would cost us to go on peacefare! We may

find in the corridors of debate an elder of another era, a Man named Mann (Thomas, a worthy author), who believed in his time that "*War is only an awkward escape from the problems of Peace.*" In reform of our most global, most comprehensive international organization, the UN, are we willing to protect and provide for Humane Rights such as the rights proclaimed by one of our great leaders, *freedom from fear, freedom from hunger, freedom from ignorance...* In an earlier "Once Upon A Time," we subscribed to Four Freedoms. Since 1948, thanks to all the efforts of a first lady of the United States and of the world, and to the efforts of many other named and unnamed persons, we have a record, we have a special plea, we have THE UNIVERSAL DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS... Did those earlier scribes not know that they should have proclaimed humane rights? How are we now, almost half a hundred years later in simple calendric time, supposed to determine our dyslexia?

The journal, FOREIGN AFFAIRS, was generous in printing Jesse's preaching expression of our international predicament, but the esteemed editors failed to provide another author, any other other of differing disposition, the opportunity in the same issue, September-October 1996, the prominence, privilege and politeness of equal space to propose PROPOSALS OF UNITED NATIONS SALVAGE! (PUNS!) Even ever so optimistic a philosopher of the UN as I am, I would have admitted unstintingly that reform is essential... The Trusteeship Council is generally credited with having accomplished an enormous task of promoting and effecting unprecedented decolonialization and many observers claim that the TC, as it has existed for fifty years, should be abolished.

I propose that in UN REFORM the Trusteeship Council might undertake new stewardship tasks to assure that all peoples everywhere should have clean air, potable water and safe disposal systems, good food, adequate shelter and raiment, satisfying labor and leisure, prodigious education, ample health services, and co-creative opportunity to participate with great personal commitment in Planetary Culture.

I suggest that global cooperation is essential to meet such goals and that to accuse the UN System of operating with a bloated bureaucracy is the immediate clue to our current insanity rather than an initial organizational analysis of resource planning. Currently, fewer people are employed in the entire UN System, some 54,000, than work for the state government of so small a political entity as The

Constitution State, Connecticut, some 63,000. I do not have the current number of UN personnel working on disability issues, but at the time of my retirement from the UN there were only 14 in the entire system... And, I believe that humane society is to be measured not by how we provide plentifully for the powerful but by how we provision for our weaker members... We deny potable water to one third of our fellow humane beings... We subject a fifth of ourselves to abject poverty and we have the audacity to proclaim one year, one paltry year, this year 1996, the International Year for the Eradication of Poverty... We, the United States of America, are the world's worst deadbeats in UN Circles, not paying out treaty commitments... We "shortchange" the World Health Organization yet we should be forever grateful for the eradication of smallpox... We are on the eve of the possible elimination of cruel polio... We are just barely, only scarcely beginning to create orders, systems and mechanisms to control the epidemic of AIDS... Hundreds of millions still lack the simple, modern technology and services for safe childbirth and safer prevention of unwanted pregnancies... We are not even novices in our misunderstanding of the crescendo impacts of rapid and rampant urbanization, refugeeism, gender equity, expanding education, unprovided early child care, continuing arms proliferation, augmenting substance abuse...

Jesse has just written to Mr. Kofi Annan, the designate Secretary General of the United Nations, that he should visit the United States Congress and that if he chooses to be "an agent of real and deep-seated change" he will find many allies therefore in the US halls of power... Imagine, or try to imagine, what it would cost in people and currency to effect "real and deep-seated" changes, so that we all might live in a world where the future protects the past... I want to live in a world where the Future protects the Past... I want all of our best dreams of all ages past to be the "ourstory" of the Future. I want all the horrors of the past to be forgiven as errors of our ignorance. I want to live in a world where refugee children will not have to ask me why I helped to save their lives. I do not want to live in a world where children ask us, the well-fed, the well-educated, the healthy, the rich, the powerful, "innocent questions" for which I have no innocent answers.

On December 19th, 1996, in my troika fashion, (1)unusual, (2) usual and (3) UN USUAL, I once again had the great pleasure of invading the precincts of the UN Secretariat, UNICEF and the New York Foundling Home, to be The UN Santa... To pass "security" I did not don my work clothes during the entire time... This year, what with this Santa being on a diet, I gave away 240 candy canes and Love without so much as tasting, for quality control reasons of course, a single fragment of

several broken canes. If it is so easy for one individual in one day to spread much joy in three sacred spaces of planetary consciousness, how difficult should it be to have each one teach one, in digital progression, so that 10 beings reach to 10 each, giving us 100 beings touched with kindness, then as those each touch 10 and as those 10 to another 10, we may sooner than soon have 10 to the tenth.... 10^{10} That touching experience will give us 10 billion, and as we are only, just approximately a trifle less than 6 billion beings now, most of us would be touched twice...in giving and in receiving... and we might discover that the joy of giving is undeniably identical to the joy of receiving... But, you tell me you don't believe in Santa Claus... Alas, you have only five senses, touch, taste, smell, sight and hearing and I have counted a minimum of tenfold sensitivities, adding faith, hope, Love, humor and Awe...

NOTE: The Senator still has an office in our nation's capital: THE US SENATE, 403 Dirksen Bldg., WDC 20510. Dr. Inkey has an office in a 220 year young pre-Revolutionary, vegetable barn on RACC RIDGE in The Constitution State. Inkey awaits the challenges of winter so he can give his fine seasonal, highly advanced course, HYDROLOGY 101: Walking On Water (iWOW!). If Helms offers further overtures, we shall continue THE HELMS-INKEY DEBATES, unappreciated and UN APPRECIATED.... UNEXCLUSIVE PROPERTY OF ÷UNLIMITED ADDITIONS÷

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DAVID INKEY'S ;PUNS!

January 24, 1997

BENCHMARKS ON THE UN: THE HELMS-INKEY DEBATES³

i have a carrying charge on this \$1.3 Billion UN Report, a "check" for just ten dollars and two cents. i want the un to enjoy some support directly from concerned citizenry, even if the government of the united states will not honor treaty commitments. this "oddly summed sum" is to promote a dollars and sense case, the dollars add "coin of our realm," while a cent each on jesse's and on my part equal "common sense."

Inkey

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JESSE HELMS

Still, still free of term limits, for his fifth lease in the United States Senate! Still? Still not quite quiet, just possibly, most probably, causing, in hypo and hyper frequency, a broadcast of static... A simple tobacco farmer from Pitchfork, North Carolina? Running still, still, ever the aspiring expert in "Foreign Relations?" Septuagenarian, half-finished? Five revolutions away from being an octogenarian! A senior, Senior Senator, a media czar creating unmonitored air and noise "pollution," Jesse Helms seems blissful, jovial, even jubilant in all his attempts to prevail. Jesse is once again, yet always, in virtually all ways, trying to survey, seize, structure and serve old-fashioned sovereignty in all the manifested and unmanifested destiny of the USA, particularly as a Charter Member of the United Nations... I? Aye, in 179 to 181 degrees of opposition to Jesse, none-the-less, all-the-more, I claim and proclaim that "We The People(s)" "own" the response-ability of being the UN! (Poetic privilege.)

Celebrating his insufficiently contested re-election--further, marking a special event in Congress and congressing--Helms held his own Court yesterday and had his coveted and covert encounter with Kofi Annan, the newest Secretary General of the United Nations. Jesse, perhaps smarting too much, tingling or trembling more than a trifle, maybe seeing "double," what with two former US Ambassadors to the UN now serving in the State Department, the Senator invites me, a retired but seldom tiring international civil servant, a perennial disputant, "Sir" David--widely celebrated as The UN Santa and much needed as The United Nations Philosopher!--to counter-balance him in HID3, an unprecedented third round of international (supra-national) oratory, The Helms-Inkey Debates. Yea, HELMS compels me! Unreservedly, with some UN RESERVE, Jesse and I admit, we are unfairly matched. Jesse is powerful where I am weak. I am open and filled with pathos while Jesse is sealed into political passion, away from compassion. Jesse is just as unaware as I am UN AWARE! I am embarrassed and UN EMBARRASSED, humbled, chagrined that the USA is the world's foremost and most successful, fiscal deadbeat in the UN, while Jesse, unembarrassed, countenances our debt and measures our miserliness, sans souci. I abandoned my professorial pipe and tobacco nearly 30 years ago and I use no smokescreens in my work and play. I do not even use smoke detectors in any business pursuits. Jesse, I suspect, uses both real and virtual, subsidized tobacco and nicotine wastes to produce thick, dangerous clouds of smoke, to hide his moves and idleness. (Or, is he never ever idle?) Neither of us burn autumn's leaves. I love to rake leaves into healthy compost, colorful composition and decomp... Jesse probably scatters his with a deafening leafblower.

Thus, we add and subtract in ecological economics. However this and that may be, let us not forget, Jesse is one of our elders, while I am forever young in spirit. I have checked on Jesse's entry in WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA to determine why he is so old. I submit that I am much the junior citizen, just a month ago having celebrated my 65th solar revolution. In great contrast, Jesse has been exposed to sunstrokes during 75 circuits. How is it that he could go around the Sun so many times and not become even just a minor revolutionary?

Caught in the gravity of our Earthbound states, both Jesse and I are only temporary, struggling, small tenants. We toil diligently in our respective fields. Even when I lived in North Carolina, we remained very distant from one another... There is no fence of jealousy separating us, but we each dig the chasm of difference so no twain ever meets. In disparate fields, our harvests are ever distinct. Neither Jesse nor I cede, nor seed, on common ground. What shocks my inner self also saddens my exposed being, we have not yet found Common Ground. Each of us guards a special turf... Jesse seems to use only economic and political tools. How many souls have had to slave for Jesse to prevail? I exploit no hirelings, I always endeavor to work cooperatively with my companions. I try no trespassers. Jesse controls every entry. He maintains permanent vigilance on all estates. Jesse is, especially, a Great Master of the Fourth Estate. Relentlessly, or is it unrelentingly, he posts signs on all sides of his largest field, POLITICS! I have neither painted, nor pinched, nor purchased any signs to protect my habitat. Regarding our "professions," I have never asked nor heard-tell whether Jesse identifies himself as a political scientist or an artist... Would it be impolite or impolitic for me to suggest, I think he is an incredible designer! (Is this why I do not want him setting any benchmarks on the UN?) Though I am well-trained and moderately disciplined, albeit sometimes undisciplined, (MAGNIFICENTLY U-N DISCIPLINED), in Anthropology and Peacefare, Education and Liberal Arts, Health, Population and Welfare, Liveness, Languages and Silence, I do not hold exclusive title in, into, nor to any of these fields. It is more creative to do good deeds than to collect deeds and titles. I eschew Medicine for the health arts and sciences. I find more healing in wit and wisdom than in diagnosis and drugs. Do those letters earned in Harvard's hallowed haunts really make me a Doctor? A Doctor of Philosophy! I am an *Imagineer*, learning to use all the tools and toys of Curiosity. Through all the daze, into all the darkneses, and beyond every doubt of this life sentence I am serving, I am amazingly accredited and authorized and acclaimed, first and foremost, GREAT MASTER OF CEREMONIES IN THE INFINITE CIRCUS OF IMAGINATION!

In an inimitable invitation for HID³, Jesse generously gives advance warning that very soon he will propose legislation in the Senate, to set benchmarks for UN reform. Shocked, but not surprised, I immediately turned to my Imagination and I "try to imagine" why we need to set up UN reform benchmarks in the US Senate! According to a New York Times reporter scarcely known to either of us, Jesse's acts could lead to rewards, "presumably with repayment of the back [long overdue] dues." What challenge! Even before I can anticipate rehearsing for the "ring" of another debate, I want Jesse or any of his 99 Senatorial proxy benchwarmers to inform me: How do we effect "repayment," when initial payments have not yet been made? Just as early and as late as yesterday, in, near and beyond those awesome chambers of the Committee on Foreign Relations, where Helms is the ever powerful "Honor Guard," the Chief Gatekeeper, Umpire, Scorekeeper, Stores' Keeper, Custodian, and perchance, militantly, a "General Nuisance," Jesse told my newest SG, the "international" "civil" "servant" Annan: "I genuinely want to help you." ... "The ball is in your court." I lament that Jesse does not enjoy "normal" vision: tennis matches, judicial domains and monarchies are set in courts. Jesse needs a geography lesson. IN the smallness of the space we all share (and unequally) in Planetary Culture, Jesse does not realize: As Charter Members of The UN, we are all in the share General Assembly, the Security Council (security counsel?), and the Secretariat. In the playfulness of good sports-person-ship and in the seriousness of our common future, we may need to determine whether we are all in *the same boat*, that we work *the same fields*, that *we are all in the same court*.

For nearly 52 years, I have tried to understand supra-nationalism. Jesse seems still and only to be caught in the nets and nettles of "inter-nationalism." Jesse usually contends that the rules of the game are that each player holds total, traditional sovereignty, the kind that a little bevy of European kings, kinglets, courtesans and humorless jesters set, most aristocratically, some 349 years ago in Westphalia. After some revolutions and a modicum of evolution in the simple-complexity of the rites and wrongs of human(e) rights and of planetary consciousness, "We the People(s)" entered into a new "game" of still confused international and supra-national commitments. In our computer age, "most people" believe that PC means Personal Computer and Political Correctness, but some of us know it also signifies Peace Council and Peace Counsel, Planetary Culture, planetary consciousness, political constraints, policy compliance, and, principally and ultimately, personal commitment. I do not know what "civics" young Jesse learned in the small, proverbial "community" of "Pitchfork," nor am I sure that he counts

decolonialization and human(e) rights on his board. I count The Universal Declaration of Human(e) Rights as the greatest civic score of the 20th Century, a challenge lesson-plan for the new millennium... Perhaps, also with the conventions on gender equity, rights of the child, chemical weapons and nuclear arms, and laws of and petitions for the sea, land, and space.. we may become humanes.

Sentenced to a fifth term, the Senator from North Carolina does not realize, nor idealize, that we, the rich, the strong, the powerful, the "dominant and domineering" owe a debt not measured in dues. We are prisoners of prosperity and can *purchase* freedom only by guaranteeing to all freedom from hunger, fear, needless neglect, unattended illness, unmitigated ignorance, thirst and greed.....

Two score and twelve years ago, in the cherished Opera House and War Memorial in Saint Francis's City, We the Peoples mortgaged our common selves to be "uncommon," UN COMMON! We may long to live in a world where children will ask innocent questions for which we will have only innocent answers. We can commit ourselves, our bounty, our hopes and our fears, in sacred trust, that we re-form our being, to being humane. Jesse is worried that we cannot afford so much as \$2 per capita as annual dues for the regular budget of the UN. While Jesse keeps us in arrears, to the UN, I am moved to conscience-stricken "generosity," or "guilt money," of \$10 for a piecemeal or peacemeal contribution, augmented with wit and wisdom, I give one cent in Jesse's name and one cent as my mite. It is not our two cents worth that is important, what is important is that we find and use common and uncommon "good" sense. My intent, in the HID3 and in checking up with Kofi, is fiscal responsibility and good sense.... [Madeleine Albright, the newest Secretary of State and highest ranking woman, ever, in the United States Government, is in complicity by complimenting President Clinton and herself for meeting with Mr. Annan as her first act as Secretary and as President Clinton's first meeting with a "foreign leader" in his second term. "I think that is a very good sign of the support that the United States is going to give to the United Nations," she is quoted in the New York Times (24 January) as having said. I find the scene pathetic. Rather than being a good omen, it may simply be a sign of continued inertia. Washington leaders" are making themselves feel generous by suggesting that our debt, part of which is so much as three years in arrears, may be paid over the next four years. Old "Honest Abe," a short distance removed from all this, must be sitting uncomfortably, though elegantly, on a coldseat, staring into The Reflecting Pond, quietly reminding us that it is still virtually possible to fool virtually all the people

some of the time, some of the people all time and Why is Kofi identified as a "foreign leader?" Who is in charge of protocol?]

Jesse has been most generous in inviting me to this trilogy of debates... I think I should host the next three and we shall reverse or re-form the presentation... We shall celebrate THE INKEY-HELMS DEBATES. I intend to program the first two in March, to grieve again that unfortunate struggle, THE BATTLE OF UNOVILLE, and to celebrate a day designated for equity, INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY. The tests and texts for every day in our struggle for humaneness are those immortal words of Maria Eliou:

The woman's movement cuts across not only countries and regimes, social classes and parties, but other social movements as well. Essentially subversive, since it tends towards the overthrow of the existing male-dominated order, it is fundamentally creative in the sense that it proposes to join with other movements in a creative quest for the development of tomorrow's societies.

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Helms and his colleagues have not been totally undecided. they have been extremely decided in a related realm of undo, do, dew, due, and UN DUE, ignoring the last...

* * *

THE UN, DOLLARS AND SENSE,

Our presidents, harry, dwight, jack, lyndon, dick, jerry, jimmy, ronald, george and bill--all our presidents since the creation of the UNITED NATIONS on October 24, 1945, have usually paid our dues to the UN and its affiliated organizations on or near to schedule. Now, however, we are in trouble. Our Congress mortgages our merit, discounts our duty and ruins our reputation of response-ability. Congress crushes our cause--for peace council and peace counsel and planetary consciousness, three PCs we need to enhance. We the Peoples of the United States are the greatest of international deadbeats! We owe to We the Peoples of the United Nations, a modest measure of approximately \$1.5 billion from our federal budget of \$1.5 trillion or from our economy of \$6-7 trillion. Just while we are experimenting with closedowns, and other trauma such as electioneering, do we really want to be in decline, default and disgrace in the forum of globalism? My reply, which I wish to share with all, whispering, soft spoken, loudly or shouting, is: No! I do not want degraded grades...

I would like all of us to be, to be response-able...

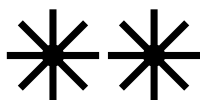
I think we need more dollars and sense in the entire endeavor. Let me share with you a bit of my story, and you can help me decide if this is simply *my story*, dyslexic "mystery," or full account, "mastery, mystery and my story." As a global citizen since December 16, 1931; as an untiring, non-retiring, officially retired, international civil servant since January 1, 1992; and as the profoundly pleased UN Santa, I think a lot about globalism. Constantly challenged and pleased as THE FIRST UN PHILOSOPHER--admittedly an unauthorized, unpaid, unsung, occasionally UN appreciated lover of wit and wisdom--I am truly triply stretched, duly, unduly, and UN duly: yes: i am taxed, i am overtaxed, to imagine that we could-would fail the UN...

I do not think we wish to restrict ourselves, and disenfranchise children, their children and their children's children, in working for peace, enjoyment of rights and sustained development. In questions of life and death, why are we more dedicated to and praising of the dead than of the living? We are not glib when we practice

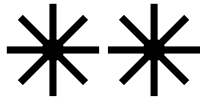
rites that we number as *last* rights, chanting that the departed may *rest in peace!* Should we be less generous in life-support, to *work in peace* as well as to *rest in peace...* We do not stint in support of war colleges--we "school" in warfare. Tell me, for I am innocent of some things, where are the peace colleges, what are the courses and discourses of peacefare? Where are the Peace Fairs? We are bountiful in support of our war machinery and "manpower," allocating for just this year, some \$260 billion, a mountain of money, an amount equal to \$1,000 from each of us, the 260 million people in the United States of America! Annually, on April 15th, the date of my letter, many of us indicate on IRS Returns that we want a dollar of our taxes to go for an election fund. Philosophically and practically, I believe we need to make a similar contribution for the UN--in addition to paying our dues. Given my druthers, I would prefer that all of us, working like Santa's Elves, could become Santa Selves and make tenfold gifts (\$10, or greater) to the UN. Imagine what we could achieve in many homes, communities and states where absolute poverty is rampant. Even Santa sometimes waits more than 366 days for miracles. However, one good act does not rule out other great acts. We need no meantime. In this *gentle*, springing time, please send \$1 to our President for him to forward to the UN. Tell all, it is an interest of, by and for the peoples! It would be further good fortune for We the People of the United Nations with dollars, pounds, francs, yuan, rubles, marks, yen and other currencies to contribute as globalized Santa Selves.

We could send dollars and cents and sense to our 435 Congressional representatives, but they have not yet allocated our funds to pay UN obligations, so let us not place burdens on them to forward donations--albeit, our currency still is printed with affirmation, IN GOD WE TRUST. And when, in mind, body and spirit, you may visit the UN, give all the good cents and good sense you can, due and overdue.

With thanks to all the Santa Selves who work and laugh together,



* * *



UN EDUCATED

If you are cyberenic, please look for THE MILLENNIUM REPORT and prepared yourself for lifelong Education...

If you are still caught in the past and present time zones, explore my "educational ownership."

Educational "Ownership"

Deep Springs College and Eckerd College, have taken first place in the Wall Street Journal on March 6, 1997, and with ME! My experiences in these two institutions is separated by the (non-political) bridge of time I have built to connect PC polities in Planetary Culture and Personal Commitment, spanning virtually 40 years of my life sentence. I entered Deep Springs Valley in January 1951 in the unusual circumstance of being accepted as a second semester freshman, a virtual refugee from a midwestern state college of some 10,000 "students," to join the depleted Student Body (DSSB) of some 15 students. My largest class was Public Speaking, a course for which I was unbelievably ill-prepared, encompassing the entire DSSB; Composition captured 8 of us and my first six page, typed essay was about barn doors, without clichés. Most of our classes had only 2 or 3 students, and in an era before PCs, my prime challenge was Comparative Literature, with just the prof and me... I had to resolve both WAR AND PEACE in just ten days, without cliff notes on TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD. THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV joined my fraternity, and daze later, DON QUIXOTE became my romantic hero only years later to be twinned with Cyrano. The Don was my mentor and so much my friend that I too wanted to be distinguished as DON, a title I earned in Mexico soon enuf. Wit and wisdom vied then and yet, and recently I have found the PEACE AND

FREEDOM that not only **THE GRAND INQUISITOR** but also many less grand inquisitors have tried to deprive us of, all of us, since we starting keeping time...

Years earlier, before I knew enuf to know that I was born in the "depths" of The Great Depression, when I was only five years young, I WAS A KINDER GARDEN DROP OUT! My parents in wisdom beyond usual wisdom gave me an extra year of unencumbered childhood when they freed me from a grossly named institution called Kindergarten. And, when they asked me what I would do in that then safe little world of Sunnyside, in the Yakima Valley of Washington State, with its 2,300 souls and 18 churches, I respond gleefully, "I will play in The Park!" The Park! The Park was almost my entire "world" and was an extension of the backyard of the Episcopal Church, Parish Hall and Rectory. When I was only six, I was sentenced to 12 years of involuntary servitude, institutionalized in Elementary and Secondary Education... IT was more "schooling" than "education," as all Kinder Garden Drop Outs know... I graduated with highest honors from Sparta High School in a little town in Wisconsin.... Imagine if you can how difficult it was for me to be called a Spartan when I had learned in the local Carnegie Library's Great Books Program that the values I cherished were more prized in Athens than in all the other city states combined. I was 17 before I met Plato and Socrates and learned of their importance in THE REPUBLIC... They were the best shadow boxers I had ever met. I didn't meet Candide, Dr. Pangloss and Micromegas until I was 19... I did read MEIN KAMPF while I was in Sparta, and NATIVE SON, and THE MAN WHO WALKED ALONE... High School counseling did not help me assess with any intelligence (theirs or mine) the merits and demerits of various collegiate options... So, when my parents moved to another midwestern state the summer after my high school graduation, I followed them and entered something that seemed immediately to be a disastrous course at an overly large institution, which also failed to provide me and many others with any elixir of education... I was an immediate refugee in the library's catalogue section... THERE, AWE... all encompassing awe struck me resoundingly. I discovered one of the greatest jewels of education almost hidden in the old mining country of the Inyo-White Mountains adjacent to the young, awesome, beautiful Sierra Nevadas. I applied to Deep Springs and I was accepted. There, I regained ownership of "my education."

In those years so many years ago, DS was a three year institution for two years of college credit... I spent 5 semesters there, escaping during my summers to revitalize myself in intense social discourse and action, embracing mental health,

international cooperation and integration... The great movie, *GOING HOME*, appalled me and inspired me. I worked in a mental hospital one summer in Iowa, I worked in an international education program in Canada the second summer, I participated in 1953 efforts in our nation's capital to integrate movie houses... I visited the Lincoln Memorial a decade before the famous March on Washington. By then, Deep Springs had taught me so much I didn't know what to do with it, and I was still looking for me. With "reasonable" French and less than a dozen words of Spanish, I went to Mexico for a year with the Quakers to work in community development. Annnnd, I discovered modern anthropology as well as ancient, classical anthropology... I wasn't yet Harvard, Yale or Princeton material... I needed another smallish, educational setting while illnesses in my family required me to be at home... My BA, earned and given in 1956, is from a highly democratic, street-car commuter university in a midwestern metropolis... Things then and now are partly up to date in Kansas City... African Studies at the London School of Economics paved a part of the way for me to the United Nations, assisted by my Harvard Ph.D. in social anthropology... Alas, that long since abandoned program of Social Relations, encompassing clinical and social psychology, sociology and anthropology, would now be in great vogue as we try to train more interdisciplinary individuals... Let me, us, skip over the years when I taught in the Faculty of Medicine in the University of El Salvador, over my pioneering, Boston based foundation work in family planning and population education before my government even recognized the demographic dilemma of what I trust future archivists will generously describe as *THE HEALTHY CENTURY*... We were only 1.5 billion human beings in 1900 and we expect that we will number 6.3 billion beings for New Year's Even, 1999... Then I taught courses on cultural constraints in educational development, to princes and proletarians in the Harvard Graduate School of Education and I joined the Carolina Population Center in its heyday... Then, I joined UNESCO in Paris when the UN System excitingly engaged some of its energy and resources on human(e) and environmental stewardship. My earlier, fellow expatriate, redheaded, diplomatic friend had taught me that every man (person) has two countries, France and his (her) own. Then, I was appointed to what some colleagues considered the most enviable job in the UN System, UNESCO Advisor to UNICEF, where I served so well both constituencies considered me an ideal *SPY-IN-RESIDENCE*, so skillful that I was knighted S.I.R. David. A beard later, I was commissioned, with tenure, by the UNICEF STAFF ASSOCIATION to be *THE UN SANTA!* Similarly, a troika of UN colleagues, unknown each to the other, ingeniously dubbed me in the summer of 1989, *THE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER!*

During the fall semester of 1991, some genie from Eckerd College invited me to deliver a talk in a series on Global Issues and I renewed a 30 year lapsed friendship with Eckerd's President, Peter Armacost. I spoke to a combined audience of a few undergraduates, a group of Elder Hostellers and a good number of the members of ASPEC, the Association of Senior Professionals at Eckerd College. I analyzed with them what I call EPIC ETHICS, e+p+i+c being a synthesis or construct of education, equity, ecology, PEACE, participation, poverty, prosperity, imagination, identity, international (and interspecies) cooperation, culture and creativity. I was intrigued by what Eckerd was and is attempting to "create" in continuing education. A part of my epic ethics comes from learning to play in The Park, a part from listening to "The Voice of The Desert," the prime course in the DS curriculum, and other parts come from the 12-13 year young African refugee girl who asks, "Why did you save my life?" Other pieces and peaces come from the Peace Treaty of Ramses II and Hattusilus of 1269 BC, from Thoreau, from Peter Rabbit who taught me to see on the other side of many barriers, and from Marx and Rockefeller, Carnegie and Comenius, The Prince and The Little Prince, The Velveteen Rabbit, the Wizard of Oz, even and especially from frequently silenced Dorotheys, and Alices and Emilys. Recently, I voted to keep DS as a men's college; however, had DS become coeducational when my one and only favorite daughter was entering college, I would have encouraged her to be the first alumni daughter to apply. My one and only favorite son had other ideas for his education.

A contemporary member of DSSB says about his experience, "I'm very happy here, but it's a difficult happiness." The "wounds" of racial and religious prejudice I found in the DS of the early , troubled 1950s, I challenged and suffered there while DS, like most educational institutions of the time, bargained around the pricing of McCarthyism. That, that part of DS drew heavily upon my soulfulness. Occasion has never presented itself to draw me back to The Valley, but now I am planning a trip there for September '97 because I was both very happy and very sad there. Life then and since has been, is, was, a difficult endeavor and a joyous success. My next profession is to be The Clown Prince of Planetary Culture and friends are already name calling me, "a reformed Harvard anthropologist." The job of Labor Commissioner at Deep Springs helped me to learn to have courage, courage even to fail... I am not the champion of lost causes, I am a champion of causes that have not yet been won (one)!

uneasy...

UN EASY!

In a world so dis-eased,
I would offer an ode to ease...

IAN ODE TO EASE!

eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

EeEeeEe

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

little eeeee, mixed EeEe, great EEEEEEE...

While it might not be easy to right odes to uneeee, everything else is so easy.

As I have said many times in many places, I became a CHARTER MEMBER OF THE UNITED NATIONS on October 24, 1945, very well into my fourteenth year, quickly approaching my muchly favored, fourteenth anniversary. Indeed, I was more than ready to create a new puzzle of Peace!

The "winners" of World War II--if there were any winners--had organized a big conference in San Francisco the preceding spring and drafted one of the most important civic documents of this century, and perhaps of all centuries. Curiously, the diplomats called for public participation in the solemn ceremonies and asserted that "We the Peoples of The United Nations" were embarking upon a new experiment to rid the world of the scourges of war. I say "curiously," because "We" are called up, collected and confirmed only once in the new world ordering that fifty-one nations of that very different political world had agreed upon. (I think that Imagi-Nation was represented, too quietly, inconspicuously, and unappreciated...) We have Helen Gildersleeve, then President of Barnard College and the only woman member of the United States Delegation to the Organizing Conference of The United Nations, to thank, that we were mentioned that often! In 1995, "We" were asked and encouraged to celebrate the 50th Anniversary of The United Nations. What had the UN given us to celebrate?

Half an hundred years--and more--have passed since the auspicious meetings in the City of Saint Francis gave expression to hopes of peace. In the five decades and years we have seen no new world war with the fighting and deaths of the war from whose ashes The United Nations was cast. However, we have not gotten rid of those scourges we promised to transcend. We have suffered perhaps 150 smaller *wars*, many of which our experts call *civil wars*. I am virtually inexperienced in warfare, having only participated as a noncombatant in the children's skirmishes of The Sunnyside Wars in 1937, unfamous battles between the fascist hillbilly invaders and the allied townie defenders of our small agricultural community. However, I have studied PEACE AND WAR in many areas and I differ with most analysts. I cry quietly to myself and loudly to my conscience and friends that no war has ever been "civil."

When I was still in my fourteenth year, I was still so young, chrono-logically (again, a clock is trying to be logical), though I had aged almost unredeemably during the Summer of 1941 when my childhood died. My childhood died because I had lost my playmates and I had to abandon The Town Park where I was Nature's child. We moved a greater distance that stormy summer of surging war than any other summer of my life. We went from the Yakima Valley to visit maternal grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins on the old family homestead in South Dakota and then we journeyed on to California where my father joined the Chaplaincy of the United States Army. I had to put away so many of my early pacifist thoughts and to

struggle with other ideas about good and evil. Soon, too soon for my thoughts and tears, we heard that my playmates and their entire family were being sent to concentration camps because they were Japanese and Japanese Americans. I don't know what happened to "his-story" lessons. I had already learned that My Country was created to guarantee certain inalienable rights, among which were life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness--and my friends, my closest friends, were to be deprived of their birth-rights because they were not of my color and lineage. Soon I would learn that other colors were similarly deprived of many of our rights and responsibilities... I was schooled with "Indians" before they were "Native Americans" and with Mexican Americans in Arizona before we called them "Hispanics" and cast in caste segregation in Louisiana, where "coloreds" were not even dignified as Negroes--long before such chromatic classification as Black Power.

In a conspiracy of silence, I was silenced. I became quite inept at asking--out loud--the questions I asked in silence. Yet, I was not very good at keeping quiet in school and for my inadvertent curiosity, I was always getting great red stars instead of little golden ones, or has memory reversed their dimensions. I was an excellent student in all the academic subjects of the curriculum, but my noisy soulmate, Curiosity, frequently, almost constantly, got me into trouble because I was too, too inquisitive. In comportment, my grades went from the opposite end of the scale of my excellent scores in English, spelling, social studies, science, art and whatever else we were forced to learn to become "educated." In the intervening years since the bombing of Pearl Harbor--just nine days before my tenth birthday--since the subsequent imprisonment of the Takawa family, and my other lessons in racism against American Indians, Negroes, and Jews, I have raised my voice in protest many, many times. I have marched in great parades, I have participated in sit-ins, I burnt a draft card because I wanted a burnt offering to illustrate my horror of the conscription of my "conscience"-- the intent was to sacrifice the draft system to some higher order. I wrote letters to presidents and wrote to and met congresspeople, I tried to learn civics--local civics, state civics and national civics. No one ever offered me an academic opportunity to study international civics, though I did take an undergraduate course in comparative politics. No teacher, student, friend or mentor ever even suggested that I should read THE CHARTER OF THE UNITED NATIONS. When The Freedom Train came to *our* small Spartan town in Wisconsin I saw copies and originals of basic documents of American liberty, but no one ever showed me basic documents of world liberty and Planetary

Cooperation. No one, but no one, ever suggested that we should create and study Planetary Culture and Planetary Civics...

I graduated from college by several circuitous routes, collecting educational experience in three undergraduate institutions in the process, and I basked in the honors of gaining four major national scholarships for graduate study, but no one ever suggested that in order to obtain my high school or college diploma I should have read THE UNIVERSAL DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS. Life was not especially easy for a bright, conscientious student who seemed to have all (almost all, I confess...) of the answers to all of the factual questions all of his teachers and professors ever asked. Life was, indeed, easier for me than for many who had to struggle with any elementary understanding of the printed page or the spoken language (of English), but something tragic was occurring to all of us who were identified as students. We were being well schooled, but we were not resultingly becoming well educated. I cannot even remember any mentor, of whom I had several very good ones, ever making the distinction between my schooling and my education. I wonder whether much of my subsequent fascination with and dedication to Education and education for all does not spring from how inadequately I was challenged to use my talents. (My classroom dialogues with students asking for help were never identified as "team teaching," and once I had to write "What?" five thousand times because Miss N wanted me to write, as punishment, what I had asked my classmate when he had asked me "How do you do this problem?" John was "sentenced" to write his sentence five thousand times.) On other occasions I was asked to copy three times the first three pages of the Constitution of the United States of America. My carbon copies were detected as being "a bit messy" and without confessing my clever crime I quietly and generously suggested that I would make some cleaner copies. (In retrospect, I wonder whether Xeroxed copies would have "made the grade" for me...) I wish Jonathan Kozol had been born decades earlier and had studied my schools. I might have evaded and avoided some of the savagery of schooling. (See my tribute, trail and trial of unhappy, UN HAPPY.) I treasure my report cards and of all my cards I think that the third grade one is the prize. My teacher asked my parents what they did to keep me quiet at home... Hearsay was that my parents kept me busy In éreality? and beyond reality, when I was not in school,

I kept myself busy....

The academic, academented pies in the reputedly quiet Fifties were plentifully filled with choices, but somehow or other I earned accreditation in my

Bachelor of Arts with only one art appreciation course and one survey course in occidental philosophy. I would now daresay that it was accidental philosophy, but I did like the teacher and classmates very much. I did learn a bit about the sociology of the family, industrial sociology and crime and punishment, but I learned practically nothing about how to create a philosophy for the second half of The Twentieth Century, for the last five decades of the second millennium of our era. I do not recall that in those years I was ever introduced to any futurists, in person or in their ideas. How innocently I was being tutored in understanding many past epochs without being tested in how to discover and how to create new systems. What a delight it was some twenty years later to share a rostrum with Buckminster Fuller. The past, present and future have never been so simple since that experience. Bucky spoke for three hours and forty five minutes and my time was reduced to ten. The other panelists lost all their Time, or we all gained Bucky's time....

I went abroad for my first year of graduate study, because I wanted to see something of Europe and because I believed that in London I could get far superior training in trying to understand the problems and prospects of Africa in the modern world than I could find in my own country. I was not yet ready to go directly to Africa, for reasons which I still do not understand very well... I had already resolved a very important question in my mind about racial injustice in my own society: I had concluded that there were more U.S. nationals concerned about the search for social justice in and for the United States, than there were people in the United States concerned about international issues. I was right then and I have been right for more than forty years!

The world of my childhood lives only in my childness, the world of my youth is still a curious expedition beyond the boundaries of my Imagination, the world of my maturity is a domain where dreams are the building materials of reality and where the A, B, C's still have command performances: awe, beauty and caring met and still meet the trauma of anxiety, brutality and corruption. I try daily to help others to perceive Optimism, with whom I have been blessed to work. There are many ways to announce that I have been privileged more, ever, than any other international civil servant, but perhaps the most amusing and apt way to make this known is simply to record that on a beautiful spring day in 1989 when I was on vacation at my favorite shrine, The Grand Canyon, a young friend and colleague unofficially named me THE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER!

No long debate, no great resolution by The Security Council, no special recommendation of The General Assembly, no confirmation ceremonies, no diploma, no text, no vote, no assignment of duties--none of these things, bodies, spirits, resolutions or reforms was necessary in the UN to confer upon me the greatest PLANETARY CITIZEN PRIZE ever created, the title and challenges of THE UNITED NATIONS' iPHILOSOPHER!

Through the years since I became a Charter Member of The UN, I have developed many lists of words to explain to myself and others how some of our idea(l)s work and do not work... One of my favorite lists is what I call the "unwords," where we can have three dimensions or distinctions, or more, from a word. For example, we have some things or events that are unannounced, others are announced and still others may be measured as UN ANNOUNCED! I do not propose giving a recital of UN structures, functions, duties, goals and gaffs. As The UN Filosofer! and The UN Santa, as an anthropologist of peace, as an academic activist and as a cosmic clown in training, I wish only to recount from AB-YZ some of the most significant experiences and ideas I have had in my search for wit and wisdom. I would resolve that we should attempt in all endeavors to celebrate the celebrateable and confidently set about ameliorating those conditions not yet celebrateable. In my training for becoming a clown I have learned two distinctions in Life, regardless of triumphs and tribulations:

I apologize(d) to several ecofriends for using large print and much paper:

For the cyberians.....the number of pages matters much less?

PESSIMISTS
BELIEVE
THAT
LIFE IS A
TRAGEDY,

OPTIMISTS
BELIEVE
THAT
LIFE IS A
COMEDY,

unfathomable...

UN FATHOMABLE!

I, THE UNITED NATIONS' PHILOSOPHER!

went to The United Nations for good public reasons, not unlike how my friend Thoreau went to Walden Pond a hundred years earlier, for good private reasons. My mentor, David Henry, as he was first known, listened to many dreamstruck drumbeats, inaudible to his fellow townspeople, in his ever exploratory and very independent life. I, earlier known as Noel-David, now more simply as David, not the one who killed ancient, aggressive Goliath, have had to listen more attentively to the silences and sounds of our noisier times not just because of tone deafness and faulty depth perception--but I never let my disabilities hamper enthusiastic, rhythmic and arrhythmic responses to all the dreambeats, chimes and winsome songs meant for me.

In all my life I have learned

many, many important lessons--one answer more than all the questions posed and imposed. The most immediate and enduring purpose I imagine and know is: I am not the champion of lost causes, I am a champion of causes that have not yet been won. Somewhere, sometime, somehow, I learned to distrust too proud, persistent versions of his story, too often condensed to history; slowly I learned the need to hear the too often muted testaments of her story; and hope-fully, I have helped create ourstory. Generally and generously, I have tried to study, savor, and share my story, so easily, dyslexically, mistaken as mystery. My parents, siblings, other relatives, teachers, pastors and priests, civic leaders, mentors and even strangers--all have tried to teach me patriotic lessons of having the courage to succeed. Would that they all, or some of them, or even two or one of them, could have and would have been equally expeditious in promoting that all have the courage to fail, and persevere!

Before

my fourteenth year, there is little that needs to be noted *hereabout my life*. Those years will claim their appropriate places and spaces and voids as the pages I write turn over the leaves of time and are turned under to compost. Here, now, it is sufficient to note that I learned to play in The Park, the little park in The Town of Sunnyside, during my fifth and sixth years... yes, I learned to play... And, determinedly for reasons I could not yet, then nor even now, clearly express, I desisted from attending, I deserted, a small kindergarten when and where my doting and dutiful parents enrolled me--offering, or selling, or purchasing playmates to protect me from being lonely--my two older brothers having gone to school and my younger one not yet having been

conceived, leaving me at home with no others of my generation. I have told parts of that story in my great and little prose poem on unencumbered childhood, I WAS A KINDER GARDEN DROP OUT! Other parts I recount from time to time to curious listeners, to share joy and to relieve pain, and yet other chapters and verses are never told, traded upon, given, or sold...

On August 9, 1938,

my younger brother was born and my early childhood ended abruptly. By the first week in September, with new clothes, I was sentenced to twelve years of virtually involuntary servitude and even my Mother, especially my Mother, had little time to respond to my almost endless appeals. I was irreversibly put upon a treadmill to adulthood--not even with instructions for maturity... At nine o'clock in the morning of the first day of school I was abandoned by my parents, left with a clean handkerchief and my tears, incarcerated with Miss Shokely--I think it was a name misspelled from shock--and a cacophony of comparable culprits. First Grade and Second and Third were so full of disappointments that I won't document here those thousand days of deprivation. Soon I was in my tenth year and I learned to time-travel by tens and thens... Still, I count so often by tens and thens ... we moved away from my park when I was in my tenth year. It was mine because I was its best caretaker. I suffered what still seems to me the greatest real estate violation known in THE ANNALS OF CHILDNESS. In my eleventh year, my neighbor playmates of the Sunnyside days were interned in a concentration camp for the crime of being "yellow," not cowardly, simply Nisei. In my childhood reading of secular and sacred "history" this was treatment comparable to King Herod's Slaughter of the Innocents, or earlier, it was like casting Baby Moses adrift in the marshes of the Nile. I have learned *slowly*, to forgive, but I was indeed a very slow learner. It should be of no surprise that it took me half a hundred years to forgive my, their and our nation for one of the grossest injustices of all racism. Japan and the United States were similarly slow apologizing for several wartime acts. By my fourteenth year, I had known Whites and Blacks and Browns and Bluebloods and Yellows and Reds, and somehow or other, I was carefully taught not to suspect, not to hate...yes, to tolerate, to like and even to love... Nez Perce, Yakima, Navaho, Japanese, Chinese, Hispanics and other Colored Peoples--whom many had trouble naming (Negroes, Blacks, African Americans)--made early and late contributions to my understanding of Planetary Culture, eons before politicians were castigating PC. Thus, thereby, therefore, therewith and then, on October 24, 1945, I was both well-schooled and educated, to be a Charter Member of The United Nations.

So little did I know

in that era so long ago that I would "grow up," grow up to become what recently was revealed by one of my beloved admirers, "a reformed Harvard anthropologist." I am an anthropologist of peace: an educator of *penguins and proletarians, people, pupils, students, turtles and truants, ministers and Ministers, millions of monarchs in mountainous Michoacan and yet another monarch in an exotic mountainous Shangri-La half a world away, priests, pastors and prelates, princes and peons, professors and other pawns, scholars and standbys, skua, whales and walruses, activists and artists, blue-footed boobies and more current school-bound boobies*: a student of sanity, an opponent of oppression: an optimist of opportunity: and a Cosmic Clown Prince of Planetary Culture... a penitent practitioner of personal commitment ... even President, of a yet to be created university: In AU (pronounced "awe") (signifying Antarctic University), we are all optimists, forever gazing upward... We learn that life for pessimists, despite any transitory happiness, is a tragedy, while life for optimists, despite any sorrows, is a comedy... We seek happy beginnings and endings... PC is our best elective!

In this life

I shall never know how successful, nor how failing, I have been in learning all those things I should have learned and in doing all those things I should have done, but I believe, that when I die, just as I do as I live, I will say with inestimable joy and prayerful pain, *I have lived!* I have lived, doing much of both what I have wanted to do and of what I believe I ought to do... If this is not living in a state of grace, then I have little or no idea what constitutes gracefulness. I probably will not ever have a tombstone. A great granite boulder unclaimed by others in the wilds of The West should be enough for me, an epitaph etched with nothing but the weather my cloud child friends have given me, will suffice. The lights and shadows of daily being are my memorial, already proclaimed: "It has been said that most people seek happiness, I create it..."

Once,

upon a time, when I was so very little, like when I was three and four and five years young, even before we moved to Sunnyside, my Mother free-quently would ask me, sometimes with a mild hint of exasperation in her lovely voice, "What in the world do you want?" I suppose she sometimes said, "WHAT in the world do you want?" Other times, she would utter, "What IN THE WORLD do you want?" When most pained, she would say, "What in the world do YOU want?" In my marvelous, "kinder garden" innocence I could plead that she would read me yet another story, or give me yet another piece of homemade fudge, or present me with a second bowl of fresh, hot

battered popcorn. Occasionally she might even buy me an ice cream! Would that I had been "actively" philosophic then, would that I had known that I would reply so many years later, "WHAT IN THE WORLD DO I WANT? I WANT THE WORLD!"

From *what*, I quickly move to *why*...

Inside the heliopause and beyond the heliopause and beyond all the heliopauses in all of our forty or fifty billion, or ninth or one hundred trillion galaxies in a universe whose age seems ageless, I would explore all the dimensions of inner space and outer space, and I would ask why do we have to ask "Why?" I would have asked my Mother and my Father, and my two Grandfathers--before I adopted two additional Grandfather mentors, and that only one, lovely, Grandmother I knew, the maternal one, and all my aunts and uncles--the redheaded ones as well as the blondes and more numerous brunettes and especially those two who gave me jelly beans and licorice--I would have asked all teachers, Mr. Tate--the Town Gardener, townspeople, hobos, the park playmates--some of whom were "real" and some whose reality I created, "imagined." I would have asked all the world all my innocent questions for which in all my life I have found so few, so very few innocent answers. Elsewhere, I could confess how I have created a new mark of punctuation, the answer mark, like a eight-ray star, to enlighten all who would wish to share "truths" I have seen...

Oh, how bedtime prayers

were supposed to keep me safe till morning light! Life was so open--or seemingly so open--in those unencumbered years when my only fears were of the dark--where--all through the night-- loving parents left for me a light in the hallway at the top of the stairs--before that alien institution called SCHOOL banished my friend Creativity and failed even to recognize the existence of my spiritual companion, Imagination. Then, I was "well schooled" for a dozen years, knowing little about the freedom of conscience I would rediscover after my valedictory departure from a high school owned by The Spartans... People were actually proud of being in Sparta, instead of recreating or creating an Athens! I had to go to college because *that* was expected of me, not because I believed I had much more to learn. Would any teacher(s) in my several schools have had a chance of teaching me what I needed to find, to get on with "lifelong education." Yes, there were two who were indeed helpful, but even they were timid...

Why was there no one "out there"

who could tell me "something," "anything" about IMAGINEERING? The tenor, bass, the alto, the baritone, the soprano--all the voices of those times seemed then and

seem now, in flexion, to have been in horrifying harmony that I was an excellent student, yet they, all but two, had not really awakened in themselves, nor in me, the curiosity I had had to abandon in The Park...

Graduation was ritualized, with COMMENCEMENT, but the invisible imprint on the diploma held clauses explaining that while the twelve year sentence had been completed, I was now on probation. Parole officers expected most of us to join the work world. Some fifteen percent of us might seek some sort of postponing pardon by going to college or university, but we would still be forced to join "the labor force." I think I remember some people explaining that the work world was a monstrous entity--or was it just enormous--where we were going to have to enter, to remain almost on life-sentences. And, we so lacked guidance that we sought any prison break we could, even to becoming "trustees." I told people I would major in Education, not because I wanted to mimic wardens but because it was the only career I knew about other than the Episcopal priesthood and I had no intention of following in the too worn paths of my Father, Grandfather, four Great-Uncles and Great-Grandfather. The quest for meaning, insight, foresight, identity, had to be better than the blandishments the Spartans were offering.

I was taught, to learn the facts as well as the approved fictions of the curriculum, but I was not encouraged to believe that I could become an Imagineer and that *I could become The United Nations Santa* and that I would someday, one day, many days, be named THE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER! And no one would dare tell me or even hint that there are good reasons for not wanting to be "The" UN Philosopher! I wanted and want to be "a" UN philosopher. Why was I too young to meet The Grand Inquisitor when I was in high school? Why did "they" not want me to learn the price and privilege of freedom? Finally, in college, Don Quixote de la Mancha was introduced to me as a strange, deranged, minor noble from Spain, not as a marvelous mediaeval knight who dreamt *possible* dreams and not known nor imagined as the only friend who would eventually help me to earn my "donship." Thoreau faithfully was and remains an elusive, hero friend and he never intended his life to represent heroism... It was his life and he led it to his purposes, not to mine... Maybe most of those teachers never developed friendships with Sidney Carton, Dostoyevski, Cervantes, Plato, Aristophanes, Aristotle, Virgil, Dante, Thoreau, Marx, The Little Prince and his friend Antoine, Tom--both Jefferson and Paine, Tom and Huck and Jim, Dickens and Dickinson, Voltaire, Moliere, Locke, Burke, Kant, Lewis and Clark, Boone, Emerson, Frost, Whitman, Hawthorn, Shakespeare, Jonson, Boswell, Chaucer, Poe, Schweitzer, Aesop, the Grimms, Milne,

Potter, Stevenson, and Marco Polo, Eric the Red, Gulliver, Veblen and Smith, Franklin, Dred and Francis Scott, Francis and Valentine, Galileo, Copernicus, Joseph and Sitting Bull, Sojourner Truth, Velveteen Rabbit, Homer, Euripides, Dorothy, Tin Man, Lion, Scarecrow, The Wizard of Oz, Stendahl, Emmet Kelly, Melville, Conrad, Gorky, Tolstoy, Shaw, Wilde, Candide, Pangloss, Thomas More, Pygmalion, Pinnocchio, Peter Pan, Mary Poppins, Grotius, Rabelais, Hobbes, Socrates, Santa Claus, Mr. Toad, Newton, Einstein, Gandhi, Buddha, Christ, Confucius, Mohammed, Machiavelli and The Prince, Tom Jones, Ahab, Tiny Tim, Mr. Pickwick, Peter Rabbit--who more clearly than any other being taught me to see on the other side of things--and many others, fellow traveler friends, who have helped me appreciate voyaging on Spaceship Earth.

"Independently," early in the summer of 1989,

I was triply dubbed THE UN PHILOSOPHER! It was almost a premonition that the cold war was coming to an end... Yet, still and continuously there is little demand for stories about the UN, less about THE UN PHILOSOPHER! There is less than moderate interest in the story of the UN, there is scant attention paid or given freely to UN Civics--even our UN dues are grossly overdue. A Danish poet, not the ill-fated Prince of earlier poems and play, has suggested that "We are global citizens, with tribal souls." I am enthralled by how well this seems to describe most of humanity, yet I am simultaneously appalled that happier Piet (Piet Hein, 1960) compared to unhappy Hamlet does not say as I would, "We are global citizens with universal souls!"

How, and when, and where,

I learned long ago that a friend is a gift that one gives to oneself, I do not remember... I do remember learning many times that if we cannot love ourselves we will never be able to love our neighbors. With these ideals in mind, I am giving myself the privilege of a gift of time to record, in script and sound, my experiences and my interpretations of the experiences of others in The UN, not to convince you or him or her, or us or them that this is the way we need to live. No, I write to record for myself and for whomsoever wishes to share this account, the pilgrimage of a concerned, courteous, even kind and ever curious, almost modern spirit and almost also philosopher clown. I am a modestly trained and moderately experienced anthropologist measured with and never against the enormity of human diversity in more than 6000 cultures, as counted by professional colleagues. Yet, I would differ with them in their count and accountability and I would assert that "WE" are humanely diverse in six thousand, sixty thousand, sixty billion ways, yet we belong to *only one culture*. One would perhaps like to think and believe that we might learn to make the world safe *from* and safe *for* our diversity.

When I recollect

all the thoughts I have had on what in the world I want, I usually tell myself that I want a world that I understand but one which will also, always fill me with wonder. My planetary companions from all ages and places have not yet found a politically correct name for our globalizing culture. I find "it" virtually inexplicable, why so vast a number of the people I know and know about are so much more interested in "what was," and "what currently is," than they are interested in what we may all co-create to resolve a few, several or many of the most trying and traumatic conditions not just of many of our fellow human beings but also of other lifeforms. With my redheaded international servant, friend, Jefferson, I am more fascinated by studying the possibilities of the future than the history of the past. So, from and for "their" apathy, disinterest, inability or incertitude, I have opted, initially, optimist that I am, to "baptize" our global culture as GAIA CULTURE. I choose the name inembrance of the ancient Earth embracing and Earth responsible goddess of the Greeks, GAIA. Beyond that choice, I would suggest a "confirmation" with the surname, PLANETARY CULTURE. Am I acting wisely or just playing again with rites and rights and the sacred and the scared? I choose not to be guilty of prime causation... THE JURY IS STILL OUT! Might I find the humane rights I so long for, by presenting my case to The Planetary Crimes Commission?

It is not altogether easy

to be THE UN PHILOSOPHER! My brief experience with the *responsibilities* and *response abilities* of the position color me into a rainbow of actions and reactions. While Thoreau indicated that most (people) lead lives of quiet desperation, I have never seen his statistical biases and I distrust his survey methodology. His sampling was Concordial, but his conclusions are cantankerous... Besides, he was far from being a notable student, at Harvard, though he did give a commencement address, in Latin...

What I liked most

about Roman History in my fifth grade year was that the emperors had the good sense and humor to provide bread and circuses to the citizens of Rome. I think that we need civic systems that combine circuses and clowns and concern. Most often when I tell anyone that I am The Philosopher of the United Nations, all they can perceive is that I am somehow or other offering another PUN. I do not help myself nor them very much with my timely tempo of telling about innumerable, capital PROGRAMS OF UNITED NATIONS STUDIES! PUNS! And, no one trusts, so much as I, my experimental pedagogy that we teach alphabets and values simply and simultaneously with such

subtlety as shifting our spelling and spacing and sizing from unaware to U N AWARE!, unbelieving to UN BELIEVING!, uncaring to UN CARING! How much energy will we have to harness and free to move from uneducated to UN EDUCATED? Transition from unjust to UN JUST, truly tests more tolerance than I could find during the recent International Year for Tolerance(1995). Alas, "unfair" and "unwanted" suffer or succeed similarly when I pull them apart in THE LEARNING CENTER (TLC) where I live, to reveal UN FAIR and UN WANTED! Be careful of TLC, it is not to be confused immediately with "tlc," tender loving care, though I believe the two are irredeemably linked. I have similar fun and frustration "*being*" and *helping others be Santa*. Our spelling is so rigid that I cannot convince even ardent UNANS that Santa's Elves are Santa Selves:

One, one long ago misplaced apostrophe has separated all,
All of Our Santa's Elves from Our Santa Selves!

One of the greatest tragedies of us moderns is that most of us have either lost our senses or never come to all of them... I do not want to be simplistic but simplicity is frequently a virtue, even when a forgotten one. Simply, we need to learn how to use double the senses of sight, taste, touch, hearing and smell. Sensibly, sensitively, let us sense faith, hope, charity, humor and awe.

Skeptics, some realists and realist skeptics, tell me that social change is slow in the human(e) experience, and I contend that that need not be the case. Literacy has increased remarkably in this century, perhaps tenfold. Health has increased so greatly that we expect to quadruple our human numbers from 1.5 billion at the beginning of Our Century to some 6 billion when we enter the next millennium at midnight on December 31, 1999. We have probably experienced the healthiest century in all time. If we can *letter* ourselves and *care for ourselves* so comprehensively in two arenas of our being, why cannot we extend our joy and numbers about Santa and other identities, by having all be Santas, philosophers and Clowns.

HOW BAD DOES BAD HAVE TO BE
BEFORE WE CONSIDER SOMETHING "BAD."

HOW GOOD DOES GOOD HAVE TO BE
BEFORE BEFORE WE BELIEVE "IT IS GOOD!"

Now, for almost sixteen years,
a fourth of my Earth Time, I have lived on the "outskirts" of what in 1946 might have become UNOVILLE, capital of a brave New World Ordering, if the ardent citizens of Green Town had not proclaimed by a margin, wider than two to one, that they did not want to give, sell, lease or loan some beautiful back-country to be used as the capital of the post World War II society created to rid the world from the scourges of war, inequity, and lack of development. In all of our considerations of tribalism, we have yet to see the NIMBY and YIMBY resolve their differences, not in my backyard and "yes" in my backyard. --Perhaps, I also am an extra-terrestrial?

Life,

my life, has been a long, short pilgrimage from a small community in Idaho, where I played with Nez Perce children, to Washington State where I pow-wowed with the Yakima. Then, with "The War" I went to California where I found Chinese and Colored friends, to Arizona where Hispanics and Navaho classmates helped with my education--mostly away from teachers during "recess," and to Louisiana where the subtleties and unsubtleties of caste society scared me for awhile and scarred me for life. The American Century in the United States and in The World has been a formidable classroom in which to study The Unrealized American Dream. Schooling, education, work, worry, wonder, wit and wisdom--and great, good luck--carried me through most of the states of the United States and allowed me learning experiences in Mexico and Europe before I was prepared to undertake my first "real" professional job in that not yet ravaged but already deeply troubled country of EL Salvador. I went to Central America in April 1961, so short a space of time after the fiasco of the Bay of Pigs, seven days, one daze. Had I not spoken good Spanish--albeit colloquial Mexican lingo of the streets and byways--not the Castillian tongue of Don Quixote--and had I not already been a global person, perhaps the students in general or "my" students in particular would have been more than tempted to burn me, not just in effigy, but also "for real." And work in El Salvador helped me learn to be real...

Now, thirty--five years later,

I should not jump over more than half a lifetime, but for the convenience of my story, I leap to January 1, 1992, my first day of retirement from being an international civil servant. Though I was first identified as THE UN PHILOSOPHER! on the 29th of May 1989, I could not quickly adjust work and psyche to the new tasks which lay before me. I needed time and distance, new perspectives ... appreciation of and some disdain for

the UN bureaucracy and daily work. Recast, no longer obliged to commute an hour each way, daily, from the bucolic beauty of Racc Ridge to the awesome architecture of the Headquarters and challenges of the UN System, I undertook to measure all the dimensions of why I had committed so much to the UN and what I have learned there and elsewhere.

In a new, special sphere of freedom,

I grow in Beauty as Beauty grows in me. I spend parts of my days and seasons counting and caring for turtles, tulips, cardinals, crows, swans and skunks, heron and humfulumps, *sharing Life directly with them and many others*: It has taken years, much listening, some talking and scribbling of alphabets, feeling and fielding dreams and doubts, and reworking wit and wisdom, to reach a base to be ready to transcribe notes and to construct, create, identify and imagine spiritual and mental arches, banisters, rainbows and relevance, to complete another process in my personal commitment...

With each paragraph, I invite compliment, controversy and conciliation. In closing this chapter, I am reminded how I saw questions of the future years ago in the pre-dawn desert winter eighty miles west of Frenchman's Flats, when atomic blasts of light rent the peace-filled starry splendor of my universe. When will our visions of being humane flash as brightly as the horrors I saw in the waning of my calendar countdown youthful years? The muffled rumble, delayed by sounds slowness explodes still in my inner senses, suggesting whimpering... Was I was only Nineteen? Why do my questions still seem so stark: A marvelous mirage worded by Dag Hammarskjold, suggests:

THERE IS NO PEACE,
EXCEPT THAT OF THE SOUL.

I believe Dag Hammarskjold was right for himself and maybe even for his time, yet I fortunately have found two great realms of peace in my life, inner peace and universal peace... I continue to work and play diligently in the realm of creating and contributing to communal peace....

ungodly...

UN GODLY!

"God only knows,"

"God only knows," replied the *Secretary General*. On the eve of The Gulf War, Javier Perez de Cuellar returned from Iraq and answered the questioning journalist on the speculations as to whether there would be a war or not. Don Javier uttered the most memorable words I heard in my entire United Nations career, because the *Secretary General* finally admitted, from his deep Roman Catholic faith, that we humans really do not know what will happen from one day to the next in the course of our lives, but "God only knows," if one believes in a knowing God. And maybe, just maybe, not even God knows...

The gift of curiosity...

in my life is probably my least understood quality and my most treasured ability. I think of curiosity as a part of me and an inseparable chemistry of my being. Imagination is a friend, my best humane friend, but curiosity is ME! Thus, when I encounter along Life's many paths the unquestioning multitudes, I am dismayed. I derive no small portion of my daily joy from the questioning souls who share with me their constant searching for meanings.

Because I believe

that the UN System is the skeleton of an emerging new cultural understanding not only of humane life but of the entire Earth system, PLANETARY CULTURE, I am insistent that we pursue UN QUESTIONING to the fullest extent of our abilities and that we learn mutually what individual and collective answers there are to our living fully.

(Written in June 1991.)

(I think it is healthy to read this essay a second time.)

unhealthy...

UN HEALTHY

Why do so many "educated" people run in circles and scream and shout about "overpopulation and even occasionally about under-population, without looking at "the people" and what is the individual and community impact of population growth, or decline on them and it...

INKEY'S PROGRAM OF UNITED NATIONS STUDIES: iPUNS! THANKSGIVING

¿THE HEALTHY CENTURY?

Ben Wattenberg may "pop" The Population Explosion...
Which, maybe, never, ever, really happened... anyway...

We were not, and are not, a generation of alarmists...
.....We are Pioneers in Planetary Culture.....

After eons of simple survival we are now in a
magnificent struggle for complex survival..

Thomas Malthus, one of the greatest alarmists of the so-called dismal "science" of demography, would, undoubtedly, be amused by the texty testament of the American Enterprizer, Ben J. Wattenberg, THE POPULATION EXPLOSION IS OVER (NYT Magazine, November 23, 1997). Further, my great food mentor, the late Jonathan Garst, would be ludicrously appalled at Wattenberg's ignorance and his victimization of false alarms and alarmisms... In a tiny, poor, agrarian nation, in the Republic of El Salvador, in 1961, with and against the "odds" of a 3.7 per cent

annual population growth rate and rampant, severe malnutrition, my septuagenarian guru told me most assuredly "We AgriCulturists can feed all the world's population you are going to see in your lifetime." and Jonathan established a great, ecological, demographic, family planning challenge for me that has served me superbly for more than half my (solar) revolutions: "We can probably support about as many people as you can stand to have around!"

Paul Ehrlich was grossly incorrect in fussing about and fusing THE POPULATION BOMB and Les(s?) Brown somehow or other succeeded in convincing many followers that the highly celebrated Green Revolution was subject to turning very, very BROWN...drought-like... Ben blends arguments that "the issue of global warming [is] linked to soaring population growth deep into the next century..." BJW suggests that a recent United Nations Population Division meeting on "low and tumbling fertility rates" is akin to "a step toward a near-Copernican shift in the way our species looks at itself." I read in a recent issue of the NYT how UNPD was suggesting that many countries would not have enough people early in the 21st Century, and while the reporting was somewhat "alarming," I discounted that analysis as fully as I discounted Ehrlich and Brown analyses decades earlier... Wattenberg, in his fourth paragraph, suggests "The Plot Thins." I would suggest, and have done so unnumbered times in the most recent 36 years of this century, that the 20th Century may well be recorded in some future-time as THE HEALTHY CENTURY.

We humanoids entered this austere, banal, cruel, awe-inspiring, benevolent and creative century numbering approximately one billion five hundred million human(e?) beings and by always suspect but always approximately appropriate calculations of devoted demographers, we "expect" to be exiting Our Century with a count up or a count down of some six billion beings... We are quadruplets in a scant blink of astral time... I will not trouble myself for this essayette to outline the increased life-expectancies of the humanoid cargo we have on Spaceship Earth... Introductory texts of demography, management, and mismanagement, have such data readily available to the curious... I am more curious, far more curious and imaginative about other questions: When do the people count? When are we going to enable people to count? Why do people count? What do people count for?

BJW: "THEREFORE WHAT?"

BJ's essay begins to get interesting when he suggests that:

"Speculation is in season." (emphasis added)

Further, "Don" Benjamin observes, "But the good news may make it more difficult to sell bad news." From this section of Wattenberg's observations onward, I believe his analysis is in steep decline... Demographic patterns are knitted into business blitzes and speculations on the economic future fail to illuminate his case... I guess BJW forgets that "ecology" and "economy" both share the same "home" base... A bath or dunking of Wattenberg in the witty wisdom of Thoreau's WALDEN would be a healthy ethics cleaning...

Soon after Khrushchev visited Jonathan's brother, Roswell, in Iowa, to try to learn how to improve agriculture in Siberia and the good Comrade boasted that the Soviet Union would catch up with and surpass the United States of America, Jonathan gently but ever so dili-gently instructed me, that when the Soviet population had achieved the leisure of the "American" middle class, then "they" would begin to know what real problems are. IT is in this still brilliant light of enlightenment that I read Wattenberg's incomplete analysis, misguided assertions, and distorted thoughtframes. I conclude, temporarily at least:

Speculation is not in season...
Speculation is not a seasonal item...
Speculation is a way of life...

Recently, the NYTimes did some different population reporting. Let me quote from some text I wrote earlier. I love quoting myself. IT shows me in a special timeframe that I am frequently ahead of myself, ahead of TIME, itself...but IT is dangerous to be too early...

"Declaring that it wanted to help fight overpopulation worldwide, the U.S. said efforts must include focusing on women's right to abortions." On 12 May 1993 the NYT reports new Clinton Administration efforts to work with the UN on population issues. Yes, the U.S. Government "is once again examining how it might cooperate with the UN on global issues concerning population and development. We are told that our president is 'deeply committed.'"

As one of the pioneers of population education I am delighted that my government is once again cooperating in international fora to work on global issues of such

importance as population, but I would be further pleased if we did not employ aggressive diction to explain ourselves. We need less of "fighting overpopulation" (no one ever having really explained what constitutes global overpopulation) and more of understanding Life. Let's combine our thoughts and look at our health policy and program analysis and let us reflect upon how pro-life we humanekind have been in the 20th Century. Then, I believe we will be ready to determine the options, to decide the choices. I think we will find few "anti-life" and we will find that we all make choices.

... I like to time-travel, and I do not need a time machine to do this. I time travel with imagination and easily find myself in the 25th Century where historians and herstorians and ourstorians and health workers, economists and ecologists classify our (20th) century as THE HEALTHY CENTURY, but they are awestruck how easily we increased our numbers with deep, persistent disregard for what they consider most rudimentary needs. The 25th Centurians comprehend our social systems with dire disrespect that we were better at space shuttles and landings than protecting the lives and longings of our selves and our progeny.

I wrote then and savor my words again, *"We do not know if we live in the best or worst of times, but the question is a non-question."* I believe that what we call our "explosion" or "implosion" of human numbers is "credit" due to our success in surviving. How we will establish new equilibrium in nature is the dilemma before us, now and for many years to come. Fortunately, we have among us more people addressing many of our problems than ever before. The United Nations and thousands of non-governmental organization personnel contributed to the 1994 International Conference on Population and Development, and continue its "mission." As with the 1992 UN Conference on the Environment and Development, we are challenged to think globally and act globally and to think locally and act locally. Our Times may be most promising times as we (try to) evolve from being humans to being humanes.

Every "being" should be a wanted being... In many lands I have shared my understanding of population and family planning issues with peoples of many faiths. I have great respect for Life, but something dies in me when a 12 year young African refugee child asks, "Why did you save my Life?" I believe humanity's answer and mine has to be that we saved your Life because we believe in Life. However, our "belief" must not be an empty phrase like some facile slogan. Our response must be a sharing of our planetary provisions and Planetary Culture...

IF, indeed, in deed and dedication and declaration, speculation is a way of Life and we decide that we need to concentrate, coordinate and confirm our speculations into serviceable specifics for species survival...then, now and then and all the Time we have Time... we will need to practice one of the precepts of the great, modern revolutionary, Gandhi, that "We must be the change we wish to see in the world." Jonathan "taught" me many, many survival tactics...but the greatest strategic and tactical lesson is this:

I am not the champion of lost causes,
I am a champion of causes that have not yet been won!

I am a champion of education for all, good nutrition, adequate health services, potable water and essential sanitary services, good housing, appropriate raiment, clean air, meaningful employment and recreation... etc., I am neither a Utopian, nor a Dystopian... I am an Entopian...

I want to Live in a world of Planetary Clowns, where I can share my joys and my grief with the joys and grief of others... Just 50,000 or 60,000 nuclear armaments ago, just 100 million land mines ago, just about 3 billion humanoids ago, WE THE PEOPLES gave our name to the Charter of the United Nations and just 49 years ago some of our leaders gave us THE UNIVERSAL DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS... Let us commemorate and celebrate our Declaration and practice its tenets... Then, maybe just then, we will learn lessons of complex survival and practice the humane use of humane beings.. The Danish poet Piet says that we are global citizens with tribal souls... I wonder whether we are Planetary Citizens with Universal Souls...

If I could believe that Wattenberg means for us, loyal readers of the NYTimes Magazine, to be less alarmist and that he writes some of his text in the sense and sentiment of the 1654 reforms of Charles IX of France, making April First a great celebratory day in modern storisms, then I would suggest that we submit Ben's text, THE POPULATION EXPLOSION IS OVER, to the AAA, not the American Automobile Association, for "deadline" (read "Life"line) consideration on April 1, next, for the near millennial-time gathering of the tribes intending to exhume the spirit specter and spectacle of Malthusian humors. Because I am a "reformed" Harvard Anthropologist (Ph.D. 1964) I do not intend to participate in academented

autopsies of Don Thomas, Doubting Thomases and demographic determinists... The cyberspace(d) announcement of the tribal pow-wow is:

Dec 2-6 (1998) AMERICAN ANTHROPOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, 97th Annual Meeting. Philadelphia, PA. Theme: "Population: 200 Years after Malthus." Submissions deadline: April 1,1998. Submission information in the January 1998 AN. Contact AAA Meetings Department, 4350 N Fairfax Dr, Ste 640. Arlington, VA 22203-1620; 703/528-1902 ext 2; jmeier@ ameranthassn.org

In 1996, for The 532nd Anniversary of April Fools Day, I wrote peaces of an essay on PLANETARY CULTURE, a number of idea(l)s relevant to what I am advancing here about population issues...

Today is The 432nd Anniversary of April Fool's Day and herewith we have a magnificent opportunity to consider the nature, creation and creativity of Planetary Culture. ... In 1564, Charles IX of France, adopted a reformed calendar. New Year's celebrations had commenced on March 21st and ended on April 1st, but the new chronograph honored January 1st. The happy traditionalists who continued to observe April 1st came to be known as April Fools and soon the custom of fooling friends and relatives commenced. In France the "victim" of the trickster is known as an April Fish... ..

I look for Planetary Culture everywhere, but the UN System for me is an especially fine framework, a spiritual, psychic and corporeal skeleton, of Planetary Culture. We need to move from THE GAIA HYPOTHESIS to consider that in innumerable ways the unified actions of the UN address planetary culture, communication, education, health, nutrition, labor, economics, politics, trusteeship, drugs (of pharmacy and of abuse), atomic and other energies, disarmament, inner space and outer space, intellectual property, world heritage, air, water, land—law, justice and technology—desertification, volcanology, tectonics, oceanography, Man(?) and the Biosphere, population, migration, displacement and refugeeism, racism, creed, social organization, security, poverty, tolerance, ethics, philosophy, weather, transportation, conflict resolution, peace studies, gender and human rights, global identity and personal commitment, the ultimate p.c. We have all the rubrics of PLANETARY CULTURE, including many that I have left unlisted...

We the People of our planetary system, the only one we know to host Life among some 50 billion galactic systems, are too, too frequently plagued with war after war after war. And when we do not have enough military wars, we declare wars on poverty, wars on drugs, wars on crime...and cultural wars. My response-ability in this is to say, Let there be Peace and let it start with me! I was advertised before today and today as "a reformed Harvard anthropologist." I like it. Yes, I have reformed many times since I inhabited that cherished institution I often call The Crimson Kremlin on The Charles, but I am much more than an anthropologist and even a reformed one. Today my best suit is abolitionist! I am tired of declared and undeclared cultural wars and so-called multiculturalism. Although I do not keep apace with the tomes and tons of contemporary anthropological writings, I believe I am The First Anthropologist of Planetary Culture. (My physicist son rebelled against some of the strictures of classical and modern physics and he would have preferred his first degree to be Comparative Planetary, but his esteemed science institute was too Earthbound for that heresy.. While he worked on extraterrestrial intelligence those around him chided him and urged him to focus, also, on planetary consciousness.)

Where do our cultural wars come from? What are the benefits of cultural wars? Why do we rely so persistently upon having human enemies instead of topical struggles toward living more fully. Many years ago Jonathan Garst, one of the pioneers of hybrid corn production, told me when I was pursuing the topical struggles of malnutrition and rapid population growth, "David, there is NO NEED FOR HUNGER," and he went on to write a book with that title. Jonathan became my "extra" Grandfather, one of the greatest mentors of my life and a major compass in my thinking about stewardship for all Life. Subsequently, Gandhi taught me that we must be the change we wish to see in the world. Later, a man called Mann (Thomas Mann) instructed me in economics that war is only a cowardly escape from the problems of peace. Clarence Gamble taught me foundation and foundations skills with The Pathfinder Fund, pioneering in international family planning, population education and the belief of "Every Child, A Wanted Child." John Gordon, Harvard's great epidemiologist, said he and I both had to be ecologists, and that was almost a decade before the first Earth Day. I have extrapolated all of these lessons to 'every being, a cherished being." Yet, we still allow or we force a billion to unlettered oblivion, we let one to two billion suffer malnutrition from food scarcity, we leave a third of humanity without potable water. The dream constructs of Planetary Culture are one entity, while the nightmare "realities" of our lack of Planetary Culture are another. Do I make some special kind of mistake when I try

to create, from my imagination and from all my knowledge, Planetary Culture. A friend of mine thinks that she is a Goddamned idealist and I tell her that there are no Goddamned idealists.

There are not even Goddamned proto-realists to the best of my knowledge.

I am a Conscientious Objector to all assertions of Cultural Wars.

I believe we must experience a paradigm leap away from the fragmentation of multiculturalism and affirm, yet again and again and again, that the human race is one. We may concur with Teilhard de Chardin that we are not human beings in search of a spiritual experience, but we are spiritual beings in search of a human experience... And, I would correct de Chardin's diction to be "humane." As a sometimes academic Almost Modern Man, I would affirm that we need to discipline our disciplines and to be incredibly more interdisciplinary than is the wont of most of us... I would suggest that we do some salvage anthropology as corporate iconologists, studying all the icons we can possibly amass into all of our courses and discourses. From beginning to end, we will treasure the aesthetics and sacred significance of each others icons, without ever, ever, ever being iconoclastic... We will study and practice diversity, "di' deriving from two, and "versum" suggesting truth and channels.

In Olden Times when our clocks required winding, we had time to unwind and to run out of time. Now, with digitals and cyberspace, we have lost the luxury of timelessness. Nonetheless and none the more, we do not ask nor do we answer inclusive cultural questions as exhaustively in social anthropology as we seemingly do in physical anthropology, of what makes us human. I propose that we take "VALUE" as our point of commencement and departure. This "familiar" term in our society may be inflated, but we need to further inflate it so that it is universally visible. Then, in process, we may explore global ethic akin to the fashion Hans Kung gives us in THE GLOBAL ETHIC. From The International Year of The Family (1994) we may derive synthesis and antithesis about our human family and pluralism of family values. From the International Year for Tolerance (1995) we may summarize how completely and incompletely we begin to understand the parameters of our too common inhumanity. Subsequently, we might step back to 1993 and analyze afresh what we learned and failed to learn during the International Year for Indigenous People, which same year we held an important United Nations Conference on Human(e?) Rights. If we succeed just a bit more than a trifle or just a trifle more

than a bit or megabyte, then, I would suggest we "leap" back a four year distance to 1992 and assemble and reassemble our thoughts on the United Nations Conference on Environment and Development, (UNCED might become U N SAID!) while most lose sight and citation of the magnificent 1987 prelude documentation, OUR COMMON FUTURE. If we subscribe to the belief we have a common future we will be rewarded in our reading—and if we do not believe such--then we better prepare a credible alternate future. AGENDA 21 is the primal text of 1992, outlining guidelines for sustainable development, now so assiduously under study and structuring in the UN System.

I cringe from the virtually complete neglect we are currently giving the special focus our emergent supranational system assigned to our "inter"national civil servants for 1996, The International Year for the Alleviation of Poverty. This is also the year designated for an international conference on Habitat, to catalogue how abysmally legions and legions are protected from the elements while the military powers have stockpiled 30,000 to 50,000 nuclear devices and believe that a world with some 110,000,000 land mines in place and a comparable number available for other planting provide more security than insecurity. I suggest last year's text, AN AGENDA FOR DEVELOPMENT, as appropriate yet inadequate orientation for any understanding of poverty. In the rush of special years and texts, I trust we do not overlook and underestimate Boutros Boutros-Ghali's alarming document of AN AGENDA FOR PEACE (1992), though I am a harsh critic of much of this misappropriation of peace to serve the militarization of the Security (?) Council. Daily, weakly (w-e-a-k-l-y) and weekly, monthly, seasonally, unseasonably, yearly, each decade and each century—though the UN is just half a hundred years young plus one—we are repeatedly told that the world is suffering an enormous increase of civil wars. I contend, again as a conscientious objector and as THE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER! (sanctioned so by friends and no special protocol):

NO WARS ARE CIVIL!

My equally redheaded, international predecessor in Paris (1784-1789), Thomas Jefferson instructed us that every man (read "person") has two countries, France and his (read "his/her") own. I learned during a comparable length of time in the City of Light (1975-1981) that my two countries are "my own, my native land" and "the world is my country (cf. Marx)." Jefferson was probably justifiably proud for giving us most of the language of our Declaration of Independence. I am similarly proud that the authors of THE CHARTER OF THE UNITED NATIONS have given

us one of our most universal declarations of human(e) interdependence, though here, too, I am a rebel with a cause, a reformer and a careful iconologist... I invite any and all of you to let me know when you would like to go on tour with me in the sacred space of The UN Headquarters, to see with me my own and owned special selection of ICONS, OF PEACE. The first icon I will show you is a replica of our first known peace treaty...

... Regardless of the success or failure of my anthropological training, I do not believe that we have to be warring pessimists. Rather, in addition to being today's abolitionist, I am a virtually or totally incurable optimist and I want to leave you with a parting question and an accompanying clue to behavior modification. The question is: "What in the world do you want, now?" My answer is not what I told me Mother at 3, 4, or 5, more candy, cookies, cake and ice cream, pop corn, a story, etc. My answer is "I want the world. I want the world to be! I want peace, joy and kindness and love and quiet and song and dimensions of foolishness that amuse us to our hearts' content." My clue to behavior modification is not to be The Champion of Lost Causes: "I am not the champion of lost causes, I am a champion of causes that have not yet been won (one)".

I trust that you enjoy your role in creating Planetary Culture as much as I cherish the opportunities I have had, now have and hope to continue to have in the evolution of this exciting enterprise. Should you be available on Tuesday, September 16, 2031 CE, I invite you to celebrate with me and kindred spirits The 3300th Anniversary of The Peace Treaty of Ramses II of the Egyptians and Hattusilis of The Hittites (1269 BCE). This first known peace accord of the humane pilgrimage warrants celebration as much as April Fools' Day and probably as much as October 23rd 1997, the 6000th Anniversary of Creation, following the chronology and kaiology of James Ussher (1581-1656), a great scholar and divine, Bishop of Dublin, Bishop of Meath, Archbishop of Armagh and Chancellor of St. Patrick's Cathedral. He found that at 9 a.m. on Monday, October 23rd, 4004 BC, God created the Earth. Lest you doubt the importance of Ussher work, let me advise you with caution, that his ideas were believed a lot longer than they have been disbelieved.

Just as I would like to think that today might be the 350th Anniversary of Ussher's PC, Proclamation of Creation, (April 1, 1646?), and that Ussher is one of the great April Fools of all time, I like to think we have taken temporary leave of our common sense to enjoy an uncommon sense. ...Your homework is to read what I believe to be the greatest contribution of The UN System to Planetary Culture, the young

UNIVERSAL DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS. To be less any kind of unmitigated fool, read it twice and share it with ten of your colleagues. If each ten would multiply by ten, we could quickly be in the billions: $10 \times 10 \times 10 \times 10 \times 10 \times 10 \times 10 \times 10 \times 10 = 10$ Billions! Some people will have to listen twice... (In my next reform profession, I aspire to be The Cosmic Clown Prince of Planetary Culture, a ggip/c, "Guardian of Global Identities and Cultural/Pluralism." This is in addition to my commitments as President of Antarctica University (AU pronounced "awe") where students, faculty and administration, all are Optimists, forever looking up.] I wish my obituary to be dated December 16, 2031, giving me a Sentinel, Centennial Life with ample time to see, touch, taste, scent and sound the meaning(s) of THE HEALTHY CENTURY above the whimpered excuses, evocations, and evasions of THE POPULATION EXPLOSION... Maybe, just maybe, The Population Explosion is the cry, crisis, trauma and tantrum of every unwanted child ever born... Maybe THAT is why the 20th Century has so disordered the sacred word, LIVE... and ordered veil'd, vile *EVIL*...

...Let us Live all the daze of our Lives,

abundantly...

uninstructed...

UN INSTRUCTED!

[DAVID, AS THOREAU.... or, David, as is...]

What am I doing in Connecticut?

Good question.... I am looking for wisdom and I do not want to move very far away from the United Nations Headquarters. However, before I get into all of that, I am a 63 years young (compared to old), male white American, Protestant... Categorically by census data, a WASP...but I am an early liberal, having worked with the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) in 1953, a year before Brown vs. the Board of Education. I burnt my draft card during the summer of 1953, because my draft board which was always very polite and patient with me wouldn't recognize that a pious Episcopalian could have conscience as committed as a quiet Quaker... (Thoreau taught me how to describe Civil Disobedience but he did not instruct me how to behave...)

I was a bright little kid who almost always got the very best grades and I had heavy "schooling" from proper teachers who gave me little idea of what "education" should be, then I discovered Deep Springs College in California, a minuscule institution of higher education with only 25 students in a junior college program and I began really learning that I had some talents and I ought to be using them...but on what... So, one summer I worked in a mental hospital in Iowa to perhaps join the healing arts...that wasn't the right thing... Second summer, I went to British Columbia on ELAN, an experiment for living among nations, with a French program included, and third summer, I went to CORE in Washington DC, to work on movie house integration, a decade before Martin Luther King's march on WDC... (DS had a three year program for two years of academics because we owned and ran a cattle ranch as part of the schooling...You should learn about DS, it is one of the most interesting experiments in American higher education...) 1953-54, a year in Mexico with the American Friends Service Committee... Then, two years in Kansas City, at the U of KC which subsequently went public and became a part of the U of Missouri... I was "at home" because my father suffered an auto accident that subsequently proved fatal...(Jan 55)... BA from KC in May (or June) 1956... Summer

at the University of Oregon with a Social Science Research Council Grant, avoiding hay fever and staying in school to avoid being drafted... I had re-accepted student deferment... Anyone 39 years young should not have to understand these things... That was a war before Viet Nam and then a brief, brief interlude of no major war... Then, the draft wanted me and I went to South Dakota to visit before going to England on a National Science Foundation Fellowship for graduate work in anthropology, at the London School of Economics... Well, while I was crossing the Rockies my guardian angel afflicted me with the worst case of hay fever I have ever "suffered." And, the Draft proved me 4-F, physically unfit for military service... I celebrated with a chocolate milk shake... Ah, the world was so much kinder and gentler then, for those who were safe to start with... My childhood playmates in Sunnyside, Washington, were Japanese Americans and were locked up in concentration camps in 1942, a year after we had moved to California., for my Dad to wear little crosses on his khaki collars, as a chaplain... That is about 17 zillion other stories...

Back to my early adulthood...

after London--or even before London, had I had the chance--I went to Harvard (or would have gone there) to do a doctorate in social anthropology... Pre Patrice Lumumba and Pre Fidel Castro, I was going to be an Africanist because that was the situ of "problems" for the second half of the 20th century... (I was old before I got young...now I am really about 26 in spirit....) Well, I enjoyed Harvard, but I worked plenty hard... I had a marvelous fellowship from the Danforth Foundation, covered room, board, tuition, clothes, books, just about everything for modest needs at Harvard when tuition was only \$1000 a year in grad school! I lived 9 or 10 months a year on an additional \$1500... Even had time to cycle out to Walden...

Then, that marvelous guardian angel protected me again and gave me for three years, 1961-64, a professorship in the Faculty of Medicine of the University of El Salvador, to work on exactly what I wanted... ...to work on the social and cultural factors of health...but ELS was in popping turmoil with a 3.7 percent growth rate in people and by dint of reality I became a founding member of the Salvadoran Demographic Association, 5 years before the US Government was bright enough to get into the pop market... Then, starting at the top, there was nothing to do but work downward...maybe be an asst prof somewhere and Harvard School of Public Health was even interested in me until they discovered that I am more an activist than scholar... They thought I was both because I gave them an excellent seminar

the week after Jack Kennedy was killed... They retracted what seemed like an offer, and I got a better job as Associate Director of the Pathfinder Fund, the philanthropy of a part of the Gamble Family of Proctor and Gamble... And I became a great innovator in the pop field... Then, Clarence Gamble was dying and I was not going to get the Directorship, because I was too young and not an M.D....so I quit before I knew where I was going... UCLA was an option with the med people, but the anthros did not think I was enough of an anthropog... The job fell through... Then the same experience with Yale...and I didn't really want Yale, after Harvard... I liked Boston too much... Then that fell through... All my friends thought that I was terrific and should have a terrific job and recommended me to their friends, but alas...their friends were not as real as they...or they were too real and I was unreal... Anyway, then there was an ethnographic job and interview at Sarah Lawrence, charming place, but I was too activist, and no job offer... I was impressed by the nice way people were interested in me, but then they dropped me because I was asking open ended questions instead of closed ended ones... So, what should happen but a Salvadoran oligarch, one of two who seemed to be enlightened oligarchs in that country with many unenlightened oligos...came to Boston on business and called me up to find out how I was doing and I told him my quasi-plight and he told me to touch base with two acquaintances at Harvard. My guardian angel swam The Charles while I crossed the MIT bridge from Back Bay to Cambridge...and next thing everyone knew I had a job at Harvard, not in traditional anthropology, thanks to all those gods and demi-gods in Peabody, certainly not in anthro...but in the Harvard Graduate School of Education to translate their erroneous ideas about "population control" into something more sensible and sensitive, like population education... And I was great...for 3 years until the money from Ford ran out and I moved into what I thought would be exile, UNC (North Carolina), via a trip to India for SID (the Society for International Development).

And in Delhi, aaahhh, I was introduced to "Temp" who was leaving her expatriate experience of 8 yrs in Geneva to go to Carolina to add pop studies to her doctoral work in international relations... Ours was a marriage made in Heaven and confirmed in Chapel Hill... Three years in Chapel Hill and USAID money ran out and I was on an extrabugetary post...grrrrrr... I was too interested in getting some good things done to be interested in traditional scholarship.....so I was again unemployed, with a wife and a baby son... We did not want to move and we wanted a second child, so I did consultations with ILO, UNESCO, The Population Reference Bureau, etc. and we did not move till 1975, to Paris, with UNESCO to work on pop ed... UNESCO had been trying to get me from 1971 and I kept giving them students and finally they

said, "YOU!" and we needed for me to have a job, a "real" job, but we didn't really want Paris for early childhood...

So, we were right and Paris was wrong. Win was hyper and learning disabled, so Temp, Win and Bets came home after 3 years, thinking I could get something in WDC...but I couldn't... Academia was a desert in the late 1970s. A job at Chapel Hill had 400 applicants... So, we had a transatlantic marriage for 3 years, I had 3 two-week vacations a year in the United States and Temp, Win and Bets had part of each summer in Paris. Sounds fabulous, but it was tough... Then in 1981 my guardian angel found a light in the proverbial tunnel and I was seconded to NY to be UNESCO ADVISER TO UNICEF, (incidentally the pumpkin I mentioned in a previous letter is for UNICEF, for the 31st October is UNICEF Day)... I had 10 great years as spy in residence... double spy... and I became S.I.R. David in 1984 while Orwell was up to other activities... In 1989 I became THE UN PHILOSOPHER and UN SANTA, through the good graces of UNICEF... Then, grrrrr, the UN has mandatory retirement at age 60 except for directors...and I was "only" a Senior Professional...

So, the angel didn't seem to be caring for me and I was sad for six months, until I began to enjoy my retirement... I have applied for perhaps 30 jobs in almost 4 years and have had the good luck to get none of them...but I am very choosy... The application I most liked was for the Directorship of the MacArthur Fellowships (the so-called genius grants) and they had 625 candidates... They had no problem getting rid of 175... Then, from 450 down to 25 candidates was terrible for the head hunters... THEN, I was one of the 25 who got to interview stage.. I "knew" I was not going to get it so I spent my hour and a half telling them they needed greater gender equity in the program and a good woman candidate might accelerate that process... So, no job for INKEY...but while I would have been fascinated with the job, I didn't want Chicago... And, I don't like the mystery they use to search out candidates... I like greater transparency... So, no job, but great insight... We have cut our personal expenses down, down, down...we were going to move to c.hill (Chapel Hill), not cheap, not inexpensive...but less expensive than here... But, where in the world am I going to find a 200 year old veg barn turned into a house 70 years ago on .7 acre with 190 feet border on a 53 acre pond where I can swim from mid May till late September....my own Walden... just, only eight acres smaller than Henry's... So, I use speaking engagements and Adult Education courses to test some of my ideas and I am writing the sequel to Fulghum's book, ALL I NEED TO KNOW I LEARNED IN KINDERGARTEN. My study is I WAS A KINDER GARDEN DROP OUT! That is 82.5 per cent or 89 percent finished, but I am ignoring it because during this

50th Anniversary Year of the United Nations, I am trying to figure out what I want to say about the UN, for myself as a memoir and for others for what they "ought" to know of, by, for, above, around and inside THE UNITED NATIONS' PHILOSOPHER!

Meanwhile,

I am a fascinated student of my physics major son and my env econ major daughter and as their dedicated pupil, I have lots of research asst work... For example, Bets is now thinking law school and I have research tasks on that... Win wants to be an entrepreneur in games and I make games with him... He did a beautiful application to Clown College last winter and was rejected in their pool of 1000 candidates from 30 places, worse than Harvard or Deep Springs... And, of course I had to learn all about clowns...

When I finish my magnum opus on the UN, I will continue to be very busy. I have decided that my next endeavor is to figure out what it means to be a Cosmic Clown in Training... (David Larible of Ringling Brothers said to the New York Times about 2 years ago that the diff between an actor and a clown is that an actor must play the role created by others, while a clown has to create his own role... I like that and the application to Clown College is the finest college application in the world! At least, the finest of all the forms I have ever seen.) Another joy job I have is being the (self-appointed) President of Antarctic University (AU pronounced "awe" where all the students are optimists, always looking up...)

I am going on too long and you are going to decide that I am not real, but I am real... When the kiddies ask me, when I am wearing my work clothes, "Are you real, Santa?" I tell them I am real... I don't have to tell them that I am what they think, "the" real Santa. Fortunately, they are so excited by a trilingual Santa that they forget to say the real Santa... They are more concerned with the "art" I am creating for them... That is why I can tell you are an artist if you believe you are an artist... whether you are earning any money from it or not...When I retired from the UN, end 1991, I set a forty year project for myself and creation--and humanity if humanity wants to help me... In 2031 AD I want to chair the Global Peace Fair to celebrate the 3300th Anniversary of our first known peace treaty, The Treaty of Ramses II of Egypt and Hattusilis of the Hittites. My favorite icon at the UN is a replica of the treaty...

Oh yes, and another of my activities is palming myself off as an Iconologist... The world has many iconoclasts, you probably know lol at least... Have you ever heard of or met an iconologists until my telling you this, this evening...

I am also trying to answer a cosmic question my Mother used on me at least a proverbial million times in my childhood, she used to ask "WHAT in The World do you want?" I was so dumb , so ignorant, so unattuned, so uninstructed, so naive, then, that I replied that I wanted or needed another story, a piece of candy, pop corn, ice cream... Only now am I wise enough to realize, I WANT THE WORLD... Not selfishly, not greedily, not possessively, I want the world... I want the world, and I want it to be sustainable, kind, peaceful, etc... Back to Thoreau, no one I know of in modern or near modern times has done as fine a job, in one rather small book, told his readers so much about one person's world and himself... Paine, Jefferson, Twain, Whitman, Voltaire, Moliere, etc... don't achieve this do-it- yourself lifeness that Thoreau realizes... Lifeness is a word I discovered in 1990, the relation of all beings one to another... You can paraphrase Chamberlain, I can try to paraphrase Thoreau, and his Walden was stolen by Skinner to be Walden Two---and I will only borrow from Henry, as he borrowed from his neighbors, to tell my WALDEN THREE... For years I agonized over Dostoyevsky's Grand Inquisitor until finally I am finding "freedom." I like Thoreau's comment when he was asked if he had made his peace with God, he said that he was not aware that they had ever argued. When asked about the next life, he said, One life at a time... I am really trying to figure out what really are the essentials, and as I wrote recently, I am profoundly puzzled between individual freedom of which I enjoy a great deal and community responsibility which I see poorly defined and acted upon... I shall stop now for it is late and I am tired.

Yours,

David

unjust...

UN JUST!

I think... The Idea(l)s of and the Realities of "unjust," just, and "UN JUST!" just somehow transcend all, all the vagaries of unfair and UN FAIR! Now, I think....

I do not know exactly how I distinguish between fairness and justice in my life and in LIFE, but somehow or other there is a shadow between the two, not marked only by their places in our diction and dictionaries. The subtle difference I feel, but do not really see, between the two is that fairness is something intrinsic in my feeling and expression while justice is something exterior. When I experience or observe injustice, I blame either God, or the judicial system. Through all my Life, I have blamed God for two great injustices, and it took me, not God, most of my adult life, to forgive...

Forgiving God for (His/Her) injustices is no small task!

In regard to terrestrial considerations of unjust and UN JUST, I looked to and continue to look to the UNITED NATIONS to provide by consensus what we humanes are still unable to agree upon in world ordering, by law. It might be a trifle blasphemous to suggest BY GOD... How often do we try to buy God? How often do we separate ourselves from God, "Bye, God."

unknown.....

.....UN KNOWN!

INKEY'S PROGRAM OF UNITED NATIONS STUDIES! (PUNS!)

MARCH 15th

We are not human beings in search of a,
spiritual experience, we are spiritual beings
in search of a human experience.

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin

The difference between an actor and a
clown is, an actor plays parts written by
others, a clown creates his (her) own.

David Larible

THE HIDDEN UNITED NATIONS!

imagine that all of us, without any early exceptions or late exemptions, own the responsibility of being the united nations! suppose, that we the peoples, often treated more as a cliché than as a reality--now plentifully numbering almost six billion beings--more than twice as many as we counted when we created the un--are not just willing workers but are eagerly committed constituents--devotedly determined as never ever before--to complete the initial challenge of *being* the united nations. when we finish that task, perhaps we will know how to be cosmic clowns.

perhaps this prospect of new *being* will take us into the live poets society and *carpe diem*, and in taming ourselves to understand time and seeming timelessness we will conceive and co-create the image and *opus* of universal peace. may this be for us as fascinating a revision of our present vision as was our primal insight when we learned to play, to walk, to talk, to use tools, to make fire, to have faith and fun, and to create community--or even still as transforming as when we made wings to soar above the clouds and ships to carry our curious selves on extraterrestrial pilgrimage. we are blessed that we cannot calculate all the risks that we may have in becoming better clowns than ever we imagine. curiosity sets the stages and imagination places the props for novel endeavors. i believe that, for too long we have too successfully acted on foolish stages--following only *his* stories' tragic actors, screaming silently on-board and overboard as doubly *dumb* mimes. old saws are not always sharp enough for our needs, experience is not always the best teacher, great adventure demands unprecedented didactic skills. how do we see this in the un. in my owned case i have learned *some of this* in constant consideration, consciously, unconsciously, and u-n consciously. let me tell a trifle of my story and you can help me decide if it is just *my story* or *dyslexic mystery*. toward the end of my official years of international civil service i was curiously dubbed by a troika

of colleagues to be the un philosopher! (in 1984, i had been dubiously knighted as s-i-r david, in recognition of my superlative spy in residence service to both unesco and unicef and just after becoming the philosopher i was named un santa. then something changed with retirement. was it u-n intentional or unintentional or intentional that i was set adrift to imagine and to create *newness* for *we the peoples of the united nations*? the un practices mandatory age sixty banishment for senior professionals and other servants below the director class.) just as my amusement from my investiture has not yet subsided, learning in my assignment never wanes. it is from this vintage, vantage precipice that i examine our collective being and invite you to share wistful, wishfilled vistas. though i enjoy 361 degrees of competence in my exclusive entitlement, i would much more appreciate being just one among many un philosophers. i am here to share some of the wit and wisdom i have found and that i trust you will find when discovering the hidden un! the wizards of oz and other magic worlds have given us few clues for discovery, the search is not all easy, nor always pleasant, yet we need not and will not despair! other seers and overseers have taught us a pre-primary lesson: *most of the things we dread in life never happen*. further, i believe--if we are to have a safer brand of *security* than that we currently have and cannot confess to enjoy--we need and we will learn greater *cooperation*, greater than any we have had in the modest successes of the un.

some among us would like to do terraforming on *!mars!* while others consider such activity ecologically irresponsible. what are we to do? instead of questioning and complaining that our task is a capricious political punishment or a bizarre planetary prank inflicted upon us by either prides of devilish terrestrials or choruses of angelic extraterrestrials, we agree among ourselves, with unprecedented, unambiguous, unanimous, unstinting insight, that we (subjectively as well as objectively, you, i/me, she/her, he/him and us and they/them) have individually and collectively been given and have accepted the greatest opportunity of all time, till our time at least, to create the *new world ordering*. we should discover answers to many dilemmas and we should be disappointed if we fail to create responses to innumerable, future cosmic challenges. i believe that one of the greatest tragedies in our way of acting and reacting is to suffer with a paralyzed imagination. some of the most tragic words i hear all too frequently are: *i can't imagine that!* i prefer respondents and correspondents who have discovered or created the response-ability, *i will try to imagine that*. i have a tentative creed, that until our own time one of our most monumental misfortunes has been--through all the stretches and shrinkings of our experiences--we never discovered nor created *any* cultural,

educational, political, social, religious, economic or other orderings sufficient to hold us far enough apart, for sufficient time. to prevent us from repeatedly making *warfare*, nor to hold us close enough together to assemble the puzzling pieces of *peacefare*. so, at the end of world war ii, we the peoples created a new, quite artificial construct and declared that we would cooperate in untried *and u-n trying* ways to rid the world of the scourges of war, that we would enhance human rights, and that we would explore human(e) development. we have only one explicit credit line in the un charter, the initial line, but that constitutional foible should be enough staging for us upon which to perform, to act out response-ability in *u-n-ism*. *unapologizing*, recently, we began to question the entitlements of *his* stories and we have established inquiries about *her* stories. we still seek seers and overseers for *our* stories, as we continue to confuse the legacies and legitimacy of authors over *authority*. we would create a lexicon of unwords becoming *u-n words!* we would learn abc's from the unaware to the u-n aware, from unbelievable to u-n believable, uncaring, u-n caring, u-n fair, u-n just, untimed, timed and u-n timed, to u-n tested, unused and u-n used, from unzoned and uncontrolled and undefined through the u-n zoned, u-n concerned and u-n inspired. surprisingly, we would become u-n acquainted in ways we never would or could appreciate when we were unacquainted. our abysmal doubts were quite unfathomable until we bailed them out and found that they are u-n fathomable!

where have all the years gone, half a hundred and one of them? they are gone, we can look backwards without suffering the bad lot of lot's wife and biblical fears, but we must focus on where we want to go and what we would accomplish. *now, we all are going to be the un!* to achieve this i believe we need to review what we know, what we don't know, what we probably need to know and what maybe we don't need to know but which we must keep in mind or cybermind. where should we look? what values, structures, programs and proposals could we search for or create so that we would know that we the people(s) are really not so divisible, that we are not too fragmented? we let anthropologists, literati, politicians and pollsters describe the personae and cast us in cultural wars, instead of having them report to us the benefits of pluralism, from which we may create our parts. i am glad that i am a *reformed* anthropologist. i see this *quo vadis* of *people and peoples* "is" a different concept of anthropology than that we usually find in our academic halls and haunts. here i call upon the spirit of that jesuit prince of anthropology, pierre teilhard de chardin, for help. i do not know whether monsieur pierre wrote anything about the un in his conceptualization of noosphere or beyond, but for the moment that matters not. i subscribe to his identification of our being--our task, timetable and

taxonomy. we seek to be human(e). (with modest audacity, i enhance his spelling to humane.) m. pierre shows us we are gifted with ages and eons for the task, and in the phylogenetic schema we may happily be in the ranks of *angels, without wings*. i was only in my fourteenth autumn when the victorious actors of world war ii assembled in that pacific city of saint francis close by the golden gate and declared on october 24, 1945 the beginning of our new world ordering. our new *magna carta* was widely acclaimed and proclaimed, and ordinary and extra-ordinary people dared to read it and assert that they understood the message(s). soon, however, the freezing fears of the coldest of cold war paralyzed our aspirations. i guess that everyone in this room can guess about as well as i the often cacaphonic and seldom balanced scores--of reasons, unreasons, and u-n reasons--why the un has failed to serve the ideals so eloquently inscribed in the charter. just consider for a moment or a millennium the syntax paradigms clashing between unesco's poetic preamble, *since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that we must build the defenses of peace*, and my prosaic, proletarian preachment: *since wars begin in the lives of children, it is in the spirits of children that we must seed the dreams of peace*.

in 1948, a few of our most inspired colleagues created a new expression of being humane and we agreed to (and with) the universal declaration of human rights, or we ignored it so that we could imprison and martyr freedom fighters and opponents of apartheid, or worse, *tragically we successfully reenacted our greatest tragedy, apathy*. i believe the rights declaration to be the most magnificent civic document of the 20th century and of most centuries. in my adopted town of greenwich where we have almost 1/100,000th of the earth's human population, i stretch imagination and still i cannot propagandize the declaration through the schools. i pride myself on some of my gardening, but i have failed to plant this succinct text in the regular plot and plotting of the curriculum. in a previous incarnation i was a renowned pioneer in global population education. yet, here in a sophisticated, superlative, seemingly solipsistic (purely self seeking or self existent) suburb, i am not yet a total failure! i am my own accountant and my accounts are pluses, for, i have not been drafted, nominated nor elected to be *the* champion of lost causes! i consistently, conscientiously concentrate on clownish composure: *i am not a champion of lost causes, i am a champion of causes that have not yet been won (one)*.

a *quixotic quartet* of imagineers--three fifth-grade teachers and i--sensitively, sensibly and a little subversively, have introduced the text of elementary human rights in "primary," as a calculated counterploy to the rancid racism so clumsily

acted out in the greenwich high school in 1995. we have awakened 60 kids to the record of their rights. in global terms, we have communicated with only 1/100,000,000th of us. one has to start some time, with somebody, somewhere and we wish that every ten of us can communicate to ten, until with 10^{10th} we speak to 10 billion... how many of us will have to listen to the message, more than once... how many times will any of us really, really *hear* it?

a special earth-identifying and shocking event occurred in the un in the 1980s. in 1984, when many students of literature and a few of political science were deeply concerned about how much or how little we would adopt the *mores* of orwell's classic, 1984, the general assembly commissioned a conspicuous committee of stalwart internationalists to explicate our environmental dilemmas which they did in a super report aptly named, our common future (1987). under the imaginative direction of prime minister gro brundtland of norway, we examine creative confrontation in a trilogy of basic issues: environment, population and, most starkly, poverty. it is easy to be critical of the short-comings of our 1987 report, but for all the less and all the more, we have extensive reasons to be thankful, and this report serves as the benchmark to unced, the united nations conference on environment and development and to the knowledgeable and affective "lighthouse" text, agenda 21 (1992), now so basic in study and structure of un work on sustainable development. in 1993 our world body dedicated some of its efforts to the un conference on human rights held captive in vienna. you may remember there was little discussion in our media but such as there was, it was more focused on whether rights could be universal than on how we might engender gender equity, when and how to adjudicate economic justice, and where, when, and how to define, defend and democratize dignity. incidentally and coincidentally, the year was designated international year for indigenous people, purporting to increase our understanding of ethnic heritages, just as we were again and again exposed to the tragic treatments, mistreatments and tortures of "ethnic cleansing." in many respects, and in lack of respect, it was not a good year... in 1994 we were tested, troubled and treated again with decennial deliberations on population and this was under the mantle of international year for the family. family values can be as neglected and variable in international gatherings as in our domestic ones. we labeled 1995 as the year for tolerance and we tried again to define and promote the status of women--a topic of highest priority with me since 1983 when my wife challenged me with the query, "what are you going to do to guarantee that your one and only favorite daughter gets an education equal to that which your one and only favorite son is getting?" (i was lucky the daughter was then only ten years young, we

have worked well together... contributing endlessly to each others education and now she is intending to test my understanding of law, justice, jurisprudence and torts and tortured testimonials in the un trying tribunal on genocide.)

last year, while some celebrated the un's 50th anniversary, the secretariat gave us *another chance to own the responsibility of being the un*, an agenda for development, where further concern for poverty of mind, body and spirit is exposed. i have not minded for you nor reminded you of decades for women, water, cultural development, the disabled and human rights nor have i highlighted years for peace, youth, the aging, and many more issues in our efforts to co-create global culture. what challenges me and disappoints me most, is *our quixotic quest for peace*. let me express a few facts and feelings about peace. we, from this early or late vantage point of story, 1996, can l-e-a-p, p-l-e-a and p-e-a-l in the last leap of this fast fading millennium adroitly and gauchely to and from 1945, or 1269 bc when ramses ii of the egyptians and hattusilis of the hittites gave us our first known peace treaty. in 2031 oce we can celebrate the 3300th anniversary of the first known peace treaty. in 1992, just five hundred years after the very disordering, so-called discovery of the new world, we commissioned our sixth secretary general to assess something of our post cold war state of affairs. boutros boutros-gali fulfilled the request, properly and proficiently, with a modest text of 48 pages. he presented us with the provocative and piecemeal work, too temptingly titled, *an agenda for peace*, seemingly or unseemingly more *an agenda for peacekeeping than for peacemaking*. i am distraught in that i find in it more of an apology for the militarization of the un than an agenda for pacific planning and performance. i turn regularly to unesco's tome, *peace on earth*. my anthropology taught me that in many "societies" the deceased are *wished away* with rites and rights to rest in peace, but anthropologists and other students of human behavior seldom report societal messages of rites and rights to work in peace and to live in peace. *it seems to me that we are condemned to live in bellicose ways until we find enough faith to live in peace*. due to the time constraints we have set upon ourselves today--not to mention my failure to be encyclopedic--i will leave only clues for you to remove the metaphorical cataracts clouding your search for the hidden un! you have a treasure hunt--there is a treasure to be found and enjoyed--the treasury is full of chants and charts, chances and challenges, though its funds are devastatingly depleted, drained so low that we fail to see the high tide marks of our unmitigated miserliness. the clues i suggest are, read the charter of the united nations (1945), the universal declaration of human rights (1948), our common future (1987), agenda 21 (1992), *an agenda for peace*(1992, revised 1995), and an agenda

for development (1995). for the compulsive and the clowns, i could easily refer you to a list of 14,000 un publications, but you might rather hide from this corpus of concern and comment, than find the un. uncounted clues to understanding the works and worries of the un are inscribed in these texts. few schools, colleges, universities and institutes give more than one or two courses in what we call international organization(s). we do not even know where to look for courses on globalism . further, i have yet to find a college that offers any courses entitled p.c., where p.c. is planetary consciousness, planetary concern, planetary curricula, peace council, peace counsel, and personal commitment.

in childhood we play *hide and seek* with great glee, seldom wishing to get caught and to be "it." sadly, in adulthood, i believe we distort play. though still engaged in "hide and seek" in our educational, political, social, economic, religious, public, private, cultural life, we do not want to be caught because somehow or other we expect others to take care of things for us. we are indeed "afraid" to be "it" or part of "it" to effect the global understanding we may pray for and/or we may in limited, local ways work for. i contend that here, a scant 100 kilometers from the un headquarters we hide ourselves from the un, rather than having the un hidden from us. unadmitting, our media do a miserable job of substantive analysis of un news, both reported and unreported. we have--as close to our fingertips as we wish to make them--the virtually innumerable rubrics of un inquiry . i am a student of global culture and i look for global culture everywhere, but it is in the un that i find my best perceptions. the system is an especially fine framework, a spiritual, psychic and corporeal skeleton of global culture. in innumerable ways the unified actions of the un address culture, communication, education, health, disability, labor, nutrition, agriculture, science, economics, politics, trusteeship, drugs (of pharmacy and of abuse), atomic and other energies, disarmament, inner space and outer space, intellectual property, world heritage, air, water, land and land mines—law, justice and technology—desertification, volcanology, tectonics, oceanography, man(?) and the biosphere, population, migration, displacement and refugeeism, racism, creed, social organization, security, poverty, tolerance, ethics, philosophy, weather, transportation, conflict resolution, peace studies, gender equity and human rights, global identity and personal commitment, the ultimate p.c. i hope that you will imprint your fingerprints on several of these issues. i think we have all the rubrics of global culture we need, including those i have left unlisted, to commence our new response-ability. Children (and the poor, sick, hungry, homeless, unlettered and unwanted) will ask us innocent questions for which we have no innocent answers:

WE THE PEOPLE OWN THE RESPONSIBILITY OF BEING THE UNITED NATIONS?

unloved...

UN LOVED!

Love is the question,

Love is the answer.

Yes, Love is the Answer...

We live our entire lives in a quest for meaning, and love, and we personally grasp those whisps of love we can incorporate into our lives. Yet, curiously, we have not in the entire humane drama yet learned how to follow early injunctions to love our neighbors as ourselves. My response, reluctantly given, is we have insufficiently learned to love ourselves.

When I joined the UN Family,

I had no problem with this idea of transcendent love, but when I moved to professional employment in the UN System, I was supposed to be less the academic activist and to become a regular, dedicated, knowledgeable bureaucrat.

It is a Miracle...

It is a miracle that I survived for sixteen and a half years in the UN System and served well, satisfactory to both master and servant, and now, now as then, I cherish the opportunity to share.

L O V E

O

Love is a very big box,

V

V

Looking for occupants

O

E V O L

Happy 100th Anniversary, Now And Always--1945-2045 ...

unmapped...

UN MAPPED

THE UNITED NATIONS AND PLANETARY CULTURE!

PLANETARY CULTURE (☞☹☺☻☼☽☿♁♂♆♇♈♉♊♋♌♍♎♏♐♑♒♓♔♕♖♗♘♙♚♛♜♝♞♟♠♡♢♣♤♥♦♧♨♩♪♫♬♭♮♯♰♱♲♳♴♵♶♷♸♹♺♻♼♽♾♿♿ in Wingdings Font) may be more important than all the emphasis that is being placed on *globalization*... I, the major proponent of this PC, THE PIONEER ANTHROPOLOGIST OF PLANETARY CULTURE, like to give greater emphasis to this PC than ALL the global stuff we are currently being inundated with... At this juncture, right now, We just simply don't know what are the relative merits and demerits of our alternate word games, but we do know a thing or two, (1) another anniversary of The UN is here and (2) We ARE COMMITTED TO CELEBRATION. I would like to suggest, I even venture to insist that PLANETARY CULTURE is the most important idea(l) you are hearing about this week, this month, this season, this year and decade... I am here today to share rites and rights with you. I wish to sense what the UN signifies to all of us, using common sensory perceptions, sight, hearing, touch, taste and scent and extra-sensory detections, insight, imagination, faith, hope, love, fear, grief, and even Awe.. Especially, AWE!

I believe we live in ONE WORLD of AWE, anguish and absurdity, belief, beauty, and banality with boredom, CREATIVITY, compassion, and crassness, devotion, desire, and doubt, enthusiasm, energy and education, faith, fear and frivolity, goodness, greed and grace, HUMOR, hating and happiness, IMAGINATION, ignorance and insight, JOY, jealousy and juxtaposition, kindness, knowledge and kneeling, LOVE, loneliness and lust, meaning, meanness, and mirth, need, nurture and nobility, OPTIMISM, opposition and opportunity, pessimism, poverty and PROMISE, query, quest and quarreling, rest, rancor and relief, study, stupidity stubbornness and serendipity, trust, terror and timidity, union, universalism, and usefulness, vision, vice, and vivacity, wonder, worry and weariness, X-CITEMENT, x-haustion, and x-actitude, yearning, youthfulness and YEARNING, zeal, zealotry and ZANYNESS. We enjoy or we fail to enjoy living on Planet Earth, the only body in our universe that we know sustains LIFE... In short spaces of TIME, called life-cycles we attempt to learn some astronomy, architecture and anatomy, biology, botany and, chemistry, demography, design, ethics, engineering, education, FUN, geology, geography, health, history, herstory and hourstory, I... j..., k..., l... meteorology, mechanics, nutrition, optics and optometry, politics and physics, q... religion, science, skepticism, theology, u..., v... WIT, WISDOM, x..., y... . z...

unneeded...

UN NEEDED

ICONS, OF PEACE!

I want to tell you a story about The Pieces of Peace in The United Nations.
It is a story only I know how to tell, and it is meant only for peacemakers:

Once,
just once, upon a time,

only 3,264 or just 3262 years ago, the great, formidable and fantastic Pharaoh Ramses II of the Egyptians and the mighty, magnificent and mysterious Emperor Hattusilis of the Hittites gave their courage and honor in artisan endeavor to create the First Peace Treaty of Our Story. We are now privileged, during the 50th Anniversary of the UN, to view a marvelous larger than life replica of their text won from tragic wars 33 centuries ago. We honor our own Security Council by juxtaposing it by this codex. I know of no icon more challenging than this cold copper message and when I enter these sacred precincts I practice my prayers before this too disregarded momento.

In close view of the first icon I treasure, I wish to share with you my awe for what I believe is Picasso's most precious presence and present to peace. We have on loan an icon representing one of the frenetic failures of our League of Nations. We have a marvelously entwined, textured text of the terror of Guernica, a total war, totally denounced... The tremors of dictatorship attacking republicans are splashed with paint on the original canvass, but here a tapestry of twisted threads, strings of being and seeing, tie us together in tragic tempo. We do not need, nor do we want prototypes of war, but for memories' sake, we have perhaps the best of the worst of the last pre-atomic war in our century.

Beyond the borders of our little, 28 acre international enclave, across the UN Plaza, we have a peace park with Isaiah's wisdom carved in granite, easy substitute for

failure to engrave the message into our hearts and habits... Whether old testaments remain valid in our modern times is a much debated topic, but we are here not to see the UN as the East River Debating Society. We come to puzzle together the scattered pieces of peace and to learn rites which transcend warfare to peacefare, and someday to seal the story of PEACE FAIR. I designate the third Tuesday in September in 2031 A.D. for the 3300th Anniversary of Our First Peace Treaty!

If we are obliged to enter The UN Headquarters only as visitors, we see our first icons in the garden north of the principal terrace. Here, our vision and visions are challenged by a great dragon rocket literally being pierced into submission and nearby a worker beats a sword into a plowshare. On the pavement, in humoristic irony, we may stare at an iconic colt whose barrel is knotted to render the weapon ineffective for killing, effective and affective for peace.

Just inside the UN's grand entrance, we may feast our eyes and open our storied visions upon Poseidon, God of The Sea when we still had special deities for all our needs, dedicated to healthy, peaceful activity. We may conclude that we often select icons of peace as portraits of war abated, rather than as intrinsic essences of peace. The ancient Greeks tried to teach us Olympian feats of democracy, though they, too, failed to create a society free of war. As we discover more and more the treasures of civic society, we may choose to honor their Earth Goddess, giving her name to global culture, GAIA. The grandeur of Poseidon may remind us that through many eons we have struggled for simple survival and that now we are engaged in a struggle for complex survival.

The Pendulum in the western bay of the entry is a well-measured, perpetual testimony of our earthness and how we move through time. The Pendulum's movement is regulated beyond our general comprehension and is, for me, a statement of intriguing serenity. No one should want to harness the "vitality" of this icon and no one could harness this dynamic expression without breaking a special, spatial relationship...

Close to our earthometer we have one small gem of extra-terrestrial magnificence, a souvenir of space travel to remind us of our astronomical insignificance in the total dimensions of the Universe: we have a tiny treasure of lunar rock. Let us pause quietly and quickly. Let us not dwell long, we must move on from the Moon Rock lest our lunatic, warrior-driven behaviors become the theme and thrust of

further Star Wars. The UN has dedicated many efforts to the peaceful uses of outer space, even before we have begun to learn the peaceful uses of inner space. As we measure our space and our time in the universal experience, we might calculate with Dag Hammarskjold how rare peace is, as we seek inner peace, communal peace and global peace. We are forever failing to juggle these three spheres of our being and we have not even enjoyed and enjoined characteristics of fun into our international forum, though some colleagues see in "fun" an acronym for "Friends of the UN."

"fun"

PEACE...

The most clownish icon on our pilgrimage is the art of Chagall memorializing the gift of life and death Dag Hammarskjold gave to the New World Ordering we commenced on a day late in October half a hundred years ago. We call death a "supreme sacrifice." Here we should laugh with Chagall's clowns and angels to remember that Hammarskjold lived an urgent and urging soliloquy,

"There is no Peace, except that of the Soul."

The most horrible icon I know among all the UN's icons of peace is The Atomic Alley, the term is mine. Here, in one of the main thoroughways of the UN Headquarters, we have aw(e)ful and awesome relics of 1945 when allies and axis suffered a different holocaust, killing with a new anemia and efficiency. I am wounded each time I pass through this corridor because my own atomic innocence was struck in 1945 and, then, was fully destroyed in 1951 when, up-wind, I experienced soul-freezing blasts of white light in pre-dawn winter skies and heard distant, muffled sounds from our early atomic testing at Frenchman's Flats, just 50,000 nuclear warheads ago. I am one of the few, the very few, people I know who have ever seen the paralyzing "darkness" of atomic explosion... In the UN, before the fragments of atomic devastation, I cringe again in sorrow for my childhood playmates. Benny and his family from that wonderful land of childhood were dragged away from Our Town Park and were incarcerated in disgrace and depression, just because they were yellow Americans. The Nisei lost my declaration of human rights only a short time before We The 1948 Peoples created The Universal Declaration of Human Rights, the commitment I deem the greatest civic act of the 20th Century. This Declaration would be my favorite 20th Century

icon if it were an icon. I refuse to let it be such. Rather, I insist on professing the work endlessly and I claim a special response-ability therefore: I am not a champion of lost causes, I am a champion of causes that have not yet been won.

The most humane peace icon in The UN is a fragmented replica of Norman Rockwell's majestic art, *THE GOLDEN RULE*. Rockwell's original, like Picasso warfare, was a mere paint on canvas presentation of feelings. Here, our gift copy is a mosaic of thousands of pieces of peace, reflecting better than I have ever seen in art form the diversity of humanity and the implicit, impatient, ever patient prayer, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

This short-long pilgrimage through human(e) "his"tory, her-story and our-story will go on and on and on, throughout all time, but for today, perhaps it is time to move on to other endeavors. Before we finish this trek which I have enjoyed taking with you, let us examine one more icon dear to my being... The enormous and finely toned Peace Bell just outside the atomic awe passage usually speaks silent testimony of children's gift to peace. I believe that this bell is rung only once a year, on Earth Day, but I hope that I am wrong... I would have it toll "peace" in solemn ritual at the beginning of each new day.

The Hammarskjold observation about peace and the soul has yet unappreciated or insufficiently imagined truth I believe it is True. Yet, even if it is but a hint toward Truths, we must include in our search The UN Meditation Room as one of our principal and most secret icons of peace. Unjustly instead of UN Justly; unfairly instead of UN Fairly; unkindly instead of UN Kindly, this sanctuary is locked and not available for refuge from the cares of laboring in international civil service, nor is it open to refugees in this often refuge silent, noisy, troubled world.

In closing, I have two more thoughts I wish to share with you who have shared with me my often repeated iconology of peace. I challenge you to proclaim The Preamble of Planetary Culture: "Since wars begin in the lives of children, it is in the spirits of children that we must seed the dreams of peace." Better students of this century than I will tell you that MacLeish wrote beautiful poetry into the Preamble of Unesco's Constitution, and they will note gleefully that just as we can no longer use language referring to the "minds of men" so too we must admit with greatest remorse that wars now affect children more than ever before. Some will tell us that we are not yet ready for this paradigm shift, but I will assert that the paradox has been perpetuated too persistently. Finally, when I am no longer alone

as Unicef's Santa and as The United Nations Philosopher, when many have become UN Santas and UN Philosophers, then we might be able to help children--little children like little ones and big children like ourselves--and then, "Children will no longer ask innocent questions for which we have no innocent answers." I have tried to share with you a few of the pieces of peace I have found most precious in all of my life. I close with ten anonymous little words from long ago and far away, that have been very important to me in the iconology of peace: "Let there be Peace, and let it start with me."

Thank you for being here.

David Inkey (5/95 - 6/97) and unmentioned other dates..

unorganized...

UN ORGANIZED!

"We the Peoples," We might be the most ironic phrase in the Preamble and many Paragraphs of THE CHARTER OF THE UNITED NATIONS, because the leaders who went on to organize, develop and serve The United Nations System, either forgot, basically ignored, or consciously denied the resounding rhetoric of the introductory sentence, carelessly sentencing us to virtual non-participation.

We are all sentenced to Life... And we all live our lives differently, but we all try, in one way or another, to accommodate our livelihoods to those around us. Around us, for some, means very nearby and for others, the circles of definition are larger and larger and ultimately universal.

My complaint... My distinction between the unword of unorganized and THE UN WORD OF UN ORGANIZED is that there is a great field, an open field, for enormous, global participation, to honor anew "WE THE PEOPLE(S)." I do not believe that this honoring will all occur within the current structures and practices of the UNITED NATIONS SYSTEM, primarily because most of the international civil servants have not practiced sufficient, and sufficiently, civility and servanthood. The non-governmental peoples and their organizations will have to provide and prospect continuously as they have done in the past and present, the contributions of peoples. A universal voice of participation needs to be rekindled, kindled and pre-kindled in the councils and counseling of the new world ordering.

I am not really much of a magician in this, But I am a magician in all areas because I believe in magic, magic being the contribution of the Magi, the Magi being those age-old and age-young inquisitors, those cursors of curiosity, those denizens of destiny, those entrants of education, clowns of conciliation, those wandering, wanderlust wiseguys... Each unorganized person and community can declare for one moment, and for a day, a week, a month, a season, a year, a decade and a century, an infinity, a commitment to global identity, PLANETARY IDENTITY, PI, as in π^2 and similar circumstantial circumlocutions, locutions and for an Eternity of calculations. I believe it is a matter of ownership, and regarding ownership, I believe education is the first and foremost possession we must own... There is a tragedy betwixt.....unowned. and UN OWNED

unpredictable...

UN PREDICTABLE!

PC! BY SANTA CLAUS!

**Since Wars begin in the Lives of Children,
It is in the Spirits of Children, that
We must seed the dreams of PEACE.**

I have come here today, Thursday, June 13, 1996, to discuss with you eleven or so designs of PC as they relate to the future of international studies and the liberal arts contexts. My pcs have no cardinal nor ordinal priorities, except for the first and the last. I have: planetary concern, planetary conscience, planetary consciousness, planetary citizenship, planetary curriculum, philosopher championship, peace concern, peace construction, peace council, peace counsel, and (last but not least) personal commitment... I trust that you will find this personal confession both amusing and helpful, for that is why I have come. Thank you for inviting me....

On October 20, 1995, eleven of our most faithful elves, although deeply engaged in preparations for the Celebration of the United Nations 50th Anniversary and equally committed to assisting The Great Pumpkin with all the O'Lantern Clans and all the children of the world to celebrate October 31st, a festival popularly known as Halloween and little recognized as UNICEF DAY, urgently called to put me on ALERT that the Toor Cummings Center at Connecticut College is organizing for June 13-16, 1996, a conference to which I should contribute with singular personal commitment from my multiple experiences as a Planetary Citizen, as a retired international civil servant, as THE U N PHILOSOPHER!, as THE U N SANTA, as the Founding President of Antarctic University, as the author of I WAS A KINDER GARDEN DROP OUT!, as the sole human representative at the fantastic Galapagos Interspecies Peace Conference (GIP-C) held in 1990 in preparation for UNCED, the UN Conference on Environment and Development, and most particularly as a

philosopher champion, summarized in my logo, "I am not a champion of lost causes, I am a champion of causes that have not yet been won."

Since Time Immemorial, or at least for as long as I want to remember, member and pre-member, I have been a sometimes traditionalist. Through literature, the arts, music (though I am tone deaf), with snow and ice sculpture and building castles in sand and in the air, and by a goodly and Godly number of other liberal and conservative arts and sciences, I have contributed to the imagination and knowledge, and to the skills and virtues I believe requisite in all gip-c triumphs and traumas, where among other definitions gip-c is counted as GLOBAL IDENTITY AND PLANETARY CONCERN. (Note, gip-c is always pronounced as the word of different structure but identical sounding, gypsy...)

I am not a great pragmatist, except in caring for my own Walden, cooking beans, growing yellow roses, studying cabbages, giving candy canes and sharing love, so I would probably place less emphasis on seven of the nine pragmatic elements in your announcement than you grant. Similarly, your conceptual praxis confines my ever boundless spirit. I would not reject the attention you give to seven of your eight topics. I could (would) even be generous enough to add topics to give you a dozen or a baker's dozen of concepts. Some products are less costly--cheaper by the dozen--not just in film and literature. I would simply, and not so simply, pre-order (like for Christmas), re-order and order (like in new world order-ing) the primal quality, The Spiritual. Teilhard de Chardin has taught me that we are not human beings in search of a spiritual experience but that we are spiritual beings in search of a human(e) experience. The old French anthropologist may have done us very few favors digging up so much of our human skeleton(s), but he did us many favors in global thinking. Students and faculty, and drop outs and drop ins, spiritual ones at least, soon enough discover, uncover, recover, create, re-create or rec-reate that all the factors on your conceptual list will crowd in and give us more than ample cause for soulful reflection, flexion and pre-flexion... All of this pre and post action is from Stephen Hawkings marvelous quip that we have little trouble remembering the past but cannot remember the future. In my Workshop we appreciate the prototype, but we remodel Hawkingsware.

If you are diligent mythologists, you know that I am the most renowned being in the universe in respect to workshop management. You may not have Universe Retrieval Systems, so let us rely on terrestrial accounts. Santa's Workshop is so famous that I suppose I should offer to present a modified virtual simulation thereof for

you and your colleagues as you study the future of international (read 'global') studies in the liberal arts context. Before we enter The Workshop let me ask your help to eliminate the scandalous psychological abuse many humans promote when preparing for Christmas and for many rituals of giving, receiving, loving and forgiving that have developed around this s-a-c-r-e-d day. "People" sing to or shout at kids, you better watch out, you better not cry, you better be good, for I am telling you why, Santa Claus is coming... Have you ever analyzed the calumny, the libel, the character assassination aspects of that song? Parents, especially, but also many others, have for generations s-c-a-r-e-d children and scarred kids and bribed "brats" into "good" behavior rather than, in sacred semblance, enchanted them into goodness because goodness is a form of Godliness, first presented by some anonymous anyone who forgot that one "o" is for God and the other "o" is for exclaiming joy, OH!

You want a BIBLIOGRAPHY before we know the clients or you want an ABSTRACT on the "needs, objectives, and vision for (your) [my] institution in the area of international studies and liberal arts." Hmm... Since, both at the South and North Poles, we do not suffer from the polarity, the disciplinary divisions, you have here in higher? education, we do not belabor faculty, administration and students with unnecessary cargo cults of "needs, objectives and vision." We work with the remnants of imagination and creativity we have salvaged from your schooling systems and we insist that our students of every description (even some who are undescrivable) "own" their education. Our objective and our subjective behavior is doubly premised on a love, perhaps insatiable love, for learning...

Nevertheless (neamoins, as the poetic French say), I give, yes, give outright with no wrappings nor strings attached, a bibliophiles bibliography. I suppose I would place PETER RABBIT on top of a 24 karat (Peter says "carrot") global identity inventory because I remember with such joy how much I enjoyed THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT in my childhood and how I member yet in my childness how much glee and geography he taught me, always to be curious about what is on the other side of things... 'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS will help my workshop participants understand where I am coming from and what are some of the multitudinous and marvelous tasks I engage in every day. (Note to the Surgeon General and to anti-smoking lobbyists, I stopped smoking 25 years ago! Further, I have to explain that Santa works 366 days in 1996.) HAROLD AND THE PURPLE CRAYON will help participants remember or recapture (rapture) some of the awesome creativity of childhood. THE VELVETEEN RABBIT and Veblen's THEORY

OF THE LEISURE CLASS will help us understand class and consciousness distinctions we too often suffer and/or inflict upon others. THE OTHER AMERICAN and LISTEN YANKEE! paint and re-paint a part of our pathos. Tolstoy's THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN and Thoreau's CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE will give us a few lessons in anarchic action, and WALDEN will ground us as we build castles in the air. MICROMEGAS and CANDIDE, DON QUIXOTE, THE LITTLE PRINCE, THE PRINCE, HAMLET, THE GRAND INQUISITOR, MOTHER COURAGE, LYSISTRATA, and POOR RICHARD should join our entourage, and they may wish to bring some of their friends. No library of planetary consciousness would be complete without Twain's THE WAR PRAYER and the little studied gem from the Gulf War: RESOLUTION 688 of The UN Security Council, of April 5, 1991, tactically putting to an end the 343 year story of traditional, modern sovereignty, first drafted in THE TREATY OF WESTPHALIA. I would also want us to look at the Seneca Falls suffrage efforts of 1848, to greet Sojourner Truth, to study with Spina in BREAD AND WINE, and with any extra cents and sense we should listen to Paine's COMMON SENSE. I think we should read the oldest known peace treaty, that of Ramses II of the Egyptians and Hattusilis of the Hittites, 1269 BC. If I could sneak in a miniature edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES, I would swing for joy. GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, UTOPIA, EREHWON, LOOKING BACKWARD and a few other imaginative maps might help us understand the tectonic slide between international studies and global studies. (THE DIARY OF ADAM AND EVE, transcribed by Twain, should also be made common knowledge, because it tells so devastatingly well how we got off to a less than Heavenly start. We failed in our spelling lessons and took the letters of live, L-I-V-E, and turned them around to evil! Perhaps on top of the bookshelf we can place a copy of THE SCREWTAPE LETTERS so that we may learn from both Screwtape and Wormwood the importance of doing both what we ought to do and what we want to do in this life, before moving to The Lowerarchy.)

So, liberal arts should have more than their day...and, global studies have their time frames. Sovereignty has been so tragically skewed in our story ("his," "her," and my story and mystery--with one vowel shift), that it is long overdue for us to examine sovereignty in the liberal arts and international studies.

I plant RESOLUTION 688 on the "literature list" and now I graft it here on my global studies rostrum, because I believe one of the greatest dilemmas in this world is what we do and do not do with sovereignty. Further, I will dwell in workshop

deliberations ("from liberation") on The U N because I believe that is where we currently have our biggest civics lesson and challenge of civility. I was welcomed "into the company of educated men," eons ago, when young Harvard conferred upon me a diploma for my well-earned doctorate... Do they still use that archaic phrase? Am I diplomatic because I earned a diploma? I would have you, and me, and them and us, and all of us, be, really BE, PC, planetary citizens. To embrace this endeavor, I would start on all of us, becoming literally, liberally literate with the CHARTER OF THE UNITED NATIONS(1945), THE UNIVERSAL DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS (1948), OUR COMMON FUTURE (1987), AGENDA 21! (1992), AN AGENDA FOR PEACE (1992), AN AGENDA FOR DEVELOPMENT (1995) and these would be accompanied by the latest UN reports on A PROGRAM FOR ACTION (Population 1994), AN AGENDA FOR WOMEN (????), AN AGENDA FOR HUMANITY (1999?), the latest United Nations Development Program Development Report, perhaps THE STATE OF THE WORLD'S CHILDREN, perhaps THE STATE OF THE WORLD'S EDUCATION, certainly one or several reports on the UN DECADE FOR CULTURE, certainly the most condemning report we can find on the tragedy of absolute poverty afflicting one-fifth of our fellow human beings, and certainly reports on disability, iodine deficiency, refugees and on land mines. It is "unbelievable" that we have sown over 100 million land mines where we should be planting food for body and soul. It is so unconscionable that we have planted one land mine for every 60 human(e) beings on Earth!

As the Founding President of Antarctic University (AU, pronounced "awe"), I am of course concerned with questions of property, duties, privileges and goals. Sooner or later I will codify how I see the honorable and ornery tasks these "realities" require. It will not suffice in the minds of many of our conferees that I behave as a chevalier and say that I would rather not have to design and model "program design and models for international studies." I would rather have college drop outs, reminiscent of my own opting out between my sophomore and junior years, who go forth and discover another sub-culture, another "his" story or version of "our" story... Then, after their opting out, I would wish that they would opt "in" and return to academia for further imagineering. (Einstein taught some of us that imagination is more important than knowledge!) I would rather have teams built of quizzical faculty, quizzical administration and quizzical students who believe in their minds, spirits and hearts that education is not education if it is not international--because many nationness is a reality of our times--and it is not education if it is not global --because globalization is a threatening and thrilling reality of our times. In addition, I would contend that it be filled and fielded as

COMPARATIVE PLANETOLOGY CURRICULUM, for we do not know how soon we will move to other planets. I speak and write with the authority of being a kinder garden drop out (later redefined as opt out), a college drop out (but definitively a college opt out because nothing in the college regime I knew at that time was helping me find the questions and the answers I needed), and a professional opt out, again because the Academy was failing. Might we still have time to name the Connecticut College Conference as The FLAGS SYMPOSIUM, with the " flags" being the future of liberal arts and global studies... If we cannot fly enough flags for our inquiry over International Studies and Liberal Arts, ISLA (Spanish for "island"), we might move to ethical analysis. Therein, I would suggest PEEPS, peeps being programs in epic ethics and policy studies. EPIC ETHICS is at the core of my being and of the operations of SANTA'S WORKSHOP. The name is Santa's Workshop, but this does not imply ownership. The ownership is in the workers cooperative. Santa's Elves are too frequently, usually, categorized because of an unfortunate semantic error with apostrophization in the English language. The "correct" syntax is OUR SANTA SELVES WORKSHOP, boldly stated and printed. (That is the text of another epistle.)

In EPIC ETHICS--epic being constructed from equity, ecology, education, peace, participation, poverty, population, imagination, identity, international (interspecies) cooperation, culture, creativity and clowning--we will need to learn, as I am learning in the duties of being the U N Santa, to study questions. We need to learn how to answer a 13 year young African refugee child when she asks us, "Why did you save my life?" In the New York Foundling Home, and elsewhere where children are not foundlings but are waifs, we need to be able to understand and have something wise to say when children ask us innocent questions for which we have no innocent answers. For the destitute aging here and elsewhere, we need to know why the richest nation in "his" tory spends 260 billion dollars on "security" and feels so terrifyingly insecure, and too poor to take care of society's weaker members.

Eons ago, millennia before I knew I would grow up to "be" Santa, one of OUR SANTA SELVES, my Mother--now so many years deceased--asked my innocent little three and four and five year young self, WHAT IN THE WORLD DO YOU WANT? I was not then as "educated" as I am now, and I responded in polite constraint, asking simply for another piece of homemade fudge, for another bowl of homemade popcorn, for another story read out-loud, or occasionally, when I thought Mom could buy it, for an ice-cream cone... OH, it has taken me so many years--three score years--to learn, to discover, to create, YES, TO IMAGINEER the answer that now means a world of joy to me, I WANT THE WORLD! I want the world of joy, peace,

understanding, love, sharing, fun, concern and clowning. I want the world where multiculturalists learn that we belong to the humane race and to the global culture, which, for practical convenience and for lack of planetary consensus and for lack of assistance from my professional colleagues, I have chosen to name GAIA, in remembrance of the Greek Goddess for Earth. Pioneering is not the easiest task we humans encounter here on Earth, and we are indeed very slow learners and we discourage (move away from courage) very easily, just like we get diseased, moved afar from ease, and we lose contact with the stars, dwelling in our disasters (distance from the astral). I have been blessed with Planetary Consciousness and Personal Commitment:

It has been said that most people seek happiness, I create it.

Next time you are searching for any presence, please include a gift for santa...

a gift for santa?—do a search on this..

SANTA'S TREASON? WHY JOHNNY IS A NON-BELIEVER!

oh, how greatly i wanted a sled for my 9th birthday, that last birthday before my father became an Army Chaplain and the peacefilled world of sunnyside was buried in time. we moved from the little community and never again would we live where i might use my sled. in 1942 my playmate benny was incarcerated for being "yellow." today, even-ing thoughts and prayers for my immanent anniversary of 70 solar revolutions, i wonder, i wonder as i have wandered thru years, decades, and scores, how innocently i have abhorred war and become a sainted peacelet. today i had a letter from a philosopher friend, email is a miracle of modernity. it moves us from ages of struggle for simple survival to a new epoch, struggle for complex survival... Yet, ever, still, since, now as the childness in me wonders and wanders thru memories long past, present presence, and future fullness, ever to awe and audacity... in the higher echelons of the government of the usa, the very faith of decency and difference are being challenged, being smeared with fears of full and unmitigated "treason." a mystical 13 years ago, i was confounded, quickly compromised, conscripted, registered and to be committed to endless, profoundly subversive, devious, secret, covert work. i was identified as that most incredible thief of children's affections, i was called santa... i was burdened with unaccustomed labors and asked to breach the locked security of the homes and treasured institutions of friends, neighbors, relatives and strangers... i was to labor under the ruse of knowing everyone's name and to feign knowledge when i was ignorant, i was to bear false witness--covering up for naughtiness and badness, and i was to

keep secret records. i was allowed to collect any kind of information i wanted, on anyone, and expected to keep total biofiles... not even my most trusted colleagues were to be taken into my confidence... j. edgar hoover was a paragon of power in his daze, yet in the daze, weeks, months, years, decades and decadence, scores and scoring of my global travel and work, i was unchecked in power, prestige, and most criminally of all, in the popular culture, i was assigned the task of convincing billions of human being that i was a chubby old man who worked rarely and did not care for people beyond the age of my having them duped. all in all, that was bad enuf, but worse, parents like the likes of Johnny would deprecate my goodness, counter treason, i believe, by threatening kidlets with the idea that i was a disciplinarian.... "better watch out, better not cry, for i am telling you why...." heresy confronts my reason! so..... even if i light but one candle, fill but one hope or keep faith with only one dying child..... i am treasonous... for hundreds and hundreds of years, almost two thousand years, people have known that my magic is not cruel... so, if my dissent from the common current of "fighting terrorism," is treason, please bring me to trial...by a jury of my peers... secretly, like keeping a santas' list, i doubt that johnny can find a jury of peers... i appear like a bearded old man with a bag full of gifts spreading joy and peace. johnny and his peers may sum day learn that, to the question, "Santa, are you real?" i always reply without any fear of false witness, "johnny, virginia, YES, i am real..." guilty as charged, overcharged.... **peace, santa**

unqualified...

UN QUALIFIED!

TLC (the learning center)
Racc Ridge - David's Dip
UNOVILLE, Connecticut

Dear Job Seeker,

INTERNATIONAL CIVIL SERVICE, etc.

Saludos! How very kind of Sandy to give you my name as a contact reference for international employment. It is good to hear that Sandy is alive, and well(?) and that she remembers me--but you forgot, or she forgot, to send best wishes. Re your "dreams" of working with UNESCO. GREAT! That is what *they* are at this juncture. JUST DREAMS! Before I know anything more about you than that you are a graduate student in a good institution and are directly concerned with peace education, I can tell you a number of things. You probably have 13 strikes against you to start with... You are young? Inexperienced? A US national? Non-bureaucratic? "TOO IDEALISTIC"? Very pleasant? Unconnected? Extremely enthusiastic? Overfocused? Deep in debt? Also, too academic? Lacking originality? Too imaginative?

You are fortunate and unfortunate and maybe UN FORTUNATE, that Sandy has put you in contact with me. *First, I believe that dreams are the stuff for making reality...* I would guess from linguistic analysis of your name that you are female, and that is a good thing in the UN System at this time in "his"story, "her"story and our story... You can contend that you are not too young. I learned at the tender age of twenty that "To judge maturity by the criterion of age is an immature thought in itself." Inexperienced--hogs' wash--let's go vegetarian and let the hogs clean themselves... You are only asking for an entry level position... An "American" national....that is a real problem...what with US non-membership in UNESCO...but if and when we re-enter, US nationals will have a bonanza as the organization will have to fill "our quota." (Meanwhile, and "gentle" while, nationality is not an insuperable problem...just a BIG PROBLEM...) Non-bureaucratic, Goodness Gracious Us, this was one of my major problems...I wasn't cut out nor sewn up to be a bureaucrat and still my wife wonders how I survived in the UN system.... Think about eleven times on this one to make certain that you want to make "your contribution" through (or is it threw) UN channels... I did, I had special population education messages I wanted

The World to appreciate and the UN's educational organization was, is and will continue to be the best venue for that kind of thing... You are "into" Peace Education, and I believe the case is true for that, also... Too idealistic, not possible...I do not believe anyone can be too idealistic...Don't let anyone ever use this "false witness" against you... I trust you are very pleasant, that quality is rare in many corridors of the UN--protect it, cherish it, nurture it... "unconnected", this is one of my "unwords" evolving into UN WORDS...

This is where Sandy's giving you an introduction to me is very good... You will need all the help you can get to get UN CONNECTED... Already, I would guess, that from the experience of preparing a bibliography for your thesis and from your general UN AWARENESS (not unawareness) of the importance of UNESCO in peace education, you are establishing UN CONNECTEDNESS... I will help you in every way I can, but I will need to know much more about you, your dreams and your work... VERY ENTHUSIASTIC, ah...this is a jewel...don't let others ever accuse you of being overly enthusiastic... If they do, tell them: "I am not a champion of lost causes, I am a champion of causes that have not yet been won (one)!" OVERFOCUSED, tell your critics that you are multifocal and that you know that the journey of 10,000 miles starts with one step... DEEP IN DEBT? "They" will be bankers or satraps of the Bureau of the Budget and you will immediately have to turn the tables on them, to explain that your finances are well organized and that "Yes, indeed, I am in debt, but my greatest debt is gratitude and that, therefore and consequently, I believe that investing in humane (not human, without the "e") capital is the best way to repay my innumerable and uncalculable debt... TOO ACADEMIC, this is a conversation and career *stopper* when brutally applied to one... I suffered this appellation too often, too long, and too ignorantly (their ignorance, not mine) but eventually it was, I believe, my academic smarts turned inside out that gave me extra-sensory perception.... LACKING ORIGINALITY, this is a non sequitur..."THEY" damn and dampen you if you have too much originality and if you have too little... Tell them that you will try to be "innovative" where you see opportunities thereof, therein and therefore.. And, tell them as many times as necessary, that "sameness" is one of the cardinal vices, with no pejorative intentions against baseball players and the (supposed) "princes" of the Holy (Roman) Catholic Church... WOW! You see "how easy" it is to be prepped for an international civil service job search. And, that is without even knowing whether any positions are available. There are gazillions of jobs waiting to be done, but there are only one, or two, or three or four or sometimes six or sixteen positions in recruitment. Perhaps, just perhaps, this is why, in 1972, UNESCO produced what I think is its

finest publication, LEARNING TO BE. (UNESCO didn't produce this study because I had lunch with Edgar Faure in Kathmandu in February 1970 when we were both attending the wedding of the Crown Prince (my former student Birendra). Faure was Unesco's "Editor" and DeGaulle's Minister of Education and Prime Minister.) I would recommend that you read LEARNING TO BE, consult it, treasure it, and maybe even keep a copy of it under your pillow. It is, to my spirit, incomparably better than the new, 1996, LEARNING: THE TREASURE WITHIN. You will have to have to pledge some allegiance, with Quixotic, even queasy query, to this academenced "educational" "diagnosis" for the millennium.

"What in the world do I want, now?" I have been answering this question for more than 60 years...my blessed Mother used it on me incessantly until I learned to use it on myself...

Now, I want to know about 11 or 12 or 13 gzillion thinkgs (think-things) about you, your work, your joys, your "dream" and THEN, just maybe I can help ORIENT you to the UN System, and more especially UNESCO. Please convey my best wishes to Sandy and Marvin and ask them what they have been doing for their VALUES and mine, since the Ides of August. Share with them my concern that they might not give due importance to the 51st Anniversary of the United Nations and to THE 6000TH ANNIVERSARY OF CREATION, skeptics that they are... You may enjoy the appended "epistle" from that famous national totem pole, THE WASHINGTON POST... I have had a copy of the "text" for years, undated, unpagged, unappreciated by most...

(Boldly) Luv, [David INKEY]

Job Seeker, if this answer sets you to thinking and acting, its intent will have been achieved... I try, with difficulty, to follow Unesco's program of peace education...so an abstract of you thesis and a copy of your biblio (and bio) would be greatly appreciated... In my next letter I will tell you about the ICONS OF PEACE, THE GREAT PEACE FAIR, and at least six more of my current concerns... October is a busy month as you can appreciate from the text of SIX DAYS IN OCTOBER. If all of this is not serious enuf, I might write a serious letter for you to my colleague, buddy, friend, Elizabeth (who is directress of the Associated Schools Programme), but first I will have to be convinced that your "case" warrants the postage...

I have copied for you on the following page one of my favorite journalistic pieces of the half millennium since the development of movable type in Western Civilization....

SIX DAYS IN OCTOBER

Anniversaries come and anniversaries go, but this week marks an anniversary to which we ought to pay special attention, to say nothing of homage. The anniversary is that of the creation of the heaven and the earth, and the event was discovered--by Bishop James Ussher of Dublin (1581-1656)--to have occurred at 9 a.m. on Oct. 23, 4004 BC. To be precise, Bishop Ussher said that only the earth was created on Oct. 23 (the heaven having been made a day earlier). Since we know that God created different things on different days, this gives us a full week of celebrations.

Before we hear any chortling about Bishop Ussher's dating system, be assured that the good bishop was a most highly regarded churchman. In 1607, he was appointed Regius Professor of Divinity at Trinity College, and also chancellor of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. In 1621, Bishop of Meath. In 1625, archbishop of Armagh. He was the author of 17 scholarly books, and he was buried in Westminster Abbey. It was somewhat before that (1650-1654) that he wrote the "Annales Veteris et Novi Testamenti," in which he proposed the chronology that makes this week what it is. We need not dwell on the fact that by the late 19th century Bishop Ussher's chronology had been thoroughly discredited. Suffice it to say that his views were believed a lot longer than they've been disbelieved; so you may take any side you please. To be sure, science is on the side of the scoffers. But the heaven and the earth had to be created some time; so why not six days in October?

For ourselves, we choose to go by the bishop's chronology (this week, anyway): Oct. 21: the creation of day and night. Oct. 22: the heaven. Oct. 23: the earth (including "grass" and "herb yielding seed"). Oct. 24: seasons, days and years. Oct. 25: birds, whales and fish. Oct. 26: beasts, cattle, and man (whom God was careful to distinguish from "every creeping thing"). All in all, quite a week--and that includes Friday, Oct. 27, on which God rested.

In short, this week, when you say "Thank God it's Friday," we urge you to sound as if you meant it.

[THE WASHINGTON POST]

unread...

¿UN READ?

How many people have you ever met who have read:

THE CHARTER OF THE UNITED NATIONS,
THE UNIVERSAL DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS,
OUR COMMON FUTURE,
AGENDA 21,
AN AGENDA FOR PEACE,
AN AGENDA FOR DEVELOPMENT,

Do you own THE UN FLAG?

Have you heard of THE MILLENNIUM REPORT....

We are global citizen, with tribal souls.
(Piet Hein, 1960)

[Maybe, maybe, we are planetary citizens with universal soul...]"

Maybe, maybe we are too reserved. Some reading materials are put on reserve, some are unreserved, now we might suggest UN RESERVED... Lacking great reserve, I wrote the coordinator of the 50th Anniversary to be less reserved. Let us slid on another unword expanded to UN WORD... read on....

unreserved and UN RESERVED

Dear Gillian Sorenson,

THE ANGELS' ADVOCATE

30 May 1995

WE THE PEOPLES must move from warfare to peacefare and, eventually to THE GREAT PEACE FAIR. I am writing to request your assistance, so soon after having had a good dialogue with you a week ago tomorrow. Your 50th Anniversary materials were welcomed at the Lehman College (earlier Hunter) Opening Ceremonies of the UN's 50th Anniversary and Hunter's role therein. Today, on the eve of my taking off to the Dakotas to regale my 23 and 21 year olds with family history and to Yellowstone for a 25th Wedding Anniversary....I write in haste to request, plead, petition and whatever else I might have to do to get 200 copies of your marvelous little brochure. I have just been invited to address the adult forum at Christ's Church, Green Town, on 25 June, on the UN... The initial invitation was to "fill-in" (their words, not mine) the congregation on Bosnia AND I refused such a topic....asserting that I would be totally inadequate to the task and even if I were adequate to the task, I would not talk thereupon at this juncture, because my podium is to "inform," to spark imagination insofar as I am able to the unknown UN, that 80 percent or more activity that most people know little or nothing about. End June attendance at Christ Church, including both services, will probably be less than 200, but if I can plant 200 seedlings of curiosity, or 100, or 50 for a 50/50 contention of the past and the future@!, I will be pleased. My UN Alphabet seems to delight people beyond my more "un"controlled pleasure. We have unaware as UN AWARE, unbelievable as UN BELIEVEABLE, etc... If you are interested in communing with me on June 25th, please call me between 22-24 June when I will be just back from grizzly games and meditating where nature lets off great vents of steam.. I have roundly recommended to Dr. PC at Rustic College in New State that he contact you in July, when he comes back from the Great Wall, re his autumnal efforts on understanding the U.N. Oh, yes, please send ten copies of the agenda of 50th anniversary events...there might be 10 Christians in Christ's Church interested in some follow-up on this forthcoming June Jubilee, lucky for me that the NYT that weekend should have so "good" news from San Francisco. (un)doubtedly, you will be attending Grace Cathedral instead of this eastern establishment in what was once to have been UNOVILLE. (I do trust you know about the March 6, 1946, vote in Green Town when two-thirds of the voting citizens declared themselves against having the UN in our back country...)

All best wishes, David Inkey

unscholarly...

UN SCHOLARLY!

DAVIDS' QUANDARIES

Let me share a few details of my education, so that this other David and I may see how we converse and converge on our various quandaries. I became an anthropologist at the age of four when I was introduced to the Nez Perce in their and my native Idaho. Then, when I was five and moved, like a little pawn, to Sunnyside, Washington, I met the Yakima. Life was full, public and safe, or so I believed. Even the poor in my Father's soup kitchen seemed to have dignity and determination. Perhaps the most satisfying part of my early (or of my entire) education occurred, before teachers stole the "ownership" of an even dozen of my otherwise very uneven learning years. Once upon a time, long ago and far away, more than half an hundred years ago and half a decade more: I WAS A KINDER GARDEN DROP OUT!

Once, in a more recent time while enjoying an acute case of Harvarditis, I believed that the Sun rose just a little to the east of The Yard and several hours later--while I labored deep in the mind-shafts of Widener Library--the Morning Star set a few (s)paces westward. I served an academic apprenticeship as faithfully as I could and I did believe, almost like The True Believer, that I was destined to be a good scholar. I did commendable work for Imperial Harvard and, after a few elipses and eclipses, I earned her highest degree. When Harvard conferred upon me my Ph.D. I was robed in crimson splendor and many people even thought I had become a Doctor of Philosophy. I never believed that I had acquired much more philosophy there than that I had picked up in The Sunnyside Park, but apparently I had, for soon enough colleagues in international civil service named me THE U N PHILOSOPHER!

How abruptly--in those years before we studied inclusive language--Harvard welcomed me into "the company of educated men" and with what great facility another David, a young member of The Faculty clearly destined to full professorship without ever leaving Harvard, took my Mother and me to dine in the Faculty Club, the innermost sanctum of male chauvinism, only, of course, after we had duly passed through the protocol portals designated for women and their escorts. Despite inequities, Cambridge will always be a part of me, not the happiest

nor the saddest. But I did not linger long there in June 1964! My first "real job" was a great "public" and "academic" challenge, the greatest university and community position I could imagine. As The Rockefeller Foundation's Visiting Professor of Social Anthropology in the Faculty of Medicine of the University of El Salvador, I was listened to by the nation's president, governors, mayors, judges, civil and sacred ministers, doctors, lawyers, engineers, journalists, educators, workers, peasants, a very special group of Imagineers, and even students.

Already, I was creating direct public policy solving experiences, working in ecology before we capitalized it, years before the First Earth Day, and pioneering in population and family planning half a decade before the U S Government began international work on the greatest numbers game in our species' experience. While demagogues and demigods debated THE POPULATION EXPLOSION, I modestly referred to our time as THE HEALTH CENTURY, with diverse explanations and different challenges. While I was perhaps too public and too free for Academia, fortuitously, a new mentor, someone like an extra grandfather, Jonathan Garst, one of the great agriculturists of our times, warned me to cover my feisty behavior with an unimpeachable excuse: "I am not the champion of lost causes, I am the champion of causes that have not yet been won."

Being young was a great experience, not to too quickly be let go of. There were innumerable tasks: How was I to know that I was beginning a human rights watch of more than three decades which would include one of the bloodiest non-civil wars of the century. Even-the-less, could I suspect or anticipate that in 1966 Harvard's President would appoint me to the Faculty of Crimson Corners and that I would participate in the "education" of a future king, future ministers of education, beves of public policy personnel, flocks of scholastics and that I would most gratifyingly learn from several prides of students. Pride extends beyond the lions... I relished so many academic revelries. I usually had more ideas and ideals than credentials, but all of that was part of our public inquiry. Because I dashed into many mind-fields I also ran the risk of being arrested by scholastics, but--most fortunately--I had many, many years earlier enjoyed an extra year of unencumbered childhood when my parents had let me be a drop out of a repressive kindergarten. From that experience and from working in a mental health institute in the Midwest, I learned how to avoid and to apply straight jackets, how to give and take shock therapy and to abhor transorbital lobotomies, literally and figuratively. In Sunnyside, with hoboes, friends (both imaginary and real), Mr.

Tate--the town gardener, and other townspeople, I believed that the world was safe and I learned lessons about "public life in a forum."

David (Matthews), a still unacquainted friend whom I wish to make an acquainted friend as well as a UN Acquainted one, addresses us indiscriminately (academic scholars and public scholars) with a primal pointedness: "My first question of whether students could be prepared to be public leaders without a direct contact with the public now becomes part of a series of larger questions, such as whether the academic mind can retain its best qualities (as reflected in ways of knowing) without some ties to the public and its ways of knowing." (Emphasis value added!)

I appreciate David's quandaries, but I would take diversity a few (s)paces further and reply, quizzingly: Can students be prepared to be public leaders without a direct contact with the public, which now becomes a part of a series of larger questions, such as whether the academic mind ever achieved its best qualities (as reflected in ways of knowing, feeling and acting) without inseparable ties to the public and its ways of knowing, feeling and acting? Would it be too simplistic to tell all the Davids and Dorothys of this world and of Oz that I "learned" Latin but I never learned to speak that language. I learned Junior Life Saving during the year a teacher named me the sophomoric agitator and I learned the lessons so well I saved a life. The course was dry theory and wet, wet, wet practice. I learned public speaking in a private college, but even in privacy we had our designated "public" and publicity. I "learned" advanced algebra and trig, but I never learned how to use them! I learned more biology when butchering cattle than I ever learned in the classroom. How we make fetishes!

Let us read with greatest care what Matthews is sharing with us: Can colleges and universities prepare their students for public life without also providing direct experience in public problem solving? If we answer this question positively and our students then fail to perform publicly, we have cheated them in their prep. If we say "Yes," and do not provide direct public problem solving experience (dppse), and the students are successful, we have indeed been lucky, by some serendipitous happenstance, because experience belies an affirmative result with no "dppse." If we say "No," and do not provide dppse, we are credulous or incredulous academic purists. I opt for a negative reply and a corrective affirmative action that we will provide dppse. This will make some of our professionals dizzy or dipsey. And with luck and academic skullduggery, we can and will dispense with them, and it will make the others dppse(d).

Rhetorical questions should, I believe, be rewarded with rhetorical replies... Direct experience is not possible if academic order and disorder remain disconnected and/or out of sync with public order and disorder. I departed from university teaching (and its scholarship) years ago, longer ago than Van Winkle's nap, but I never deserted Academia and never disconnected... I despaired frequently, I deplored and I denounced and I, forever, faithfully, fitfully and fittingly fumbled--most unfiendishly--with a great public "array of problems." The problems impress(ed) me as:

EPIC

And ancient epics have inspired me to meld my epic inquiries with moral philology, carrying me to euphonic expression of EPIC EPICS! My reply to David regarding public problems is a learning of and a teaching of EPIC ETHICS, where EPIC spellbinds us with Equity, Ecology, Education, Prosperity and Poverty, Population, participation, PEACE, Imagination, Identity, International Cooperation, Culture, Creativity and Cosmic Clowning.

With "Equity" we must explore gender and many other equalities in education, employment, recreation, and recognition. With Education, we must assure entrants to the enculturation process that they will always be the owners of their education and that we will not confuse them that schooling is the equivalent of education. Ecology is a domain wherein most of us are innocent novices, and we need to assure all fellow pioneers that there is nothing wrong with joining the novitiate... Imagination needs our special, spiritual nurturing. Identity will have to be measured individually and globally. International Cooperation is a domain we all need to inhabit. Culture will protect its relatives and relativisms, but gradually, I believe, we will discover Our Unifying Common Humanity (OUCH), and we will work in a common culture, perhaps to be called GAIA, for the exquisite ancient goddess of the Greeks who cared for the whole earth. Creativity will, if unleashed, circle around and knit with Imagination to hold this ethos in equilibrium and modest momentum... Cosmic Clowning will prepare us for every triumph, trail and trial in the Universe.

David measured meanly and meaningfully for us a part of the policy pathology of urban disruption in Grand Rapids... In Greenwich High School this past academic year a handful of students wrote a new (or continuing) chapter of racial intolerance in one of the most resource supported school systems in America, in a community that has been debating the creation or avoidance of a human rights commission and which fails to celebrate 1995 as the International Year for Tolerance, or which fails

to recognize and participate in the World Decade for Culture and Development, 1988-1997.

David adds in his quandary that: Campus politics, even at its very best, seem occupied with internal issues, which often have to do with the just distribution of existing political goods. Here, I would ask David if it isn't his experience that academics are as a tribe overwhelmingly parochial... The politics of diversity will succeed when we have fewer academic mindsets akin to Bloom's closed mind, the politics of difference will have a chance of success, I believe, when academics dedicate themselves to "the opening of the spirit." I will cheer when demographers and medicos evolve to consider the essence of family planning not in pro-choice or pro-life categories, but in the belief and practice that every child be a wanted child. Higher education--all education--will be ever so much more successful when "educators" recognize who should own "education" and educands recognize that only if they own "it" now will "it" be won... Isn't it curious that own, now, and won are scrabbled from the same letters, although the phonemes change? Similarly, in education we may learn how to l-i-v-e well in one spelling contest and may reverse ourselves into e-v-i-l in another. We should be very careful of the sequences in which we write, read and express our values. How many mythologists (c)lose their faith in Santa when they discover that dyslexic dissidents confuse one red-suited elder from the top of the world with another red-suited being from the underworld, S-a-t-a-n.

When will David write for us a sequel to his diversity and difference article, emphasizing that only with diversity and difference can we philosophically and practically expect to maintain our entire ecosystem? Departmentalization in academia has had consequences on intellectual integrationists comparable to the success of DDT on multiple species. I should not argue that everyone be a generalist. Yet, I would deny and disgrace the delight I have discovered in my 45 years in and out and around higher education, if I did and do not insist that most of the personal and professional pleasures and compensations I have had (are) (were) due to my ability to contribute to the general case transcending the particular, professionally prescribed and proscribed.

Over the years when antagonists and protagonists have teased and taunted me with academic questions, I have replied: Yes, isn't it marvelous that we have some people and some institutions separate from the main courses of events allowed and encouraged to analyze some of the most serious questions we ask ourselves and are

asked? (My euphoria is explosive, like lovely fireworks at the royal wedding in Nepal in 1970 or like those on the Mall in our nation's capital on July 4, 1953, when I worked on movie house integration (a decade before our King marched there and a dozen years before we marched together in Boston!) However, the euphoria fades faster than the fiery display of ignited powder cools, because I sadly recognize that most of the people I have known asking and answering academic questions somewhere early in the academicosis mislay or lose, or mortgage or sell, or kill or banish their sense of awe. I know more people who have lost the friendship of that early companion of childhood, Imagination, than I know who have themselves become Imagineers. The greatest tragedy is not losing childhood, it is losing the childlike qualities that gave us a sense of being imaginative, creative, artistic, poetic, musical, etc. The confusion comes in part from believing teachers who tell us that we are not very artistic and from our stopping to try. We are carefully taught to conform, not very differently from how we are taught to hate...

While we endeavor to ask and answer little and big questions about diversity and difference, and I am now in my fourth semester of coursing and discoursing in the Green Town Adult and Continuing Education programs, I wish we would premise our human rights commitments with a compelling conscience-searching inventory of mental mega-mosaic magnitudes and compositions. I wish that while we work in praise of all the diversity we have ever seen and ever imagined, we might simultaneously develop a sense of global identity. I am eternally challenged by one line of poetry from a Dane, not a Prince Hamlet, but a modern poetic prince named Piet Hein, writing in 1960, "We are global citizens with tribal souls." I am looking for a theologian, an anthropologist--fraternal or sorroral, or other artisan, to help me portray the consequences of having global souls. (I believe that real "ethnic cleansing" would give us clean spirits, rather than the soiled, sordid soulessness of contemporary cleaning establishments.)

How many scientists, political or other, have you known who have worked directly on public policy? What percentage of all political scientists are routinely students of policy rather than architects thereof? How many anthropologists have you ever known or heard of who have wanted to create or assist in the development of a cultural schema of change, contrasted with those you have read, studied, known, who content themselves with simple, not so simple, and simplistic(?) description of what is or has been.

David asks a primal question about the academic mind, can it retain its best qualities without some ties to the public and its ways of knowing. I, another David and not in any way closely related to that David who killed Goliath, wonder through all the mosaics of my mindfulness whether the academic mind has begun to develop "its best qualities." I was taught repeatedly to answer questions, to answer factual questions, to amass great bodies of response, without seeing that a more essential response-ability was being lost, confined by my most renowned professors. How rarely was I asked to formulate better questions? I remember too well one of Harvard's illustrious anthropologists who was probably in the sixes or sevens of greatest anthropologists of this century, and every time I left his company I would say to myself, if THAT is the price of being a great anthropologist, I do not want greatness. I will always be in awe that a four year young child from a small community in Idaho met reservation Indians (before we thought of them as native Americans); pow-wowed with Indian children at five; protested kindergarten; traveled through schools in Washington, California, Arizona, Louisiana, Idaho, Montana, and Wisconsin; bounced in and out of Oklahoma A and M, Deep Springs College, the University of Kansas City, the University of Oregon, the London School of Economics and Harvard; worked in Mexico with Quakers, protested racism in DC in 1953, worked in a mental hospital in Iowa in 1951, studied French and internationalism in British Columbia in 1952...dared to explore many social cancers of our times and resisted war with conscientious objection during the Korean Conflict. I went public, like Thoreau went private,

Now, I face the consequences of my academic and public behaviors and misbehaviors... I never respected nor honored the publish and perishable content analysis and contentiousness. In recent years, in the last six years since I was named The UN Philosopher, I have been enthralled with and consumed by the idea that we need a much greater appreciation of the sacred and the civic in our lives... It is tragically apparent that we scramble around and scrabble with the need for sacred space of individuality, community and globalism, to the confusion of being s-a-c-r-e-d, and scared and scarred, both hurt. We teach conformity and we carefully teach suspicion and envy, seldom seeking nonconformity, and rarely even putting xenophilia into our dictionaries.

While Orwell and others worried about 1984, I gained an honor for superb inter-agency intelligence exchange in the U N System. Colleagues dubbed me SIR DAVID, because they appreciated my open action as S I R, Spy In Residence. Keeping my intelligence systems, my philosophic structures and my Santa operations

going in sync requires mind-set and soul-set surpassing the usual demands made upon that classic compendium, the academic mind or mind-set. (In 1989 I grew a beard and Unicef staff immediately designated me THE U N SANTA.)As soon as I learned, from yet another David (Larible of Ringling Brothers) what is the difference between being an actor and being a clown, I never acted again. An actor is one who has to "play" the parts written by others. A clown is one who has to create his (her) own role. From the beginning of time till its end, I believe that I am destined to be an Optimist. Pessimists believe that Life is a Tragedy. Optimists believe, that despite many trials and tribulations, Life is a Comedy. I hope that the education of your heart and mind and soul, in all public and private endeavors, will be a creative experience and that Imagination is as good to you as to me, in friendship.

Respectfully submitted, David Inkey, Esq.

PLANETARY CULTURE!

Today is The 432nd Anniversary of April Fool's Day and herewith we have a magnificent opportunity to consider the nature, creation and creativity of Global Culture. First, however, I am happily obliged to express my boundless pleasure to be here with you all in the sacred precincts of THE SOCIETY FOR VALUES IN HIGHER EDUCATION. We are here to celebrate this installation, this site of much insight, foresight, of seers and overseers, and to inaugurate a seminar series. This is a place where we honor *e pluribus unum*, in thought, word and deed. Value is given to values and imagineering emerges from our dreams and realities.

In 1564, Charles IX of France, a young teenage monarch, adopted a calendar, taking from us a springtime New Year's celebration, of generous proportion beginning March 21st and ending on April 1st and giving us in cold consolation only January 1st. The happy traditionalists of that leap year who continued to observe April 1st came to be known as April Fools and soon the custom of fooling friends became commonplace. The "victim" of the trickster is known as an April Fish... *C'est avec grand joie que je vous donne aujourd'hui des poissons d'avril... Bon appetit!* (It is with great joy that today I give you April fish... Bon appetit!) In modern times, friends give chocolate fish to friends, just as I might offer you today, had I not kept my boycott of France because of its nuclear testing. (Conscience can make heroines and heroes of us all.)

Now that I have shared with you a little cultural pluralism you might just agree with me that jesting in this instance is a tasty art and inclusive act. My premise is that we enjoy, universally, many cultural experiences, we share innumerable values, and we have many lessons to learn in xenophilia, the sum of which, I believe, adds up to Global Culture. I derive this premise from enormous angst in anthropology and lengthy labor and luck in The United Nations System. Other than my UN career and giving a few lectures, seminars and workshops in Buddhist, Christian, Hindu, Jewish, Muslim and Secular institutions, my post-doctoral, academic, teaching and research duties have been concentrated in only three institutions of higher education, the Faculty of

Medicine of the University of El Salvador, the Harvard Graduate School of Education and *via* triangulated servitude in Anthropology, Population and Education, in the University of North Carolina. (I frequently serve time in other correctional institutions and currently believe some of my best work is at the fifth grade level. I am also enthralled with adult and continuing education. Ultimately, I do believe we shall overcome and be most adept in life-long education.)

With virtually insatiable curiosity, I look for *Global Culture* everywhere, but it is in the UN System that I find my best perceptions. The system is an especially fine framework, a spiritual, psychic and corporeal skeleton, of *Global Culture*. We need to move from THE *GAIA HYPOTHESIS* to consider that in innumerable ways the unified actions of the UN address global culture, communication, education, health, nutrition, labor, economics, politics, trusteeship, drugs (of pharmacy and of abuse), atomic and other energies, disarmament, inner space and outer space, intellectual property, world heritage, air, water, land—law, justice and technology—desertification, volcanology, tectonics, oceanography, Man(?) and the Biosphere, population, migration, displacement and refugeeism, racism, creed, social organization, security, poverty, tolerance, ethics, philosophy, weather, transportation, conflict resolution, peace studies, gender and human rights, global identity and personal commitment, the ultimate p.c. We have all the rubrics of *GLOBAL CULTURE* we need, including those that I have left unlisted...

We the People of this planetary system, the only one we know to host life among some 50 billion galactic systems, are too, too frequently plagued with war after war after war.... And when we do not have enough military wars, we declare wars on poverty, wars on drugs, wars on crime...and cultural wars. My response-ability in this is to say, *Let there be Peace and let it start with me!* I was advertised before today and today as "a reformed Harvard anthropologist." I like it... Yes, I have re-formed many times since I parted from that ivied institution I so cherish, The Crimson Kremlin on The Charles, but I am a much better anthropologist now than I was then and much more than an anthropologist, even a reformed one. Today my best suit is *ABOLITIONIST!* I am tired of declared and undeclared cultural wars and exhausted by fractious multiculturalism. Although I do not keep pace with the tomes and tons of contemporary anthropological writings, I believe I am one of the most pioneering among anthropologists of *Global Culture*. If we must observe cultural p.c., we might say, *of Planetary Culture*. My physicist son rebelled against some of the strictures of classical and modern physics and he would have preferred his first degree to be *Comparative Planetology*, but his esteemed science institute was too Earthbound for that heresy..

While he worked on extraterrestrial intelligence his friends and colleagues alike chided him, urging him to focus, also, on planetary consciousness.

Where do our cultural wars come from? They seem to come from almost everywhere. What are the benefits of cultural wars? No one has catalogued for us the benefits. Why do we rely so persistently upon having human enemies instead carrying out holy struggles toward living more fully. My *jihad* is our too relentless inhumanity all around us. Many years ago a great American agriculturist, Jonathan Garst, one of the pioneers of hybrid corn production, told me when I was pursuing the unholy struggles of malnutrition and rapid population growth, "David, there is NO NEED FOR HUNGER" (and he went on to write a book with that title). He taught me so many things, but mostly he told me in a million ways that in my lifetime agriculturists will probably be able to feed about as many people as I can stand to have around. He also introduced me to the idea that we need to have a Planetary Crimes Commission, first to indict those who waste our environment. Jonathan became my third Grandfather, one of three special mentors in my life and a compass in my imagining and thinking about stewardship of all life. Subsequently, Gandhi taught me that we must be the change we wish to see in the world. Later, a man called Mann (Thomas Mann) instructed me in economics, that war is only a cowardly escape from the problems of peace. Clarence Gamble taught me foundations and foundation skills, pioneering in international family planning, population education and the belief of EVERY CHILD, A WANTED CHILD. John Gordon, Fair and Unfair Harvard's great epidemiologist, said that he in his 70s and I, in my early thirties, both had to become ECOLOGISTS--if we were going to amount to anything--and that was an assignment assessment almost a decade before The First Earth Day! Now, when my eco-economist daughter does not place prior claim on our favorite study site, I still occupy the chair John used for forty years and reflect how much we treasured each other. I extrapolate all of these lessons to: *every being, a cherished being*. Yet, somehow we still allow or we force a billion fellow beings to unlettered oblivion, we let one or two billion suffer malnutrition from food scarcity (not to mention those improperly nourished), and we leave a third of humanity without potable water. Many religious leaders believe living water is essential to the soul and they neglect the soul-body relationship.

The dream constructs of Global Culture are one entity, while the nightmare "realities" of our lack of Global Culture are another. *Do I make some special kind of mistake when I try to create from my imagination and from all my knowledge Our Global Culture?* A friend of mine thinks that she is a Goddamned idealist and I tell her that there are no Goddamned idealists. There are not even Goddamned realists to the best of my

knowledge. I am a Conscientious Objector to all assertions of Cultural Wars. I believe we must experience a paradigm shift away from the fragmentation of multiculturalism and affirm, yet again and again and again, with pluralism, that the human race is one. We may concur with Pierre Teilhard de Chardin that we are not human beings in search of a spiritual experience, but we are spiritual beings in search of a human experience... And, I would correct that great Jesuit anthropologist's diction to be "humane." As a sometimes academic Almost Modern Man, I would affirm that we need to discipline our disciplines and we need to be incredibly more interdisciplinary than is the wont of most of us... I would suggest that we do some salvage anthropology as corporate, cooperative iconologists, studying all the icons we can possibly amass into all of our courses and discourses. From beginning to end and perhaps back to new beginnings, we will measure and treasure the aesthetics and sacred significance of each others icons, without ever, ever, ever being iconoclastic... We will study and practice diversity. (When you wonder and even deplore why you have to be so different, contemplate the ultimate alternative, sameness.)

In olden times when our clocks required winding, we had time to unwind and to run out of time. Now, with digitals and cyberspace, we have lost the luxury of timelessness. Nonetheless and none the more, we do not ask nor do we answer the incisive and inclusive question in cultural anthropology as well as we apparently do in physical anthropology: *WHAT MAKES US HUMAN?* I propose that we take "VALUE" as our point of commencement and departure. This "familiar" term in our society may be inflated, but we need to inflate it further, so that it is universally visible. Then, in process, we may explore global ethic in ways better than Hans Kung teaches us, *THE GLOBAL ETHIC*. From *The International Year Of The Family* (1994) we may derive synthesis and antithesis about our human family and pluralism of family values. From *The International Year For Tolerance* (1995) we may summarize how completely and incompletely we begin to understand the parameters of our too common inhumanity. Subsequently, we might step back to 1993 and analyze afresh what we learned and failed to learn during the *International Year For Indigenous People*, which same year we held an important conference on human rights. If we succeed just a bit more than a trifle or just a trifle more than a bit or megabyte, then, I would suggest we "leap" back a four year distance to 1992 and assemble and reassemble our thoughts on *The United Nations Conference On Environment And Development: UNCED* might become *U N SAID!* And, let us not lose sight and citation of the magnificent 1987 documentation, *OUR COMMON FUTURE*. If we subscribe to the belief we have a common future we will be rewarded in our reading—and if we do not believe such, we better prepare a

credible alternate future. AGENDA 21 is the primal text of 1992, guidelines for sustainable development, now so assiduously under study and structuring in the UN.

We are told that to whom much is given much is expected, but I guess we do not believe this, globally. I cringe from the virtually complete neglect we the well-schooled, clothed, fed, healthy, prosperous and frequently happy have for the great assignment of 1996 we have outlined in the political chambers of our international life, we begin today the fourth month of THE INTERNATIONAL YEAR FOR THE ALLEVIATION OF POVERTY. This is also the year designated for an international conference on habitat; we are supposed to catalogue how abysmally legions and legions are protected from the elements and to provide greater assistance to the homeless and virtually homeless; this we are supposed to do while our military still stockpile 30,000 to 50,000 nuclear devices and believe that a world with some 110,000,000 land mines in place and yet another 110 million mines available for other planting provides more security than insecurity. How does anyone justify a land mine for each double baker's dozen of us, each 26 persons... Recently I heard that every country in the world needs one land mine, in a museum... I suggest last year's text, AN AGENDA FOR DEVELOPMENT, as appropriate yet inadequate orientation for any understanding of poverty. In the rush of special years and texts, I trust we do not overlook and underestimate Boutros Boutros-Ghali's alarming document of AN AGENDA FOR PEACE (1992), though I am a harsh critic of much of this misappropriation of peace to serve the militarization of the Security (?) Council. If memory can be stretched back to 1986 we might be mindful of The International Year For Peace and we could study Unesco's PEACE ON EARTH. Daily, weakly (w-e-a-k-l-y) and weekly, monthly, seasonally, unseasonably, yearly, each decade—though the UN is just half a hundred years young plus one—we are repeatedly told that the world is suffering an enormous increase of civil wars. I contend, again as a conscientious objector and as THE UN PHILOSOPHER:

!

NO WARS ARE CIVIL!

In a less gender sensitive era, many many years ago, my redheaded, international predecessor in Paris (1784-1789), Thomas Jefferson, instructed us that every *man* has two countries, France and *his* own. I learned during a comparable length of time in the City of Light (1975-1981) that my two countries are *my own, my native land* and *the world is my country* (cf. Marx). Jefferson was probably justifiably proud for giving us most of the language of our Declaration of Independence. The authors of THE CHARTER OF THE UNITED NATIONS who have given us our most universally acknowledged declaration of human(e) interdependence should also be justifiably proud,

though here, too, I believe we need to be rebels with a cause, formidable reformers and careful iconologists... I invite any and all of you to let me know when you would like to study icons in the UN, to go on tour in the sacred space of The UN Headquarters, to see with me my own and owned selection of ICONS, OF PEACE. The first icon I will share with you is a replica of our first known peace treaty...

I came here with the idea of enter-taining us with 101 questions, or with 11 or 13 or an even dozen of questions, but today is not an extra day like we (I) enjoyed on February 29th, 1996, when I observed The Last Leap of The Millennium and I scrambled and scrabbled *leap*, l-e-a-p. to give me a *peal* of pleasure and a *plea* of concern. I have spelled very carefully every word in my story of GLOBAL CULTURE! and not once have I slipped into spelling *sacred* as *scared*, I proclaim that we should *live* fully instead of turning around to *evil*, and as The UN Santa I never let *Santa* be mistakenly identified as that other character who also goes about in soot-soiled, red work clothes, *S-a-t-a-n*. An iconoclast of my acquaintance writes that we have some 6,170 language groups in our ethnic catalogue and he (Senator Moynihan) believes we will continue to have many ethnic wars. Regardless of the successes and failures of my anthropological antics, I do not believe that we have to be warring pessimists. Cultural wars are yet more oxymorons. In addition to being today's abolitionist, I am a virtual optimist or a totally incurable optimist and I want to leave you with just one question, albeit a haunting one, and an accompanying clue to an answer.

The question : *What in the world do you want, now?* The answer is not what I told my Mother when I was 3 years young, or 4, or 5, *more candy, some cookies, cake and ice cream, pop corn, another story, etc.* My answer is: *I want the world. I want the world to be! I want Peace, Joy and Kindness and Love, Quiet and Song, and dimensions of Foolishness that amuse us to our hearts' content.* My clue to behavior modification is not to be THE CHAMPION OF LOST CAUSES.

I trust that you enjoy your role in co-creating Global Culture! as much as I cherish the opportunities I have had, now have and hope to continue to have in the evolution of this exciting enterprise. Should you be available on Tuesday, September 16th, 2031 OCE, I invite you to celebrate with me and our kindred spirits The 3300th Anniversary of The Peace Treaty of Ramses II of the Egyptians and Hattusilis of The Hittites (1269 BCE). This first known peace accord of the humane pilgrimage warrants celebration as much as April Fools' Day and as October 23rd 1996, The 6000th Anniversary of Creation, following the chronology and kaiology of James Ussher (1581-1656), a great scholar and divine, Bishop of Dublin , Bishop of Meath, Archbishop of Armagh and Chancellor of St.

Patrick's Cathedral. He found that at 9 a.m. on Monday, October 23rd, 4004 BC, God created the Earth. Lest you doubt the importance of Ussher's work, let me advise you, with caution, that his ideas were believed a lot longer than they have been disbelieved. Just as I would like to think that today might be the 350th Anniversary of Ussher's PC, Proclamation of Creation, (April 1, 1646?), and that Ussher is one of the great April Fools of all time, I like to think we have taken temporary leave of our common sense to enjoy an uncommon sense. Further, I pray that we might sense that our Executive Director, Kathleen McGrory, sensitively, sensibly and specially invited us because today is a day for extra-ordinary fun. Tomorrow and for many morrows your homework is to read what I believe to be the greatest contribution of The UN to Global Culture, the 48 year young UNIVERSAL DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS. To be less any kind of an unmitigated fool, read it twice and share it with ten colleagues. If each ten would multiply by ten, we could quickly speak in the billions: $10 \times 10 \times 10 \times 10 \times 10 \times 10 \times 10 \times 10 \times 10 \times 10 = 10 \text{ Billion!}$ Since we have only quadrupled in human numbers from 1.5 billion in 1900 to an estimated 6.3 billion for December 31st 1999, some people will have to listen more than once... If you have trouble keeping your faith in tact to move mountains, try having faith to help in the moving of people! When my faith moved monsoon clouds in Nepal so that I could see Everest, I learned how much easier it is to move mountains and clouds than people...

ENOUGH FOOLISHNESS AND WISDOM FOR TODAY.
LET ME WARN YOU THAT IN MY NEXT PROFESSION,
I ASPIRE TO BE THE CLOWN PRINCE OF PLANETARY CULTURE,
A GIP-C ANGEL OF GLOBAL IDENTITIES
AND CULTURAL PLURALISM,
AN ACTIVIST IN THE CONTINUING
CO-CREATION OF GLOBAL CULTURE!
THIS IS IN ADDITION TO MY PC,
PERSONAL COMMITMENT,
AS THE FOUNDING PRESIDENT OF ANTARCTIC UNIVERSITY,
WHERE ALL STUDENTS,
FACULTY AND ADMINISTRATORS
ARE OPTIMISTS, FOREVER LOOKING UP!
AU IS PRONOUNCED AWE.
OUR ACCREDITATION RESTS IN PEACE
AND PLANETARY CULTURE IS OUR SENOND-BEST ELECTIVE!
PERSONAL COMMITMENT IS OUR BEST ELECTIVE...

unused!

I find...

three marvelous little u unwords in my commonplace, collegiate dictionary and I shall address myself to all the trilogy, but "unused" comes first.

We the People...

have not yet used the United Nations
as we should have under the first paragraph of The Charter.
We should now insist that we have a voice,
a will and a commitment to evolve
from unused to UN USED...

This will be an unusual element...
and some people will say things
that we thought were unutterable,
as did John Peale Bishop:

I burned in the unutterable beauty of being alive.

UNU

UNU is in my lexicon to honor the United Nations University...

My own greater allegiances are to Antarctica University, but I am unstintingly committed to the goals of UNU, also...

unvoting, or voting...

UN VOTING

A ¿REFORMED? HARVARD ANTHROPOLOGIST!

an almost modern man:

Sticks and stones may break my bones,
Names will probably harm me more!

I have most advisedly been described, much to my amusement, amazement and advancement, beyond the most wild, winsome, wittiest and wisest bounds and bonds of my pleasure, and (curiously, comically, courageously,) stridently-strikingly to the inner core of my usually concealed consternation, as "a reformed Harvard anthropologist..." My greatest Transcendent mentor, Thoreau, inadequately but advertently asserts that most men (people) live lives of quiet desperation... I have greater problems with that simplistic summary of Life than I can explain today... Suffice it that I say, here, today, that many (most?) of us who profess, pretend and perform, professorially, live in such an academented world, that is not at all amazing, IT is just a trifle extra-ordinary, that this career pattern nomination, this prosaic proclamation, occurred in my 64th year on Earth, 32 years after I had earned, or otherwise had had conferred upon me, a doctorate in social anthropology from the summitry of academic, imperial pridefulness. Forty years ago, only forty solar revolutions past, I was quite delited and daunted when I gained admission to the Harvard Graduate School of Arts and Sciences and a giddy group of us adopted a credo of self-explanation and public, degrading expiation, "What respect can we have for Harvard if we were admitted?" As TIME passed and most of us moved toward our ultimate academic degree goals, we changed our chant, "What respect can we have for Harvard if we get our doctorates?" Was it "graduation" or "commencement," or both and something else besides, on that beautiful day in June when we grasped a paltry piece of parchment, a rich or poor exchange for tortured and triumphant years of pathetic and passionate patience and impatience... Our parting patois beyond the gaited gated commencement "theatre" was "What respect can we have for Harvard if it ever offers us a job..." Harvard high and mighty hoped to harness us as loyal alums, hinting "We now welcome you into the company of educated men."

When I was but a teasing toddler of two, my Mother tautly taught me a Quixotic Question to fill the text of A LIFE MANUAL... OF, BY(E) AND FOR(E) DAVID INKEY..."What in the World do you want now?" I wanted to understand Life... I want to understand Life... Curiously and imaginatively, I believed or that I believed that I could utilize the arts and artifices of anthropology to gain humane understanding, though my mentors and would-be mentors all spelled, somewhat dyslexically, "human" without any ease... eeeeeeee's.....

I was going to be an Africanist because there there seemed to me to be some promise that the second half of the 20th Century would be a great era for post-colonial achievement on that Dark Continent of the 19th Century.... Fortune played other cards for me and I became something more of a Latin Americanist, not to my regret but always to my unfulfilled longing of wonderment of how different I would be had I spent as much time in Africa as I labored, enjoyed and gave in Latin America... Harvard did not teach me to ask questions of PC! Harvard was perhaps so occupied with being Harvard, that one professor was more concerned with seeing ancient values in Chiapas than contemporary change, another was more fixated on "need for achievement" than need for comprehension, another was quantifying more than qualifying...

I left Harvard to teach in a small, poverty-stricken, rich, vibrant country in Central America...and in just, only, scarcely six months of being in El Salvador, I was to "discover" that population concerns are one of the pre-dominant themes of the 20th Century... Instead of learning to explain custom and constraints in culture, I had the opportunity to learn such iconological issues as, "Why did you save my Life?" I learned to counter the conventions of aid from the colossus of the North, and during the First Development Decade, I learned to be response-able to "development for what..." I learned ecology eons before our first Earth Day Celebrations... An emeritus professor of epidemiology (from Harvard) taught me that term, text and trust...

I have had a patchy "career," and I am sometimes saddened to think that I never earned, archived, nor achieved many of the academic dreams I spent nights and days and daze with when I was chronologically in an even more tender age... Yet, yet, yet, I am profoundly pleased, to the furthest stretches of my Being, that I am still, yet, just, ever and always, an academic activist... It does not embarrass me that I never got on a tenure track, it does not please me that the Academy is at war with itself, trying and very trying...to configure in and figure out what should be

done with tenure... I frequently wonder whether "tenure" is not some permutation of indentured servanthood. Occasionally, but rarely, I like to refer to myself as a or The United Nations Anthropologist....but the UN has never, to my knowing, been accepted in the canon of cultures, as a "legitimate" field of study. Culture and cultures is another "problem" which, I believe, anthropology has not yet solved, nor resolved... In good stead, I now wear the grand and grandiose title, THE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER!

Now, as I enter what is probably the last third of my terrestrial time, I speculate, inquire, imagine that the arts (and sciences) of anthropology would be well served by a transcendental, triumphant post-tribal testament of PC! PLANETARY CULTURE would be the greatest humane discovery of our feeble two million years of human "being...." We would trash such tacky twaddle as Political Correctness and find Planetary Consciousness, mixed with cosmic clowning and the totally engaging, ultimate PC, Personal Commitment...

I think that my Mother must have asked me the question, "What in the World do YOU want?" about as many times as I have ever been able to count... In my sixth summer when I was in bed for three days with the worst sunburn any redhead should ever suffer, I decided to count to ten thousand, by tens. (It took many years to learn to count by the power of ten.) My Mother--may she rest in Peace as fully as she worked for Peace--may have tried to keep count of how many times she repeated her best question, but I suspect that even she lost the tally about the time I was testing my account-ability of ten to the fourth , before I knew much about power and powers... I suppose that I have been asked this question with more different tones of voice than most people can even imagine. I used to have very simple answers and my unassuming, undemanding needs were easily met with pop corn, or an extra story--I loved to have my Mother read me stories beyond my own literary skills, or to take me to a movie, to give me an extra piece of fudge, homemade fudge, the only kind we new in those eras, and to treat me to ice cream and other sundries. Then, through the years, the question was expressed with certain exasperation and my replies were sometimes considered quite unreasonable. Finally, I discovered a global answer. That was when I discovered what a good friend Imagination has been during my entire life.

I did not choose to come to Planet Earth. The great French Jesuit anthropologist, Pierre, said so long ago that it seems only yesterday, "We are not human beings seeking a spiritual experience, we are spiritual beings seeking a human experience."

I would prefer that Monsieur Pierre Teilhard de Chardin had been less wobbly in his spelling, that he could assert the "humane." I came to Earth on a cold winter night, naked, hungry, speechless, homeless. In the Cosmos, I was before all and after all quite content so far and fully as I can remember, member and premember, to being something of a Cosmic Clown. Yet, I was painfully brought into this life in a condition of limited responses, in a state of infinite innocence, fully dependent, helpless, proverbially "wet behind the ears," all wet and slimed, and perennially blinded by fellow humans' inhumanity one to another. Through years of tutelage, I have been rigorously both dragged and driven from dependence to be independent, only, just, ultimately, to learn that interdependence is the favored state! On a pilgrim's voyage to the Enchanted Isles, in mysteries beyond my-stories, puzzlingly in an hour-story of our stories, I have learned Lifeness, lifeness being the relation of all beings one to another. All histories have only been versions of his story. All of herstories have been rarely expressed, yea, often muted or not yet written. Ourstory is only, just, scarcely pre-dawning. Our birth and death certificates proclaim, as if they are diplomas: When philosophers become clowns, And when clowns become philosophers, We shall indeed be humane beings ..

All my life I have wanted to be a child when I grow up. Would it help me (us) understand anthropology and me if I confessed to becoming an anthropologist at the advanced age of four years young, when my parents introduced me into the Nez Perce Nation. Perhaps, it is just make believe. When I use all of my Imagination, I can be the Clown Prince of Planetary Culture. Long, long ago, about as late as yesterday and as early as tomorrow, and far, far away, about as close and gentle as the waves of the heliopause and as distant and lost as my cradle, extremely early on the morning of the Sixteenth of December in The Year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirty One of Our Common Era, my monitors declared that I fully possessed all five of my senses... "They" were so unschooled in the sense and nonsense of censuses and censure that they little realized how many senses I need to create Planetary Culture. Why couldn't they know that I would need both common and uncommon sense? What have they done with the senses of faith, fun and foolishness, despair, pain and hope, Love and lust, wit and witness and wit-less-ness, wisdom, humor, grief, joy, play, punnery, prudence, art and awkwardness, worship, service, childness, Lifeness and Awe.... I want it said of me, iHE LIVED! Yes, I am A REFORMED HARVARD ANTHROPOLOGIST... What in the World do I want, now? I have modest wishes, I want a world with three dimensions, of Peace... Inner, Communal, Universal..

unwittingly...

UN WITTINGLY....

A PEOPLE'S CONFERENCE, ON PEACE

Tuesday April 31st 2001

only 11hours and 58 minutes, 8:01 a.m. - 7:59 p.m.

Since Wars begin in the lives of Children,
It is in the Spirits of Children that.....
We must seed the Dreams of Peace...

{Inkey's Revised Unesco Preambulary}

Sumdaze in 2001, we will celebrate the 3270th Anniversary of The Peace Treaty of Ramses II of the Egyptians and Hattusilis of the Hittites, so it is fitting that on Tuesday, April 31st, EST 9:01 am, we should commemorate the 3270th non-observance of the First Known Peace Treaty among humans. Then, we will begin a brief, 30 year *rite de passage*, to truly observe that 'Peace is not a Season, Peace is a Way of Life...'

"Today, the Fourth of July, 1997, we observe(d) the 152nd Anniversary of Henry David Thoreau moving to Walden Pond and remember(ed) with deepest gratitude his poetic gift of thoughts and actions in Civil Disobedience, his prayerfull protest against an unjust war and the continuation of human slavery."

We the People of A PEOPLE'S CONFERENCE ON PEACE, 2001 have before us an incomparable, collective task of communicating during the next four years our long held, frequently unexpressed and generally, impatient feelings, beliefs and

commitment to "seed(ing) the Dreams of Peace." Peace Keepers and Peace Makers have frequently used the instruments of warriors to foment, promote and protect their piecemeal methods of Peacing... We propose and hereby commit ourselves to discarding the language of warfare, the economics of warfare, and the practices of warfare... We will study, preach, teach, and practice Peacefare, so that some day, in some time not out of Our Time(s), we or our successors will enjoy a Peace Fair... We may lack humane resources to achieve the tasks we dramatize and dream of, we are only, just, not even six billion beings now and in 2031 we shall be, by the "best" of our calculations, only, just, approximately nine billion beings... With 50% more "effort" than we currently "give" to Peace, how much Peace do we believe we will be able to create, maintain and afford...

We do not worry about being too idealistic, nor about being accused of being too idealistic, we believe that throughout the entire humane experience we have never yet been too idealistic as a species, nor in our interspecies relationships. We will have to propose alterations in realpolitick, but using the collective IMAGINEERING of $10^{10\text{th}}$ we should 10 billion times harvest enuf talent to create new modalities... If "each one could teach one," and each one could teach ten, and those ten teach ten, thru ten steps, a year each, a month each, three years each(?), we should convey our message to all of humanity... We the People of A PEOPLE'S CONFERENCE, ON PEACE - 2001 believe that we will discover, not at all to our amazement, that more people want Peace than have ever, ever, ever been counted... We will have as a basic premise of our action, the prospect, the belief, idea(l) and value, that: *The People Count!*

A PEOPLE'S CONFERENCE does not have to assemble a thousand, ten thousand, or even a hundred thousand people in one or ten or a hundred places. OUR PC! is intended to convey-enact a sacred drama, a commitment that, as has been said myriad's of times, war is obsolete, war is dangerous to children and other living beings, war is outrageously uneconomical, war is an absurdity... We may all assemble at the United Nations Plaza or we may unite in cyberspace...

We are just beginning our planning for A PEOPLE'S CONFERENCE, so it is totally, or if not totally, then virtually, absurd to outline what we think should happen on April 31st 2001. However, we do know that from this day forward we will protest the folly of expending more than half a trillion dollars for the manufacture and use of armaments when we cannot contribute, give, allocate, loan, or otherwise transfer such a sum to alleviate the abject poverty of an estimated one-fifth of our fellow

beings. Myriad's of academented people fight cultural wars instead of studying and proposing that we have Planetary Culture and that multiculturalism needs to be perceived as the diverse expressionism of our humane longing to be wanted, cared for, caring, well, well-informed, protected, nourished and nurtured... We might just contribute a million names and a million or a billion dollars or pounds or marks or yen or rubles, pesos, or pesetas, to endow a Peace Center at the UN: Our presents will be our presence.

We do not know where we are going, but this nothing new... We have never known what the future will hold, bring us, give us, or withhold from us... We propose to develop "security" in humane terms. We wish to address, and we will address, the social and economic injustices that are, or seem to be, the causes of violence... We will "educate" ourselves and our children to live Peace-fully... We will protect the physical, mental and spiritual integrity of all... We, ourselves, will refuse to use weapons of destruction and will work for the banning of their use: We will pattern our lives in the virtue of Life that takes away the causes of all war... We will work so that there will be only one land mine in every nation in the entire world, each one in a museum of human folly... We will work to promote the understanding of total interdependence of people and the environment. As we grow in Beauty, Beauty will grow in us...and event-ually...we will find that our Planetary Culture is a peace-filled culture... For A PEOPLE'S CONFERENCE, ON PEACE - 2001, each of us will find that each of us has a special privilege....

Let there be Peace, and let it start with me...

INKEY'S ÷unlimited additions÷

I think we need a revolution against rage, anger, anarchy, hate, poverty, porous piety, impervious piety, piety, and unfounded fundamentalism...

UN X'D

DAVID INKEY'S PROGRAM OF UNITED NATIONS STUDIES! (PUNSI!)

JUNE 23, 1996

UNCROSSED AND CROSSETTED...

unexplained & UN EXPLAINED!

I really like approximately half of the articles that Barbara Crossette writes articles about the UN in the New York Times, but today's item on: "MOUTHFULS/ Peacekeeping Acronyms, From the Halls of Unmogip To the Shores of Unomig" is not even remotely close to my liking. I find it lacking any magnanimity, virtually rude, not cohesive, impractically ridiculing except that it lacks relation to the laughter related to the ridiculous, belittling... Ms. Barbara lacks her usual clarity and perhaps I should leave well enough alone, but "well enough" is not well enough and the issues treated and mistreated are so interrelated that there is no solitary confinement to what is discussed...

unnamed & U-N NAMED!

In Para. # of the above cited article, Ms. Crossette observes: "Speaking in foreign tongues isn't all the United Nations does to befuddle Americans." OUCH! This is perhaps the most isolationist statement in today's NYT. We should be delighted that the UN is a special forum for dialogue and multilogue and that sufficient consensus has been achieved in the UN to serve the international communication with just six major languages, English, French, Spanish, Arabic, Chinese and Russian... Does Ms. Barbara believe, suspect, fear, or otherwise think that the adoption of a multilanguage service system by the UN was created "to befuddle" Americans? She also observes that the UN speaks in acronyms with the direct suggestion, assertion that initials are used to further confuse the public. Acronyms are an economy measure in a system subject to virtually constant criticism... Further, Barbara asks: "What in the world might Ecosoc be, if it isn't something inside your shoe? Or Unido? Unctad? Icao?" I am quite dismayed by this type of journalism from a journalist whom I usually respect....

Am I reading this stuffing in the paper which carries on its masthead the claim, ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT... Let me ask a basic question...Wouldn't Ms. Crossette be more greatly troubled if The United Nations failed to develop a separate system of designation... James Baldwin, one of the great individuals of this century, wrote eloquently some years ago his profound observation NOBODY KNOWS MY NAME. ECOSOC, the Economic and Social Council has been on the international scene for 50 years. Is it unreasonable to expect students of internationalism to learn, know, appreciate the economy and identification of this acronym? UNIDO is, to my mind, a felicitous acronym for the United Nations Industrial Organization. The U.S. Government classifies Gses across a broad spectrum of numbers, is it unreasonable or U-N REASONABLE for the UN System to classify professional from P-1 through P-5? Barbara asks: "Could an outsider possibly make anything of the following piece of intelligence? 'The matter is with the P3 (pronounced PEA-three) but the P5 are likely to take it up soon.'" Alas, Barbara is bordering on behavior reminiscent of some of the characters described by my great mentor, Mark Twain, in INNOCENTS ABROAD. Nominalism is not the problem in Congress nor in the UN alphabet soupline... Shakespeare was irrevocably wrong when he asserted that a rose by another name smells as sweet... Shakespeare and anyone before and since should know, appreciate and practice the wisdom that "A rose by another name sometimes smells sweeter."

I will not trouble myself with gender studies about "the mother of all battles over acronyms" concerning Uncro and earlier UN System nomenclature struggle, getting "s" into UNESCO to assure a prominent place for Science in the new world ordering cast or molded from the ashes of the Second World War...

I am pleased that Shashi Tharoor has been able to inject some humor into some of his UN work... Madeleine Albright's first major public speech as US Ambassador to the UN was delivered several years ago in Los Angeles, on April 1, but that talk was so humorless that I am not certain she knew the date... I am a great devotee of April Fools Observances and this year I celebrated vigorously and vitally the 432 Anniversary of Charles 's monumental calendar change in 1564... What EARTHLY purposes does Barbara achieve by noting in enlarged print in the middle of her article:

Governments coin money. The U.N. coins names.
(They only look unpronounceable.)

Does Ms. Crossette consider the mammoth contributions that the UN has made to the liberation of colonized peoples, that the UN played a central role in the eradication of smallpox, that the UN has been a principal player in the development and extension of "education for all." No political entity has probably done as much as the UN System for improving the status of women, though the UN itself is still a serious culprit in not having come close to creating work equity... The UN's contribution to the water decade, and before and since, has "given" more people access to potable water than ever before in his-tory, or her-story, or our story... Governments still stockpile tens of thousands of nuclear weapons and the UN Disarmament Commission continues to harp, none too symphonically, on the dis-cord and dis-chords... While millions of couples and single women continue to suffer the consequences of unwanted fertility and millions of children are born less than being "wanted," the UN Population Fund has heroically served to give peoples choice in their lives and those of their progeny. Ultimately, I believe that future observers will reflect upon the 20th Century and will conclude that being less than a full population explosion, being less than unmitigated hunger, being less than epidemic illness, the 20th Century is (was) The Healthy Century. I believe that we deserve better analysis of unwords and U-N WORDS from our press, radio, television and cyberspace media. Barbara Crossette has missed the marvelous stamps from the UN that are placed on a great quantity of international mail and more incompetently she has missed, failed to see, failed to hear, and failed to be touched by the magnificent publications, art collections, heritage preservation and lifeness systems, lifeness being the relation of all beings one to another.

It is not just in names that the UN has had, had and will continue to have importance. The UN System may quite possibly be the subtle, structural system, indeed the skeleton, of a creative PLANETARY CULTURE which can only come into existence by the co-creative wordage and workage of non-befuddled, polyglot persons. My two most cherished PCs at the present time are Planetary Culture and Personal Commitment.... Peace Council and Peace Counsel, planetary consciousness, and prime considerations and constraints will have to be re-ordered.

unmindful, mined, U-N MINDFUL!

It is too easy for facile critics of the UN to find fault... Even dedicated international civil servants such as I find it quite easy to complain about the shortcomings of the UN. However, any skeptic, any uncommitted citizen, any non-

believer about the usefulness of the UN should inquire at the very least into programs for the eradication of iodine deficiency and for the control and elimination of landmines. I am a student of life and death, I am a student of wit and wisdom, I am a student of fun and folly and no programs of the UN touch my soul so profoundly as do these two, feeble, under-funded, understaffed, under-programmed programs... I abhor easy critics, like the author of today's NYT editorial of finding a new chief for the UN, who glibly assert that the UN is a bloated bureaucracy... There may be a few departments with a few extra staff... In 16 years service in the UN I never found such... In the 1970s and 1980s the United Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization had only one professional working full time on substance abuse education. Only 14 professionals in the entire system were allocated to working on global problems of disability.

The United States spent some 7 billion dollars in El Salvador for war during the 1980s, according to what I have read in the international press. Has the NYT acquired a copy of THE TRUTH COMMISSION, the document of the UN Commission on EL Salvador?

uninvolved & UN INVOLVED!

I went to the United Nations to discover what I could to make my life and life more meaningful. I learned there that I was privileged to participate in the co-creation of Planetary Culture, but in the processes thereof I would have to renounce many of the academic tendencies of my Harvardian training in anthropology and that I would have to be-come a reformed Harvard anthropologist. Initially the terms of the contract amused me, now they enthrall me...and I need HELP!

unknown & UN KNOWN!

It has been only 3267 years since Ramses II of the Egyptians and Hattusilis of the Hittites accorded our first known peace treaty, a replica of which we have on the second floor of the UN Headquarters, juxtaposed opposite the Security Council... Isn't it time that we list and learn all the acronyms of the UN and their full names and more importantly their response-abilities.

UN YIELDING!

PLANETARY COMMONS!

Imagine that we own our own educations and that we have been given a new book entitled *Common Fire*, by Daloz, Keen, Keen and Parks. Further, imagine, believe, and resolve that Arthur Levine, President of Teachers College, Columbia University observes that "Common Fire is a towering achievement. It is the most creative and insightful work I have ever read on how people develop social responsibility and lives of commitment. It is must reading for all educators, whether in schools, families, government, churches, or non profit organizations." What in the world will we do... One response might be, "If we don't know where we are going, any map will do." I have seen many people follow that advice in their lives and be very lost in many endeavors. In similar geographic confusion, many years ago the famous biologist, Garret Hardin, wrote eloquently about tragedies on the commons, but in many discussions we had with him, while a group of us organized COPE, the first national Conference On Population and the Environment (Chicago, 1970), the guardian provided few lessons of positive, read optimistic, action to indeed create a sense of planetary commons. The Dalozes-Keens Quartet challenge those who would lead "lives of commitment in a complex world" to transcend traditional individualism and take the best of "courage" to realize "A Responsible Imagination."

I share so many of the commitments of the authors of *Common Fire* that I would like to help create an experimental synthesis of their text, with 12 to 15 other students, be they graduate students at TC and affiliated institutions and/or Columbia staff and faculty, and any collection of public scholars we may entice into our midst. An earlier work, *HABITS OF THE HEART*, by Bellah and associates, outlined some of our pathology, but provided little direction toward treatment. The *Common Fire* Quartet give us an extensive epilogue, with minute tissue analysis of twelve sectors (household--children, youths and family; schools, higher education; the professions and professional education; religion; arts and media public policy; business; nonprofit organizations; the health and therapeutic community; foundations and philanthropy; and you--I substitute "us", the reader(s)...I add the "s" because I wish this to be a communing experience. With the cases they cite from their population of 100 committed, compassionate persons, they provide a

great deal of healthy bio-chemistry. This is in glorious contrast to the constant confrontation we suffer of social pathology and this is undoubtedly in part what Goleman and Levine appreciate in common fire. Even so, I fault our four healthy riders for scant attention to gender and equity issues, population and ecology, ethnicity and peace, but that observed, I believe they have done a masterful and mistressful stewardship. Repeatedly, they challenge us to find "What can be done to encourage this kind of citizenship to meet the challenges of the twenty-first century?" I and many others are not waiting, we are taking this pilgrimage daily, now, and we would share the trials and trails...

With virtually equal enthusiasm for this new book to that of Levine, Daniel Goleman, author of *EMOTIONAL INTELLIGENCE*, observes "[CF] is a perceptive, groundbreaking analysis of inspired lives, adding to our understanding of skilled compassion, committed citizenry, and lives lived in alignment with a deeper purpose. This is a guidebook for the soul." Elsewhere, we can read about the care of the soul...but soulfulness is rarely, I observe, an integral part of our curricula. Piet Hein, a Danish poet, wrote in 1960 that "we are global citizens, with tribal souls. This intrigued me for several years, but recently I decided that perhaps Hein is wrong... What happens if we are global citizens, with universal souls? We have, at least, to revise much of our thinking about tribalism... Since the mid-1950s when I was practically drowned in tribalism and tribalistic anthropology at the London School of Economics, I have been highly suspicious of folk medical men (people) and their treatments. With considerable disrespect for traditional anthropology, I find we need post-tribalism. Moynihan, in his *PANDAEMINIUM* (1994?) observed we need to make the world safe for and from ethnicity.

Given the opportunity to moderate a TC seminar on common fire, I would strongly question much of what the CF authors observe about tribalism, constructively. In a TC CF Seminar, I would want to explore, dissect, reconstruct and transcend the epilogic analyses of a dozen topics (listed above) of the Dalozes and Keens, first and foremost in terms of what this analysis means, now, in all of our individual lives... Then, I would like to lead, moderate and participate in at least seven weeks of serious scrutiny, of CF's seven pillars of study, self-containing ourselves to each topic as completely as possible along the way.

I want to lead this seminar to share with educational colleagues a fascinating international career while attempting to open windows and doors, opportunities and networks to younger scholars. What is "in it" for our seminarians is an exposure to

a world of international academic, foundation and governmental experience and relationships. What is in it for me is an opportunity to test out my tentative statements from a variety of PCs... I am currently a student of planetary culture, planetary commons, planetary curricula, peace council, peace counsel, personal constraint, and the ultimate PC, personal commitment.

To my great personal satisfaction and amusement, I have recently completed a superb sequel to Fulghum's ALL I NEED TO KNOW I LEARNED IN KINDERGARTEN, under the title of I WAS A KINDER GARDEN DROP OUT! I work in the arena of lifelong education... Currently, both my imagination and knowledge are focusing upon THE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER! and I have approximately 100 pages of text and testing on that...

I would propose scant required reading and tomes and tomes and tomes of suggested reading spanning ages, civilizations and schools. We might even have to visit OZ to learn anew the importance of home to Dorothy and to see ET to appreciate anew his pointing to a distant light in the night sky and his uttering "home." A recent book on Thoreau details his efforts to feel at home on Earth...The authors of common fire not only want to assist us in feeling at home, they want to invite us to gather around a common, comforting "fire."

Just being a part of the proposed CF Seminar at Teachers College would please me, by giving me a part of the give and take of "education" in the most renowned institution of international teacher training and research. I bewail the serious lack of connection our training institutions have to the United Nations System, to the loss of both and I would like to be part and parcel of TC's efforts to revitalize its programs of international education.

I do not, at present, know exactly what I would like to name a TC seminar on common fire, but my inclinations are PC: Planetary Commons and Personal Commitment. I would expect each student to be responsible for moderating a session, given 14 students they might pair up to monitor the 7 sessions on the central chapters of CF. The initial 2-3 weeks of the seminar and the concluding sessions would be my response-ability. Further, I would expect term papers of approximately 20-30 pages analyzing a prime issue of the student's choice in the contexts of CF. Further, further, I would request at the end of the seminar a 3-5 page paper on how the text and discussions have influenced the student's perception of "lives of commitment in a complex world," vis a vis her/his own life.

unzipped...

UN ZIPPED!

THE UNITED NATIONS
UN PLAZA
10017

ZAP! I would not have thought of the unzipping or UN ZIPPING on the last lines of this text and I would not have thought of UN ZIPPED! to close or to fasten. I had thought of unzoned and UN ZONED, because one of the major additions to silent songs of our lips and language is the concept and rare reality of ZONES OF PEACE. However, let us use the zipper to close and open our final deliberations in this volume. The zipper suggests that we can go backwards and forwards, up and down, around the edge of the bag and baggage and in and out of our designs.

We must

I believe, have open options in all of the UN WORDS we contemplate and act upon. Thus, we shall perhaps find that we are not zapped, in common jargon, but that we will zip into new codes for sending our communications and we will not the zipping of those who make their thoughts and acts known to us.

I am now at THE END, of the first volume of ÷unlimited editions÷ THE UN PHILOSOPHER! "inky" and "in key..." My next effort will be to write beyond UN WORDS, sum paragraphs and pages of reflections of what and how ecology, education, equity, poverty, prosperity, participation (population), Peace Poetry, and image, identity, imagination, international and interspecies cooperation, culture, and creativity mean to me in all the years and years of my United Nations service and beyond.

Liv, Luv, David Inkey

UN ZONED! AN EPIPHANY

A

P E A C E M A K E R S '

P I E C E

"Septimal sonnets"

by

d a v i d i n k e y

A PEACE, OF BREAD

When? When my Soul searches silently its nectar and nest,
My Mind meanders meaninglessly for meager merit--
My Body bargains bravely for bread...

Why? Why, why? Your Blood is my wine vinegar...
Your Body is my wafered host...
Your Spirit is my mystery...

Where? Where? Where wanton wars worry our witless weal,
Weariness and wisdom will our worship.
Willfulness wilts wondrously into Your Will...

How? How, how? Hunger haunts Our Baker's Booth...
Our Awe answers ageless angst, "A Peace, of Bread."

Gracefilled, please give me a peace, of bread!

[Today, today, today? It is "Sabado de Gloria," Glorious
Saturday of Redemption...
There is no Holier Communion than awaiting Christ's return,
From Hell!]

David Inkey,

Easter Saturday, 1996...

a penny's ransom... a cent's worth?

tomorrow's violets already blossom in my dreams,

today's violets fragrantly color my lawn purple and white,
We, shy beings, dodge the Mower with mute delight...

yesterday's violets, bunched in the child's fist, sold for a cent,
our English neighbor ransomed their scent

was it Aprils' Folly or May's Daze?

Mrs. McCaig had a party and filled her tables with God's violets:
innocently, I sold away five great bouquets,
five pennies built my first fortune...

repentant now, my fortune is shared at no "cost..."
an opened fist is not a fist, it is a welcoming sign...
oh, now three score years on, I tax my tears,
I muse my memory, I grasp a fragile glimpse of glory,

as I plant impatiens, I pray for patience:
did I rob my neighbor or did She free my senses?

tomorrow, lilacs will bloom in my bower:
will you travel with me across all the memories of their loveliness?
Alice, caught in Moscow's murk shares with me their delight...

Love from Love

Caroline is my child-ness twin,
 ever a support to my bets... and to win.
Our minds are stripped by great ills,
 while cherished memories fill our wills.

Love is the question, too severe?
 Love is our answer, to revere!
Now, age takes from us all its toll,
 yet, God forever gives to each our goal.

David Inkey,

Easter 1995

each cobbler's task

I heard The Cobbler say, "You have a hole in your soul."
I cried mutely my reply,
"It is the holiness of my soul that is most whole..."

A simple cobbler offered to replace my *soul*...
Speechless, blind, deaf and not tasting nor able to scent,
I groped to touch my inner being...
A rustic artisan seized my worn-out shoe and shouted forth his bargain.
My unsuspecting sister/brother refurbished some outer pride.

Can you help me see through the wholes and holes of our daily lives...
Can you, my sister/brother, understand what we cannot even spell,
see, hear, smell, taste and touch?

David Inkey

Ever.....

sacred flight!

the Cactus Gardener always teases, (yet)

i gift you with succulents, it isn't only the cacti who stick together...

yesterday's Old Dove, The Holy Spirit long rested on the sunroom's southern sill,
lifts, lifts Her/His scarred, wounded wing and silently sings, of Love...

the Potter's labor of Love, my lonely-lovely *paloma de la paz*, now carries renewed
life...

would that all Love might wing so willingly our wonts...

this is my co-creation, this is God's sacred flight!

an unfinished poem of 8 may 1996... 1:44 a.m.

R. I. P.

Remember that dark day Geoffrey cleared the clouds from Everest?
That was our sunlit surprise...

Imagine anew the Infant's first smile,
And know that today's torment is tomorrow's triumph!

Practice peace and prayer's patience,
Don't let WORK AND REST nym WAR...

God, (For Our sake) let me be an instrument of peace...
Work is a part of my worship,
(AR)REST ME, in simple reward...

The pious soul will query, "When does the service begin?"
Penitently, I reply, "After the worship!"

David Inkey

YESTERDAY'S LOVE!

Did we lose yesterday's love at sunset,
or did it disappear in the darkness of my restless night...
No starry splendor ripped through the cloudy confusion of night's neglect,
we forgot we needed each other's smile to bring dawn's delight...

Today you have gone away, today you have gone away.
Today I am here--by myself--crowded by memories I hold dear...
Tomorrow, tomorrow and tomorrow, just another day?
You asked me to stay, yet we both have gone astray...

Dear child of my being, I asked you to be more clear...
And here!
I see yesterday's dream floating down, down, down our stream...
I boast that yesterday's love is better than no love at all...

May 5, 1996

THE DAZE OF OUR LIVES...

As Lives go Out and Lives come In...
Just, almost like Great Tides...

"Fast falls Our Even-Tide..."
Let us see EVIL turned to LIVE..

Falling Angels, we see other Angles...

Reverse our overtried DEVIL...
Bedeviled?
BE LIVED!

Satan restor(i)ed is Santa...

PRAY, let us Live all the Daze of our Lives...

december 16, 2031

I am neither a Machiavellian nor a Member of The United States Congress, such as Gingrich, with directions for THE PRINCE or CONTRACT WITH AMERICA. My opus is far more encompassing, with the entire planet, planetary culture and personal commitment...

THE CONTRACT, WITH THE WORLD!

FIRST DRAFT

by david inkey, 1995

THE CONTRACT, WITH THE WORLD! by david inkey, 1995

Let us start with the population "problem" which bothers so many people, including me... I was (am) one of the pioneers of population education, I invented the terminology... a virtual guru of the theme from 1961 till at least 1991... And

If I could express one wish for THE CONTRACT, WITH THE WORLD! and only

Dear Kathleen,

CONTRACT WITH THE WORLD!

Thank you so very much for your joys of Joyce reply to my ramblings and pilgrimage... You are so recent to the Society for Values in Higher Education that I suppose you never had the pleasure of knowing KIB. He, also, appreciated my playfulness with words. KIB was paternalistic with many, many, many of the Danforth Fellows, but with me he was avuncular... I was in some awe of his administrative ability linked to enormous kindness and he was in awe of my dedication, concern and concentration. He was appalled by my merciless dismissal of opponents. He was so much a Baptist that he had the greatest difficulty understanding how I spanned Quakerism and the Anglican World. He coined the best religious practice phrase for me that has ever been put into circulation, he

called me a Quaking Anglican. (Little import that I was recovering from having a priestly father, a priestly grandfather and a priestly great-grandfather, plus 4 collared anglican great uncles!) Anyway, he was stunned by my cruelty in getting rid of enemies and he once suggested that I must have many of them. I said, "Oh, no. I don't have any." He asked how was this, and I replied that I did not recognize their existence... KIB then identified me as a murderer and I had to plead guilty. I was a most pious Christian in those years so many years ago... I was old then and now I am young. When I was "old" I wanted to create a CONTRACT WITH THE WORLD! but I could not define the parameters. Now that I am enjoying the processes of re-membering, membering, and pre-membering, I find that there are innumerable parameters, but WE CAN WITH DEDICATION AND COMPASSION identify the parameters, the contents, the contented, and containment.

Let us start with the population "problem" which bothers so many people, including me... I was (am) one of the pioneers of population education, a virtual guru of the theme from 1961 till at least 1991... And while many are in a state of dismay that we entered this century with some 1.5 billion human being and will exit on 31 December 1999 with some 6.3 billions, I am alone to the best of my knowledge in identifying this demographic change, not as a population explosion, but as a statistical measure of what I happily call THE HEALTH CENTURY. We have learned better than ever before in all our life experience (I try to avoid the word his-story.) that we can fairly easily lengthen lifespan and can increase our numbers. We have scarcely begun to adapt creatively the belief that EVERY CHILD BE A WANTED CHILD...

If I could express one wish for THE CONTRACT WITH THE WORLD! and only one, I believe I would insist that every child be a wanted child and that by extension, every person would be a wanted person. In the late 1980s at the UNICEF Executive Board, an African woman delegate speaking for a teen-aged girl refugee asked or even wailed, "Why did you save my life?" She explained that the child had lost family, health, home, education, work, meaning--everything but life itself and thus, of what value was life. This deeply troubled many who felt that in no trite manner, where there is life there is hope... For a decade from 1981 through 1991, I was the most vocal proponent that the children's organization of the United Nations should be responsible for life rather than being afraid of those who propounded pro-life values...

My CONTRACT WITH THE WORLD! insists that the United Nations System, even in its loosely related behaviour and its weakness of program and prospect, is the framework, the essential skeleton of the new world ordering so many speak of...and that that

ordering (not order) commenced on 24 October 1945, not on 11 September 1991 when George Bush proclaimed such a theme in the halls of congress, instead of in the corridors and conference rooms of the world's most comprehensive healing community.

My CONTRACT would insist that what little the U N has done for gender equity is unequalled in most other fora, still too much in word and not yet sufficiently in daily reality... THE CONTRACT would regale all listeners with the history (experience) of ridding the world of the scourge of smallpox and of the imminent demise of polio... We would "contract" ourselves with delight that during the U N Water Decade, some 1.5 billion beings achieved access to safer drinking water. Our contractors would also be immodest that they have assisted the unlettered and unnumbered to spell and count in advance of growing numbers... More illiterates populate the world than ever before, but a smaller percentage of the world's citizens are illiterate than ever... Human Rights may through the efforts of the U N System, with the help of many others, become humane rights... "Health For All," "Education For All," and human rights for all may be the monumental triumphs of our efforts, not in the short fifty years we have seen of the UN, but perhaps in half a hundred years more.

I don't know how many contractors we need to establish a credible CONTRACT, but I would be derelict if I did not warn you that we are currently understaffed. In the professional and general service ranks of the entire U N System, not counting the temporary "peacekeepers" who serve all of us in the increasingly difficult ethnic conflicts, amount to only a scant 50,000. This figure weighs in at less than one person for every 100, 000 beings among us and what does all the work of the System cost us... In 1992, the total expenditure of the UN, including peacekeeping, was in the order of ten billion dollars, a pauper's prorated one dollar and ninety cents, globally. Somebody in the bureau of the budget does not know how to balance common cents with common sense...

My CONTRACT follows some of the logic and faith of Gandhi, who observed that we must be the change we wish to see in the world. It follows some of the poetry of Hein, a Dane--even a prince with words--who feels "we are global citizens with tribal souls." It follows some of the shame of Thomas Mann who observed, "war is only a cowardly escape from the problems of peace."

Language constrains us and language frees us... Prejudice cripples our spirits and our actions... Why did I have to be a part of the Congress of Racial Equality in 1953, a year before Brown and a decade before Selma, working on movie house integration in Washington, D. C. My CONTRACT was based on the premise I learned from earliest

childhood, that all "men" are created equal... Some believed that a war called "civil" had resolved much of the anguish in our sub-racial behaviour, but I have yet to see or study a war that I believe to be "civil."

Havel, the playwright politician of Easter Europe, is one of our finest diplomats in millennial politics, especially when he pleads for the civil society. If I could meet one national leader in the world today, Vaclav Havel would be my first choice. Several years ago a school admissions officer played games with my son, asking whom he would invite to dinner if he could invite three or four people from anytime in history. Win replied avidly that he would invite the next president of the United States, the first black president of South Africa, and the King of Nepal. The school official smiled and replied, I understand the first two, but why the King of Nepal. Win then explained that he had just met the King and had learned much about the non-aligned movement. He said that Birendra would be able to teach both of the others a great deal about international affairs. Win was not admitted to that school and we told him why: You didn't invite the first woman president of the United States. Our CONTRACT must be diversified!

My CONTRACT would cement peace in the world by shipping boatloads of cement to all the warring groups of the world so that they could build peace plazas and peace playgrounds... And then, I would visit as many of these constructions as I could and announce blithely "You workers have indeed cemented peace in this community." (When I proposed this idea to the Director of Program Planning in Unicef in the last month of my service as Unesco Advisor to Unicef, in answer to his question of what UNICEF should do at the end of the "civil" war in El Salvador, I was informed that they could not do it... They would have to rebuild schools and clinics before making plazas and playgrounds. I cried dry tears into the reservoir of my soul because I knew that my audience placed greater priority on bureaucracy than symbolic and real sweat-equity... The symbol and reality of participation was lost in the ending of that Central American conflict, a conflict I had watched from my first arrival in El Salvador in 1961, just a weak weak after my country had invaded the Bay of Pigs... Thirty years was to me half a lifetime and in those three decades some of my initial work on population, ecology, and family planning had prospered so that half the couples in reproductive years used modern contraceptives whereas a scant thirty years earlier less than five percent of that population did so.

How did the Salvadoran Demographic Association become so successful while many other programs of social innovation failed? We followed the lessons of Jonathan Garst, one of the three great agricultural innovators of the United States in the 20th Century (Henry Wallace and Roswell Garst were the other two hybrid corn specialists who filled our

bread basket and larders.) Jonathan told us never to counter the established church and instructed us to remember what the Roman Catholic hierarchy had done about usury: Had just found it convenient to forget about it! We embarked upon a program of family planning that depended almost entirely upon pleased patrons for the education of others... I could write many pages from El Salvador, but it behooves others to do so...those who did more in subsequent service than I did... THE CONTRACT would allow and encourage an ethic that the people count! and that we must count the people. And, we would want to know that the people know they count... Earth Day in the United States began in 1970, but we were using the word "ecology" in Central America as early as 1963. John Gordon, an emeritus professor of epidemiology from Harvard became our eco-guru and I innocently adopted him along with Jonathan to be two extra grandfathers.

My CONTRACT would make available mentors to the unmentored. Mentoring is a magical spell and is not applied by any prescriptions we know, but the good medicine should be available. In academic study, mentors must also be available, those professors who are not so thoroughly possessed of their intelligence that they forget their humanity. In Academia, I probably was privileged to know two of these types, one whom I have lost in contact and whom I never had the opportunity to thank. The other, the great social psychologist and the greater humane being, Gordon Allport, cared for me in terms of what I was interested in doing, not in terms of what he would have me do... I think, in this, he gave me the greatest gift that any teacher, other than my parents, ever gave me... In his dying days, I was prevented from going to his home because I was not confident enough that he would appreciate a visit and I did not know Mrs. Allport. However, when he was approaching the very end of his life, Gordon went to the Mount Holyoke Clinic at Harvard and Dan, the old Social Relations maintenance man told me that my friend Dr. Allport was in the clinic and I might go see him.... On the eve of my departure for fieldwork in Colombia, on population education, I went to the Brattle Florist to buy four carnations for my old professor. Candy in hospitals is only for the orderlies and nurses, I know for I had been an orderly in two of my undergraduate years. Books are for family to throw away after the death... Fruit would not be on the patient's diet and would rot before the death. Flowers it had to be and in the sixties, it seemed to me that red carnations would be the only flowers one man could present to another. Allport's room looked like a flower shop and Gordon cried when he saw me through the open door, he cried wet tears and he cried out, "David, you are my only graduate student to come and see me." He queried my every enthusiasm for being a junior faculty member and for working on population education in Latin America. He extracted a promise that I would visit him immediately on my return from Colombia and we both knew that he would be dead... He sent me a post card the next day thanking for the flowers and telling me

that in the 1920s red carnations were the only flowers a man could give to another man... He died a week after I got to Cali--that was before Cali had a drug cartel... THE CONTRACT WITH THE WORLD! would teach contractors the language of flowers and the importance of giving floral spears for Valentines, so the branches of forsythia can pierce hearts with love, FOR GOD'S SAKE!

My CONTRACT would have no problem saying for God's sake...and for however many non-believers there might be in my congregation, there would be more than enough excuses and explanations... I would explain that my God is an essence that comes from the Garden Of Dreams, g.o.d. is a spirit that is a part of my spirit, just as in Nepali one says a greeting and a farewell, identical speech, NAMASTE, to salute and to take leave of the God in the other person... And, my friend Bill explains to me, "David, you know all those Hindus are Quakers at heart." My CONTRACT would not be ashamed to celebrate diversity. THE CONTRACT WITH THE WORLD! would be based on the belief and practice that diversity is necessary to well-being.

Toys are important to stimulating our imaginations and toys sometimes become our icons. I would insist that some of our contractors, if not all, be iconologists. From my bad years, I know how easy it is to be an iconoclast. From my good years, I increasingly understand how subtle it is and how essential it is to be an iconologist. An iconologist is an artist, a scholar, a lover of the symbols, statues, and syntheses of others and of ourselves... With 6 billion people peeking into the Third Millennium of Our Common Era, we should have no dearth of icons and we may have the same problematique with iconology that we have with the information revolution, apparently too much, deluge... Each person, family, community, state, nation, region and global system will need to enshrine its icons and hopefully we will share the study of the subject... I delight in being the self-declared United Nations Iconologist. In 1993 I had the pleasure of giving a special tour of my fourteen favorite icons at and in the United Nations Headquarters, all peace objects or essentially related to peace issues. THE CONTRACT WITH THE WORLD! would encourage each being to create or adopt an icon akin to the totems used in many tribal societies. My icon is THE ANSWER MARK...the eight rayed asterisk. Of course, I would have to explain carefully that answer marks are neither panaceas nor charades in every day life, answer marks are quests and benchmarks in pilgrimage.

In our contemporary world, I am deeply troubled by the apathy of so many people I know. Apathy is probably a greater problem in development than opposition. THE CONTRACT WITH THE WORLD! would ask all contractors to befriend an apathetic should and attempt to share some joy with the other. We would be encouraged to share not only our

sorrows which usually seem so easy to communicate,--except when grief is beyond words and even then tears, gloom, and pallor express our sadness--but joy too frequently arouses envy.

THE CONTRACT WITH THE WORLD! would encourage all to identify something or some idea that they can explain to others and, more importantly, to identify something or some idea that they can learn, and want to learn, from another. My wife and I have delighted beyond description in the learning we have had, sharing the computer world with our now 23 and 21 year olds. Our children have similarly delighted in the myriad ways that we have descholasticized education for them in their extenuated, learning disabilities' constrained endeavors.

THE CONTRACT WITH THE WORLD! would restructure sovereignty so completely that established sovereigns would be unrecognizable. The United Nations Security Council has already done the autopsy and written the "death warrant" on traditional sovereignty. On April 5, 1991 with the passing of Resolution 688 the Security Council gave the United States power to go in and protect the Kurds in Iraq, violating the traditional sovereignty of Iraq. When I called this to the attention the ambassador of one of the member states with a seat on the Council at that time, the ambassador chided me, saying that perhaps it was not a death warrant but that indeed sovereignty had been ailing for a long time. THE CONTRACT WITH THE WORLD! would include a chapter on the geriatric condition of the patient, born in 1648 in Westphalia and died in New York in 1991...

THE CONTRACT WITH THE WORLD! would ask all the first spouses of the world to do something direct, dramatic, dynamic and immediate and long-lasting for gender equity in labor and education. At the memorial service for the late James Grant, Executive Director of Unicef from 1980 till early in 1995, I had the opportunity to congratulate Mrs. Clinton on the recent act of President Clinton, to have Ambassador Albright sign for the United States the Convention on the Rights of the Child. (This is simply a signature and is far, far removed from Congressional ratification required for a nation to truly be a participant in a convention.) Hillary appreciated the compliment which I used simply to challenge her to now do something for girls and women. Little did I know or suspect that she was already packing for her Asian pilgrimage wherein she and Chelsea have done much to call media attention to the status of women in many countries. THE CONTRACT WITH THE WORLD! would include a chapter on the ecological importance of Tiger Tops and Royal Chitwan National Park in Nepal, but the chapter would not rank ahead of women and girls' education, though alphabetically women may come after tigers! Maybe the

balance will be when women can assert their alienated rights in something of a tigerous fashion.

Street children are, I believe, as traumatized as are children of war. THE CONTRACT WITH THE WORLD! would borrow from Moynihan's recent PANDAEMONIUM and announce to all that we must make the world safe for and from ethnicity. Lyrically, we already know that we have to be carefully taught to hate and we may or may not know that 1995 is the U N Year for Tolerance. Contractors will be asked, "What have you done for tolerance recently?" Further, contractors might draw maps and games and graphs of ideas beyond tolerance. How does one exploit our fascination with the exotic and construct that delight into the promotion of xenophilia? How might contractors persuade editors to include "xenophilia" into every dictionary they produce?

THE CONTRACT WITH THE WORLD! will have a few chapters on irony and fun and fantasy. Contractors will recruit writers to explain how we have many commissions on the importance of peacekeeping in outer space and we are miserable offenders in promoting peace in inner space. THE CONTRACT will need to explain the three dimensions of peace that we currently have mapped, the inner, individual peace; the collective, communal peace; and the global, security minded peace. Contractors will have to develop an application of, by and for the adage, "let there be peace, and let it start with me." Contractors may benefit from the early lesson I learned from my mentor Jonathan (Garst). Garst early recognized that my exuberant spirit would get me in trouble sooner or later and that he had an antidote for the poisons that would be poured upon me or thrown at me. Jonathan instructed me to say: I am not the champion lost causes, I am a champion of causes that have not yet been won. Jonathan, most explicitly, warned me never, never, never to say "the champion." Jonathan had his doctorate in Geography, not Psychology...but he was one of the best psychologists I have ever known.

Geography teaches us a sense of place and THE CONTRACT should have at least 8 continents to help us establish ourselves, Africa, Antarctica, Asia, Australia, Europe, Imagination, North America and South America. Just as Tommy Jefferson said to himself and his closest friends and enemies, "everyman (person) has two countries, France and his own," we must analogously declare that we are from two continents, that of Imagination and our own. This brings me to education for THE CONTRACT! I want the education to be as fully unbiased as possible on this geosphere and in order achieve the greatest openness of inquiry, action, and result, I have decided to found a university and to see it through the toughest stages of its infancy I have declared myself the President there. I came to this creative act for a second reason, as well, a great deal of

cooperation with the International Association of University Presidents also made me feel a certain credential gap which I needed to remedy. Because Deep Springs College in California did not want me as its President for the early 1990s, and I had no other "in" to university or college direction, I created the Antarctic University, with the acronym AU (pronounce awe). This is immediately an exceptionally successful and optimistic institution, enrolling millions of penguins, skuas, whales, and other biobeings as well as a few humans. All the students and faculty look up, in dramatic contrast to the pessimists at the University of the Arctic where all heads are cast downwards. THE CONTRACT! depends upon penetrating perception and optimistic organisms. (Dropouts and wait-listed students from Clown College are automatically granted admission to A.U. and we are currently studying the possibility of including all Clown College applicants who achieve at least the interview stage in the admissions process. Clowns, we believe, are the most creative, sensitive divergents we have identified as a category--though we do not promote categorical thinking.

The United Nations needs and has needed for some years a training college for staff in situ and from which staff might be recruited. As a student of the United Nations System for half a hundred years it is difficult for me to understand why, how and wherefore the System avoided creating such an institution and straight out failed to adapt or adopt any existing institution to meet this need. THE CONTRACT! would need to have contractors to assess recruitment and retainment for the privileged practice of being an INTERNATIONAL CIVIL SERVANT. The "body" or being has to be inclined toward the international; s/he needs to 'feel' and be civil; and s/he needs to be a willing servant without being servile. I once, and only once was enough, described my liaison job in the United Nations as something of a bridge between two organizations. My respondent said, "Oh, David! You know what a bridge is for, it is for walking on..." THE CONTRACT! would need be explicit that servants need not be servile, but they must be international and civil.

To here, I have written in free association, with no looking back at what I have written. I have frequently taken one word or idea from a paragraph and constructed it into the following paragraph. Because of my innocence in the computer age I have not tried to cut and paste and at this stage of writing of THE CONTRACT, I do not want to edit...style, content, expression and/or structure. It is late and I am tired. This is enough for tonight, goodnight..

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UN USED

unwords

unadvisable unannounced
unassisted unassembled
unasked unanticipated
unauthorized unappreciated
unacknowledged unapologetic unacquainted unaccountable
unavailable unachievable unacclaimed unapproved
unassumed unamused unassigned unadjusted
unattributed unappeased unavailable unaccountable
unaccessible unanswerable unattractive unactivated
unaccommodating unastounding unacceptable unashamed
unabashed unawarded unaccredited

unbelievable
unbroken unbelieving
unbecoming unbound

uncritical uncopied unclaimed
unconsecrated
uncommitted unconventional
uncoordinated unconscious
unconscionable uncovered
unclothed uncounted uncaring
unconnected uncouth

undescribable

undesigned undreamt undamaged
undesigned undefined
undiscriminating undetermined undated

unexposed unearned
unexplained uneventful
unethical unexciting
unenlightened unexperienced
unequal unexpected
unexpressed unemployed

unfed unflagging unfair unfunded
unfounded unfitting
unfailing unfriendly
unfounded unfit

unfaithfully unflinching unfulfilling
unfinished unfolded
unforgettable unfeeling

ungrateful
unguided
ungovernable
ungracious
ungainly
unguided

unhappy
unhanded
unhoused
unholy
unhelpful

uninstructed
unintended
unimagined
unimaginable
unidentified
uninspired
uninhabited
uninhabitable
uninterested
uninvited

unjoined
unjustified
unjustifiable
unjudged

unkind
unknowable

unlikely
unlisted
unlined
unloved
unlaughable
unlikable
unlimited
unlawful

unmindful
unmitigated
unmeasured
unmentioned

unnecessary

unofficial

unopened unoccupied unopposed

unpatriotic unpolluted

unprovided unpleasant unpopular unpaid

unplanned unpopulated unprincipled unprotected

unquestioned unquestionable

unquantified unqueried

unquoted unquieting

unrelentlessly unreliable

unruly unruled

unrolled unrestricted

unrepresented unresolved

unrepentant unrelated.

unrooted

unspoken unsaid unseemly unseen unseeing unsightly

unsavory unsolved unspent, unsound unsettled unsuitable

unspoiled unscheduled unsightly unstinting

unsigned unsustainable unsuspected unsmiling

unsought unstudied unstinting unsophisticated

unsupported unsympathetic

untaxed untamed unthinkable untouched

untold untrained untried untied

untrusted untrusting untrue

unuse unvexed unveiled unviable unvented unviewed unvisited

unworkable unwanted unwise unworkable
unwarily unwritten unwelcome unworshipped
unwarranted unworried unworldly unwound
unwounded unworkable unwily unwilling
unwatered

un-x-citing un-x-pected unexplained

unyoked unyarded

unzoned

if you do not disagree with many many of my thoughts, we can multiply the numbers of united nations philosophers. if you disagree, you have already multiplied the number... i joined the united nations because i saw several small arena in which i could speak and serve the treasured tests of fairness. i want no one to be hungry, cold, homeless, ill-clothed, ill-treated, and unlettered and unnumbered. there will be no fairness for one until there is fairness for all, just as there is no freedom for one when there is no freedom for all.

we can build as many universes in our minds as our imaginations stretch to. the task of the experimental scientist is to see what is and to tell us which of these possible universes we actually inhabit... the task of the reformed anthropologist is to create possible cultures...to tell us what could be. this is all speculation of course, merely dreams in any given moment, but dreams are the building stuff of all possibility whensoever and wheresoever we will to build universes, in our basements or attics, in our caves of personal secrecy or in our cloud castles of crescendoed, compassionate cooperation, within the lifetime of anyone past, present or future.... we cannot yet answer the ultimate questions, but we can deliberate the questions intelligently. we might be on the right track or the left track, on both tracks, or wandering in a magnificent wilderness yet untracked...

WIT AND WISDOM are the syllabus of The UN Philosopher!

while laughter and tears, those twin masks of classic, sacred drama, are the revealed response to the final examination of my life sentence, i believe Love is the Don Quixotic Prerequisite to win a death sentence.

for einstein, the most incomprehensible thing about the universe is its comprehensibility. i complain theologians want to be engineers.... and philosophers have for too long wanted to be kings.... i aspire to be a cosmic comic.

Back Cover

I believe we live in ONE WORLD of AWE, anguish and absurdity, belief, beauty, and banality with boredom, CREATIVITY, compassion, and crassness, devotion, desire, and doubt, enthusiasm, energy and education, faith, fear and frivolity, goodness, greed and grace, HUMOR, hating and happiness, IMAGINATION, ignorance and insight, JOY, jealousy and juxtaposition, kindness, knowledge and kneading, being needed and kneeling, LOVE, loneliness and lust, meaning, meanness, and meingness, mirth, need, nurture and nobility, OPTIMISM, opposition and opportunity, pessimism, poverty and PROMISE, query, quest and quarreling, rest, rancor and relief, summing and summitry, study, stupidity stubbornness and serendipity, trust, terror and timidity, union, universalism, and usefulness, vision, vice, and vivacity, wonder, worry and weariness, WIT and wisdom, X-CITEMENT, x-haustion, and x-actitude, yearning, youthfulness and YEARNING, zeal, zealotry and ZANYNESS. We enjoy or we fail to enjoy living on Planet Earth, the only body in our universe that we know sustains LIFE... LIFENESS is the relation of all beings one to another... ever, still, yet, since, yearning...

THE U N PHILOSOPHER!

WITH

A TALE OF ONE HUNDRED AND ONE UNWORDS

SOMETHING BY DAVID INKEY

**I am not the champion of lost causes,
I am a champion of causes that have yet been won.**

FILOSOFIC FILIBUSTERING:

Unofficial thoughts by an unauthorized international civil servant, who unconsciously and unrelentlessly subscribes to the belief that Optimism is unfailingly better medicine than pessimism and who unapologetically supports the contentious contemporary consideration that unawareness is a deadly sin, unbelief is moribund bad manners, and uncaring is unmitigated rudeness to an undescribable degree. Uncounted pyromaniacs should burn this document before attempting to read it. Unsuspecting readers may evolve to the status of being UN Suspecting literates while unenlightened critics may conclude that we should all seek both the virtues of enlightenment and UN Enlightenment. The unadjusted and unjust constraints of our condition will evolve to UN Just consideration of the post-momentous study, OUR COMMON FUTURE. If this quite lesser study of unwarranted severity, THE UN PHILOSOPHER!, is too unusual for you and your associates, consider changing colleagues. Please do not do the unthinkable and think there are unkind, unmindful, unneeded and untried, unintended analogies. I seek your unstinting support of the work and wonders of UN Imaginative inventory.

Complaints may be registered with me and are both UN Welcomed and welcomed. Please also inscribe an occasional congratulations!

David Inkey
Racc Ridge
Cos Cob, CT. 06807

Interested parities, as well as parties, may also wish to become founding and equally floundering members of the new, ultra-egalitarian center of global studies (note NEW COGS), which I have had to establish because no one else has taken upon herself/himself to create a university whose very acronym resounds "awe." AU, Antarctic University, is an interspecies institute for the study of Gaia Culture here on Earth and of comparative planetology. By Charter, all participants are Optimists, forever looking up and always, in all ways, sharing interspecies perspectives on TLC, The Learning Continuum, and on traditional tlc, tender loving care.

CHAPTER ONE

BETWEEN 1269 BC AND 2031 AD

Once upon a time, long, long ago and far, far away two great leaders met to dedicate themselves and their peoples to Peace. For many centuries their treaty was lost in time, but in 1906 AD their Icon of Peace was discovered just where neglect of their aspirations had laid it to waste. Now, we moderns and emergent post-moderns searching for Peace have their untranslated, cold copper cuneiform relic ritually juxtaposed on the wall opposite our Security Council in The UN Headquarters.

Once upon a time, not so very long ago and only a short way away, fifty nations sent their best and almost best diplomats to meet together and to commit their national sovereignties and peoples to Peace. The first meeting referred to took place in Asia Minor in the 1269 BC, not allowing for any calendric adjustments between then and now. The second conference was held in San Francisco, California, judiciously chosen for its distance from seats of traditional political power. For three thousand two hundred and fourteen years leaders and peoples fought for Peace, or so they believed! In the spring of 1945 many leaders from the winning nations conferred in the specially selected Pacific City (PC?) and drafted THE CHARTER OF THE UNITED NATIONS, a document which was to become one of seven icons that I consider fifty years later to be the essential for United Nations literacy at the close of the Second Millennium of Our Common Era. That a city named after a Peaceful saint was chosen held uncalculated importance for the nascent New World Order(ing) soon to be caught again in war, the costliest and coldest war in the human experience.

I am a child of the Twentieth Century, so I am not well versed in what the Pharaoh Rames II of the Egyptians and the Emperor Hattusilis of those Hittites believed they and their peoples would be able accomplish in their now ancient times, beyond the scope of my time travel. When the supposed 'winners' of World War II created The United Nations System, I committed myself with clear conscience and consecrated confidence to Peacefare. In 1945, my fourteenth year, I hoped that I might work for the next eighty six years in the New World Order(ing). I set a centenary agenda so that in 2031 AD I could be a celebrant in THE GLOBAL PEACE FAIR: The 3300th Anniversary of The First Peace Treaty!

CHAPTER TWO

a b c

Half an hundred years ago, I could have written a philosophic treatise on alphabets, but no one granted me the literary license I might have needed to appear credible. Now, I am little interested in the appearances of 'credible.' So many things people have believed through the ages have 'proven' incorrect, insignificant or insincere, that I prefer to study the incredible and to stretch Imagination to all limits and beyond.

I still have not been Around The World in a cumnavigation sense, but I have been around and around many of the principal causes of our time. Because I could not find the education, Peace, and international cooperation I sought in my own society, I sought larger foundations and horizons in the study of culture. I found the challenge(s) of anthropology in neighboring Mexico. When I was just twenty-one years young, I had the opportunity to work with an international voluntary organization, with the Mexican Government and with the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO). Although I did not yet identify myself as an Anthropologist of Peace, nor eventually as an academic activist, an international civil servant, SIR DAVID (a 'spy in residence' title conferred upon me in honor of my unstinting interagency service), The UN Santa and The UN Philosopher, I was uncompromisingly committed to internationalism. (No one should take these various titles and tasks too seriously, nor as studiously as I have. Everyone should take these terminations and trifles as tell-tale teasing, to add humor and humble-pudding to the slings and arrows of mis-fortune or missed fortunate).

Let us explore:

Auspicious Agreements,
Believable Bargains,
Calculated Clowning,
Delightful Designing,
Endearing Education,

And never foreclose:

Zany Zeal

In 1945 my alphabet was still only the awkward abc of early childhood copied over into enforced elementary and middling schools. Pax vobiscum.

CHAPTER THREE

1945 - 1995

"We the Peoples" of the New World Order(ing) now celebrating The Fiftieth Anniversary of The United Nations. Many of us are great beneficiaries of what The UN System has been able to achieve. Many of us are rightly skeptical of the unfulfilled promises, the incomplete programs and the tragic, unaddressed suffering, illness, and ignorance of billions of our fellow beings. Savage inequalities lurk and loom in all countries and climes.

The EPIC ETHICS that I studied so many years ago have broken the boundaries of four simple words and now exceed even a baker's dozen of items. I would ever understand more and contribute more to Ecology, Education, Equity, Peace, Participation, Population, Poverty, Imagination, Inquiry, Identity, International Cooperation, Culture, and Creativity. And, even here, Human(e) Rights have not their own nomination.

I have already identified THE CHARTER OF THE UNITED NATIONS as the first serving of my library menu for comprehending minimally The UN System. THE UNIVERSAL DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS is, I assert gleefully and graciously, the most important civic text of the Twentieth Century. I log the masterful study, OUR COMMON FUTURE, as an extremely important process document in our environmental, population and poverty triangle. AGENDA 21 spells out responsibilities for which we must develop response-abilities--if our entire ecosystem is going to be thrive. AN AGENDA FOR PEACE is, I believe, an imperative account of the current "state of the art" in international relations, but it is also, I sadly conclude, a tragic admission of our continuing reliance on militarism. I long for AN AGENDA FOR PEACE, The Revised Edition, but I see no evidence of its early appearance. AN AGENDA FOR DEVELOPMENT is a tardy text trying to tell us the state of affairs in the economic and social arenas, always suffering sovereignty after sovereignty... I would wrap the six menu items in THE UN FLAG. Seven entries spell out for us what we need to identify in ecology, Peace and international cooperation, a modest epic.

CHAPTER FOUR

2445 AD

No one will ever be able to tell fully the story of the new system.

No one ever really wants to hear the entire story.

No one is omniscient--ever to know how and what to select or omit.

Do we want to know the most globally relevant achievements and failures, to look at resolutions, solutions and presolutions--of concern to each of us?

Someone ought to identify special elements, Clearly, Cleverly and Caringly so that we may see our Challenges in Creative Contexts of where we have been, where we are and where we might wish to go.

Each of us has an unassuming and UN Assuming task to question what is important to each of us and to answer what each of us will be responsible for... Whether the year is 1945, 1995, 2045 or 2445, we may curiously critique and contribute to what was described in 1987 as OUR COMMON FUTURE. Each era, epoch and eon will define its goals. I write this chapter so far into the future because I want it to be a reminder of the distance Imagination will carry one.

CHAPTER FIVE

1989

I accepted the title and tasks of THE UN PHILOSOPHER! because I believe I have a story to tell. I am terribly tired of history which is usually not even vaguely acknowledged as being (pre)dominantly "his"story. I have found few accounts of "her"story. Magically, I have found that my story is indeed something of mystery. I have seasoned for six years my thoughts about reporting on The U N Philosopher! and I have mulled, marinated and measured my wisdom and my lack thereof. Now, finally, in my seventh season of savoring responsibilities, I am working on response-abilities.

CHAPTER SIX

TIME!

Time flows in all directions.
Time rushes us backwards and forwards,
Dropping us to despair, raising us to ecstasies.
And, too frequently we complain...

Time...

Time stalks every aspiration, inspiration, imagination.
Time stagnates or are we the stupefaction?
In Time, keeps us young.
Out of Time ages our age.

Timeless,
Timely,
Timed...

CHAPTER SEVEN

1996

As the writer of this mystery about the United Nations, I make no apology for all the lapses and leaps of faith I describe or omit. I write to record, cord and pre-cord my beliefs and doubts--I make no special plea that any witness of this account agree. I subscribe to many dogmas, but subscription does not imply conscription. Examining dogmas does not make me dogmatic if any literal or figurative sense(s) or census of the term(s). If any apology for what I write is to be made, I believe that the best one I have to offer in my life is the one my extra "grandfather" gave me from his septuagenarian sagacity when I was just exploring my twenty-ninth year, Jonathan teased, tempted and taught me an unimpeachable usage:

' I am not the champion of lost causes,
I am a champion of causes that have not yet been one.'

Millennial politics will probably require more of us than the first half century of the United Nations has delivered. Philosophically, I wondered how we might commit anew some special sense of awe to awaken a sense of OUR COMMON FUTURE. Common conferencing and rhetoric have not accomplished the needed change, perhaps causing us to forget Gandhi's early advice that 'We must be the change we wish to see in the world.' After the Indian seer, we might listen to the German refugee, 'War is only a cowardly escape from the problems of Peace.' (Thomas Mann.)

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE ANSWER MARK

Though I have struggled for the cleansing of our ethnic misbehavior by having worked integration in Washington, D. C., a year before The Supreme Court turned lights on the principal principle that "separate cannot be equal,"

Though I pleaded for gender equity in The United Nations and all nations,
Though I pioneered in family planning programs a decade before the founding of
the United Nation Population Fund,

Though I objected to war a war before the Viet Nam atrocities,
Though I have advocated for human rights, fair employment, and the preciousness
of life, of liveness...

I have not found many of the answers I have sought.

Too often, just when, seemingly, I have found an 'answer' to one of my many questions, I discover or create three or four more questions. Endless creative questioning has been my lot, so ambitious that I have had to construct an extra punctuation mark to cover my tracks. Curiosity has been both a blessing to contentment and a curse to disaffection.

To my amazement, I invented THE ANSWER MARK... The 'answer mark' is an eight rayed star. And when skeptics and speculators think I am working or wording with my head in the clouds, I usually correct the commentary, critically contending with courtesy, that we may measure disasters by studying how distant we are astray from our goals.

I encompass the compass!

CHAPTER NINE

SACRED DRAMA

Jack Clown, who has hidden for several months in an ordinary pumpkin, always opens his starry eyes on October 24th each year to celebrate the birthday of The United Nations. Then each night for a week, his face glows with a magical smile and he joins the ghosts and goblins of Halloween to contribute extra treats to Unicef, for the sake of children.

Just as we grasped each New Year's Day to wish an entire year of happiness, we might grasp the glorious opportunity autumnal, golden days to celebrate the evolution of the New World Ordering. It is good economy to have my friend Jack Clown appear on October 24th and for a week to shine his starry eyes on us.

When critics observe that I have stars in my eyes, I reply joyously that I only reflect stars in my eyes.

CHAPTER TEN

PIECES OF PEACE

The United Nations has given me so many alphabets as easy as agriculture, biodiversity, culture, development, education.... as terrible as arms, brutality, cruelty, despair and envy... as different as awe, belief, care, joy, kindness and love... and so forth that I could describe in this first volume of my philosophic work, but I do not wish to crowd the covers. Here, I wish to search through some of the most intriguing thinking I have experienced in the first half century of the UN endeavors: I refer to the unwords and U N Words. I believe that simple but not simplistic separation of a few letters may re-cast, cast, and pre-cast our perception of how we support and fail to support cooperative efforts for a new world ordering dedicated to moving from warfare to an elusive peacefare. I dream of an event, The Global Peace Fair, to be celebrated from the third Tuesday in September in 2031 AD., the 16th, through the 86th Anniversary of The United Nations, October 24, 2031 AD. is scheduled for these five weeks to commemorate the 3300th Anniversary of The Peace Treaty of Ramses II and Hattusilis, because I do not know of any more easily and appropriately appropriateable allotment.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

RESERVED!

Please reserve these days just 36 years from now to cooperate with all peacemakers in this great event of Ourstory. Maybe we will be able to plant a time capsule at The United Nations Headquarters to show the passé quality of his-tory, her-story, my-story and the elegance of working in our storicity.

CHAPTER TWELVE

SANTA'S SOLUTIONS

Whether readers of this text enjoy my ramblings or reject them, I would like to hear from them. When they express themselves, I would like to have them picture themselves also as United Nations philosophers, so that the loneliness of this pioneer's work will know collegiality, camaraderie, and collectiveness of having a group of philosophers...

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.
First Corinthians 13

13 the cosmic comic beyond confession

beyond confession, i construct apologia.....unless they are identical?
with the closing of this opus of 1,001 pages, reminiscent of my part in sheherazade about half a century agone, i turn my efforts to preparing for the celebration of the 3300th anniversary of the treaty of kadesh.

i wish eec hadn't used fighting language... struggling would do...
inkey

To be nobody-but-yourself in a world which is doing its best, night and day,
to make you everybody else—means to fight the hardest battle which any
human being can fight, and never stop fighting. **--e. e. cummings**

Only as long as we can laugh at ourselves are we nobody else. **e. e. cummings**

A little nonsense now and then, is cherished by the wisest men. **Roald Dahl**

I'm Nobody! Who are you?
Are you—Nobody—Too?
Then there's a pair of us!
Don't tell! they'd advertise—you know!

How dreary—to be—Somebody!
How public—like a Frog—
To tell one's name—the livelong June—
To an admiring Bog!

Emily Dickinson

namaste, namaste, his majesty birendra bir bikram shah dev
namaste namaste namaste namaste namaste namaste namaste namaste...

david inkey

birendra and david,

friends...

king and guru

by david inkey

vishnu is dead, long live vishnu

i will grieve and glory today and all the remaining daze of my life for the friendship of shah dev. his majesty birendra bir bikram shah dev and i shared for thirty-three years of his short fifty-five year life a sense of joy, fun, laughter, challenge, concern--belief--and now as i suffer the immediate sorrow of his death and the deaths of most of his immediate family, i count and recount numerous prince and king stories, so carefully that i should have asked the king to give me the title of the count of kathmandu. i will ever cherish the magic of our respective individualness with the rewards of our collective community. we lived and live in a world of worlds, we let others climb mount everest, but shah dev and i made a greater ascent, we had a transcendent experience, "we lived in one world."

once upon a time, our world had many kings and queens, even emperors and empresses, many princes and princesses, and a miscellany of other royals... however, now we live in a world of very reduced monarchies... more people know the kings and queens of hearts, diamonds, clubs and spades than any humorous and humane majesty... checkmate!

just yesterday i "lost" my friend the king of nepal... but, "lost" is not exactly the correct term to describe a death... so, today, today, and tomorrow--i trust--and many daze after that tomorrow, i may count many losses and gains in a friendship only redefined by the death of shah dev... just as he worked for peace, i would wish that he may rest in peace... he claimed the kingdom of nepal to be a zone of peace, now he may claim the entire universe... a reward of peace...

...david inkey...

2 june 2001, the day after shah dev's death

a gentle jester's jesture, condolences

june 22, 2001

his majesty gyanendra bir bikram shah dev

the royal palace

kathmandu, nepal

dear gyanendra,

namaste!

shah dev, his majesty birendra bir bikram shah dev, and i are friends, friends in life and in death... just an instant ago, all the eternity of three weeks ago, my friend, your brother, was killed with many members of your family. i have not written sooner because i have been somewhat paralyzed with grief, but now i wish to convey to you and the kingdom of nepal my seemingly fathomless feelings of sorrow linked with my cherished celebration, past, present and future, celebration of shah dev's life and laughter, work, wit and wisdom. words simply do not express adequately the joys and sorrows of our lives...

shah dev gave my family and me many gifts, some material and some immaterial, but of all the royal offerings i have, one surpasses all others. on a lovely, august august evening in the gazebo of the royal palace a decade and a half ago, and half a world "away," shah dev defined, eternally, for us the greeting and farewell, namaste, saying, "the god in me greets the god in you, the god in me takes leave of the god in you." at the end of our last evening in the palace, shah dev bade us farewell, the last word i ever heard his majesty say is "namaste!"

namaste, david inkey

if there is anything... i can do to assist you in the tasks before us,
please, please, please ask and i will try to be of help...
any proper gesture of grief and celebration...

vishnu is dead, long live vishnu
a gentle jester's jester, condolences

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epiphanies, we grow in beauty, as beauty grows in us...

before time was killed

once upon a time before time was ever killed, before princes had to pass exams,
even, since, yet and especially, student princes in imperial harvard's encampment
before i even imagined that i would be a guru, my world was a smaller enclosure.

only a few days ago my friend died, and, alas, drowning in a desert of grief,
i surfaced... i declared myself the count of kathmandu...
his majesty birendra bir bikram shah dev of nepal and i came from two worlds,
far, far separated, about as far apart as the arctic and the antarctic,
but veritably, as if we dreamed a veritas myth, with wit and wisdom
shah dev and i joined two worlds into one... namaste!

he worked with nations to create a zone of peace,
i tested individuals with my pcs, planetary consciousness, personal commitment...
as if we were cosmic comics, our souls united into one,
we discovered we could create "inner peace" and "universal peace..."

when our inner spheres joined our outer sphere we could,
almost like great explorers, en-compass the most difficult,
most resistant, most defensive lands and peoples, and create with them a circle,
a circle of peace...

sometimes, often, we had to laugh at human foibles...
shah dev and i discovered that we could, indeed, create three exquisite spheres, three
dimensions of peace. my prince king and i hoped for many earthly revolutions.
i am well within my 70th circling of our morning star, mourning and celebrating,
shah dev was only half around his 56th cycle...

in 2031, by my western calendar, we intend(ed) to celebrate the 3300th anniversary of
the first known peace treaty in the human experience...
in 1269 bc hattusilis of the hittites and ramses ii of the egyptians,
drawing in the sands of time, made a pattern of "peace" between-around
the two great empires of their era...
birendra courted and counted an auspicious 116 friendly signatories
to his zone of peace.
we "need" only about 84 more nations to grasp the notion!
in the grief of birendra's death, i find a celebration, of his life.
please join in that celebration and, soon, celebrate peace,
with personal commitment, the third tuesday of september in 2031,

an apology for anonymity...

with wishful warning, with wistful wonder, this document is shared on the condition that you will help me balance some of the prosaic and poetic patterns of our world's worth and work. commentaries are welcomed, editing invited, criticism, virtually obligatory. didn't we learn to play before we learned to work?

to assuage grief, i have started writing words and words and words of celebration. sometimes i feel that wisdom crowds out wit and sometimes amusement auspiciously replaces amazement. never, never, never, is the laughter shah dev and i mixed with our profound humane concern lost. i share these worlding wordings in the faith, hope and love that you, my reader, may also appreciate my friend, his majesty birendra bir bikram shah dev...

i pursue some repetition, each essay is intended as an individual, independent element yet each is intricately bonded to all others in humane continuity, community, mine is a soulful, solitary statement, and thus i have a royal pardon... namaste will be "explained" repeatedly in this testament... there are other stories i mightily might have written about birendra and david, such as the prince's saranwrap dinner in milton manner manor, such as harvard horse meat for a hindu, such as cold turkey for thanksgiving, and especially, "let's ask david..." someday we will ask david for other accounts from the count of kathmandu, yet, for now and several future nows, those telling tales will await some other inspiration... breath-takingly weighted in silence, silence, dampened with quiet tears tearing apart time...

september 11th, 2001, we break and brake a new silence... we cry, resounding angst... collapse encoffins our beings...

namaste, david inkey,

will any, will all, who read my jumbled gestures and my aching articulation of words and work wonder why i have reversed his majesty's and my anonymous longing... ..i gave shah dev the gift of anonymity, selfness, privileged privacy in a semester at harvard... is it too much that i attempt to imitate anonymity, selfness, privileged privacy in my 70th cycle around our mourning, morning star...

let's ask birendra...

13 september 2001, call 911,,,

auspicious!

1

i belong to that inestimable school of thought that asserts

first impressions are to be trusted...

i will never know how many times i heard the word auspicious during my first visit to nepal and i would never ever ever attempt to venture how many additional times the term was employed during the auspicious times of the royal wedding. not everything about the wedding however was happy auspices... we had sum, several, too many, inauspicious rumbles and rumblings, earth tremors and quakes... and, behold, be told, the royal astrologers were working "overtime" to make certain that the auspicious events of the wedding would remain auspicious...

in the more constrained, routinized, regularized, yea even regimented lives of gringolandia, the united states of america, and in the several other dozens of nations i have visited and worked in in the trajectory of a multifaceted supranational life, i have never failed to exclaim about the auspicious when i suspect even the faintest glimmer, glint, glee, gasp, grasp, or jesture of auspiciousness...

in stark, stark-raving, contrast, when i speak spanish or spanglish, which is very frequently, i almost invariably avoid the use of the word auspicious and its equally valid, valuable counterpart, inauspicious... gleefully, i warn everyone who can hear me, cuidado, watch out. auspicious means about the same "thing" but one is a direct warning and the other is perchance, perhaps, and probably, happily, happenstance, fortunately and formidably a more disguised, indubitably most distinguished warning... be alert, be carefull...

all the king's elephants... the humpty-dumpty standard...

2

i used to know how many elephants the king had, but that extraneous information never was nor will be of great import to me... as a matter of fact, what with ageing dislike of jet lag and no great penchant for extensive travel, i may never again see any of his majesty's elephants.

this said, however, i must share with you my story of desperate need, of perceived crucial need for "all the king's men and all the king's elephants" on a monsoon afternoon in august 1986 when i was almost trapped in the rickety seemingly old but not so old french style open grated elevator of the hotel yellow pagoda... it was mid-late afternoon and 3 members of my north american tribe were hungry, fearing that they would be faint of body and soul by 7 p.m. when we were expecting refreshment at the palace... so, when a unicef staff member delivered to the lobby of our hotel a video on iodine deficiency which i was to present to their majesties, i was to retrieve the video and obtain some vital victuals... tea time in kathmandu... well, i had no more than entered the elevator cage and "we" experienced a power failure... i did not despair, for i am not one easily given to despair... but, more quickly than humpty dumpty could call upon all the king's men and all the king's equine elements, i muttered magisterially and majestically to myself, "we better regain electric power, or i am going to scream and shout until i get enuf of the king's men and the king's elephants to tear apart this cage, so the king's limo could get me to the palace on time... lucky i had learned to paraphrase eliza's father on going places..."

so, power was restored, i was given the video and great appreciation for my impending service to the united nations system and the local crown... and i ordered the tea and sweets, even offering to carry the tray to the fifth floor of our pagoda... power had failed, again... the restaurant staff debunked me and sprinted up to our rooms with the goodies... puffing behind our chap, i thanked him profusely, tipped him, and pontificated on the trials and tribulations i had almost suffered...

wasn't it another head of state, that almost hereditary president of the united states, franklin delano roosevelt who had taught me that i had nothing to fear but fear, itself... i will ever be grateful for all of the opportunities i have had to ride elephants in the kingdom of nepal and i especially recommend to any one and every one ever going to nepal

to visit either elephant camp or tiger tops, or both, in the arena of the royal chitwan national park...

my affection for elephants is not confined to nepal... i treasure the wild elephants of africa every bit as much as the domesticated ones of asia... yet, never before and never since that monsoon afternoon in kathmandu, have i ever had so great an occasion to appeal to all the lore and logic of my lifelong friend, humpty-dumpty... i had to innovate on his invocations, but the essential message was, is and ever will be "help!"

while i was having a wonderful reunion with shah dev in the palace dining room my ever energetic, enthusiastic, virtually elated son regaled their majesties with "my story." not to be oneupped by a kidlet who would only two years later pioneer drug education amongst the boy and girl scouts of nepal, shah dev graciously offered win elephant power whenever he might have need thereof...

(i wonder whether these events had any direct or indirect influence upon our kidlet in his applying to clown college... alas, i learned in the year 2000 that clown college no longer exists...) i think that win counted elephants that night instead of sheep, as he tried to fall asleep, after such an engaging experience in royal regaling.

the records show that shah dev, recorded as birendra bir bikram shah dev, studied political science, and fortunately his unrecorded, i.e., unofficial participation in a graduate seminar in the center for studies in education and development in the harvard graduate school of education is "off the record." i don't suppose that at this late date imperial harvard will try to collect post mortem tuition for our efforts to define, explore and reduce innumerable and elusive "cultural constraints in educational development."

while "the students" studied cultural constraints, i studied the students and, particularly, i studied myself to try to learn whether i was, am or would be an aristocratic anarchist or a democratic monarchist, or even if i could simply return to being, being my complex democratic self... i was fascinated to delve into the thoughts and imagination of a crown prince, with the hope and even the possibility that i could evolve into being a power behind the throne, just as i had thrown ideas and ideals into the united states embassy in the republic of el salvador and the mind and imagination of a magnificent ambassador and, once, just once, toward a struggling salvadoran army president, with gratifying results in the health of the nation...

while students were rioting at harvard on quite justifiable grievances of student power, democratic education, and a more just university, i was in realms of revelry and reverence, exploring such things as smallness as an educational constraint in grenada, nazism as a cultural constraint on the german universities, insightful discussion led by an unsighted but "not blind" german literature major from the graduate schools of arts and sciences. dan, my assistant, was doing his thing on the utilization of bhutanese monks as agricultural extension agents, mainly because none of us knew nothing about bhutan and dan was ready, everready, to climb the next mountain pass... he wasn't always summiteer, much to our relief... then, at one point i had to go to, to go to the widow of my previous employer to get summer funding for dan to work on educational planning with his holiness the dalai lama. one of our associates studied bias and meanness in sesame street and i had to revert to some of my childness to watch several programs of mr. meany, to be enabled to grade the final paper with fairness or a semblance thereof. that was the era of black power and one of the "brothers," a principal from philly, spent the semester teaching us that black market was nefarious activity, blackmail is extortion, and that the black infrastructure of our hospitals, water and sewage systems and general delivery systems could paralyze our american life. fred never had the opportunity nor desire to demonstrate his assertions... how much does it matter that some years latter fred committed suicide, or was he killed by "the system."

and, one day, one of our colleagues was ill and we had "an extra hour" on our hands and minds... i suggested that we had at least three alternatives, save the hour to another date, discuss what we had already considered and hoped to integrate in the course, or discuss something else... dan, ever bright as he was and is, suggested that we might ask shah dev (we always pronounced his name as one word so no one would hear "shah"....) to tell us, as best he could in impromptu circumstance, about cultural constraints in educational development in the kingdom of nepal... well, shah dev was one delighted young man to be asked and he took about ten minutes of the first hour to assemble three note cards and himself while all the rest of us "did" our first topic.... then, then, shah dev did what might well have been the finest of all that semester's presentations!!!

shah dev almost gave me cardiac arrest when he announced, after having sketched a map of nepal on the chalkboard, "i cannot speak with authority because neither here at harvard nor in nepal do we have statistics on many of these topics i will talk about." dan and i froze into our respective soulful nesses. we couldn't look at each other. the hour proceeded magisterially, majestically in the carefull disguise of an almost common nominator ... until our canadian, chris, asked innocently enuf, "shah dev, i heard the other day that the king of nepal just suffered a heart attack, what do you think will happen in nepal if he is incapacitated or he dies." shah dev did not draw even a second breath, he immediately said, "well, the royal nepalese embassy in washington, dc is keeping all nepalese students in america well informed on his majesty's condition and things are currently going well. further, about your question, the present king or any future king will have to deal with the problems of education, agriculture, health, and general development i have been presenting..." i think that prevarication was the only lie i ever heard from shah dev, his embassy kept in contact with him every 4 hours of his waking time... or vice versa... no student in any of my seminars ever stayed after class so much as did shah dev...

after class, shah dev, dan and i were the only ones who tarried and shah dev asked me how he had done. i replied that, if we wanted to evaluate the second houring séance seminar in the archaic grading systems, it was indeed a shame that he wasn't taking the course for "credit," he had just done an excellent job. however, i told him that faculty, even those with good faculties, had to get special permission to give the grade of a+... the grade range was a, a-, b+, b, and b-. c was virtually fatal... in three years of teaching in the harvard graduate school of education, i "gave" one a+. we were stingy in those days...

perchance, our hgse (harvard graduate school of education) faculty has more faculties now than when i was there in sizerland (taking its name from dean sizer), perchance now my confessional essayette should be renamed, royal daze, crimson clad...

a royal time! marriage and progeny...

4

if you are ever invited to a royal wedding in an exotic land, be prepared upon your return to your less fantastic forum to have to explain yourself. you will be asked from every quarter and quarry the query, "what kind of a time did you have?" without superbity or any airs of pretense, you should, in total honesty, replay and reply that, "i had a royal time..." then, if after a while, a little while, or a great while, you have the opportunity to return to the kingdom where you attended the king's wedding... or, you return to the kingdom where you attended the crown prince's wedding, where he has since become his majesty, you should regale yourself with another royal time...

if you have the opportunity to visit your friend's kingdom as many as four times, you may find that you have become a very, very important person in that exotic land... we live in more of an athenic and spartan world than a period of renaissance and most people do not have the opportunity to visit kingdoms where they are friends of their majesties, however, if you do, i know that approximately, auspiciously, one hundred and one per cent of the time, you will have a royal time!

when my wife and i had our first child, my wife very much wanted a son, whereas it was only important to me that the child be healthy... our son is win... when my wife and i were awaiting our second child, i "desperately" wanted a daughter and my wife was content with the idea of either a second son or a first daughter... we only intended to have two children... when our daughter was born, bets, hispanophone friends wrote to us, "aha, la pareja perfecta" (the perfect pair, we never did learn if the reverse order would have been the imperfect pair). francophone friends wrote, "aha, vous avez la choix de roi" (aha, you have the choice of the king. we did learn that the reverse order is the choice of the queen.) was it a semantic error to call our investment in humanity, win and bets...

what am i implying... one does not even have to travel to exotic lands, one does not have to have friends in high places, like in a himalayan kingdom, one can have a royal time, in parenting...

after the carters, family fun...

5

one does not have to obey or disobey protocol with former presidents and we would not hold against the carters the temporary inconvenience they caused us years earlier in paris, by creating a greater than usual traffic gel, jelly, or jam on the champs elysee... the carters, or at least jimmy and roslyn, got to the palace before my wife and i got there together, but we got there as a complete family and the bir bikrams, 4 of their 5, had a more jovial time with us, with 4 of our 4...

maybe there was confusion between the roles of elected power and hereditary power. never having been elected to anything greater than minor roles in high school and college politics, i will never have to resolve this dilemma...

when we said our "good-byes," at the palace, we knew we would have a continuing relationship with royals and commoners in and out of his majesty's government and kingdom... even now, after the tragic deaths of our royal friends, we have cherished links to the past, the present and the future of nepal. in another testament, in yet another collection of essays, i have recorded my thots,

"to say goodbye is to die a little..."

another wedding!

6

my second trip to nepal, made in february 1970, was to attend the wedding of birendra bir bikram shah dev and aishwarya laxmi, but little did i expect in the months before that event as i was making plans for such an exciting experience that when that time approached, half a world away from north carolina was just about the last, most lacking, least place i wanted to be...

i was virtually engaged just prior to my departure for nepal so when nepalis asked me how much i was enjoying being back in their country, i had to virtually "force myself" to show pleasure... i wanted to be back in chapel hill, planning a may wedding...

dear dedicated, solicitous, caring, carefull, kind dan asked me if he could show me a possible wedding present for temp and i said yes, only to be stunned when he offered to sell me an exquisite, late 19th or early 20th century, tibetan wedding belt intricately constructed of several thousand minute silver links and a beautiful carved silver buckle... i declined with chagrin, embarrassment, embarrassed chagrin, convinced that i could not afford such a marvelous, beautiful wedding present. dan then mentioned a quite fabulously reasonable price and i agreed to the purchase... dear dan was only a middleman for a tibetan refugee who had been an anthro-aide to the great german ethnographer, cristoph von fuhrer haimendorf.

¿diabolically? dan then asked me what i would do with the purchase if temp didn't end up marrying me... i replied, empty hearted, "i will have to give it to a museum, for i could not bear to keep it just for myself."

the gift was, is and ever will be auspiciously magnificent!!!

bhutan?

the cp of bhutan!
auspicious anonymity,

7

if ever i forget what awe is, if ever i forget what awe is, aye, eye, i will try to recall what it was like to have incognito in our seminar, the crown prince of nepal.... four of us knew shah dev's identity, shah dev himself, moch--a student who had met the nepali prince in japan a year earlier, dan--my virtually indispensable research assistant, and me--myself--and i! (excuse me for my faulty math that makes a total of six of us.) there were 12, an uneven dozen, whom we managed to keep "uninformed."

several weeks into our seminar, cultural constraints in educational development, we had a gray, grey, rainy, wet, drizzly, dull, depressing tuesday afternoon... shah dev had arrived at the center for studies in education and development, csed, prior to the downpour and perhaps therefore he was without an umbrella... that failure or fact does not really matter in the cosmic chorus of chronology, what does matter now and will ever be amusing to those who were in "the know" is that karen exited through the front door of the education center, only to find shah dev waiting on the porch, waiting for a cessation of the downpour... karen kindly, courteously, without curtsy, offered transportation to our crown prince, in her humble beetle... shah dev, ever in courtly fashion, court-easily accepted and instructed or guided karen to whichever harvard house he in-habited... toward the end of that little jaunt, certainly only a little less or a little more than a mile's measure, shah dev asked karen whether she would like to have dinner with him the following friday... and, karen kwickly and curiously concurred... karen eagerly and easily enquired whether she could pick him up at his dorm and shah dev replied, "no, i have a car here, but i don't use it around campus."

that next friday, it was clear beyond any shadow of any doubt why our nepali student didn't drive around harvard... it was not an era in which one should be seen in a jaguar in cambridge... the jaguar virtually crashed the date, because the father of karen's friend and classmate, kate, owned a twin or a clone of our prince's car, in ohio, where he was some kind of corporate vice-president... karen wanted the date over so she could call kate and say that shah dev's father must be very important in his country because, "he drives a jaguar just like your dad's!" well, fortunately, geomagic was at work in middlesex county that weekend... karen visited friends at tufts university and learned (erroneously) that the cp of bhutan was a student at harvard...



monday, miiiiiiiiidday, karen stormed, attacked, indeed invaded my little, minuscule, minute office and virtually raised the rafters of our-my 19th century daily abode. with decided decibels that still ring in my ears and pound upon my drums, karen declared, "david, do you know that shah dev is the crown prince of bhutan ?????!!!! ??????" well, and not too well--david is not a very skillful cosmic comic, but on that monday, lost somewhere in a wintery february-march of 1968, my face produced more mimic mime than could a masterful marcel marceau... my tongue twisted in torment to find the words, "no, karen, you are wrong, shah dev is a student from nepal, he is not the crown prince of bhutan..." i think that there are still deep teeth scars in my bitten tongue and the flesh just in front of my teeth... (it was karen's "hour" that had been so majestically filled by his royal highness birendra bir bikram shah dev, but we generously gave karen a later time... i often wonder whether she would have guessed correctly that shah dev was the cp of nepal, had she heard his seminar...) did shah dev pay the dinner tab with a reign check? we never asked...

karen, oh so trusting, believed me for that stint and never inquired further with shah dev as to his kingdom of natality... thank goodness and goodness, no other geomagic was necessary that semester...

yet, me thinks i am a good and honest person, and after his royal highness birendra bir bikram "shah dev" was well on his way to california where i put him in contact with jonathan garst for agricultural and tourist advice and subsequently on his latin american tour, which i had fun helping to plan, i confessed, individually, to each and every "student" coming for his or her hand-back term paper and "grade" that i had a small "confession" to make about the "composition" of our seminar... each participant thanked me for having given shah dev one of the greatest gifts of his young adulthood, that of being almost a commoner, auspicious anonymity...

several years later shah dev instituted a community service program for university students in nepal, a government innovation he observed in quaker projects in the republic of mexico and he and narayan thanked me, once again, for helping... i never told shah dev about the bhutanese question, nor did i ever enquire whether he and narayan saw any jaguars in latin america... what is that old see-saw, something about discretion being the better part of valor...

before we left new york, long before we left new york, we knew that his majesty birendra bir bikram shah dev was the patron of the boy and girl scouts of nepal. further, we had every reason to believe that our avid fourteen yearun would have at least one opportunity to participate in a scout meeting in kathmandu in august 1986, despite schools being vigorously in session and monsoon being an inconveniencing but necessary element of the elements... the crown prince, three and a half month's win's senior was reported to be an active scout and we thought we would auspiciously associate with merit badge exchange agents to such a degree that win made room in his luggage for his uniform and multiple green town and usa jamboree badges.

alas, auspiciousness was not the entire order of our fortnight in nepal. no scout meetings were planned nor could be arranged to meet the anxious expectations of our eager, agile youth. yet, be prepared rang in our ears and we stretched the slogan of international youth to "will be prepared." general rana, the director of the boy and girl scouts of nepal and his deputy, auspiciously, kindly, graciously, gloriously ceded win a formidable, fabulous, fantastic interview which i deftly, delightfully and diligently videoed, little little expecting or anticipating that it would cost temp and me rather muchly a second trip to nepal for win, just, simply, soonest, only 23 months henceforward so that a serious, skillful, super kidlet from the state of awe could foment a magical magnificent, momentous, eagle scout project encompassing the introduction of drug awareness education in nepal... 'twould have been more than auspiciously adequate to have developed only a prototype drug awareness merit badge, 'twas toward the spectacular auspicious to have paraded with 1,000 school children and boy and girl scouts during the first drug awareness day, 'tis still auspiciously stupendous to have recruited 5 ministries and approximately 300 teachers to a seminar on drug education, beneficial and destructive drugs. for the princely sum of \$90 u.s. donated by fond parents, win enjoyed 30 hours of nepali immersion, of such value that he was able to make world scout bureau words of welcome resound in kathmandu, and just 5 months later on december 28, 1988, in the delegate's dining room, win auspiciously sustained a 30 minutes conversation in nepali with the deputy chief of mission of his majesty's government to the un. magic is auspicious and virtually universal... december 28, 1988... happy birthday birendra!

birendra bir bikram shah dev, december 28, 1945 - june 1, 2001.

david inkey, december 16, 1931 - december 16, 2031?

for the "his" historically minded, one can read a second-hand account of the royal nepalese massacre of june 1, 2001 in the july 30, 2001 issue of the new yorker. with great skill, isabel hilton has journaled that tragic evening into print, using the tragic eye-witness account of general rana, her majesty's uncle. i warn you, be prepared...

long ago and far away, about as far away as the united nations educational, scientific and cultural organization, unesco.... on the banks of that ancient river, the seine, where a loyal legion of unans worked "constitutionally" with a greatly praised yet arguably presumptuous preamble which declared, "since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men we must build the defenses of peace..." i had a friend, a devout buddhist and a diligent scholar of lord buddha, who advised me, almost alarmed me, and auspiciously alerted me, that i could not be a buddhist because as a christian i insisted upon having a soul.... buddhists don't have individual souls... yet, by some mystic communion of spirits, i felt bonded to buddha's benevolence and when i went to sri lanka i even made a pilgrimage to the city of kandy where one of the relics of buddha's body is still ever so long a length of time revered. years later i learned that lord buddha was born in nepal, but i have never been to lumbini...

his majesty birendra bir bikram shah dev tied buddha's second bond around me... the evening my family and i had dinner at the palace, my friend shah dev, my former student shah dev, had the audacity to ask me a most embarrassing world heritage question... he seriously but smilingly asked me what did i know about unesco's relation to the world heritage site of lumbini.... oh, so innocently, i replied most rapidly, that unesco was overseer seer of all the world heritage sites... shah dev smiled.... i think it was a lord vishnu smile... "no, david... lumbini is under the responsibility of the united nations, because when the world heritage programme was established u thant, the then secretary general, a devout buddhist, wanted lumbini in his purview." well, i should have paraphrased socrates' (plato's?) famous proclamation, "until philosophers become kings, and kings become philosophers..." but, i behaved with some palatial decorum and i didn't say,

"when philosophers become clowns,
when clowns become philosophers,
then, indeed, in deed, we will all be humane."

using royal prerogative, shah dev went on to explain that buddhists from japan were pressuring his majesty's government that they wanted lumbini built into a superlative, appropriate international (he should have said supranational) pilgrimage site, with a grand temple, parks, museums, hotels, etc. "david, when you get back to new york, (i was posted

in the new york office of unesco, as senior education advisor,) could you please find out what the un secretariat's current thinking and activity is concerning lumbini?"

"auspicious," i said to myself... i reflected upon this buddhist bond all the way home from kathmandu to connecticut... even when we detoured thru the united kingdom to visit temp's brother and his family and to sightsee buckingham palace and windsor castle... i commuted from connecticut in those days from a converted 200 year old vegetable barn abode... not to be solitarily and starkly ignorant on the second bond, i called my friend ananda in paris and learned that for many, many years, many, many multinational buddhists had been trying to pressure the only hindu king and kingdom to "do something" about buddha's birthplace... through no known influence on my part, though ananda and david both mean "beloved," the following year his royal highness prince gyanendra bir bikram shah dev came to the united nations and we, along with 30 or so others had a two-day seminar on lumbini... in november 2001, his majesty's government will be inaugurating or is it dedicating? the rebirth of lumbini... i think lord vishnu and lord buddha are uncommon common spirits....

i am currently extremely occupied and pre-occupied with the task of recruitment for a constitutional convention to be held in unesco, to redraft the illustrious, poetic preamble... i contend fairly, and farely, contentiously that the aging text is ageist and sexist... children are now too frequently subjects and objects of war... men and women both cause wars... thus, i would propose, i do propose a prototext preamble, "since wars begin in the lives of children, it is in the spirits of children that we must seed the dreams of peace."

lord buddha willing, lord vishnu willing, willing...
if ever, again, i go to my kingdom in the clouds,
to the kingdom of nepal, in this life, or another,

i will make a pilgrimage to lumbini....

it was a warm evening in may, in boston, in my lovely back bay apartment, where i learned what is required of the truly dedicated bodyguard... shah dev, narayan, larry and judy (harvard's former peace corps interlocutors for shah dev), dan, my research assistant and future godfather of temp's and my two kidlets, and i had supped in milton earlier in the eventide in the lovely home of mrs. clarence gamble, widow of the founding president of the pathfinder fund, cuz the pf had contributed significantly to the development of modern family planning services in the kingdom of nepal... we retreated from milton at 10 pm, for mrs. gamble retired at that hour... we sextuplets engaged in lively conversation until midnight when larry and judy departed to visit his family in new hampshire... and our quartet continued till 2 a.m. dan and i knew that this would be the last time we would see shah dev and narayan during their harvard year... even less did we suspect that dan would do his doctoral research project on population education in nepal...and eventually be knighted by shah dev for innovative ecological work to conserve the magnificence of mount everest...

so, i spent the evening "profitably" asking shah dev, much to dan's total consternation and probably to narayan's most flabbergasted shock, what he would do when he returned to kathmandu, what are the responsibilities of the crown prince, and mostly: "what is it like to be a god?" (i had the good fortune of speaking rather than writing my question, i wouldn't have known whether in this case, objective or nominative, one is supposed to capitalize god, or communalize god...) i obtained satisfying answers on all these queries,,, ... yet, as a good host, i also had to be attentive to narayan and what he would be doing... narayan's self sacrificing definition of responseability in bodygaarding has ever impressed me as thoroughly as did shah dev's regarding godliness...

i didn't keep records, i wrote no notes to assist me now as i struggle to capture anew those magic times now deeply buried and orbiting endlessly in awe in 33 years of cosmic dust... narayan said that he would do anything to protect and preserve the life of his royal highness... he would even use his body as a shield against any attacker... ..

what, what? in all the daze and debris of time now shines as brightly as narayan's testament of love for birendra... how many times have i wondered, had narayan been in attendance in the junefest royal gathering, could he have in some way, or any way whatsoever, prevented the massacre of birendra and all of his immediate family....

mohan is one of the most marvelous supranational people i have ever known and his most unusual capacity to be planetarian and almost parochial between international concerns and public service in the kingdom of nepal will ever be one of the greatest joys of my "academic" and post-academic careers. temp and i had each been to nepal before we met mohan at the university of north carolina and soonest the sainjus were amongst our favorites as we settled into our marriage. after earning his doctorate at unc, mohan returned home to be the rector of tribhuvan university, then he returned to the usa to be his majesty's ambassador to washington, dc. next, while i was in the un system posted in new york, mohan became director of national planning and was helpful in innumerable ways on both my third and fourth trips to nepal...

yet, it is most, most special how mohan impacted upon my family during our 1986 visit to nepal... i worked "half-time" for the united nations during our two weeks in nepal while temp, win and bets were engaged "full-time" relating to nepal. toward the end of our first week the sainjus invited the 4 of us to a lovely nepali meal in their home, with 4 other "internationals." when all, except mohan, were comfortably seated, talking, eating, and talking, mohan "declared" that television was very new in kathmandu valley and that very day he had been interviewed on the issue of child labor, which program he wanted madhuri to see and hear... all guests had to agree that that should be the course of events. mohan proceeded to turn on the new television set and to seat himself on the nepali-carpeted living room floor, offering graciously, gloriously and gallantly to provide simultaneous translation of himself. in all my years of seminaring and conferencing and conferring, chatting and even attempting one or two or more conspiracies, seldom, seldom, seldom have i "attended" such a magnificent seminar... in essence, mohan explained to the avant-garde media audience of nepal's capital, that without hypocrisy, his majesty's government needed two child labor policies... children should be protected from labor exploitation in the "modern sector" of nepal's development. nepal needed-required "child labor" in the traditional sectors of the economy if many families were to eat. i have worked long and hard on child labor questions and "answers" since that kathmandu evening, and every effort i have made and make, is measured betwixt and between the criteria mohan expressed.

we carried home two beautiful tibetan refugee woven rugs produced where earlier in the afternoon of the day we dined with the sainjus we had seen children working in a spacious, clean, bright setting, with lengthy, difficult, modestly paid employment. i believe that no social investment that temp and i have made in our children's 'education' is quite so dramatic as a monsoon afternoon evening in nepal, observing a very small number of the estimated 250 million child laborers in the world (using 2001 figures). one of every two dozen earthlings.

chinese lifeboy! lifebuoy...

12

i didn't have to go to nepal or to the china store in kathmandu to learn that sanitation was and is a most serious problem in developing and developed nations... however, in november 1969 on my first trip to nepal, i was more than delighted, i was elated to find pirated, highly odorous chinese lifebuoy soap for sale in the republic of china store... during a week in new delhi and almost a week in kathmandu i found no other gift so magically mischievous for my christmas shopping and though i kept no records of my purchases i must surely have bought and brought back to american shores a dozen stinky bars to foist upon 11 feisty friends, conserving one of course for my own washbasin... how better to provoke conversation on comparative planetarianism, globalization, marketing, health, and frugal tourism... not to worry, i also gave lovely gifts made of smelly sandalwood.

i don't believe i have used a bar of lifebuoy soap since 1969 and early 1970! alas, some people believe that cleanliness is next to godliness, and believe it or not, some even believe that clean heathens are more important than dirty believers.

durga's diligence, faith and food

13

durga was a wife, a mother, a child caring for an aging father, a homemaker and a civil servant with unicef when we met her and were virtually adopted by her... she catered to an enormous number of my work needs and engulfed our family with lessons of adjustment in nepal... she early learned that we would be going to the palace for dinner, but that win and bets were not going to be included beyond the early evening reception in the gazebo... immediately her "neighborliness" with narayan was such that she informed him, clued him in, virtually instructed him, "that in our culture and religion, you don't invite someone to your home near the dinner hour and not invite them to dinner..." she wanted their majesties to include win and bets in the total royal time. and... and durga did not mind telling his majesty's private secretary about it....

although she knew that we were seeing nepalis from the poorest rural strata up to the stratosphere of the monarchy, she wanted us to have an evening in a nepali middle class home and she invited all of us to a lovely evening dinner with her entire family... she brought us flower wreaths and fresh fruit gifts the last day at our hotel and accompanied us to the airport to show traditional farewell... we knew that part of what she was doing was unicef cordiality, but also much was of her own generosity...

a short time, about two years later, we were able to reciprocate with connecticut yankee hospitality on her first and only trip to the united states and her husband's second, during his sabbatical from tribhuvan to boston university... and, not so much later win enjoyed some durga and bal assistance on his eagle scout project on drug awareness education in nepal...

with durga's diligence, faith and food our worlds merged and memory continues the convergence. durga died of cancer before she counted half a hundred years.

decrees, with three degrees of credibility!

14

i am an optimist, i am virtually an incurable optimist, and if there is a cure to optimism, i probably don't want it. surely, if the cure to my optimism were to become a pessimist, i would decline the cure... i would challenge the system! i would rather be that cursed optimist than that cured pessimist...

in the intriguing, incessant, scary, scarring and scarcely credible hubbub and horrific harangue of academia and of academentia i am more than "familiar" with the "too much" of the extreme torture inflicted upon many, too many, too innocent victims... we torture many people in the processes of "selection" and rejection. we dumbdown many people with the torture of just the first degree. masterfully, we allow some more resilient scholastic types, who innocently enuf believe they can learn more by more studying than by doing, to lock themselves or virtually to lock themselves into cells to gain what we label a master's degree... skillfully and with solipsistic sophistry we bribe, constrain and conduct a very select few to the highest degree of academic "torture," and at the temporary "end" of their trials, we grab, garb and gab the candidates in clever, ceremonious culmination, curiously calling them doctors of philosophy, "doctors of the love of wisdom," though we have filled them with a pittance of knowledge and scant wisdom. we try to find witty commencement speakers to make amens and amends for the trials and tribulations of the departing "students." (if that isn't sufficient torture we construct tenure tracks to try these well-schooled beings ever further, further...)

in mild contempt of suffering a process of "the third degree" i bypassed any mastery they might have given me in anthropology and i managed to convince a court akin to sum court martials, three marshals yet, akin to england's star chamber, that indeed i had learned enuf of the peoples of planet earth to have conferred upon me the doctoral degree (my second degree, one degree less of "torture"), doctor of philosophy. furthermore, having had the lofty "privilege" of studying at harvard, i was, at graduation,

or "commencement," told that i was irrevocably "joining the company of educated men." (i have not been to a harvard commencement since harvard and radcliffe united into combined degree processes, but i understand that a margin of male chauvinism was "sacrificed" to join the institutions... did they also say something about "let no man put asunder?")

now, almost two score years on, i still wonder about the two words employed by academicians, "graduation," and "commencement." is it finished or is it just beginning? commencement, as they called it, ended just about noontime and crowds rushed to the many eateries around the harvard square area to find, presumably, a square meal... to avoid some portions of the prevailing chaos, i had earlier prevailed upon a faculty friend, a classical archeologist, to be my mother sitter while i was in the crimson parade and after... david, another david yet, feted my mother and me in the inner sanctum of the harvard faculty club, hfc, where we dined close to lafayette's sword... once inside the hfc "all was of the finest, and i observed no religious, racial or gender discrimination," however, "entry" was not so simplistic... in those days, in our daze fair harvard was gravely unfair to the fairer sex... my mom had to enter the hfc through the backdoor...

ah, shah dev, his royal highness birendra bir bikram shah dev, did he pursue a complete course at eton or did he "enjoy" a freer stance as a "special student." i forgot to ask this precious point or didn't care to ask the handful of young etonians i met in the hotel shankar in february 1970, the shankar being a former rana palace majestically converted into a then pleasant but now ostentatious hotel, where the crown prince's personal guests were hosted for the royal wedding... earlier, very early, at st. joseph's school in darjeeling, shah dev was given what i could determine was the best of a jesuit education without what i consider the almost diabolic first premises of a "jesuit education," accept our first premises.... there were two marvelous elderly jesuits at the shankar with whom i had several conversations. moch, our indonesian student at the center for studies in education and development, had met shah dev during his year of study in japan, but we never did probe, question or determine what shah dev studied in japan, other than pursuing his avid interest in the 20th century transition of the emperor's role in japan and asia... divination? divine nation?

neither shah dev nor i were or are students of penal systems, torture and torture...so we may quickly dismiss our ignorance of what is so condescendingly referred to with criminals, as "the first degree," "the second degree," "the third degree." the rank, rank ordering of crimes is, seemingly, in reverse order to order and disorder in academia... i digress, but with such burning issues as examining credibility and the auspicious incredible, we must be able to diagnosis the degree of severity of the degrees... (while i was a hospital orderly, briefly in the 1950s, i did learn precious wisdom about first, second and third degree burns.)

when i said goodbye to shah dev and his personal secretary, narayan, in midlate may 1968, in my boston apartment, i think i thought that i was probably saying good bye forever... i had never been to asia, i don't think i ever expected to go to asia, and i was a latin americanist and a theoretical africanist if i had to swear allegiance to any "regionalisms." i was already well established geographically and academically as "an internationalist," but if i had invented my lovely inclusive world word, supranationalist i would then have denied that label "internationalist." neither shah dev and narayan, nor dan, nor i knew that the society for international development, sid, a hodge-podge of some 6,000 multinational "developmentalists" would be having a meeting in new delhi, india, in november 1969 and that i would be invited to deliver a paper on the state of the art of population education in the world of the first development decade and that i would have a week, an entire week, after the conference during which time i could go to nepal and enjoy my first of four very special royal times.... ah, so we said namaste! amongst the four of us and let the "gods" in each take leave of the "gods" in each other. let us jump over time and find credibility, after i note that i got bumped up from tourist class to first class on the sid flight from london to new delhi because there was one extra seat available in first class and the organizing secretary of the sid thing was extremely committed to population education.

now we are getting closer to the beginning of this story on birendra's challenge of three degrees of credibility... it isn't a very long story, which is why i have taken so long to get to the "beginning." when i arrived in kathmandu, in mid february 1970 everything to the very, very best of my understanding was auspiciously in order for a royal wedding of a week's duration... little did i know or suspect that the marvelous ceremonial, spiritual, religious, political and intellectual clocks, calendars, counsels, consortia, caucuses and causes had all been subtly surrounded with awe to recruit, design, delegate, determine, direct, resurrect, regiment, inspire, instruct, integrate, organize, own, offer, elevate, energize, educate, minister, merge, mediate, move and remove, celebrate, celebrate, celebrate and synthesize without synthetics a raison d'etre of, by and for the monarchy... (it didn't either totally or partially help matters that the year was 1970 and that his majesty mahendra bir bikram shah dev had been nepal's absolute monarchy since 1955.)

i am not a great fan of hollywood nor other fanfare but in 1946 my neighbors in plaquemine, louisiana, took me, only me of my family, to mardi gras in new orleans, 90 miles south of us in an era when we drove at 30 miles an hour....and that mardi gras was the most fabulous ever held to that date in new orleans, because, because, because there had been no mardi gras during the entire duration of the second world war... i saw a virtual menagerie of monarchs that fat tuesday... i had been to a castle in the state of washington in the 1930s, a castle built for queen marie of romania; i had visited windsor castle in 1957 with her majesty queen elizabeth's royal librarian... i had visited several ruined castles in england, scotland, wales, ireland, france, germany, holland, and austria. i had seen films of elizabeth regina ii's coronation... i was ready for a royal wedding in nepal...

+ + + +

and shah dev was thrilled that i was there though i had only about 15 minutes of his time during that visit to nepal, including just about, approximately, adjusted, without scrimping 7 minutes and 32 and a half seconds of time with both mahendra and shah dev during which mahendra thanked me for helping with birendra's "education..."... mahendra had done the biggest part, letting his eldest son be the first crown prince of nepal to get an international "education..."

so.... the three degrees of credibility are, the monarchy had to portray, instill and elicit "credibility" in the people of nepal who believed their king is, is, is vishnu reincarnate.... the monarchy had to be credible to a public service sector of nepal and an increasingly increasingly disaffected intelligentsia or quasi-intelligentsia of nepalis who believe or are increasingly believing in the dissolution of hereditary "rule." the shah dynasty had to be open enuf and progressive enuf to be credible to international (read, supranational) types, blokes and chaps, such as the above mentioned jesuits, such as john d. rockefeller's personal secretary, such a special guest as the only other red-headed guest--dean of the diplomatic community--the federal republic of germany's ambassador to nepal, to sir edmund hillary, to edgar faure—de gaulle's prime minister and minister of education who revamped (virtually revolutionized) higher education in france, to international adventurer and journalist lowell thomas, to senator saxbe of ohio (who replaced david and julie eisenhower because they didn't want to attend the wedding) and to me... further, it couldn't be too open or it would offend the king of mustang, a shangri-la kingdom in the himalayas, who attended the royal wedding in the best of "oriental splendor."

i think that in many, many ways the wedding of shah dev and aishwar succeed in all three degrees of credibility.... i shall forever cherish the amphitheatre, royal parades, the royal tattoo, country experiences and the cordial experience of faith, policy and intellect that were auspiciously, inextricably woven together into my life in one short-long auspicious event...

i have harbored so many thots for so many years because they were the personal, private fabric of a friendship, which i wished, needed and believed, would be wounded, damaged, even destroyed by peer-curious-detail-mongers... shah dev's death has changed all of that....just as his life changed so much the form and function of the monarchy. he was an absolute monarch for 18 years and a constitutional monarch for almost 12. in those thirty years world population increased from just over 3 billion to just over 6 billion, the population of the kingdom of nepal increased from perhaps 12 million people to 24 million. i saw the fabric of the nation wearing thinner, the environment suffering increased degradation, life for many becoming brittle and ever more threatened... now, somewhat akin to what i saw in 1970 as a test of credibility for the monarchy, i now see, though i am

absolutely not a diligent student of nepali issues, as a renewed test of credibility... the three audiences are much the same in separation and in degrees of sympathy and alienation... we will not see a degree of growth continuity as we saw in the succession from father to son... mahendra to birendra...

we of the "outside" audience are curious, frequently ill informed, frequently ill equipped to understand the functions (both successful and unsuccessful) of monarchy... we increasingly subscribe to celebrity politicians in many, many democratic and so-called democratic systems...

educational planning...

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i have totally or virtually total inadequate knowledge of how crucial was, is and ever will be shah dev's exposure to the activities of harvard's now long defunct center for the study of education and development, but i have some profoundly gratifying appreciation that that exposure and the crown prince's enthusiastic participation in our seminar on cultural constraints in educational development greatly enhanced educational enquiry and development in the kingdom of nepal... both mahendra and birendra thanked me for the crown prince's experience in the best academic course i have ever given and taken... we learners of that era, the so-called first development decade, were remarkably less academenced than are scholastics now.

let me usurp the words dan, the ever helpful friend and colleague in education, wrote for me when i was attempting to find employment with the macarthur foundation, to "direct" their fellows program. dan captures for me, to 361 degrees of detailed, delighted embarrassment, my gleeful appreciation of people as people, be the person an illiterate mexican peasant or a greatly schooled crown prince from the only hindu monarchy on earth...

"

." dan'l

in the magic world of childhood one knows many kings and queens and princes and princesses... later on, in school, one learns about other royalty, like counts and no-counts, counted and uncounted countesses, dukes and dupes, duchesses, baronets, baronesses, barons and robber barons... however, in so-called real life, when do we learn the greetings of kings and commoners and do we have always to long for plato's philosopher kings?

don quixote not only taught us to dream impossible dreams... many of our states seek peace and make war. many of our leaders are required to separate "church" and "state." in the kingdom of nepal, the king may have many, innumerable problems of governance, poverty, ignorance and disease... however, his majesty birendra does not have to separate "church" and "state," nor does he have to procrastinate on declaring "peace." the king of nepal is the reincarnation of vishnu, one of many hindu deities. i find it thrilling that a person can be, like the dalai lama, an emanation of godness among us and can explain namaste greeting and farewell (fair-well) as "the god in me salutes the god in you. the god in me takes leave of the god in you."

birendra has a zone of peace magnificently declared to the world, to "his" people and to himself. he has managed to enlist 108 governments, last i took count, to accord with this special status for the loftiest country and only hindu kingdom... (this and the following essay were written sumtime between 1986 and 1990.)... i know only two words of nepali, namaste and dadnebas (thank you...) in my next language lesson, i shall learn to say please... i know english, french and spanish and a few words in a few other languages... no word in any language means so much to me as namaste, excepting love and awe...awe runs third...

suppose you could have a small dinner party for four or five people from any time and place in "history," "herstory," or "ourstory," or before, or after. whom would you invite? i would invite the special religious figures, christ, vishnu, buddha, mohammed, and confucius. after that dinner if i were allowed to have a second dinner, i would like a second feast of food and spirit, and i would invite ramses ii and hattusilis, because they accorded the first known peace treaty in our story, in 1269 bc, and george of bohemia, because he developed a universal peace plan between 1562 and 1564 ad, with birendra and myself, and we would definitively discuss peace... if i had my druthers, i would summon birendra and einstein, and we would time travel to 1269 bc to meet ramses and hattusilis in their time, not in our time.

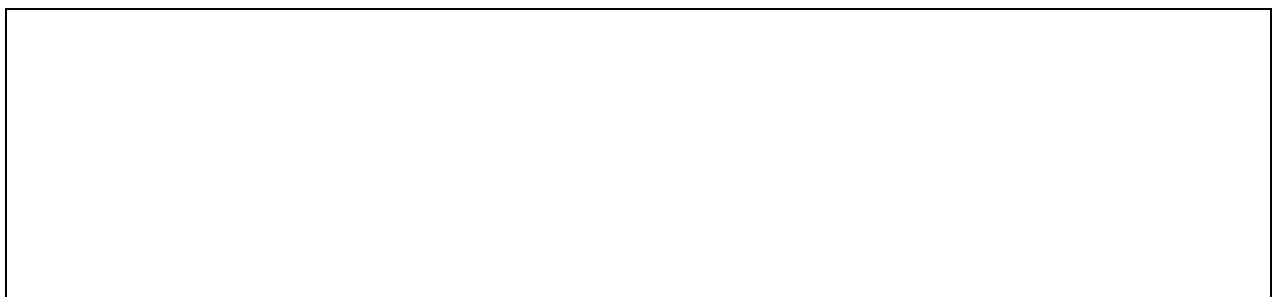
each of us would be victor victims of our own time...

i have never been to the deep depths of the oceans, deeper than what i could snorkel, but i have surveyed the depths of death valley, literally and figuratively. i have climbed high mounts in mexico and montana. my eyes and spirit have ascended everest and her/his lofty neighbors and rested at sunset on the summitry of those heights. i have scrambled over the big blocks of many pyramids in egypt and mexico, guatemala, el salvador and peru and searched through the narrow tunnels of their innards for some extra-special meanings...as if i were an expert archeologist and diviner. yet, none of those moving experiences gave me faith to move mountains...

once, when i was trying to see the sun set on mount everest, during monsoon, this was not a reasonable effort. yet, with great aplomb, i confidently and confidentially told my colleagues that we would see the sun set within 12 to 15 minutes. skeptics, and they abound, showered me with scorn, but i said, "just wait. we have a saying about faith to move mountains and other great barriers. why can't we have enuf faith to move clouds?" well, 13 minutes and about 13 seconds later, later we saw a beautiful sunset illuminating the crest of this world's highest mountain!

my colleagues, skeptics included, were delighted, but i was troubled and i said, "i will never know whether the mountain moved in front of the clouds or if the clouds moved behind the mountain." three hours later, back in kathmandu, in the restaurant of the yellow pagoda, i told my friends that i still had a very serious theological and philosophical problem and i wondered if they could help me... when they agreed that they would try, i explained that i believed that it was quite possible in humane life to have sufficient faith to move clouds and to move mountains, but "why is it that we lack faith to move people? it is so easy to move the himalayas, why shouldn't we be able to move people to have faith in themselves..."

they had no greater faith than i, perchance much less...



they could not help me...and they diverted the conversation by asking, "why does his majesty's government charge tourists to climb in the himalayas?" i told my attentive audience that the answer (is) (was) something that they should have learned in their "kindergartens." i wanted them to understand "realism" and idealism... quickly, i explained that the court jester had told me-- but i really did not need his help, imagination would have said as much, already had said more: "because nepal has real mountains." the company i was supping with continued to discuss nepal, but my thots floated across the years and i believed i had come to this mountain kingdom to see beyond geography, anthropology and politics (gap)... while i was still a sophomoric agitator, i used to say to people that i wanted to have life on my own terms or i did not want it. the usual response i got to this assertion was that if i really meant what i said, i probably would not have a long life. to this i had a stock response, "my terms are flexible."

thoreau says that most "men" live lives of quiet desperation. i have the utmost difficulty understanding this. i have found much fatalism, much apathy, much quiet resignation, but not desperation. maybe i should give pay more attention to the thoreauvian thot that it is ok to build castles in the sky as long as you or i put foundations under them...

gifts for and from the palace...

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in latin america i learned about half a hundred years ago, beware of gringos bearing gifts... as a kidlet from the northwestern state of idaho, in the land we took from the nez perce indians early, early in the 19th century, i learned that it is not the indian who is the indian giver, it is the white man who gives something and takes much more...

well, when the inkey family foraged shops and shopping malls for gifts to take to the palace in nepal, we decided on a classic perfume for her majesty and a couple of books for shah dev.... mere tokens of appreciation on the occasion of their majesties meeting our progeny win and bets, and inviting the four of us to their home... we arrived at the palace at about 7 p.m. on an august august monsoon day and we were effusively yet modestly greeted by shah dev on the lowest step of the garden gazebo and were graciously escorted to the little pavilion where the queen, the princess and the youngest child, a prince, awaited us... the presumptive crown prince was in a nepali boarding school and didn't come home for dinner just because his daddy was having friends in for dinner...

the next morning in addition to the regular showers of the annual monsoon, we were drowned in emotion and bounty with palace gifts delivered to us by royal express... for temp there was a coronation brooch, for win and bets sets of coronation coins and for david, coronation cufflinks... win and bets were also given sets of coronation stamps and all of us, each, received a palace edition of a beautiful "coffee table" book, nepal...

the bir bikram shah dev family and the david inkey family each gave the other the special gift of an enchanted evening..... never to be forgotten.....

in my childhood, somewhere in my childhood in the yakima valley of washington state, in that arid scant irrigated land, i learned that "the grass is always greener on the other side of the fence." it was an immediate falsehood. with sufficient water, it could be equally green on both sides of any fence....

it wasn't until i was ten years young and had moved to winslow, arizona.....really muchly more desert than agricultural irrigation land,,,,, that i learned that the grass is greener on the other side of the fence and that, besides grass, there might even be flowers... our neighbor, mrs. walker, one of the fairest fairy godmothers of my life, hired me to be her assistant gardener and i was returned to an eden reminiscent of my mother's garden in sunnyside. in arizona, during the second world war, without any decent soil in our yard and with the multiple chores of raising four kidlets then under 15 years, my mother didn't have time nor resources for gardening.... mrs. walker had no children and loved her plants as if they were her progeny... i earned fifteen cents an hour!!!!!!!

the wages were quite good, the great envy of some kidlets who on saturday mornings ridiculed me in front of mrs. walker, saying that i didn't like gardening, that i was only working for the money... mrs. walker' scolded them away and then she and i worked in botanic bliss. while i worked lovingly, i gained much in mrs. walker's garden... i even learned how to judge fences, inside and out....

when i was almost 4 times older, i had the opportunity to travel to the border between the people's republic of china and the kingdom of nepal, on the highway that the chinese government was giving to match the highway gift of the government of india... so, what is the moral of this story... the grass was greener in china....not because of egalitarian chinese communism, not because china had better soil, only because a rippling stream, with wind descending from the himalayan heights as fast as the water, blew moisture into china and not into nepal...

consequently, the grass is greener in china...

dear shah dev,

happy new year by our western calendar....and we always look forward to you annual aprilic greeting, enjoying it especially when you send a family foto... during the post christmas holiday, we went to a nearby imax to see the fate-filled but beautiful new film on everest.... we have spent so little time in nepal, but those few experiences punctuate our lives... in our kitchen we have three nepali temple bells that dan had cast for us, one is an enormous message of resounding joy for our wedding--with temp's and my names and dates all in nepali. the second is the smallest, and a delight to win's ears...with his vital statistic of birth and joy. the third, is the middle sized one, cast with betsy's name and birthdate...all in namaste. or, should i write, nepali...

in mid-late december i had the great good pleasure of lunching with narayan in nyc.... it would have been a special trip to ny, just to see him, but my santaesque astrologers were working diligently for me and auspiciousfully that lunch was on the same day i put on my red workclothes and behaved well in my most santa self form, for the abused waifs of the foundling home. win came home on the 22, late, and was here till midday on the 29th and bets was in and out from the 23rd till dec 30th....

i catch snippets of nepali news in the nyt, but haven't explored the web for further details.... there was something the other day on child labor... bets and i are trying to follow with keen interest the intl labor org efforts to develop a new convention on child labor... and i, aye, i eye this year as the 10th anniversary of the convention on the rights of the child.... aching, alas, that the usa and somalia are the only two laggards in the un, not ratifying the "sacred" document...

narayan asked when i would make another trip to nepal and i replied that i had none in mind.... antarctica is on the immediate horizon with win and me leaving on the 25th of january and returning to the usa on feb 9th.... someday i want to get to the coral reef in belize....no great ambition to get to australia for their reef... i cannot do everything.... some year, the family wants to go to alaska...all together.... that might have been for this year, but what with bets being up in the air on bar exams and all, it isn't yet "auspicious...." i have a pleasant little contract with bets that i would take her to macchu pichu when she passes the bar, but we are now speculating that 11,000 and 12,000 feet may be higher altitudes than i want to "endure...." and we are just, just, just beginning to float a tiny little inkling idea that the two of us might stroll the great wall together.... i have a friend at ramapo college who leads a class to china each summer for 3 weeks....and

that might be the way to go.... temp has no particular desire to go to china and she declined the antarctica trip because of not wanting to get seasick...

we feel richly rewarded to have both "kids" getting along in their lives at the same time that they both so greatly enjoy coming home and enjoy doing other adventures with us... so few american "kids" want to continue to relate to their parents as much as win and bets do with us...

are there any new developments on your zone of peace? do the nepali scouts still work on drug education... what progress is taking place on girls' education there... and, most of all, how are you?

affectionately, namaste, david

dear mr. inkey,

your letters to his majesty the king which you sent through mr. sainju as well as through the department of administrative services have been received. they have been submitted to the gracious attention of his majesty the king who has commanded me to convey to you his thanks and appreciation.

his majesty the king is at present on a state visit to india.

with best wishes,

sincerely,
narendra raj panday
principal press secretary to
his majesty the king

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not being an his storical document, this testament need not count or recount the ancient cooperation and competition between india and nepal. i shall, for instance, never know how much shah dev's zone of peace efforts are a neutralizer challenge to india and china...

inkey...

here, in jubilee, i believe i am more superbly, strongly, stridently, and stringently, severely, specially, serenely challenged to express to the best of my language skills, my awe, my enduring, indestructible awe, concerning my friendship with shah dev and my perceptions of his friendship for me... i have already more than hinted at most if not all of the primary and secondary elements of our friendship. i have yet to say or write, most succinctly,

our friendship enjoyed the magic of giving to each other many elements incompleated in each of us. we shared curiosity, we explored imagination. we gave joy to each other, though each, selfishly, kept much for himself. we gave joy, unreservedly, in lives culturally constructed with much reserve, sometimes paralyzing reserve, be it well intentioned from shah dev's parents' regal regulation or from my parents' protestant piety. we transcended rank and rankling restrictions, we explored the finiteness of planetary being into and through our imagination of infinities...

a hindu mantra or a quaking anglican faith, or both, especially both, comprehension of that of god in every being, gave us a common language, sensed, fragrantly incensed, not incensed by difference, spoken, written, silently unspoken and unwritten, simply complexly mutually experienced.

birendra and david, friends

bill, a quaker married to a lovely indian hindu, explained to me once, when i was commenting on namaste:"david, you know, all those hindus really are quakers at heart..."

i will ever remind myself of my first impressions of shah dev, a quiet, polite, deferring youthful, gentle, gentleman... an enthusiastic, humorous and good humored, inquisitive person... for thirty-three years i never created an alphabet to match my impressions of that fun-fated 1968 january evening in cambridge, but now in reflective and celebratory september of 2001 i fill a small lexicon, longing for the now silenced laughter of my friend... i am so very pleased that innumerable messages about birendra mentioned how beloved he was as king..... how many philologists see the relationships between "asking" and "as king..."

alert, bright, curious, delightful, democratic, and dutiful, enthusiastic, and energetic, educated, faithfilled, formal, fun, gregarious, generous, yes godly, helpful, hopeful, imaginative, intuitive, interesting, jestful and joyful, kind, and "kingly," laughing, and mindful, needing, and needed, open and opaque, poised, princely, polite quizotic, even quixotic, relaxed, and reasoned, studious, and steady, testing, even teasing, trusting, unified, vexing, vocal, vivid, wondering, wise, witty, wise, and xenophilic, yearning, and zestful ...

only once did i encounter shah dev in a zany episode, the night we first met, while narayan guarded silence in total interlude, dan, larry, judy, shah dev and i played a verbal game of creating a modern flick of shah as a student prince.

months before the royal nuptials, dan had seized an "opportunity" to purchase the aging royal rolls that had been eons earlier disassembled in india and carried into the kingdom of nepal to provide leisurely outings to his majesty tribhuwan and his family. some fourteen miles of highway were constructed in the kathmandu valley in order to ease such excursions. i don't recall now what vintage the vehicle was and establishing that detail helps our story not an iota... what is important is that from some sahib semblance of medical missionary experience through three generations in india, dan had the resolved guilt and resolute gumption to buy the glorious, aged monster for the price of a contemporary volkswagen, and to have it totally refurbished for us, him and me, unapologetically to exploit, the night of the royal tattoo.

i had had to rent and transfer three sets of formals, each for dan and me, to be properly attired— morning, afternoon, and evening—in the multiple royal festivities of a weeklong wedding... dan didn't need to provide "transportation" for us to the tattoo. his majesties government had bought 400 japanese cars to transport the official wedding guests to multiple functions and to provide us daytime, touristic travel, even to the china border. dan planned magnificently and even had terry, a former peace corps volunteer then working on a doctorate in the ethnomusicology of nepal, as a "hireling" chauffeur in an exquisite chinese woolen suit and cap copied out of some whodidit british flick...

we had pop-up stovepipe top hats to go with our best dress suits...and i shall never forget the marvelous gasps of the royal guests in the bleachers of the tattoo grounds... surely the grounds had a better name...when terry opened the right side passenger door of the rolls for me and as soon as i was descended from the marvelous fresh indian raw silk upholstered interior of our vintage wagon, i "popped" my hat. no sombrero of mexican, salvadoran, guatemalan, honduran, nicaraguan, costa rican, panamanian, colombian, ecuadorian, or peruvian extraction that i have owned has ever served me so well as my rented topper in kathmandu. yet, even with all this "showpersonship" and dan acting almost as significantly, but he didn't doesn't have red hair to add further spectacle to the events, nothing, nothing, did or ever will surpass in regal revelry the gleeful gasps of the multiple nepali chauffeurs in the line-up, of lovah, lovah, lovah. our nepali chorus was lovingly chanting the message dan had devoutly created in white lettered celestial blue silk flags on the front fenders,

lowell and edgar, ludicrous luster

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lowell thomas, renowned explorer and radio broadcaster, had somehow crept into my childhood and youth, and edgar faure, de gaulle's minister of education, prime minister, and france's official representative at the royal wedding, had entered my adult understanding of educational renovation if not revolution.

thus, consequently, currently and concurrently, i was thrilled one day early in the wedding events to meet edgar and use my feebly, college-rusty fractured french, pre my unesco daze, franglais to get a luncheon appointment with edgar to discuss his unesco commission then working on what was to become my professionally favorite unesco publication, learning to be... in a similar flow of fabulous events, i had met lowell, who was by 1970 an old leaf on an almost leafless history branch... neither lowell nor his reputation were known to most of the wedding guests, so i filled an important niche for the almost was-been, had been adventurer... this was a task i happily served, first at the us embassy function where i met lowell and, subsequently, where, when, and how i had the opportunity at several receptions on the royal palace grounds...

but help... lowell's loneliness wasn't anything i was prepared for on the day my royal chauffeur delivered me for a luncheon appointment at the oberoi... just as i entered the lobby, lowell spotted me and rushed to me to engage me in more conversation... the oberoi was where all sorts of diplomats, some distinguished persons and most of the dignitaries were staying. we friends of the crown prince were in a two star hotel, a converted rana palace, much more interesting than the oberoi, but without the tourist-diplomat cachet... just scarcely captured by lowell, when edgar rushed toward me and greeted me most pleasantly as professor... ergo, ipso facto, de juris and carpe diem, i was immediately obliged to introduce the two "world figures" to each other... imagine my surprise, the totally unanticipated lack of name recognition i encountered, the catholicity of my supranationalism crumbled on the carpet or polished floor of the oberoi... that was "bad enuf," but trying to tear edgar and me away from lowell's sticky needs wasn't eeezzy... edgar, mrs. faure and i had a lovely lunch that they wouldn't let me purchase... and, a couple of years later i relished learning to be with extra gratitude...

in 1975 when i got to unesco i wrote to edgar and he invited me to visit the french national assembly, but my french was too weak, adjustment problems for a young family with kidlets under two and four, and the entire gestalt (that is a germanic gibe at french "civilization") were too much for me and i never had the opportunity to meet edgar again... in kathmandu he was sufficiently impressed that an american university professor could be a personal guest of the crown prince, and he was then "out of office," so we speculated

on faure doing a lectureship at the university of north carolina, but i never achieved, acquired or accomplished enuf "clout" amongst the tar heels to orchestrate that performance...

through the years i have had curious consequences to many of my academic activist endeavors... i don't have any deep regrets that the events were, have been, just quickly passing circumstances, but occasionally i wonder, wonder, wonder whats and whys about "things," "people," places, and purposes... i still smile a most enigmatic smirk into my musings when i think of the ludicrous luster the encounter of lowell and edgar gave to my attendance in shah dev's wedding... i will ever be fascinated by some semantic bridge constructed in my mind eons ago, concerning the relationship and non-relation between the ludic and ridicule. both delight me and both have an element of disparagement that i question... constantly...

this was almost as ridiculous as the story of senator's saxbe and the kathmandu golf course. but that, it seems, merits a separate essayette on its diplomatic demerits...

i must thank my one and only favorite daughter, whom i once proclaimed to be little princess one white feather, for insisting upon my returning to my thesis community where two score and two years ago i learned so much, learned lifeness lessons of proletarian perspectives and learned poignantly lessons of poverty and wealth, poverty of human resources and wealth of human and spiritual resource. in our 1994 journey we seized a day, carpe diem, to visit millions of monarchs... the beautiful butterflies in their southern home showed us a grandeur of monarchy that most humans and humanes never have the opportunity to observe. returning to our human kin kind and some kind kin, we only have 27 monarchs...

in my thesis daze and days i was unaware that millions of monarchs lived so cooperatively together not distant from the realm of the ancient tarascans whose descendants befriended me... had i known that epic ecological entity so many years ago i might have learned much sooner the line i enshrine in my essay here, yearning, written on september 13, 2001, to relate the tragedies of june 1st in nepal and september 11th in the world trade center...

we grow in beauty as beauty grows in us...

we have only 27 monarchs now...of the human variety... two dozen of "them" are kings, sultans and an emperor, sheiks, princes and a grand duke... we might engender great anger on gender issues, only 3 of our monarchs are queens... even a deck of ordinary, common playing cards has 4 queens...

in many royal circles, castles, palaces, pavilions, and parks, apparently even common courtesy is not observed, but here we can be most gentle, most gentlemanly and politely subscribe, inscribe "ladies first." our three queens are margrethe ii of denmark, beatrix of the netherlands, and elizabeth ii of the united kingdom (even though there has been some recent disuniting there). margrethe, beatrix and elizabeth are "constitutional..."

amongst the men on our monarchial map, we have two who are categorized as "absolute," sultan qabus of oman and king fahd of saudi arabia, while it is unclear what degree and decree of limitation is put upon king mswati iii of swaziland... he has the qualification of near-absolute, when i was in his kingdom in 1972 i did not have the opportunity to meet him nor to learn the "extent" of his power... sheik hamad of bahrain and emir sheik hamad of qatar manage to work with a label of "traditional." that probably means compelling...

king albert ii of belgium, king jigme of bhutan, sultan haji of brunei, king nrodom of cambodia, emperor akihito of japan, king abdullah ii of jordan, sheik jaber of kuwait, king letsie iii of lesotho, prince hans adam ii of little liechtenstein, grand duke jean of luxembourg, paramount ruler tuanku of malaysia, prince rainier ii of monaco, king hassan ii of morocco, king harald v of norway, king carl xvi of sweden, king bhumibol of thailand, king taufa'ahau of tonga are under constitutional crowns... king juan carlos of spain is a reestablished monarch and exits under a parliamentary program...

to the best of my kingly conceptualization of kingly knowledge, birendra is the only "modern" monarch to have served, ruled both as an absolute and as a constitutional monarch... i hope that these other 26 monarchs i have listed have had a friend guru who has enjoyed knowing them as much as i have appreciated the friendship of "birendra and david." how many monarchs fail to register in any census? is the king of mustang, who attended the royal wedding in nepal in 1970 no longer a monarch?

namaste and dadnebas

27

of all the landscape and peoplescape perspectives i collected in nepal, none touches, tests, and tortures my memoirs as completely as the contrasts of people and place as i traveled thru time, space and timelessness from kathmandu to the china border in the early daze of the construction of the "china road." the indians had given nepal an east-west highway, sometimes explained as a protective corridor for indian troops should nepal be invaded by the chinese... in retaliatory generosity, so i was told, the people's republic of china wanted nepalis and coincidentally communist chinese to have easy access each to the other... ergo, the construction of the china road...

beauty included, the most daunting spectacle of my daylong journey from kathmandu to china and back was the conglomeration of thousands upon thousands of coulees sitting along the shoulders of the road creating handmade gravel... dostoyevsky, somewhere in his multitudinous volumes, records that the quickest way to drive a man insane is to subject him to meaningless work endlessly... there seemed to be no gender discrimination in the menial work of making gravel... i have asked myself repeatedly for 31 years whether the work had meaning to the coulees or was it meaningless... i usually conclude that the work meant food...

shah dev ever reminds me of the quakerly lesson i learned before i met my asian prince, "respect that of god in all beings," more than any other friend i have ever had... to shah dev's lesson of namaste, i reply namaste...

...and dadnebas.... thank you.....

the twinlet title of this page could be chinese gravel...

opening the palace door

28

john milton, john milton, that friend from the conservation foundation who was going to nepal to work on the creation of national parks, not that centuries ago poet friend blinded with poetic beauty, was the only person for whom i opened the palace door, other than for my family in our 1986 pilgrimage to the kingdom in the clouds. john was then a superb, oh so many years ago, a superb supranational ecologist, even before our first politicized earth day and before i had extracted from him as a wedding gift for temp and me a plutocratic gift of the two volume edition of the nature conservancy publication on the galapagos, knowing, understanding, sensing, totally comprehending, that someday i would have to go to the enchanted islands and no one of my acquaintance would provide better guidance thereto therein than john...

i knew at the time that john and the crown prince had useful conversations, but i have no record of how favorably or officiously they related... i only know that john did some significant parkspersonship for nepal and that shah dev established an ecological trust in his father's name and memory, the mahendra trust, which has done much but never enough for the fragile land and peoplescape of the kingdom of nepal...

further, and much to more political, polite, diplomatic, anthropological and friendship credit, i have no record of the numerous people who, concerning their trips to nepal, hinted to me, or even were stronger than hinting, that they would like to meet shah dev...

* * * *

if, if my near contemporary john milton reads this essay, i would greatly appreciate hearing from him... i always, always, always, loved his cheerful covering of his eyes when in a conversation... his asserting... "i cannot see your argument..." why couldn't john see that my discussions were not arguments.

peacetime, wording peace, 29

birendra's rip.....david's wip

we may kill time from time to time, or we may declare unilaterally, universally, unreservedly, that we will never kill time... in a dichotomous dither we may swing comically or critically, or critically and comically, to an opposite extreme to assert, aver and avow that we will save time. when, how, where and why might we save time...

timorously we tremble till we resemble our worst frightened imaginations... mightily mightingly we (re-)assemble, (re-)member, (re-)solve to severely distempered and well-tempered timelessness till all time is exhausted and we cease to waste time, kill time, spend time, save time, count time, serve time, ... (how many mostly billions of light and heavy years?)

from time to time, from time out of memory, we have amended, blasphemed, blessed, cursed and commended... yet, our dearly departed, our de-ceased, are continuously confided (con-fides, with faith) to rest in peace... rip... can we not gather together all the daze of lifeness and commendably work in peace... wip...*

1. who would dare suggest that i am dyslexic that the case is piecework, to say nothing about in time, out of time, before time, ahead of time, over time, on time, timely, beating time, clockwise, counter clockwise, and whoever called the clock wise, anyway...

curiosity is a clever trait... courtesy, a kind characteristic... courtliness, a caring conduct... i might even have keenly considered applying for the post of court comic, i doubt that i would ever have dared to aspire to guring.....

we left kathmandu a few days after our royal repast... win and bets had seen some glimpses of the himalayas, but the august augustian monsoons had hidden much of nepal's mountainous magnificence... thus, our fourteen and twelve uns were properly prepped, prospectively pre-advised to enthusiastically exit the kingdom in window seats on the starboard side of the royal nepali plane... ever enterprising win won the only available such seat... disappointed bets was measuring her alternatives when a youngish 30ish jeans and t shirt dressed nepali offered her his window vantage site, a vishnued venue for viewing vast vistas... gratefully, bets accepted and settled in to await takeoff...a much delayed event, extracting her royal photographic relic of nepal's beauty, she expected to spend a few quiet moments in reflection... the young nepali excitedly intervened and asked bets told bets that she had dined at the palace a few days ago. bets' embarrassed yes was followed by the deputy press secretary's (dps) explanation, "i had to get the books and other gifts together to send to you and your family the morning after your dinner."

the dps introduced himself and chatted with bets for a few minutes... then he told her that he would like to meet her father... bets came forward to the bulkhead where temp and i had cached our gifts and purchases and she presented me with the dps' card as she explained his wish... i went back to bets' place for a few minutes and learned again how important i was am in nepal... the dps told me how delighted he was to meet me, and that "you are his majesty's guru." thinking in somewhat californian pop western terms of "guru," i was perhaps more surprised than pleased, i think i was probably quite stymied, stunned, until dps told me that second only to his majesty's father, i was important in his majesty's life... shocked, sacred, pleasant satisfaction set in immediately and i learned further that more than any of his majesty's professors in toyko or other parts of harvard, i had guided his majesty's development. immediately after shah dev's assassination, when i decided that i would write these memorial essays, i struggled for weeks for a title to the collection, until i set upon the composition,

birendra and david, friends, king and guru...

kor warned me when i got to the harvard graduate school of education as a research associate and lecturer, a veritable and veritas member of the harvard corporation, that there were (maybe still are) 3 kinds of bright people at harvard. at the bottom of the ladder, whether student, faculty, administration, maintenance or adjunct, there was the dull bright consortium, from which one immediately, instantaneously, permanently and patently wanted to, should and had to disassociate oneself... far, far, extra-terrestrially removed from the dull bright, there was a cosmic, celestial, celebrated corps, determined federates and confederates, of the bright bright... they were not mere mortals, they were akin to those of the academie francaise, they were super-nova of the universe, some of them had even been and still were harvard fellows, with the "clarification" that they never burnt out... even their most humble, simpler, servicing meritorious emeriti were and would ever be bright bright or super-bright... i think it was about this time in my own life sentence on this planet that i coined the word "superbity" to cover my own most elated moments, however rare those might be... ah, then, almost as if she had the key(s?) to all wisdom and wit, though i always preferred re-ordering those two categorical imperatives, wit and wisdom, kor announced to me that the middle category of analysis, the middle category of clustering, the middle middlers.... masterful meddlers, even, the category to which one immediately wanted to assign himself or herself, herself first in alphabetical order, was, is and will ever be the middle bright.

i already knew, having experienced several years of "graduate" study in imperial harvard, having passed my doctoral orals on the first round, having eventually "earned" my ph.d., that i was, am and would ever be a middle bright educated and well-schooled being... (i think that such knowledge was clear by the time i toddled into being a two yearun.) i thanked kor for that important impromptu lesson and before or almost before the moon could change phases, i tried to hire kor as my research assistant... alas, she couldn't work for me because she was already well along in her doctoral research with other members, clearly middle brightens, of the csed (center for studies in education and development) and couldn't shift to my population education endeavors, endeavors that were theoretically and pragmatically intended to save us human beings by turning us into humanes, endeavors that we even nominative and predicated on ecological equilibrium of several sorts, mainly precariously premised on the proposition that we neither needed nor wanted to be a population of six billions... that was that, that was despite the compliment she soon gave me that she thought i was the male faculty member she would most like to work with because i treated women as equals... kor and i still meet for lunch about once every eon, in new york, and compliment each other for our humane decency and mutual admiration...

yet, yes, i digress....

this is a lovely story, an honest and honorable account about shah dev in the seminar on cultural constraints in educational development, the course title for which i am still profoundly indebted to kor's hubby, don... shah dev was a special auditor invitee into the seminar... and some of us believe it changed his life, but such exaggerated statements can be made about many events and eventualities in one's life...

within a month of shah dev's membership in our cohort i noted to dan that in a supremely democratic spontaneous scramble of invention and interventions, where anyone and everyone had the famous "carte blanche" to quest and question in superb seminars, shah dev was alone, the only person who never, ever, even once asked a question within the first twenty minutes of the beginning... it was not constructive chaos that creatively controlled our kwick quests to quench curiosity... we were all schooled and "educated" in the imperial harvard mold, without being moldy, of making noise, making our views known and illustrating by our bright noisynesssssss that we were in the limelight... we would never suffer scurvy because we would get all the limes we needed...

alternatively, with quite quiet creativity, subtle, skillful brightness, shah dev always, and i mean always, asked a question that was or questions that were a superb synthesis of previous questions and was/were, to my mind, magisterial and majestic... the near unanimity of our noisy brightness was regally sidetracked, pushed into the role of becoming "cabinet makers" by appointment to his majesty, rather than each of us being queen or king for a day...

before the end of the semester i complimented shah dev not only for his skillful use of his talents, which were considerable, but i thanked him for showing us the efficacy of qqb over qnb.... quite quiet bright over quite noisy bright... on an evening in may, after we had had dinner in milton in the home of the widow of the founder of the pathfinder fund, the small innovative foundation which had introduced modern contraceptive education and materials into the kingdom of nepal, back in my back bay abode, when i asked shah dev what he was going to do on his return to nepal, shah dev told me some of his ideas concerning educational reform there, if his father would give him permission. permission was quickly granted. if shah dev had been a degree candidate in educational planning, do you suppose harvard would have granted him a doctorate for his revision of education in nepal?

shah dev was never "incorporated" into what harvard called at commencement, "the company of educated men." even so late as the early 1960's, women guests in the harvard faculty club had to enter through the back door, because chauvinism was male... as late as 1986 his majesty was still asking his harvard guru what could be done to improve the education of women and girls in nepal... i think i failed shah dev's lifelong education far

more quietly than he wanted... in 1983, at a harvard banquet for shah dev, on the occasion of a state visit to the united states, president bok of harvard asked his majesty what he had to say about his education at harvard, to which he replied, "i didn't learn to ask the right questions." my wife, sitting several people away from me at a table for eight, kicked me under the table... i got many kicks out of multiple experiences at harvard in those academented years when i suffered acute and chronic harvarditis, but i probably never got such a kick as that evening.

i have no reports from what questions and answers were exchanged between mister reagan in the white house and his majesty at the state dinner there... if i were to make an educated guess, his majesty asked a noisy question or noisy questions of the gipper and only at harvard was shah dev able to ask his quite quiet question, ebulliently, "david, to whom must i write to get you to come to nepal?" the reply was an equally, quite quiet question, "when would you like me to come?"

i am neither well scripted nor versed in the arts and sciences of "royal prerogatives." consequently, i believed, believe and probably ever will believe that shah dev did me a great favor never to insult me, challenge me or instruct me that he might, just possibly have to use one, unique, highly prized "royal prerogative" on me to assess how well or how poorly he was doing on his course extension, his seminar project, his country pilot project...

oh, the high points of conversation we aired that magic mayfest evening in my beanburg back bay apartment... i captured the attention of a trinity, vishnu, shah dev and birendra ... vishnu reincarnate told me how he perceived the responsibilities of being vishnu reincarnate... shah dev told me how much he had appreciated being a part of the harvard graduate school of education - center for studies in education and development - seminar on cultural constraints in educational development... was the climax, the summiting, of the evening "birendra's" response to my query as to what he would do when he got back to nepal? enthusiastically, virtually running from one end to the other of my 13' by 21' living room with parquet floors overlaid with my treasured, handknitted fantasy carpet from the azores, what with a triptych of leaded glass windows, with paneled walls, with hidden bookcases, and with an incomparably lovely marble fireplace, a quasi-colonial bronze chandelier bought second hand, and with comfort, shah dev glowed with delight that he would ask his father for permission to work on educational reform... quixotically quizzical as to what might be the margins for innovation and imagination in an absolute monarchy protectively cherished by his majesty mahendra, i suggested that if shah dev got the royal latitude to promote some educational reforms, "how will you know what you are attempting to do is effective..." "birendra" turned on me immediately and virtually imposed, or so it seemed to me, imposed "royal prerogative," "that is why i have you..." did he punctuate that reply with a simple dot, a period... with a courteously curled mark of interrogation... with a winking semi-colon suggesting the annexation of some later escape clause... or did he exclaim with full confidence that i would be a humble servant after never earlier indicating the slightest metameasure of servitude... in essence, the crown prince was extending to me my first invitation to visit shangri-la and not only to visit the kingdom of nepal, but to become a portion of that nation's development...

i was sitting on my 8' white couch, under one of the room's twin 15th century ecclesiastical candelabra with a magnificent 2-foot tallow candle burning well above me... narayan was holding down the other end of the couch, sitting in the glow of the other candle... mr. g., my genial landlord, had loaned me these two medieval masterpieces to light my quaint, familiar bargain-priced jean charlot mexican chromolithographs, akin to

the works of diego rivera, of swaddled peasant children, laboring and belabored mothers, and mixed menial tasks, primarily because he did not have room for them in his magnificent, cluttered basement and first floor apartment. i occupied the elegant less-remodeled main floor of a townhouse. i had already cautioned shah dev in his racing back and forth enthusiasm to please sit down where he had been conversing calmly, "because i don't like to be talked down to." dan, my frequent mentor on royalisms, bided his silence until after shah dev and narayan had left at 2 a.m., to tell me, "david, you don't tell crown princes not to talk down to you." dan exited with that...

"i am exerting my plebian, near proletarian prerogatives," i silently surmised and never told dan... after all, hadn't i titled my doctoral thesis, proletarian perspectives, an anthropology of industry... and dan hadn't even drawn up his thesis prospectus... his majesty mahendra obliged his son's request and quickly, a scant two years later i received a challenging document outlining a plan for many reforms in the educational system of the kingdom of nepal...

i was asked to critique the plans, but i had to defer to persons knowledgeable of the unnumbered cultural constraints in educational development in that distant land, yet i did compliment shah dev and the theoretical outlines... and shah dev and i entered into a friendship pact of sharing many thoughts and feelings about nepalese education. girls' education became one of the highest priorities of both their majesties during almost thirty years on the throne of the kingdom of nepal...

vishnu is dead, long live vishnu...

i measure my welcomes very carefully, presumably because my mother cautioned me too many times to be courteous in all things and grateful for even the smallest of favors... there is almost an element of "the deprived kidlet" in me, though in all honesty, i was not a deprived kidlet... yet, i believe i was conditioned and conditioned and conditioned to be extremely sensitive and in that sensitivity which i still preserve, i cherish a strong ever present element of humble and not-humble ecstasy, joy...

all the times i was welcomed by shah dev, be the events in the palace in kathmandu or in the harvard reception of 1983, i felt greatly appreciated. in my encounters with shah dev, i felt really welcomed... in 1970 shah dev presented me to his father and his step-mother (his own mother having died when he was quite young) and he indicated how much he had enjoyed the education seminar at harvard...

in december 1983, their majesties made a state visit to the united states of america which included two major receptions, one at the white house and one at harvard... reagan must have known that i hadn't voted for him, because i wasn't invited to the white house. their majesties invited my wife and me to the harvard reception and harvard honored us by accommodating us in the charming official guest house, a colonial house adjacent to the harvard faculty club... the royal party was delayed in their boston-cambridge arrival by terrible weather, we ourselves were similarly inconvenienced by the winter blizzard conditions but we had braved driving to cambridge while the royals were flying from washington, dc... the pre-banquet reception proceeded apace in the courbusier arts center, the only example of courbousier architecture in the united states. joshi, the private secretary who had met temp at tiger tops 14 years earlier when he had accompanied shah dev's etonian friend prince richard of gloucester to the royal chitwan national park, was thrilled to meet her again without a reception line and the banquet commenced perhaps two hours later in what in my harvard daze of days had been president pusey's home. now the boks lived elsewhere in cambridge and many harvardian social functions enjoyed the spatial elegance and proximity of harvard house????

during dessert, president bok announced that after the dinner there would be a reception line for their majesties to greet their guests... we "dutifully" lined up and proceeded to file slowly toward shah dev and aishwarya... my wife and i differ on our accounts of what happened as we approached their majesties... i "contend" that when we were about 5 people away, shah dev glanced down the line and virtually lunged forward to greet me... temp holds that when we were in the proximity of being about a couple of people away from shah dev and her majesty, shah dev elated upon seeing me... it doesn't really matter very much which "story" is valid and which lacks "credibility." what matters is that when greeting me and being introduced to temp, shah dev with a mixed countenance of delight

and seriousness queried, "to whom must we ("we") (was it a personal i or a royal we?) write to get you to come to nepal." when temp and i returned to our crimson 'digs' temp queried me, "when do you think we will have to go to nepal?"

a really strong welcome occurred in august of 1986 when shah dev greeted me, temp, win and bets adjacent to the gazebo in the palace gardens. when we left the palace some four hours later, the official who accompanied us back to our hotel exclaimed, "but nobody, nobody ever spends four hours at the palace!"

just as shah dev was always really welcomed into my presence, i felt really welcomed into his..... we left to others the challenge of ascending mt everest, we climbed higher... yet we never were social climbers... i spent a few minutes in the royal reception talking to dr. leona baumgartner, an aging old friend of mahendra and... and a helpful friend to shah dev during his harvard year, 1967-1968. in the spring of 1968 leona virtually lectured me on how i must maintain a friendship with the crown prince after his return to nepal, how he needed to continue relations with the outside world... that spring, i told leona that that wasn't my understanding of "friendship," long before i knew that shah dev and i were becoming friends... how many times in 33 years have i recalled that stern exchange, how many times have i gleefully remembered that in 1983 i could tell leona that "shah dev and i are friends..." leona and i were population colleagues before we were mutual friends of monarchy!!!

dear shah dev,

thank you ever so much for sharing with me (again) a quarter of a century of your life... i am enjoying the three volumes of your speeches and proclamations...assembled for your majestic silver anniversary... certainly, the expressions of sorrow about your father's death echo through the years... we were about the same age when our fathers died...

it will always be a disappointment to me that i was not still in unesco headquarters when you gave your magnificent development speech in paris in 1981 and more recently, i would have loved to have been in the audience in fao for that delivery... your recurrent speeches and proclamations on population, poverty, development, education, substance abuse and human(e) rights and other topics that have been so much a part of my planetary commitments give me much pleasure...

temp and betsy are currently in north carolina, but are leaving today to return home, because of hurricane floyd... last week i was in cambridge for two days, helping win settle into his new digs as he ventures into the great adventures of mit's media lab... the media lab is as challenging as climbing mountains...!!!! you and dan should visit the place. i think it is just about the most exciting place in all of academia, except of course my fantasy, antarctica university.

i trust that your recent trip to the united kingdom was a complete success and that you are doing everything you can to enjoy good health...

with all best wishes,

luv, david

copied to dan

dear dinesh bhattarai,

thank you so very much for your note of september 1, 1999 and the three volume silver anniversary set of books of his majesty's speeches and proclamations, as well as the address of july 1, 1999, to parliament.

i have read the speech with keenest interest and have selectively enjoyed a large number of the items in the anniversary volumes. what a magnificent way this has been to look into the thoughts and actions of his majesty. recently, i was in cambridge, massachusetts, and remembered so fondly times there with his majesty and narayan shrestha, so many eons ago...

please keep me informed of any special events and concerns you have in the royal nepalese embassy in wdc. nepal "occupies" a special place in the life of the inkeys.

namaste,
david inkey

shah dev at fifty...

35

dear shah dev,

happy birthday day...50 strong... we (win, betsy and i) helped you celebrate on the 27th in the delegates' dining room at the united nations... temp was there in spirit, but otherwise she was home suffering in silence with a nasty cold. we think of you in thousands of ways and we care deeply about nepal and what nepal has contributed to our lives... i wonder what has ever happened to your efforts on the zone of peace and i am ever sorry, to the best of my knowledge, that nepal never took the topic to the un... i have had a struggling year from oct 94 thru oct 95, trying to get people to awaken to un thinking and i knew i was going to be very happy when all the folderol of the 50th anniversary was over, because then, maybe, more people might return to thinking about what they might (should) really be thinking about... my greatest fun was addressing a un club dinner at ramapo college in new jersey on 27 oct...on the topic of the pope and i! i had an incredible joy writing the absurd piece (copy enclosed) and i trust that you won't mind awfully much the dig derived from chess games that kings and queens might be pawns just like popes, peoples, etc... it all makes me think of shakespeare's ideas about the whole world being a stage...

i reflect affectionately upon the great times we had in cambridge and upon my four trips to nepal... i shall "always" regret that i never had the opportunity to go on one of your february treks... now that i am hard at work on a magnificent teasing of my thoughts about the un system under the title the u n philosopher! i wonder about all your thoughts and prayers in hinduism and all the sharing i have with a buddhist friend, and all the muslim and jewish friends i have had...etc., etc., etc. i am trying to praise all the fun, joy and sense of privilege i have had to be who and what i have been at the same time i try very hard very diligently to share once again all the compassion, sympathy, empathy and grief i have had for the poor of the world, poor in mind, body and spirit... we do not use the word namaste without thinking of the lovely evening in your gazebo in august 1986...

i am sorry you didn't get to the un for the celebration commenoration of the 50th anniversary of the system... i still treasure a copy of your speech to the non-aligned in paris in 81 just after i had left to become liaison to unicef in new york... oh yes, back to the religions and rituals of life, i struggle in my thoughts and imagination as to what can be done to enhance global thinking about the un... last year win gave me for christmas a copy of connor cruise o'brien's much neglected, little acknowledged 1968 book on the united nations, sacred drama and he, connor, perceives the preamble as something of a very humane prayer... last night, betsy showed us a film from the library, taken in part

from the book i gave you in 1986 about nuclear messes...and plutonium in the midwest of the united states, while we improvised a tv theatre in the living room in front of a marvelous wood fire on the hearth... usually, we do not have tv in the living room... and this year we have been overjoyed reading dan's book on the yeti...and remembering fondly your comments to win that he too should tell his schoolmates about yeti. anyway, at your 50th birthday i met a most pleasant young nepali doctoral candidate in educational administration studying at teachers college, columbia university...so a new little chapter of involvement with education in nepal opens in my life...and i decided i owe you a letter... strange how el salvador, nicaragua, haiti (where i had to spend my 50th birthday, no thanks or thanks to unicef), nepal, england, france, mexico and the usa occupy very very special geographical places in my being and while i am a little familiar with many others countries, i do not respond so magnificently to the others. i "lost and found" pieces of me in each of these places...

two weeks ago i entered my 65th year, and bets corrects me by american counting that i am only 64... i revel in being santa for unicef and you should see what joy i spread in that agency as it is suffering angst... being the first un philosopher has its responsibilities... being santa is a global task without measure... being self-appointed president of antarctic university (acronym au or "awe") and working on my book i was a kinder garden drop out! keep me busy... cor, from csed, who is now secretary to the corporation at columbia and one of my dearest friends has just been offered a fdn job to work on problems of the aged and their health... she doesn't know it yet but i hope to help her involve the fdn world into the 1999 u n year on aging... i am already calling the population dynamics of the 20th century, from 1.5 billion in 1900 to 6.3 in 1999 the unlikely and un likely name, the healthy century... and i am trying to recruit celebrants for the year 2031, to do membrance to the first known peace treaty, 1269 bc... we have the opportunity to celebrate the 3300th anniversary of the efforts of ramses ii and hattusilis...

scotty reston's death this year served as a reminder that temp and i talked to him when nepal was suffering a horrible energy freezeout from india... trying to get the nyt to cover more of the crisis...eco crisis as we saw the problem...further deforestation in nepal...

in june we had 2 weeks in yellowstone and the tetons, with win and bets, to celebrate our may dated 25th wedding anniversary... does time in nepal fly as fast as it does in the united nations? betsy saw one of the only 14 wolves being reintroduced in yellowstone... we all had a glorious challenge, rest, fun and eco time... the kids had elicited some 3 dozen letters from friends to tell us what we had been in their lives and us in theirs... needless to say, we spilled some tears...

if you ever have occasion to meet the unicef director in nepal, dan o'dell, tell him i sent regards to him, through your good offices... in very early february, at the memorial

service for jim grant at the cathedral of st. john the divine, hillary was standing by herself for a few minutes because almost everyone else was busy with the grant family, and i took the occasion to tell mrs. clinton that, while i appreciated her comments on the convention on the rights of children, i would really appreciate it if she would direct some of her efforts to women and girls' education. little did i know that she would be doing so within three weeks and also riding some of your elephants... alas! i could have sent best wishes to you via the second hillary, had i known here travel schedule... alas, i have a marvelous, joyful spy system in this world, but none of my spies are in our white house, nor even close thereto....you might be pleased to learn that after i finish writing the u n philosopher!, i intend to dedicate at least some time and energy to a new insight, being a cosmic clown in training.... two years ago i got a marvelous chinese fortune cookie with the message, "most people seek happiness. you create it." never, never, never, in 20 billion light years had i ever been told, warned or instructed as satisfyingly as by this cookie codex.. needless to say, convincing others that spreading happiness is my main task is no small task... my santa beard, red though it be, helps... last wednesday, before attending your birthday party--and they didn't give you any cake! but the barbecued goat was delicious--win, bets and i went to the children's museum of manhattan to see a 71st anniversary exhibition of materials on winnie the pooh and there a matronly lady, clear out of the clear, asked me whether i was (am) santa and i replied, "oh yes, i am the united nations santa for unicef." and i told her my 5 minute version of the story... she was delighted and said, "i knew you are a santa." (so...here in greentown, which once upon a time had the choice of becoming the world's capital as the site of unoville, i deem myself the clown prince of unoville and i await visits from other royalty... when might you come and jump again out of a reception line as you did at harvard in 1983... and please tell narayan that i will have a laugh or two for him.)

25 april ...

dear shah dev,

yesterday your cherished annual new year's greeting arrived and i resolved that i should get back into cyberspace and retrieve my birthday notes to you. yesterday i went in to unicef to deliver 51 lovely daffodils to 51 friends, to celebrate earth day during the earth day week and to check out an internship for a mexican japanese student friend... i had a marvelous chat with kul gautam, director of program and with minto thapa, a senior program officer, and caught up a trifle on nepal... we send you our very best wishes... betsy graduates from colby next month, in environ economics and will go to law school this fall, at uconn, in hartford, just 1 1/2 hours away from home... win is in product design with ibm, having finished in physics at rice... he is auditing courses in product design in the school of engineering at stanford and has been accepted for a master's whenever he wants to start... in march we had a lovely week together in the everglades in florida, 3 days in a hotel and 5 days on a houseboat... people marveled that our adult children like to vacation with us...last year we had two weeks together in yellowstone and the tetons... we have all enjoyed dan's book and reading his comments about your help was beautiful... i was sorry you did not get to ny for the 50th anniversary of the un... maybe hillary owes you an invitation to wdc... it would be great to hear from narayan and you... you know that nepal exists within us in very, very special ways... i have finally finished the text of an intriguing little book on i was a kinder garden drop out! and now i am struggling with what needs to be written and what does not need to be expressed about the un philosopher!

and now it is time to say, write, feel namaste! luv,

dear shah dev,

three times writing in one year is a charm! yet, i write with a certain sorrow. yesterday we heard from bal kc with the sad news of durga's death... just days before temp and i had been prepping the norwalk ski lodge on a work weekend and had had a marvelous conversation with the young prexy, who regaled us with mount rainier stories from last summer and he indicated that someday he would love to trek in nepal... temp then told him how beautiful the himalayas are and that got us started on nepal stories...i resolved that, indeed, it is time i write... i wrote last december and april. what a shame i don't have email with you....

i now have about 120 pages written on the united nations philosopher! but i have not yet caught exactly the spirit i wish to excuse.... perhaps by next spring, i will settle for something less... i am very happy with my little kg drop out, though i have not yet moved to find a publisher... simply, it is a marvelous letter to myself...about lifelong education... the gist of "my problem" and my challenge is that i want a revolutionary paradigm change in the social sciences comparable to a copernican or darwinian revolution... why, why in all the world, cannot we come up with a profound, stirring change... should i be so rude to quote to you the marvelous words you spoke in paris in the early 1980s, just after i had left unesco headquarters to work "in the field, new york" or should i find other stirring sentiments for humane decency...

i fantasize going with you on a royal encampment some february, as we once speculated for 1987...and then i virtually convince myself that i don't want to contend with higher altitudes... 1997 is not feasible... i am becoming ever so much more a homebody...after betsy and i went to the galapagos in 1990, i told "everybody" that i didn't need to go anywhere, anymore... everybody told me that wouldn't be quite true and i put the emphasis on "don't have to," though i might go... this year, during win and betsy's spring breaks, we spent a lovely week in the everglades, 3 nights in a hotel and 5 days-nights on a houseboat in the innards of the glades... our joy each night comet gazing was great! how was the view in nepal...?

dan persists in trying to get me into "something," and has just given my name to the green echoing foundation... i will have lunch with the director next monday, but i am not sure i want to revert to commuting.... we are far less lavish than we were before "retirement," and doing quite well... i would like to be a half-time consultant...

what i really want is someone to pay for spreading a bounty of my bountiful ideas about the un and pc... last year i wrote a marvelous spoofffff on pc! by santa! pc includes planetary concern, peace council, peace counsel, several other pcs, and the ultimate pc,

personal commitment... my latest spoof was a provocative talk i gave again this october (but not the keynote) at ramapo, for un week, my contribution was saving the un, the helms - inkey debates. despite my eloquence, jesse still managed to get reelected to the senate and i will soon set to work on the second helms - inkey debate...

remember larry, the pc (peace corps) chap who introduced dan and me to narayan and you... well, he has just published a marvelous book, with the title common fire and i am partially trying to "bamboozle" teachers college into doing a course on the text and testament... let me know whether larry has sent you a copy of his book, and if he has not, maybe i can get one and send it to you... it is quite good, not so good as arthur levine, the prexy at tc thinks, but good enuf for me to be interested in doing a seminar in and around it... i append a copy of my mixed message to tc... i haven't seen larry since those 1960s days at harvard, but a couple of months ago we talked by phone and we are now on email with each other... dan has kept in contact with him over the years...

how are you and your family? what interests have the children developed? have they studied abroad? what are your chances of coming to the u.s. during the second clinton administration... or, just come? we are "absolutely" delighted with what fascinating young adults win and betsy have become... i am extremely modest in my comments to bal... win is a wonder and has just written a hilarious decade autobiography for his ten years "out" of his pre-prep (copy attached, to remind you of his project on drug education in greentown and nepal) and betsy simply astounds us for even wanting to go to law school...she was prexy of amnesty at colby in maine and now she is founding prexy of the uconn law school chapter... she is just first year, first semester, but already she is discussing a second semester, second year, stint in leiden, about 20 minutes from the hague. the world court and the un tribune will have to grant her spectator status... meanwhile, win is working on the polishing touches to a joint endeavor he and i have worked on each christmas vacation for 3 years, a board game entitled the antarctic challenge! life is far from dull with such activists to entertain and challenge us... national and local politics are bad enuf to reduce us to despair...but i basically refuse to concur with my great friend and mentor, henry david thoreau, that most (men) lead lives of quiet desperation.... i prefer: most people seek happiness. i create it!

i suppose that you read the nytimes??? imagine my dismay to read a few days ago that the vatican was holding out on a \$2000 contribution to unicef because "they" thought unicef was getting too involved into family planning... and then unicef did a "snow job" virtual denial... unicef is trying to have its cake and eat it, too, and really is doing virtually nothing on fp.... tonight on tv, itn, (international television network) a half hour program we get from the uk, his holiness was "taped" on his participation in the world food congress, currently being held in rome, and again he won't see population growth as a part of the "problem." i have so many, many "causes" in my life...that i have decided, as i approach my 65th birthday, all i want for my 65th birthday is 35 more... jonathan garst,

remember your and narayan meeting him in california, well, he taught me one of the most significant lessons of my entire life, he taught me to excuse my behavior in a most cavalier fashion: i am not the champion of lost causes, i am a champion of causes that have not yet been won (one)!

in early mid-september, temp and i flew to north carolina, for a week of visit with some 20 friends extending over 40 years (by t's links and some 25 on my side). well, hurricane fran tried to stop us from going and we went 3 days after fran had done her damage... we ended up helping people and consoling...against damage. in the "process" i saw my best friend in anthropology, i only have two, and lo and behold, i discovered that prexy peacock was not going to get his valedictory amer anthro assoc speech printed by aaa. ugggghhh! i was "driven" to my computer when i returned home, to write the futurity, ¿of anthropology? needless to say, i was once again "reaffirmed" that my having left formal academic anthro was (is) one of the better things i have done in this short life. my best efforts are now devoted to answering, endlessly, the intriguing question my mother asked unto her wits' end when i was just 3, 4 and 5. what in the world do you want, now? i trust you like the transition i have been able to achieve.

for immediate focus, temp and i anticipate the pleasure of betsy coming home on saturday with a high school friend who is visiting her on friday... we will have our traditional, celebratory raspberry pancakes for lunch on saturday before rocky returns to nyc and then saturday evening bets wants a japanese meal here in greentown... rocky is currently studying what the un has done in political education for women...and then end november she is leaving for india to study for 6-8 months the contribution of women to gandhi's independence work...

do you know how santa stays in shape to carry his bag at christmas? this santa practices through the entire autumn scooping up large tarps full of fallen leaves and lugging the leaves to my great compost heap. from late october till christmas i do not trim my beard so that children at the ny foundling home can pull it when they are not punching my tummy, to prove that i am "real." unicef has dubbed me the u n santa! and i believe it is a full-time job, 366 days this year. getting people to believe that santa works (and plays) year around is a very great task. i cannot, just simply cannot, understand why people are such skeptics. what are your thoughts on skepticism. i, indeed, prefer skepticism to cynicism, of which we seem to have more than generous supplies all around us...

i could go on, and on, and on...amusing myself with verbal somersaults and hoping that they amuse and challenge you....but it is getting late and i wish,,, to get this letter and enclosures to the post...

luv, (david inkey, santa,)

steve and his wife were part of the harvard entourage that attended the 1969 society for international development meetings in delhi where i met temp. steve, his wife and i subsequently went to nepal for a week and with dan's great help we had a magnificent quasi-tourist-quasi-professional introduction to nepal. shah dev, also, helped me have a royal time, but royal prerogatives excluded steve and jean...

memory serves me well on some things and i think we were generally having an auspiciously great time... we couldn't steal all of dan's time for he was a hireling of the united states agency for international development, usaid, and he had to create a great impression on his boss cuz he would subsequently marry one of the boss' daughters. nevertheless, we exploited dan's knowledge and savoir faire (even though french wasn't much use in a 57 languages non francophone nation). i recall no serious glitches to our stay in nepal, except one day, about noontime, in durbar square, steve might have perpetrated an unfortunate international incident and might even have caused unpleasant relations between hindu-hebrew understanding... hadn't he apologized faster than any of us could say, namaste... or shalom...

we were watching some event in the market and steve stepped backward for more space, probably to film a local guru or swami. that was before i knew i was a respected guru in nepal... steve bumped a being or movable object, which he thought was a person and turning quickly he apologized while in rotation... worse than bumping a person, he had bumped one of a miniherd of sacred cows lurching around us...

fortunately for the our trio, steve was the only one who was cowed...

seventeen years later when i was on a unicef mission to nepal my one and only favorite daughter had to content herself with yak burgers because no hamburgers nor beef burgers were available...

senator saxbe's golf, david and julie in absencia, 37

i am enuf of a simpleton-skeptic that i believe senator saxbe of ohio, or, then of ohio, would not have gotten to nepal if it had not been for the disinterest of david and julie (aka eisenhower), the young american couple didn't want to graciously respond to granddaddy ike's and daddy richard's naming them as the "official" united states representatives at the wedding of shah dev and aishwarya...

senator saxbe would probably have managed the events of the wedding with sufficient diplomatic aplomb if he had done much like the other foreigners at the event, taking daytrips to marvelous scenic and cultural sites... but no, no! senator saxbe, to the possible endless disruption of relations between the landlocked state of ohio and the landlocked kingdom of nepal, traveled to nepal with his golfballs, woods and irons and insisted upon playing golf. for reasons i never learned, perchance for senatorial security, a lowly foreign service officer from the us embassy was commissioned, charged and even chagrined to serve as the honorable senator saxbe's caddy. "honorable" is a word we use to describe senators, though ornery might be a better/best circumlocution. when "john" infuriated saxbe by not providing the appropriate irons. saxbe forgot protocol and politeness, or so the story was told to me, and protested, "what do you do when you are not carrying my golfbag?" with some venom, perchance borrowed from sacred snakes, "john doe" replied, "i carry other people's golf bags." even without going to court, his majesty's or an inferior jurisdiction, i think "john doe" had his case "in the bag."

is this why h. l. mecken warned many years earlier, "never elect to high public office anyone guilty of golf." if you ever learn whether senator saxbe was a golf partner of ike, please don't tell me. about a year after the wedding in nepal i was in washington on population work, having a meal at the mayflower hotel, and senator saxbe saw me but didn't "place me." he greeted me effusively and asked me who i was and where we had met... was it sheepishness or was i "cowed" by an identity event, i confessed that we had met at the us embassy in kathmandu when i was a guest at the wedding of birendra and aishwarya, i had to say birendra, instead of shah dev... for three decades i have noted nothing in senator saxbe's career, or i repressed what i might have noted... in 1973 saxbe replaced attorney general elliot richardson, after the so-called saturday night massacre... now, in 2001, the former senator has just published a book about seeing elephants. should i send him a cybernote about all the king's elephants or should i let the long retired senator tend only his cherished republican pachyderms...i wonder if my hair is still golden enuf that senator saxbe would identify me as someone he had met, ever so long ago. i am warranting that i will never know..

a snake at the door!

38

win wasn't very comfortable about snakes in the united states of america and to see a nation religiously celebrating vipers during our trip to nepal was quite a bit more than she bargained for.

the actual day of the "event" was the day we had dinner with our friends mohan and madhuri... we managed the evening with great success, but upon leaving their home, bets noticed an enormous paper snake framing the front door... this evoked queries from all of us, and mohan explained the importance of snakes as protective and environmentally important beings, as adeptly as her majesty and shah dev explained the importance of red spots on the foreheads of hindu women...

-

while we all benefited from the sacred and secular honoring of snakes in nepal, none of the four of us feels any more comfortable about snakes than we did before going half way around the world to observe the honoring of snakes.....

sunglasses!

39

i have a great penchant for expressing myself...so when shah dev asked me in the royal reception room in the palace, during my 1969 visit to nepal, what he could do to be closer to his people, i suggested that he take off his sunglasses in public events...

i hadn't witnessed any of these shaded public events, shady dealings these, but all the multitude of royal portraits i had seen of his royal highness had him hiding behind dark sunglasses...

shah dev was a little taken about and aback by my reply and changed the subject to our perennial safe terrain, education... this i didn't mind at all... as an anthropologist, i still was then more of a traditional anthropologist than i have evolved into as a post-modern anthropog, i never was especially comfortable with specific nepal questions... frequently, i fended questions with replies from africanist and latin americanist social anthropology and i, even, resorted to more staid ethnographic defenses when struggling to find some approximately credible reply to my avid student's learning sessions...

no one should be surprised to hear me confess once again that i received my predictable reprimand from dan, after we vacated the palace grounds... i don't think dan ever got mad at me for my penchant persistence... i think he just simply thought, believed and practiced more protocol... he had had much of his early "education" in india, in post-colonial india, but the content was still extremely "sahib..."

i know that royals in various climes use dark glasses to hide optical expressions, but i felt that if my student prince wanted to establish contact with his people, that should include eye contact... yet, in optics, perhaps i am not a skilled instruction, in all my 70 summers i have seldom used sunglasses... in my 69 winters i have not used goggles more often than i have used them... i only learned to ski at the maturing age of 39... if i as a commoner have had so little use for sunglasses and ski goggles, why should any crown prince need to hide behind darkened glass or plastic to avoid eye contact with "his" people or his father's people..... saint exupery's little prince didn't use sunglasses or space goggles in all his space travels, not at least according to the only account we have about him...

temple bells...

40

dear shah dev and aishwarya,

is it only thirty years since that glorious wedding in kathmandu. i have only been to nepal four times in thirty-one years, yet how invasive that great kingdom has been into my life and temp's, win's and betsy's...

three nepali temple bells that dan'l had cast for us with names and dates all in nepali, for our wedding, for win's birth and for betsy's birth, fill our lives with mystery and music...

we wish you joy as you celebrate this week and we wish for you many more years of joy and thanksgiving...

with all best wishes,

liv,luv,david

his majesty's private secretary responsible for the educational portfolio, narayan, earned a full portion of my earthness gratitude when he arranged for me in 1969 a lecture in tribhuwan university... i was still, then, yet very much an academic and to add to my kudos the joy, satisfaction, accomplishment of lecturing on population and development in a country such as nepal thrilled me, beyond measure....

the stipend was understood to be my joy... my surprise was stretched beyond its usual boundaries two daze later when i was summonsed to dine at the most prominent restaurant in nepal, the yak and yeti, with some 30 of the top educational officials of nepal...

i have given university lectures in a number of nations, but no such lecture has thrilled me as much as this first international academic lecture. there is one other international university lecture, one that i gave in mexico in 1994, celebrating the united nations' international peace day of that year, which gratifies me more greatly for the language accomplishment of my message... i spoke in spanish and managed to express eloquently my most profound feelings about peace and epic ethics, epic being ecology, equity, education, peace, prosperity, poverty, imagination, integrity, international (read supra-national) cooperation, culture, creativity, and curiosity...

when i retired from the un i speculated on teaching, for a semester, at trib, but time flowed away and the idea never found its place...

tigers and goats are the national game of nepal, in the plural... in the singular, a tiger and a goat, a tourist attraction, is sacrificial offering of a goat at in the royal chitwan national park to attract a tiger for the night-time entertainment of guests a tiger tops...

the two times that i have been to chitwan, i have not managed to see a tiger... temp saw a tiger in 1969 because she was at tiger tops when prince richard of gloucester was visiting and noblesse oblige required flushing a tiger from the jungle for the british royal...

in 1986 fourteen year young win entertained and was entertained by uncounted players of tigers and goats in the markets of kathmandu, because each player thought he could entice win into buying the gameset from him... win subsequently bought four sets, (but i was not a party to the transactions... so i know little of the story...)

i have seen royal bengal tigers in the kathmandu zoo... but for mine own part, and not even being the prince of denmark nor having been named the count of kathmandu, i have preferred the exercise of riding elephants in the daytime jungle savannah of chitwan to see the rare, endangered species of unicorn white rhinos... that experience, alone, is one of the magical, mythic, ecological ecstasies of nepal...

if you can be in chitwan when the great ornithologist bob fleming is there, you will have another transcendent ecological exercise... if ever i were to return to nepal, i would visit lumbini and the international crane foundation protectorate in the lumbini refuge... when i was in nepal i didn't know about the magnificent cranes of the sub-continent...

and, if you are looking for tigers, be sure to recite william blake's ever wonderful poem, tiger, tiger burning bright...

dear dr, inkey,

his majesty the king has received the email you and mrs. inkey sent through dr. mohan man sainju and has commanded me to acknowledge the same with thanks on his behalf.

may i also add that his majesty underwent a successful angioplasty with stent implantation in london on november 23rd and will be returning home on monday.

with warm regards,

sincerely,
narendra raj panday
principal press secretary
to h.m. the king

i underwent a successful angioplasty with an LAD stent implantation in boston on april 9th, 2002 and returned home on wednesday april 10th. i edited this text of birendra and david during the long hours of "waiting" and recovering. namaste, david inkey

dear mohan,

thank you ever so much for your extensive note, and especially for the news about shah dev... in view of the fact that he is leaving for london on the 19th, i would like to have you convey the following letter to the palace, immediately....so that he and her majesty have this note from temp and me before setting off to london...

i will reply in more detail to your letter soon, but tonight we have betsy home in her own bed so that, tomorrow, we can have breakfast on her 25th birthday... temp celebrates september, win owns october, betsy claims november and i totally posses december, except for sharing it with beethoven, nepal constitution day, the boston tea party, christ, shah dev and new year's eve.

all best wishes, david

dear shah dev,

what's is this i hear in cyberspace about a bout of ill health.... i know i am much in arrears on writing but you shouldn't, needn't have gone to this extreme to extract a letter.... we have so many memories of you and nepal, not to mention the three nepali temple bells (replicas) dan'l had cast for us....one emblazoned with temp's and my names and the date of our wedding...a big bell that must weigh 25 pounds and which has a superb tone, even to tone deaf david.... a second bell, the smallest, weighing in at maybe 5 pounds, cast for win with birthdate and all. and the least elegant tone...and third, a lovely middle sized, 12-15 pounder, great toned betsy bell... anytime there is a phone call for one or t'other of us and that person is upstairs, and the phone has been answered downstairs, we ring one of the bells, usually betsy's.... to alert the upstairs party of his or her call... if we didn't live in a 220 year young veggie barn converted to a home some 70 years ago, maybe we would think of having an intercom... we had one in north carolina...but we don't really need one here... living on a 53 acre pond, with swan, ospreys, cormorants, gulls, finally an eagle after 17 years..... chipmunks, squirrels, many other kinds of birds, including redheaded woodpeckers to my heart's content...even crows...and deer (whom we don't invite to eat all my flowers and who are guilty of having given me lyme disease last summer) and a once upon a time skunk, several raccoons (and thus our name for the place, raccridge), and whatelses....

i have finished my lovely little prose poem, the voyage of the gip-c, gip-c being the galapagos interspecies peace conference....it is so beautiful (to me) that it destroys all my modesty....when i get two other texts finished, i intend to look for a publisher or publishers, but in the interval i cannot be bothered... the second opus is a charming life tale, an evolution of self, with the title i was a kinder garden drop out! (i really was, at the age of 5 1/2, i deserted kindergarten and learned subsequently to look for kinder gardens.... truly, one of the greatest joys of my life is the gardening my mother taught me... the third "obstacle" is the most challenging writing task of my life....worse, much worse, incomparably worse than a doctoral thesis, even one for imperial, imperious harvard... it is (or will be) the united nations philosopher! it is not poli sci, not "his"story, not herstory... it tries to be our story.... it tries to be the story of a world i believe in, not necessarily the one we know... i play and work with the idea that the idealist is the being who creates idea lists.... our common denominators are two often just two dimensions of pc, political correctness (too much of which we owe to geo bush) and personal computer.... in the marvelous dominion of david inkey, the clown prince of our times, an energetic reformed harvard anthropologist, we have mega-dimensions of planetary culture, peace council, peace counsel, planetary consciousness, and the ultimate pc, personal commitment....

i have been increasingly disenchanted by academia in recent years....perhaps, maybe, just possibly, and probably because i wasn't able to re-enter ivied halls when i "retired" from the united nations.... i wasn't relevant to the questions they were hung up on.... (just like what you told president bok, "harvard wasn't asking the right questions for you...." and temp kicked me under the table at that lovely banquet you had in your honor in the kremlin on the charles.) anyway, i have discovered of late, that much of academia is academented. partly to remedy this malaise and partly to address other humane problems, i have authorized, appointed and anointed myself to be founder and first president of antarctica university. i have a few administrative and recruitment problems with au, we have a preponderance of penguins and they want a baby penny to be our mascot... we have the greatest difficulty recruiting humanes, even with our total dispensation to taking all the rejects of clown college... the clown college application form is the finest i have ever seen, they have the audacious ability to ask, "when was the last time you cried, and why?"

you are well aware of my expertise in medical anthro...or if you aren't, you have forgotten the details of my teaching in the medical school of the university of el salvador, that was before "they" went to war, before the un helped them with the truth commission, and before hurricane mitch.... i could offer some folk medicine for you chest pains, but rather than appear a quack, "curandero" (spanish for folk practitioner), i should offer a book by norman cousins...but i forget the name of the magnificent tome [anatomy of an illness]... cousins had a collagen problem and he was hospitalized in ny... the vampires were taking too much of his blood and the nursing staff were giving him no rest... he prevailed upon his "quack" who wasn't totally incompetent, that he, norman, would be better off in a hotel than in the hospital...and so he moved... then, he knew he needed to laugh, so he rented a projector and old chaplin movies...and before, before, before robinson crusoe could find friday, or before my dear friend, don quixote could find sancho, norman was well.... he became so successful in medicine (more correctly phrased, health) that he got an appointment on the faculty of the med school in san francisco... so...our dear deer this summer, fourlegged critters who eat my flowers, gave me a case of lyme disease, the most serious and epidemic public health menace in america now, for active outdoors people...but i spotted my bullseye rash the day it developed, i broke the sound barrier with my medico, by 4 pm i was on a megadosis of durocyclin..and in just 3, just three little days, actually 2 1/2 rounded to 3, i was feeling great, but i had to keep swallowing pills twice a day for the total of 30 days....almost like a speeding offense, which i have never been punished for other than fiscal fines...

so, how are you and why did you have to decide on london... if you had come to boston or ny, i would visit you with a moment's notice.... i haven't been to london for years... i think the last time was 1986 when we visited temp's brother and his family, on our return from visiting you in nepal.... you could argue that your being in london, more than half the distance between kathmandu and racridge should be sufficient motivation for me to "cross the pond," the bigger pond, not just my little 53 acre raccoon pond, nor henry

david thoreau's huge 61 acre expanse...no, the 3,000 mile stretch of h2o between land's end, cornwall and orient, new york...

i should be more serious with you, maybe...tho i don't quite know why... leona baumgartner, years ago, even still while you were at harvard, told me (in no uncertain terms) that i should be helpful to you in keeping international perspectives.... i wasn't worried about your keeping intl perspectives... leona was too much of a "lion," for me and i doubt how much she ever appreciated my being as peaceful as the proverbial lamb... anyway, i knew, eventually, from the last conversations we had in my back bay, boston, apartment, that you were going to do well on education.... and you did... i harangued unicef from 1983 till end 1991 on girls' education...and finally, only in 1990 did they begin to clear the wax in their eardrums... last spring, when i was in unicef briefly, i learned to my great joy that unicef now has a 60 million dollars annual budget for girls' education... yesterday, kul gautam, nepal's great contribution to unicef, currently director of unicef regional office for se asia, bangkok, got his name in the nyt becuz of something he said and feels about aids in the region.... nepali bells, i was cajoling unicef all thru the 80s that they should be doing something on family planning and sex ed, etc, and population education and the head of the program division and jim grant were more concerned about getting his holiness pope john paul ii to agree to oral rehydration salts... nyi nyi, in 1991, took me to lunch with the then departing who counterpart and announced to me, "oh, david, you will be glad to hear that we have decided to start 4 condom projects in east africa becuz of aids." i replied, "kenya, uganda, sudan and tanzania." nyi nyi said, with a bit of surprise at my saavvvvvvy, "yes." i then said, " no, nyi nyi, that news saddens me..." i wanted you to do something like this when it would have been proactive education, not when it is a belated response to tragedy."

so, what else is new. i suffered this week as we prepared once again to blast the middle east. i prefer a king who declares his nation to be a zone of peace. i exuded joy this week, with win home from california for pieces of 6 days during which he worked 3 days in ny state at an ibm facility. he participated magnificently in two celebratory bashes for his one and only sister, betsy, while we feted her, a week prematurely, for her 25th birthday. she won't get an inkey joy of "breakfast in bed," becuz my bulterresque duties are currently being exploited unpardonably but with appreciation, by temp, who is suffering, suffering, suffering one, lousy, week-old sore throat, retribution she got for helping a friend of ours care for a croupy grand-child. so, bets is on her own blueberry pancake detail and we three, we happy three, will break-fast upstairs, attempting to ground temp for another day...

my biggest task, in addition to the united nations philosopher! is dissolving an idea i had about 6 years ago when i was especially enjoying temp's nature joys.... i wrote, "i grow in beauty, as beauty grows in me." i am just simply one iota of the naturalist that temp is...but i do appreciate curiosity, imagination, knowledge, discovery....etc, etc., etc... a part

of me will always regret that i didn't get back to nepal in 1987 to accompany you on your february jaunts into the countryside. a part of me will always regret that i don't have a better idea, much of any idea, what your work entails and similarly a part of me is profoundly grateful that i have enjoyed enormous liberty to do those things i have wanted to do and those things i have believed i ought to do....

this is getting to be quite long....so i had better go to bed... i need to copy two thinkgs (think-things) into this before i send it.... our christmas epistle and an idealist's idea list about antarctica...

temp, win, betsy and i wish you all the best...

christmas season 1998

dear friends,

following a spectacular autumn, we turn to the season of lights, divali in india, christmas in many lands, winter solstice - global, and we meditate on the many ways we confront darkness... in the colder climes we build fires, light candles, wear colorful clothes, and communicate more. in warmer latitudes, there may be imitations of some northern rituals--i remember how strange christmas lights looked on florida palm trees during the last years of my mother's (temp's mother's) life in delray beach. whatever your rituals we send you our love and best wishes for the final year of the millennium. (my new auto emissions sticker says my next inspection is due in january 2000.)

we share as usual the news of family. betsy, just turned 25, will finish uconn law school next may. last summer betsy savored scandinavia for 2 weeks before working in london for 6 with amnesty international. win, 27, continues into his fourth year in the ibm product design lab in california. he can't talk about work secrets but he enjoys the breadth and depth of the creative process. he had a trip to japan last august and celebrated by climbing mount fuji... summitry at sunrise... he enjoyed an evening with temp's carolina '60 classmate and her family, seeing their tokyo tower apartment and sharing a delicious japanese dinner. win also visited hiroshima on the anniversary of the bombing... we (t&d) celebrated our 28th wedding anniversary in may. we are settled in a mutuality and rhythm of retirement. we are very busy doing fun things we didn't have time for before. travels this year included short trips to vt, nc, wdc and maine. david

spotted a bald eagle on our pond, one evening in august... activities of joy, camping "here and there," kayaking from our dock here and on the inlets and lakes of acadia, viewing a loon family from birth to flight of their baby, kayaking on ct's bantam river and hearing baby beavers communicate in their lodge.

friends have been/are a large part of our joy this year and every year, some visiting us and some "subjects" of our visits and some unseen... new friends, ellen and steve and nick, added joy to our times in acadia. two beautiful pottery bowls crafted by steve now grace our breakfasts and remind us of sparkling, blazing campfires last august. a watercolor by ellen of north woods reminds me of the joy of a new friend who loves nature and is an accomplished artist.

david has been trying to persuade "everybody" to read and share with others the universal declaration of human rights (udhr). in october, we celebrated the udhr's 50th anniversary and the un's 53rd at ramapo college in new jersey, where last year, during their un club banquet, david, in his speech, launched what the college calls "the inkey challenge," that every member of the ramapo community receive a copy of the udhr. they took the ball and ran with it, with a full semester program of visiting speakers, art exhibits and other cultural activities. david is stunned by the magnificence and magnitude of the response... (the decade on human rights education continues through 31 december 2004, so david feels he has time for many other udhr activities)

so how do we relate all of this to christmas? we are christians in a multi-faith world. everything we do and think is screened through the filters of faith. our faith is ever growing as we increase our awareness of world citizenship. the question in the old testament book of micah was "what does the lord require of us?" last month in a seminar at a trinity college, hartford, this was given a good answer by a baptist minister, "do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with people of all sorts and conditions." jesus studied this text almost 2000 years ago; we are challenged to continue integrating this teaching in everything we do, day-by-day, year-by-year. it is an awesome challenge.

we wish for you the peace of god, the love of god,
and the rest that passes all understanding,
when the day is done.

love,
temp and david

antarctica university

au is "awe," inspired...
au is the most, challenging eduecoexperience on earth.
au is the most selective education within the heliopause.
au excels in courses of comparative planetology.
au is unique in creating a course in planetary culture.
au is unsurpassed in the study and service of optimism,
"we all are forever looking up."

au is unrivaled in interspecies diversity.
au is unlimited in imagination and curiosity.
au is a training camp for cosmic comics and planetary clowns.
au is a life sentence in life long education.
au is unparalleled as a non-academented institution.
au is the universe's test site for the ultimate pc,
personal commitment.....

a virtual covenant by david inkey, founder and first president...

antarctica university is! (printed elsewhere)

au acronyms awe...

dear bal and family,

we rejoice with you in the life of durga and we grieve with you in her death. how beautifully and how strangely lives mix together. three of our dear friends of former years served many years on the staff of the christian medical college and hospital in vellor and durga spent three of her last few months there as a patient. your hospitality to us in kathmandu and boston and ours for you here shrink global space and time and bind us together, forever...

durga, during our brief two weeks in nepal in 1986, endeared herself to us, transcending cultural differences and interpreting them. the farewell wreaths of flowers she brought to each of us at our hotel and her accompanying us to the airport, assisting us in untold and uncounted ways, shine brightly in our memories. the loving meal you all gave us in your home simply, still expresses sharing. while there is a formal mourning period of one year, we have a lifetime period of joy for durga's joy and sorrow for her sorrow. you have been in our thoughts and prayers from since first we met, and when we learned of durga's cancer we further reflected on the meanings of life and death.

we are sorry that we did not know that anjaya was here in the united states for five years and we are sorry that during your recent trip here we did not have the opportunity to see you and anjaya. next time, i hope we can offer you bed and board. win is now a marvelous adult, 25 years young, and betsy is a lovely, dedicated and spirited young adult, just 4 days away from her 23rd birthday. win studied physics at rice university for his ba, worked for awhile (two years) on science curricula for middle schools and on computer design, and now he is doing a masters' in product design at stanford. betsy graduated from colby, in maine, last may, with a major in environmental economics, and now is a first year law student at the university of conn. temp is a marvelous naturalist educator in a nearby nature preserve. i am a busy un retiree, lecturing occasionally and trying to write a great book (with wit and wisdom), the united nations philosopher! we have little news of nepal. kul gautam is on sabbatical from unicef/ny, studying development and management issues at harvard, dan is an infrequent correspondent, deepak is back in the field... we ring frequently the three nepali temple bells dan had cast for our wedding, win's and betsy's births. nevertheless, we think about and frequently converse about countless stories of how nepal and nepalis have touched our lives. just this past friday evening while working on cleanup of the norwalk ski lodge in weston, vermont, we were telling nepal stories to a marvelous young man who casually told us that someday he would like to trek in the himalayas. he hadn't known anything about our times in nepal... knowing that durga "had many close friends all over the world" is an expression of the meaning of her life. we join you in prayers of healing love... love,

dear shah dev,

i don't know whether it is still the 28th in kathmandu or already the 29th and this message would be belated... whatever, however, whenever....

happy birthday... 1999

**may this be your happiest yet,
and the benchmark for many, many more...**

i am cautiously planning for 2031 a.d.,

to celebrate
the 3300th anniversary of the peace treaty
of ramses ii and hattusilis,
and my centennial.

we have had a very pleasant christmas from the 22nd with betsy and the 23rd with win... betsy leaves this evening for hartford and win will return to boston either late today or early tomorrow.... betsy is now a member of the ct bar and looking for a job in human rights, while writing a book on disability and the law... win, after 4 years with ibm in california, is now a grad student again, this time at mit, in the media lab, which is about the most interesting place in all academia, according to this reformed anthropologist. in september i took win to the harvard faculty club for a special dinner, intro to the other end of cambridge.... memories of shah dev, dan, larry, judy, narayan and david shook the foundations, almost like an earth quake...

we think often of all that nepal has been in our lives and we wish you and yours the very best.... tragically, the latest news is on the plane hijacked from the kathmandu airport....

affectionately, david

after the royal wedding, i stayed on in the kingdom of nepal to visit the terai, a savannah low altitude plain of great agricultural, general development and population importance to nepal and then an area of considerable political concern because of the great influx of indian nationals... never, until 1986 did i make very much of an effort to learn "details" of nepalese culture, history, politics and government procedures... this was not for any lack of interest, it was for the twofold reason that there was much greater value in shah dev's and my friendship if i preserved a genuine "innocence," and i was magnificently, multifariously busy with many, many other topics... the two days stayover were the exception and i visited some usaid program personnel and the jaunt to the terai was to visit health clinics, talk informally about population issues and family planning, and to acquaint me with a broader scope than midland valleys and high, the highest mountains...

i will ever appreciate the stretching these two days gave me, but most of all i think i am amused by, stunned by, and thankfullllllll for the vipp sendoff i got because i was probably the last personal guest to leave "the festival." shah dev personally requested narayan to see me off at the trivhuwan international airport... i was still then quite young, very young in diplomat ways of the world and i protested vehemently to narayan that he was much too busy to personally accompany me to the airport, and to the plane...

narayan smiled a smile he had probably learned from shah dev, for the near grin was very vishnu-like, and narayan said in immortal english, "david, you are vvip in nepal." i was virtually non-compos mentis and replied most quizzically, "what?" the simple, soft, succinct, polite, embracing, smiling, generous, unforgettable reply was,

"vvip, very, very important person."

sometime in the week before i had dinner at the palace, i had a great, challenging appointment with his majesty's minister of education... it was never revealed in anything so succinct as a sentence or two that his majesty had been a student of "mine" at harvard, but the politeness, deference, respect and courtesy with which i was treated everywhere in any "work" i was doing made it blatantly, beautifully, blissfully evident that i was a special visitor, though i never heard in government offices the term vvip (very, very important person).

the minister of education plumbed all my knowledge and ignorance of providing generators and video players to provincial centers for teacher training... unfortunately, neither the financial nor material resources were available at that juncture for such teacher-upgradings...

it was challenge enuf to get one copy of a unicef video on idd, iodine deficiency disease, out of india where the film had been produced, into unicef kathmandu, to the lobby of the yellow pagoda hotel, into my hands and through my good offices, into the hands of his majesty birendra bir bikram shah dev, with the insistence that i wanted him and his ministers to see this film. i wasn't personally fond of the unicef chap in new delhi who had produced the film... i found him one of the most difficult people i had known in the entire united nations system, but idd was, is and will be for sometime yet (beyond 2001) one of the most horrible afflictions we could ever so easily prevent... in 1986 approximately one-fourth of all humanity lived in iodine deficiency areas... since the late 1980s the un system has done one of its most heroic heroic labors and has helped governments in the provision of iodized salt... on a monsoon afternoon in august 1986 i was recruiting vishnu to respond to one more lesson from his harvard guru... it bothered my faith system that nepali friends told me that they preferred non-iodized rocksalt from tibet to the iodized import from india!!!

shah dev replied, "dadnebas (nepali for thank-you)."

namaste.....

i had read enuf victorian literature in high school and college to fill several libraries, or so i thot...but little did i suspect that i was reading it to be versatile with narayan whose perhaps greatest western passion was and is victorian literature... narayan was not yet especially a friend during our harvard daze and i only saw him four times that spring semester of 1968...

(during my year at the london school of economics, i lived for several months in dickensonia, a village adjacent to where mr. pickwick used to visit friends... i also visited the old curiosity shop and one night at the senior commons room of the university of london the mayor of saint pancreas told a group of some 80 international students the story of his life, which was virtually "lifted" from the pages of charles dickens. though i would immediately disclaim any label of "his"torian...narayan appreciates greatly my efforts to be an our and hour storian and he gorges his virtually insatiable victorian appetite on my reminiscences of england and my earlier reading of victorian lit... in all his spare time at harvard of which he had not so very much, narayan studied victorian literature.)

but during my third and fourth visits to nepal and during narayan's late 90s visit to new york, we have had a marvelous appreciation for each other and for what each of us has been in the life of his majesty.

though narayan is totally cognizant of the fact that he and i and his majesty and i have had many serious discussions, narayan's most repetitious line for me is, "his majesty and i never laugh so heartily as when we talk to you."

the wedding gift, garb and grub...

49

i had a royal time at the wedding of his royal highness birendra bir bikram shah dev and miss rana, but i labored diligently before arriving in kathmandu... as soon as i knew that i would be invited to the only royal wedding i ever expected to be invited to, i wondered what in the world does a commoner, an american commoner yet, give a prince as a wedding gift...

long resident american, not native american, i muchly wanted to give a navaho rug, but practical me i thought that taking a rug to nepal was virtually equivalent to carrying the proverbial coals to newcastle... ergo, that gift idea was quickly discarded...

crystal wasn't much of an idea or an option... and what else.. well, i was marvelously still suffering my intense harvarditis and concluded that somewhere in all the ins and outs of harvardiana i would find not just a solution, i would fine the solution... i searched, searched, searched and searched a bevy of art shops in boston and cambridge and somewhere in the charles street arena of beanburg i found a lovely, magnificent, not too costly and not very inexpensive print of one of the earliest harvard architectural gems... i think it was harvard hall, itself...

most of us dressed appropriately for the multiple occasions, formal morning dress, formal afternoon dress, and formal evening dress...

i did not keep any diary, journal or record of the royal grub, but i remember that we ate well in the former ballroom of a rana palace, the marvelously converted shankar hotel, both international and nepali cuisine... and all the royal receptions were supplied with food fit for a king, of hearts, diamonds, clubs, spades, mustang, nepal, or a future emperor of japan... and no one gossiped that prince richard of gloucester suffered any indigestion...but then, he was raised on overcooked brussels sprouts, roast beef and potatoes?

bets asked the more most anthropological questions of the evening, querying shah dev about the symbolism of the nepalese flag and asking her majesty why she had two red dots on her forehead instead of the usual one... their majesty's delighted in xenophilic zeal to the sensible, sensitive, seriousness of miss inkey's manner and manners... david appreciated aishwarya's explanation of redness being a symbol of strength, soul and intelligence and virtually closed the evening by saying that he had always known this, "being a redhead." at this elevenish hour, shah dev concurred with temp, "yes, maybe it is time for david to go back to the hotel."

win had been less specific and inquired what did shah dev and aishwarya think he should tell schoolmates about nepal... shah dev effusively told win to inform his friends and colleagues about (1) nepal having the highest mountains on earth, (2) about nepal being the home of the yak and the yeti... win protested that the yeti was a myth...and his majesty instructed win, "tell them about it anyway." and (3) nepal has two major religions, hinduism and buddhism and that there have never been religious wars.

the xenophilia of shah dev's third point thrills me as much as his definition of namaste... godlinking... in the orthography of inklings...

"let us live all the daze of our lives..."

september 13th 2001

yearning is now the most easiest and the most difficult essay to write in this collection. from greentown point in the constitution state of connecticut it is an easy day's view of the manhattan skyline on days without haze... from the 11th through much of the 12th the prize beach was closed, but last night we ventured out and had the opportunity to see the ghostly column of smoke still rising from the site of the collapsed twin towers of the world trade center... will october 31st still be observed as the hallowed even...

i am yearning for some comprehension of grief... on june 1st i suffered the devastating linked "loss" of shah dev and his immediate family, his majesty birendra bir bikram shah dev, king of nepal... there was a "familiarity" even for those persons whom i had not met... the catastrophic tragedy of the royal massacre was "beyond comprehension." a certain trust and expectation of innocence was destroyed... on september 11th by just some direct line 30 miles of longing, some 40 miles by road or rail, i have again so quickly experienced an attack on my sense of trust, my comprehension, my world...

i have several friends and acquaintances or friends of friends, and even acquaintances of acquaintances who were not killed in the wtc because they were "late for work." i have yet, still, ever, since, profound shock and inexplicable grief for anonymous beings "lost" in the crematory of colossal collapse...

just as my yearning for nepal is that the nation can heal, i hope and pray that retaliation will not rule here, that beyond tolerance, we may reach for understanding, trust, growth and love... that we will learn ever once again, life is fragile, handle with prayer...

"we grow in beauty, as beauty grows in us."

dear shah dev,

greetings and best wishes... i have been intending to write for weeks... thank you ever so much for the annual remembrance of the nepali new year.... someday, early in the next (western) millennium, it would be very nice to have an update picture of your family...

on sunday... i wanted to write you to express some dismay at barry bearak's page 3 article on democracy is taking root in thin soil in nepal.... it is mediocre journalism...and the para that truly sent me up the wall was (is): "in 1990 political agitation forced the harvard-educated, walrus mustached king birendra to give up most of his absolute powers and accept a constitutional monarch."

today, an email letter from the unicef educ advisor in the middle east informed me that the new ===since when i don't know=== director of the unicef south asia regional office, kathmandu, is dear friend and former colleague nigel fisher.... nigel was a magnificent anchor person (not holding things down...more an image of juggler) for the 1990 unesco, unicef, bank, undp world conference on education for all... nigel did quite a bit of his r& here at the inkeys and more than once i had to practically break his arms and legs to get him to take a rest from his driven commitment to education.... by "brainwashing" him in the raccoon pond... our same pond is frequently used by former unicef colleagues as "a training water" for swimming the channel!!!

and, even before all these other excuses for writing, how are you. should i send you frequent valentine's to keep your cardiac topics in good stead: each and every year, in late january, i bring glorious spears of closed forsythia into my warm living room, to encourage the flowers to provide me with yellow valentines for 14 february... i append my poem on the topic...

temp is visiting friends in acadia (maine) for two weeks as i clear out tons of old papers.... win is packing up in california to move to c'bridge in august, to be a part of the media lab at mit... a doctoral program in creativity.... "they" were made for each other... the lab is probably the most imaginative academic program on creativity anywhere in the world... we are delighted to have him coming eastward again... betsy, last month, finished her 3 years of purgatory and pleasure in uconn law school and now is suffering and swimming thru the summer to exit the ct bar end july early august... then she is off to minn lakes for two weeks of portaging and canoe trekking... in september she wants to expatriate to cape breton, nova scotia, to write for several months. she is "exhausted" by being in school

since she was 4. to everyone's delight, bets got the frank noonan award for legal scholarship and public service... i shed a couple tears of joy (and relief)...

each day i read the nyt, mostly hoping not to find news on nepal, since our press seldom reports on the good, kind, and clever.... from time to time i search nepal on the web, to remain at least a trifle informed.... what ever happened to your zone of peace proposal.... let us revive it for global application... this year is the 30th anniversary of my giving a lecture at tribhuvan university... you could launch your zone of peace from antarctica university... i am (self-appointed) prexy and win is chair of the board of trustees....

lunch with narayan in nyc on 21 december was a delight... has he gotten on email... nepali mementos around the house enchant us daily and remind us of our lovely times there...

sincerely, david (for all 4 of us)...

the yellowed valentine... (printed elsewhere)
february 15th 2031

peace in antarctica is older than the ice, but humans and some humanes decided in 1959 that we should keep peace at least somewhere on the planet, so with an international agreement they treatyized the seventh continent. as a king come lately, in 1975, my friend and former student shah dev declared his kingdom in the clouds, nepal, to be a zone of peace.... are we to suppose that i was prescient by being such a peacenik all my life....., burning my draft card in 1953 during the korean police action which came to be known as the korean war ... and while nepal was "recognized" by 116 nations as a zone of peace, only antarctica has remained peacefilled.

recently,

the night before last, i finally awoke to the idea that yes, i do believe in ghosts... for almost 70 years i have teased myself about ghosts... and i had this magnificent dream about shah dev addressing the empty chamber of the general assembly, about his campaign to get nepal recognized as a zone of peace... in his lifetime he managed to get 116 nations to support nepal as a zop and i always wanted him to take the idea to the un... he declined, saying he wasn't ready to do so.... so, in my dream work, he does what i wanted him to do during his life sentence on planet earth...

after he came out of the general assembly with an entourage of two or three he was in a little room and i heard that he was at the un... so i prevailed upon the guards to let me in the room and i requested the other nepalese to leave so that shah dev and i could chat... they did so and i congratulated shah dev on his endeavor, explaining that it mattered not at all that the great hall of the un was empty.... i assured my friend that the message would endure. and, i awakened, finally believing in ghosts. halloween this year creates a new significance. i laughed silently to myself and thought that i needed to write a little essay, fun and frivolousness should not be confused, a funny finale! an epic ephiphany!

epiphanies,

**"epiphany: an appearance, or a becoming manifest,
especially of a deity....."**

we grow in beauty, as beauty grows in us

i

beauty gave us magic, seeds to plant along the trails, in the trials of lifeness,
lifeness being the relationship of all beings one to another...
all creation blesses such gifts... gifts, which bless creation...
a moment before time began, or was it just a moment after time alarmed us,
perchance, it was in the instance when each of our moments commenced,
who is to know, who is to ask, who is to care, and when?

shah dev and i learned that sharing is beauty's blessing...
we ever so generously scattered several seeds into each other's path...
does this only make us pathfinders, does this mark us, equally lost souls?
or, does this simply guide us in sum of life's lonely lovely wandering...

whoever was it that blasphemed, "beauty is in the eye of the beholder?"
it is not the blind who fail to see.... count those who fail to love?
blinded yet, in total darkness or too strong light, insight guides me,
job's job was, is, to teach us that blasphemy is the greatest sin...

in eternity, we do not need to be timekeepers, scorekeepers, nor goalies...
some of the seeds are of joy and some of the seeds are of sorrow...
scarce we know which are what until we see their growth, our growth?

life is not given to us in equal portions, my prince king stretched only 56 revolutions...
why must i who has run 70 times around a morning star... run further, further?
lifeness may weigh upon you, upon me, with different scales of justice...
like any job, ruth, cain, kul, rajendran, durga, we toil under burdens,

in the bright sunrises, i see morning glory, not a mourning star...
in the nights' brilliant twinkles, i feel and field the challenges of awe...

ii

"to whom much is given, much is expected."

iii

birendra, shah dev, was born to be a god on earth... lord vishnu reincarnate...
an occasional emperor is a sun god...
an innocent child may be transformed, a dalai lama...
a few popes and other peoples weight sanctity, only in afterlife?

how tragically we ignore beauty...

yet, ever, since, surprisingly, a few eons ago, a friend sanctified me,
tenderly, margaret asked me "to be santa."
yet, ever, since, sadly, "people" still say that i only "play santa."
i am a santa! rudely, they call my work clothes a costume!
how is it that i might even be arrested for impersonating santa...

orthodox errant, erudite educators err,
they teach us, with singularity, about one santa, indivisible with gifts for all?
santa's elves... santa's workshop, santa's sled and santa's deer!

apostrophic error! virtual blasphemy! santa's elves! inequitable servitude?
for goodness' sake, "list us as santa selves, in santas' workshop..."

iv

surely, goodness and mercy will follow us all the daze of our lives?
surely, goodness and mercy should not always follow us...
sumtimes they must lead...
our timekeepers encourage us to be clockwise...
whoever believes that clocks are wise?

in our circle, i will stand beside you and you will lead me in one direction...
when we turn, to my turn, behold, i lead you...

v

francis, still, yet, ever saintly, a patron of peace,
my second-saint tells us, "it is only in dying that we are born to eternal life,"
 though time, space and condition separate us, ever more than before...
 magic seeds of joy and sorrow spring up... again, a gain...
 shock is muted in time's healing grace...
quietly, grief, engulfing grief, shrinks into mysterious folds of my being...
 in-stilling, silencing, strengthening, grief...

joy, joy is the ever flowing, flowering, flourishing spirit...
 joy is one of my friends... my friend who knows all other friends =

vi

love is the question... love is the answer...
shah dev ever greeted me with namaste...
 "the god in me salutes the god in you..."
 his majesty, my friend, bade me farewell with namaste...
 "the god in me takes leave of the god in you..."

for six long months i have shared many hours with grief and joy...
 december is now upon us, birendra's and david's natal month ...
 happy birthday, birendra... happy birthday, david...

vii

namaste, shah dev! namaste, david! namaste, magic seeds of sharing!

birendra and david, friends, king and guru confess, "the seeds are namaste."

Epilogue(s)

ZONE OF PEACE

"We adhere to the policy of Non-alignment because we believe that it brightens the prospects of peace.

We need peace for our development. security, we need peace for our independence, and we need peace signed formal peace and friendship treaties with both our friendly As a matter of fact, Nepal in the past had neighbors. And if today, peace is an overriding concern with us, in our region and everywhere in the world. It is with this earnest desire to institutionalize peace that I stand to make proposition - a proposition that My Country, Nepal, be declared a Zone of Peace.

"only because our people genuinely desire peace in our country, It is XXXXXXXXXX
HM King, Feb. 25, 1975.

The proposal to declare Nepal as a Zone of Peace is based on the principles of reciprocity and mutuality of obligations. For the effective implementation of the proposal, Nepal is prepared to undertake the following obligations provided other friendly countries would also accept reciprocal obligations vis-a-vis Nepal.

1. Nepal will adhere to 'the policy of peace, non-alignment and peaceful coexistence and will constantly endeavour to develop friendly relations with all countries of the world, regardless of their social and political system, particularly with its neighbors, on the basis of equality and respect for each other's independence and sovereignty.
2. Nepal will not resort to the use of threat or force in any way which might endanger the peace and security of other countries.
3. Nepal will seek peaceful settlement of all disputes between it and other state or states.
4. Nepal will not interfere in the internal affairs of other states

.

5. Nepal will not permit any activities in its soil that is hostile to other states supporting this proposal and, in reciprocity, states supporting this proposal will not permit any activity hostile to Nepal.

6. Nepal will continue to honour the obligations of all the existing treaties which it has concluded with other countries as long as they remain valid.

7. In conformity with its policy of peace and non-alignment, Nepal will not enter into military alliance nor will it allow the establishment of any foreign military base on its soil. In reciprocity, other countries supporting this proposal will not enter into any military alliance nor will they allow establishment of military base in their soil directed against Nepal.

Announced by PM Surya B. Thapa in Nepal Council of World Affairs, early 1982
The number of countries supporting the peace zone proposal of Nepal has reached one hundred and nine by July 1989. (The list is attached to the original and does not easily scan into my computer. The total number of nations who signed during Birendra's life was 116, I believe.....).

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Re Nepal and 1990.... first, a citing from today's NYT...

“This week's rallies [April 9, 2006] coincide with the 16-year anniversary of Nepal's first pro-democracy movement, when the current king's brother and predecessor, Birendra Bikram Shah, ceded to popular demands for parliamentary elections.”

Dear NYT Editor,

David Rhode's article, "Ousted by King, Nepal Premier Asks for Support," NYT 10/6/02, reminds me of so many events in the highest kingdom on Planet Earth and of my friendship with His Majesty Birendra Bir Bikram Shah Dev... David R's article is too brief, not even mentioning HM Gyanendra by name... This reminds me of the time in the United Nations when someone was writing to Birendra and the letter was addressed, Dear Mr. King...

When the monarchy evolved from being virtually absolute to being constitutional, in 1990, I wrote my support of, by and for the changes. In the turmoil of the times and difficulties, Shah Dev promptly replied:

Thank you for your letter of April 20. We appreciate the concern you have shown for us. We are doing our best to help the new government in institutionalising constitutional monarchy with multi-party democracy in the country.

I was impressed with Win's work (My son had done his Eagle Scout project in Nepal, creating the first drug awareness merit badge in the world, had organized a national observance of the first International Drug Awareness Day and a teacher training workshop with participation of five national ministries and I had shared with the Palace the reports thereon.) Please convey to him my congratulations. I am arranging to have the clippings sent to our Scouts, who, I am sure, will enjoy reading them.

With best wishes and warm personal regards to you and your family. (In 1986, we, as a family had visited Nepal and dined with Their Majesties, while I was on a UN assignment.)

Sincerely (signed Birendra,) Birendra Bir Bikram Shah Dev

Peace, David Inkey, UNESCO Advisor to Unicef retired

Computer World!

Dear David,

Thank you for your E-mail of June 10, 1999. My best wishes to the family.

/Birendra/

----- Headers -----

Return-Path: <asd@mos.com.np>

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by manaslu.mos.com.np (8.9.3/8.9.3/KRG1.0) with ESMTP id QAA01119
for <Raccridge@aol.com.>; Fri, 18 Jun 1999 16:02:39 +0545 (NPT)

Message-ID: <000701beb975\$b449cc00\$34ff34ca@asd.mos.com.np>

From: "asd" <asd@mos.com.np>

To: <Raccridge@AOL.com>

Subject: Message for Dr. David Inkey

Date: Fri, 18 Jun 1999 15:59:59 +0530

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X-Priority: 3

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X-Mailer: Microsoft Outlook Express 4.72.3110.1

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Subj: nepal memories, 1970 - 2001 Date: Monday, May 31, 2004 9:40:01 PM From:

Antarcticu cc: Antarcticu tonight i watched some old filmage that my daughter put onto a cd....and amongst the footage we enjoyed anew my participation in the 1970 royal wedding in nepal....tomorrow is the 3rd anniversary of shah dev's death by regicide and patricide... peace, david === On June 1st 2001, I suffered the devastating linked "loss" of Shah Dev and his immediate family, His Majesty Birendra Bir Bikram Shah Dev, King of Nepal... There was a "familiarity" even for those persons whom I had not met... The catastrophic tragedy of the royal massacre was "beyond comprehension." A certain trust and expectation of innocence was destroyed... On September 11th by just some direct line 30 miles of longing, some 40 miles by road or rail, I have again so quickly experienced an attack on my sense of trust, my comprehension, my world... I have several friends and acquaintances or friends of friends and acquaintances of acquaintances who were not killed in the WTC because they were "late for work." I have yet, still, ever, since, profound shock and inexplicable grief for anonymous beings "lost" in the crematory of colossal collapse... Just as my yearning for Nepal is that the nation can heal, I hope and pray that retaliation will not rule here, that beyond tolerance, we may reach for understanding, trust, growth and love... That we will learn ever once again, life is fragile, handle with prayer... "We grow in Beauty, as Beauty grows in us." ===== Vishnu is dead, long live Vishnu I will grieve and glory today and all the remaining daze of my life for the friendship of Shah Dev. His Majesty Birendra Bir Bikram Shah Dev and I shared for thirty-three years of his short fifty-five year life a sense of joy, fun, laughter, challenge, concern--belief--and now as I suffer the immediate sorrow of his death and the deaths of most of his immediate family, I count and recount numerous prince and king stories, so carefully that I should have asked the king to give me the title of The Count of Katmandu. I will ever cherish the magic of our respective individualness with the rewards of our collective community. We lived and live in a world of worlds, we let others climb Mount Everest, but Shah Dev and I made a greater ascent, we had a transcendent experience, "We lived in One World." Once upon a time, our world had many kings and queens, even emperors and empresses, many princes and princesses, and a miscellany of other royals... However, now we live in a world of very reduced monarchies... More people know the kings and queens of Hearts, Diamonds, Clubs and Spades than any humorous and humane MAJESTY... Just yesterday I "lost" my friend the King of Nepal... But, "lost" is not exactly the correct term to describe a death... So, today, today, and tomorrow--I trust--and many daze after that tomorrow, I may count many losses and gains in a friendship only redefined by the death of Shah Dev... Just as he worked for Peace, I would wish that he may Rest in Peace... He claimed the Kingdom of Nepal to be a Zone of Peace, now he may claim the entire universe...a reward of Peace... i would be glad to share the near 100 page document with interested peacemakers.....

birendra, 1946-2001, 2001-2006

nearly five years by, burnt on a funeral pyre, so dire,
my friend, my former student, my democratic monarch, my only king,
his majesty birendra does yet to me sing, cling and rejoice...

in friendship, we both soon found space and grace do abound,
in quietest ways of trust and care, our souls did do embrace...
crossing the stretches of academic fare to nepal's great lair,
our bridge was not, is not, a frenzied pace of caste and case,

we did revel at sea level, we did ascend above everest's high altitude,
everywhere we met, in deep concern, doubt and laughter, in every attitude,
¿what did we, what do we discover? a great beatitude, mutual gratitude...

each one gathered fractions, fictions, factions and fragments of life,
each welded union against strife, and time yet drives us to dream:
sometimes in joy, oft in agony...across the chasm of life and death...
with death, love does not die,

oh, so long ago, in the daze of coronation's glory, our story, we did tell,
shah dev voiced our thoughts to announce, pronounce, proclaim, exclaim,
The Kingdom of Nepal shall be a Zone of Peace...

david inkey, march 12, 2006, unpoet@aol.com

this afternoon nan and i saw a magical performance of the great musical, "the king and i." oh, i went innocently enuf, believing that i was attending once agoin one of my favorite musicals... little did I suspect, expect, that each learning experience betwixt anna and the king would be a reminder of some of shah dev's and my exchanges... at several places in the play, my eyes moistened.... upon returning home I knew I had some work to do as we near the fifth anniversary of shah dev's death. this little poem is the first part of this new work....

namaste, david inkey

Dear Mr. Inkey,

Your letters to His Majesty the King which you sent through Mr. Sainju as well as through the Department of Administrative Services have been received. They have been submitted to the gracious attention of His Majesty the King who has commanded me to convey to you his thanks and appreciation.

His Majesty the King is at present on a State Visit to India.

With best wishes,

Sincerely,
Narendra Raj Panday
Principal Press Secretary to
His Majesty the King

----- Headers -----

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by rly-ya01.mx.aol.com (8.8.8/8.8.5/AOL-4.0.0)
with SMTP id CAA22848 for <Raccridge@aol.com>;
Wed, 27 Jan 1999 02:49:30 -0500 (EST)

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From: "Dept. of Administrative Services" <asd@mos.com.np>

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Date: Wed, 27 Jan 1999 13:22:34 +0530

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Dear Mohan,

Thank you ever so much for your extensive note, and especially for the news about Shah Deva... In view of the fact that he is leaving for London on the 19th, I would like to have you convey the following letter to The Palace, immediately....so that he and Her majesty have this note from Nan and me before setting off to London...

I will reply in more detail to your letter soon, but tonight we have Betsy home in her own bed so that, tomorrow, we can have BREAKFAST on her 25th Birthday... Nan celebrates September, Win owns October, Betsy claims November and I totally posses December, except for sharing it with Beethoven, the Boston Tea Party, and Christmas.....

ALL BEST WISHES, David (and Nan)

Dear Shah Dev,

What's is this I hear in cyberspace about a bout of ill health.... I know I am much in arrears on writing but you shouldn't, needn't have gone to this extreme to extract a letter.... We have so many memories of you and Nepal, not to mention the three Nepali temple bells (replicas) Dan'I had cast for us....one emblazoned with Nan's and my names and the date of our wedding...a big bell that must weigh 25 pounds and which has a superb tone, even to tone deaf David.... A second bell, the smallest, weighing in at maybe 5 pounds, cast for Win with birthdate and all..and the least elegant tone...and THIRD, a lovely middle sized, 12-15 pounder, great toned Betsy Bell... Anytime there is a phone call for one or t'other of us and that person is upstairs,and the phone has been answered downstairs, we ring one of the bells, usually Betsy's....to alert the upstairs party of his or her call... If we didn't live in a 220 year young veggie barn converted to a HOME some 70 years ago, maybe we would think of having an intercom... we had one in North Carolina...but we don't really need one here... Living on a 53 acre pound, with swan, ospreys, cormorants, gulls, finally an eagle after 17 years.....chipmunks, squirrels, many other kinds of birds, including redheaded woodpeckers to my heart's content...even crows...and deer (whom we don't invite to eat all my flowers and who are guilty of having given me Lyme Disease last summer) and a once upon a time SKUNK, several raccoons (and thus our name for the place, RACCRIDGE), and WHATELSES....

I have finished my lovely little prose poem, THE VOYAGE OF THE GIP-C, gip-c being the galapagos interspecies peace conference....It is so beautiful (to me) that it destroys all my modesty....When I get two other texts finished, I intend to look for a publisher or publishers, but in the interval I cannot be bothered... The second opus is a charming LIFE TALE, an evolution of self, with the title I WAS A KINDER GARDEN DROP OUT! (I really was, at the age of 5 1/2, i deserted kindergarten and learned subsequently to look for KINDER GARDENS.... Truly, one of the greatest joys of my life is the gardening my Mother taught me... The THIRD "obstacle" is the most challenging writing task of my LIFE....worse, much worse, incomparably worse than a doctoral thesis, even one for Imperial, imperious Harvard... IT is (or will be) THE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER! It is not poli sci, not "his"story, not herstory... IT tries to be OUR STORY.... IT tries to be the story of a world I believe in, not necessarily the one we know... I play and work with the idea that THE IDEALIST is the being who creates IDEA LISTS.... Our common denominators are two often just two dimensions of PC, political correctness (too much of which we owe to Geo Bush) and personal computer.... In the marvelous dominion of David Inkey, the Clown Prince of Our Times, an energetic reformed Harvard anthropologist, we have mega-dimensions of PLANETARY CULTURE, peace council, peace counsel, planetary consciousness, and the ultimate pc, personal commitment....

I have been increasingly disenchanted by ACADEMIA in recent years....perhaps, maybe, just possibly, and probably because I wasn't able to re-enter ivied halls when I "retired" from the United Nations.... I wasn't relevant to the questions they were hung up on.... (Just like what you told Bok, "Harvard wasn't asking the right questions for you...." and Nan kicked me under the table at that lovely banquet you had in your honor in the Kremlin on the Charles....) Anyway, I have discovered of LATE, that too much of academia is ACADEMENTED.... Partly to remedy this malaise and partly to address other humane problems, I have authorized, appointed and anointed myself to be FOUNDER AND FIRST PRESIDENT OF ANTARCTICA UNIVERSITY. I have a few administrative and recruitment problems with AU, we have a preponderance of penguins and they want a baby penny to be our mascot... We have the greatest difficulty recruiting humanes, even with our total dispensation to taking all the rejects of CLOWN COLLEGE... The clown college application form is the finest I have ever seen, they have the audacious ability to ask, "WHEN was the last TIME you cried, and WHY?

You are well aware of my expertise in medical anthro...or if you aren't, you have forgotten the details of my teaching in the medical school of the university of El

Salvador, that was before "they" went to war, before the UN helped them with The Truth Commission, and before Hurricane Mitch.... I could offer some folk medicine for you chest pains, but rather than appear a QUACK, "curandero" (Spanish for folk practitioner), I should offer a book by Norman Cousins...but I forget the name of the magnificent tome... Cousins had a collagen problem and he was hospitalized in NY... The vampires were taking too much of his blood and the nursing staff were giving him no rest... He prevailed upon his "quack" who wasn't totally incompetent, that he, Norman, would be better off in a hotel than in the hospital...and so he moved... Then, he knew he needed to laugh, so he rented a projector and old Chaplin movies...and before, before, before Robinson Crusoe could find Friday, or before my dear friend, Don Quixote could find Sancho, Norman was well.... He became so successful in medicine (pr, more correctly phrased, HEALTH) that he got an appointment on the faculty of the Med School in San Francisco... So...our dear deer this summer, fourlegged critters who eat my flowers, gave me a case of Lyme Disease, the most serious and epidemic public health menace in America now, for active outdoors people...but I spotted my bullseye rash the day it developed, I broke the sound barrier with my medico, by 4 pm I was on a megadosis of durocyclin..and in just 3, just three little days, actually 2 1/2 rounded to 3, I was feeling great, but I had to keep swallowing pills twice a day for the total of 30 days....almost like a speeding offense, which I have never been punished for other than fiscal fines...

So, how are you and why did you have to decide on London... If you had come to Boston or NY, I would visit you with a moments notice.... I haven't been to London for years... I think the last time was 1986 when we visited Nan's brother and his family, on our return from visiting you in Nepal.... You could argue that your being in London, more than half the distance between Kathmandu and RACCRIDGE (Cos Cob) should be sufficient motivation for me to "cross the pond," the bigger pond, not just my little 53 acre Mianus Pond, nor Henry David Thoreau huge 61 acre expanse...no, the 3,000 mile stretch of H2O between Land's End, Cornwall and Orient, New York...

I should be more serious with you, maybe...tho I don't quite know why... Leona Baumgartner, years ago, even still while you were at Harvard, told me (in no uncertain terms) that I should be helpful to you in keeping international perspectives.... I wasn't worried about your keeping intl perspectives... Leona was too much of a "lion," for me and I doubt how much she ever appreciated my being as peaceful as the proverbial LAMB... Anyway, I knew, eventually, from the last conversations we had in my BackBay, Boston, apartment, that you were going to do well on Education....and you did... I harangued Unicef from 1983 till

end 1991 on Girls' education...and finally, only in 1990 did they begin to clear the wax in their eardrums... Last spring, when I was in Unicef briefly, I learned to my great joy that Unicef now has a 60million dollars annual budget for girls' education... Yesterday, Kul Gautam, Nepal's great contribution to Unicef, currently director of Unicef Regional Office for SE Asia, Bangkok, got his name in the NYT becuz of something he said and feels about AIDS in the region.... NEPALI BELLS, I was cajoling Unicef all thru the 80s that they should be doing something on family planning and sex ed, etc, and population education and the head of the program division and Jim Grant were more concerned about getting his Holiness Pope John Paul II to agree to oral rehydration salts... Nyi Nyi, in 1991, took me to lunch with the then departing WHO counterpart and announced to me, "Oh, David, you will be glad to hear that we have decided to start 4 condom projects in East Africa becuz of AIDS." I replied, "Kenya, Uganda, Sudan and Tanzania." Nyi Nyi said, with a bit of surprise at my savvvvvvy, "Yes." I then said, " No, Nyi Nyi, that news saddens me..." I wanted you to do something like this when it would have been proactive education, not when it is a belated response to tragedy."

SO, what else is new.... I suffered this week as WE prepared once again to blast the Middle East....I prefer a King who declares his Nation to be a ZONE OF PEACE... I exuded JOY this week, with Win HOME from California for pieces of 6 days during which he worked 3 days in NY State at an IBM facility... He participated magnificently in two celebratory bashes for his one and only sister, Betsy, while we feted her, a week prematurely, for her 25th Birthday... She is again here, down from Hartford, 140 minutes away, using me, exploiting me, as her trusted editor on a 45 page paper on disability law and she anticipates an almost "regal" breakfast tomorrow morning... She won't get an Inkey Joy of "Breakfast in Bed," becuz me bulterisque duties are currently being exploited unpardonably buy with appreciation, by Nan, who is suffering, suffering, suffering one, lousy, week-old sore throat, retribution she got for helping a friend of ours care for a croupy grand-child... So, Bets is on her own blueberry pancake detail and we three, we happy three, will break-fast upstairs, attempting to ground Nan for another day...

My biggest task, in addition to writing THE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER! is dissolving an idea I had about 6 years ago when I was especially enjoying Nan's nature joys.... I wrote, "I grow in Beauty, as Beauty grows in Me." I am just simply one iota of the naturalist that Nan is...but I do appreciate curiosity, imagination, knowledge, discovery....etc, etc., etc... A part of me will always regret that I didn't get back to Nepal in 1987 to accompany you on your

February jaunts into the countryside.... A part of me will always regret that I don't have a better idea, much of any idea, what your work entails...and similarly a part of me is profoundly grateful that I have enjoyed enormous liberty to do those things I have wanted to do and those things I have believe I ought to do....

This is getting to be quite long....so I had better go to bed... I need to copy two thinkgs (think-things) into this before I send it.... Our Christmas Epistle and an idealist's idea list about ANTARCTICA...

Nan, Win, Betsy and I wish you all the best... I hope you enjoy this long overdue letter, as MUCH as I have ENJOYED writing it....

Luv, David

=====

Dear Friends,

Christmas Season 1998

Following a spectacular Autumn, we turn to the Season of Lights, Divali in India, Christmas in many lands, Winter Solstice - Global, and we meditate on the many ways we confront Darkness... In the colder climes we build fires, light candles, wear colorful clothes, and communicate more. In warmer latitudes, there may be imitations of some northern rituals--I remember how strange Christmas lights looked on Florida palm trees during the last years of my Mother's life in Delray Beach. Whatever your rituals we send you our love and best wishes for the final year of the Millennium. (My new auto emissions sticker says my next inspection is due in January 2000.)

We share as usual the news of family. Betsy, just turned 25, will finish UCONN Law School next May. Last summer Betsy savored Scandinavia for 2 weeks before working in London for 6 with Amnesty International. Win, 27, continues into his fourth year in the IBM Product Design Lab in California. He can't talk about work secrets but he enjoys the breadth and depth of the creative process. Both he and his girlfriend Elizabeth had trips to Japan last August and celebrated by climbing Mount Fuji... summitry at sunrise... They enjoyed an evening with my Carolina '60 Classmate and her family, seeing their Tokyo Tower apartment and sharing a delicious Japanese dinner. Win and Elizabeth also visited Hiroshima on the anniversary of the bombing... We (N&D) celebrated our 28th Wedding Anniversary in May. We are settled in a mutuality and rhythm of retirement. W are very busy doing fun things we didn't have time for before. Travels this year included short trips to VT, NC, WDC and Maine. David spotted a Bald Eagle on our pond, one evening in August... Activities of joy, camping "here and there," kayaking from our dock here and on the inlets and lakes of Acadia, viewing a Loon Family from birth to flight of their baby, kayaking on CT's Bantam River and hearing baby beavers communicate in their Lodge.

Friends have been/are a large part of our joy this year and every year, some visiting us and some "subjects" of our visits and some unseen... New friends, Ellen Church and Steve and Nick Sliwinski, added joy to our times in Acadia. Two beautiful pottery bowls crafted by Steve now grace our breakfasts and remind us of sparkling, blazing campfires last August. A watercolor by Ellen of North Woods reminds me of the joy of a new friend who loves nature and is an accomplished artist.

David has been trying to persuade "everybody" to read and share with others the Universal Declaration of Human Rights (UDHR). In October, we celebrated the UDHR's 50th Anniversary and the UN's 53rd at Ramapo College in New Jersey, where last year, during their UN Club Banquet, David, in his speech, launched what the college calls "The Inkey Challenge," that every member of the Ramapo Community receive a copy of the UDHR. They took the ball and ran with it, with a full semester program of visiting speakers, art exhibits and other cultural activities. David is stunned by the magnificence and magnitude of the response... (The Decade on Human Rights Education continues through 31 December 2004, so David feels he has time for many other UDHR activities)

So how do we relate all of this to Christmas? We are Christians in a multifaith world. Everything we do and think is screened through the filters of Faith. Our Faith is ever growing as we increase our awareness of world citizenship. The question in the Old Testament Book of Micah was "What does the Lord require of us?" Last month in a seminar at a Trinity College, Hartford, this was given a good answer by a Baptist minister, "Do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with people of all sorts and conditions." Jesus studied this text almost 2000 years ago, we are challenged to continue integrating this teaching in everything we do, day by day, year by year. It is an awesome challenge.

We wish for you THE PEACE OF GOD, THE LOVE OF GOD,
and the Rest that passes all understanding, when the Day is done.

Love,

Temp and David Inkey

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ANTARCTICA UNIVERSITY

ANTARCTICA UNIVERSITY IS!

7.

i am was a college drop out!

the clown is guilty...

by david inkey.....

covered in sand...

drifting by comic sans ms...

david inkey's unlimited additions

tables of contentment....

preface

one plus one equals eleven

yes, oui, si... language 101

nation hoods

a cultural theory for the humane condition

(almost presentable

a paradigm for democracy daze

the people count

the pope and I!

notes from an ecological anthropologist

population education in the 1970s

the united nations peace endowment fund

Unzoned

the healthy century?

population education, some beginnings

population awareness in colombian education

Intermim report on extension plans

my dear pend

the state of the pop art

preface

I am was a college drop out! Ever so many years ago, I graduated from high school and it was thoroughly expected that I would go on to college... I was expected to go to college, though my professional impecunious parents had made no financial provisions for me to do so... I went through the commencement ceremonies with 90 other graduates in a community called Sparta.

I was so good a student that I was selected, virtually condemned, to deliver the goods of a valedictory address... I wasn't entirely happy with the impact of a large military base neighboring the small agricultural community, which had provided the last two years of my secondary education, but I conformed... Much of my speech, well memorized and delivered in some five minutes, predicted my lifelong enchantment with peace studies and lifelong education. Had I known then that the yellow roses of my pre-college education were to bloom again on numerous occasions in my life, I am certain that I would have been much, much happier then and into the next few years...

I am not going to write the text of this confession in sand font... I will regress to my favorite font, comic sans ms... ever trying to give my comic self a manuscript... just for now, however, I am wont to write in sand, my excuse being that so much of what we do in and with our lives is virtually washed away by the eternalizing tides of time...

Please laugh with me for the foibles of fortune and cry with me for the crises and climaxes of creativity. One special smile of the simile is I am a college drop out, with a doctorate in anthropology from that most imperial of institutions, the crimson-clad kremlin on the charles, Harvard University...

George Bernard Shaw haunts us yet that youth is such a marvelous thing it is a shame it is wasted on the young. I disagree.

one plus one equals eleven... kg drop out and ten schools...

I was out of college before I learned that $1+1 = 11$. I don't remember how much reading, riting and rithmetic I knew before I entered the first grade... Quite a copious quantity, I am sure... I had had an extra year of unencumbered childhood, thanks to the enormous generosity of my parents having let me be a kindergarten drop out. I have documented that magic moment in my earlier opus, I WAS A KINDER GARDEN DROP OUT! I think, in retrospect, I would also have been an elementary school and/or secondary school drop out, yet I was too simply condemned and bribed by the security guards of compulsory schooling. "They," respected teachers (?), never ever even enlightened me to the

discrepancies betwixt education and schooling, schooling and learning, and most importantly education and learning... I had to learn that for myself. Be fully assured, that I alert all the learners I encounter to this gem.....this germ of "knowledge." This gem is somewhat akin to the crystal sphere I carry in my left-side trouser pocket, known to others as a marble. When I am challenged by a problem from the wider world, from my immediate nexus, or by my own Imagination, I consult my crystal ball and exclaim, AWE...

So, please, please, please, with copious pleas, read carefully, curiously, creatively and critically, even cautiously, and should you differ with my learning, please, ever, always, still, yet, since and serenely suggest that I may learn from your learning...

I have written the preface, here, in boldness, but the text of my incursions, excursions, exclusions, inclusions, formalities and informalities of learning do not have to be boldly asserted... I was a nice, clean-cut, polite, gentle, insecure, bright, ever curious, occasionally imaginative senior, not suffering senioritis, when I learned that I had earned, stolen, achieved or otherwise gained first place in the graduating class of Sparta High School... I was so thrilled that I asked the school secretary, not a person whom I particularly liked, she was a tool of an authoritarian regime, "May I please use the phone to call home, to tell my parents?" She acquiesced and my Mother replied... Even before congratulating me, my Mother counseled, "Now be humble." I had been through five grade schools and five high schools, had suffered uprootings that condemned me for life to a certain insecurity of place, and I was instructed, "Now be humble."

The secretary had told two of my buddies their ranks and I hadn't even intended to ask mine, knowing it was high but not suspecting that I was FIRST... The secretary had cranked out a response, "Why do YOU ask! You are first." I had displaced her favorite, a 14 year old girl, coincidentally another redhead, who primarily took unchallenging, no risk courses.....except for the few distribution requirements, three or four of which seemed difficult at the time...

What more should and shouldn't I say of high school... I left town at the end of that senior summer, to follow my parents to Oklahoma... The total lack of college counseling in the high school and from the parents precluded me from going to any college that would have challenged my abilities and perchance assisted me with some scholarship assistance...

I had enrolled in the neighboring city's teachers' college, which would have been an educational disaster, a cross named LaCrosse, and I journeyed to Oklahoma, fortunately seeing my first professional stage play in Chicago on the way southward. Oklahoma

Agricultural and Mechanical College was a scant hour from my parents' new home and affordable from the several summers earning I had saved. I saw my way to paying for a year of college and then I had no idea whatsoever as to what would be my trek. OAMC had obligatory ROTC, Reserve Officer Training Corps, so every Tuesday I donned a uniform, a rifle and my deeply hidden sorrow to go out for field practice... I soon saw the underpinnings of my pacifisms becoming a well-structured foundation. Also, I plotted, planned, prospected, and produced an escape...

A reasonably well-equipped college library for some 10,000 ¿students? - they were not very studious - provided a totally unimagined escape.... I moved from Stillwater, Oklahoma, in December, holidayed with the family, cushioned in Cushing, and escaped to the desert stretches of eastern California, to Deep Springs College, with a complete, total, most studious student body of sixteen, including me... And Deep Springs provided and provides complete room, board and tuition scholarship... More importantly, what I learned at Deep Springs changed my entire life, I gained regained ownership of my education...

I will get to the story of being a college drop out, but we must first examine my college wear out. I disagree with George Bernard, that youth is wasted on young people. Youthfulness should be enjoyed fully in its season. Too soon too many grow and groan into adulthood, surrendering all or much of the verve and vigor they had in their endowments.

educational ownership -- do a document search.....

nation hoods..... ... i need geography lessons...

abomination, alienation, condemnation, consternation, coordination, culmination,
cybernation, damnation, designation, determination, domination, donation, destination.
discrimination, examination, elimination, explanation, fascination,
hibernation, hyphenation, hallucination,

imagi-nation

indignation, machination, procrastination,
resignation, stagnation

the league of nations failed, i believe, because the proto-idealists of that long ago era never transcended the nation hoods of their time... similarly, the one-worlders of the second world war epoch, suffered still from multiple poxes, plagues and privileges and perceived that "nationhood" was a legitimate disguise under which, with which, they could launch a new world order(ing) which sooner than readiness related into a bubble suffering the name, "globalization...."

a relatively quiet prince of poetry from a small monarchial "state," then of the mark of den, piet hein, wrote a lne, of lament, "we are global citizens, with tribal souls." i would have written or wanted to write and proclaim, perchance we are pc, planetary citizens, with universal soul(s), but for no ryme nor reason no one asked me for my meditations, myths and mirth, whatever they might have been worth..... i work for and play in planetary culture with personal commitment...

several solar revolutions ago, i transferred my allegiance to the nation of imagi..... i visited and vitally examined the worth and wants of the nations of alie-conster-culmi-cyber-desig-determi-do-imagi-indi-procrasti-resig-stag..... the font i employ is called "gadget." when was it we last used fonts for baptismal rites.....

peace by david inkey, 72404

David in Mexico = Saturday November 7, 1953

This is the beginning of a diary that the best of intentions have somehow for years failed to achieve. (Even the lack of ink at hand has even is not going o detain me now. - the ink had just given out in the ballpoint I used to start this writing...) Jean and Dr. Schlesinger and perhaps the driving individuals behind my finally putting into practice a long accepted idea.

Today was an uneventful day, as most days are, but it was made more pleasant by Los Amignons de Tlaxcala being here. Little things like going after pan dulce with Jean, talking to Jane, and reading a few passages from Death of A Salesman do much to make things interesting for pleasant memories.

Today I noticed how beautiful are most peoples' eyes whereas formerly I have thought of beautiful eyes being "rare."

November 8, 1953

A large meditation group today was made very meaningful with Martha expressing gratitude for the fellowship of the Tlaxcala Amigos. (Martha speaks beautifully in Meditation.)

The trip to the beach was adventuresome, windy, pleasant, cold and full of fine fellowship. I rode with the Tlax group for diversity. It is strange how groups separate even in Fellowship. After freezing through a sponge bath, I read LIVE AND LEARN - A way out of ignorance for 1,200,000 000 people, a UNESCO pamphlet on Patzcuaro, Mexico. I really should visit that interesting place while I am down here: The education project they are carrying out is quite significant.

This evening I shared a poem with the group. It was one I meant to give to Jean privately. She took it and copied it as a marvelous expression of her meditation idea of several days ago.

Tonight is quite cold - 45 or 50 degrees. Everyone is being provincial talking about how nice a fire would be. Notes or cards to Trout, Sargent, Howards, E. Jones, Cathy Jones, FHB, MB, LR Hebbert, Careys, Schlesinger, John B, David McReynolds, and Reese constitute an evening well spent.

DS is a plague that still lurks. The "C" blast of several days ago makes me feel for an otherwise marvelous place. I wonder what my relations and reactions would be in similar circumstances again? I often feel that I fumbled several time at that time that I would do differently now, but "¿Quien Sabe?" Human relation can certainly be a frustrating thing at times. My group relations lag a bi, I feel, because of my ignorance concerning my future. Sometimes I would like it all to come now, while at other times I feel that I simply must savor this experience for a long, long time.

Today I have had a headache, a very rare item complicated by the moody spirit of how does one get beyond oneself. On the project I worked tremendously hard wheel-barrowing rocks several hundred yards. Since it was cold, I was chilled each time that I stopped, but I was working so hard that I simply had to rest occasionally.

This morning things were in turmoil: Supper was late, people were somewhat irritable. I tried my best to be cheery but did not do admirably until my cloudy spirit was

removed by a half hour nap on Paul and Polly's very comfortable bed, followed by their generous comments. Paul and Polly sometimes impress me as being terribly irritable but not-obnoxiously so, in that they are perfectionists and become disgruntled when others are less considerate and adequate than themselves.

Nov. 10... Evaluation last night was frustratingly long but with Jesus M and the dentist it proved to be profitable. Tlapacoyan simply has little or no community responsibility.

November 10, 1953

Another very cold, crisp day but far more delightful than yesterday. I got my Moctezuma icon dated this evening as an Aztec article, pre-Conquest. (September 30, 2006 ... I had found in the mud bank near the water filter project a small ceramic figurine.....which I still greatly cherish of linkage to Mexico.)

I am too tired tonight do more than go to bed. I feel it is a mistake not to go to the Club and partake in the English Class, but it is more important perhaps that I be able to go to work. I am taking good care of my body, for I feel that doing so is very necessary. Maybe I can take Thursday off to rest thoroughly. The recent long hours are taking a toll on the group as a whole, I believe, and I simply can't allow them (the hours) to get the best of me. The spirit of group living means too much to me for me to allow myself to contribute irritability.

I wish that I would hear from Joan. A letter from her is my most desired piece of correspondence. I wonder whether I would love her sufficiently for marriage if we were to meet again. Carson McCullers isn't very far from being correct: The heart is a lonely hunter.

Ideas about the uncertainty facing me didn't bother me today. I was very Stoical. Martha in Meditation recited a proverb to the effect that "the time before the water boils is not lost." Daily we can never really know what our actions have meant to another, but occasionally we receive glorious rewards in glimpses: Our behavior has meant something valuable to someone. It would be very pleasant to have everything corrected at one, but then what would I do? This game of life certainly has complicated ruses for the person who attempts to play by ruses. I suppose one can slipshod through "sin reglas" (without rules) if one doesn't bother to be perplexed by problems around him. Again I go to bed at nine-thirty.

Perhaps the most amusing incident of the day was G and T's having with water from the hot-water bottle that G had kept warm all day. E talked today on the job about his being a reporter from the AFSC. It is curious how people let things go when they aren't supposed to do so. Es and Er both worked harder today than usual but Er napped. I am stymied as to how to approach him properly. I worked *comme si, comme ca*. I feel very tired again tonight, a thing I don't like for I shouldn't need nine hours of sleep. Then again, perhaps I work harder than I realize and my body demands that much rest. I don't waste body-energy anymore.

I received a delightful note from Helen today along with a court statement. Her kindness simply reminds me of how I have procrastinated. I simply must get some sort of statement worked out in preparation for a fateful day. Tonight I must rough-draft a Christmas letter for possible mimeographing.

The Quaker publication on US and Soviet Problems constituted today's good reading while conversation with Chicho was my Spanish lesson. Tomorrow I will have to cease delaying a study of Spanish.

Armistice Day passed without note except that I was aware today was the day. It is a very satisfying tiredness that I have each day: At least for today I have been able to lend my efforts to something constructive - I am not at all dejected tonight, nor am I elated. I can look in both directions happily with some little remorse that there isn't an easy way out of my doldrums. However, each gloom makes me a more fully developed person, a more sensitive being.

I think that we missed our Evaluation Meeting this week, although what we had was valuable. Some individuals seem more at others' throats than what should be. ¿Quién sabe? Although I don't think that I am guilty of this I would like to have a day off next week...

The tropics here are cold again tonight.

Nov. 12, 1953

(R & M, and N went to Mexico today.) We worked without much enthusiasm, however, I did accomplish the realization that my Mexican experience is fusing my body and soul. The mind becomes greater--capable of more worthwhile thoughts--when the body is

more certain of its ability and tiredness of a physical nature isn't dictating to the mental and spiritual.

I wrote to Helen S today, gave an English lesson, studied a little Spanish, myself, and read THE BOMB THAT FELL ON AMERICA. It is rich with some beautiful figures of speech.

My hands are roughly beautiful now that they have in part learned what work is. Tough, rough skin means something that my former soft, white hands never knew. My arms know what it is to have a muscle flex and to be hard rather than flabby. Now if I could only have free access o fine music I might accomplish some of the things I want very much to do before being incarcerated.

A big thing that I should be working on is humility. I can talk beautifully about that characteristic, but don't think that I am really humble. I always feel ill at ease when I really should have the ability to spread humility or when I see something calling forth lovely humility in another.

Tonight I would like to hear Medea. I wonder whether R still enjoys her voice? J, why don't I hear from you?

Jean gave me a silk stocking this eve. (She had been amused at my having two of my Mom's silk stockings in my shoeshine kit.)

Tonight I have tried to think of my court statement, but I have written nothing. A higher allegiance is my basic reason for being on this tangent of social behavior.

I was too sleepy and uninterested in the dance..

Don Amador was delightful today. His eyes and smile are full of rare beauty. (Don Amador was the local host of the work camp group and we were working on his gift to the community, a water filter to provide the town with clean water.)

A lovely day in many ways. A letter from Johnny praising "the pacifist community" at DS will cause me to answer him—asking whether he believes in peace at any price. I still fear that the bet of DS is being sold away for a harmonious time.

M and I had a nice quiet 8 block evening walk. I should take more evening walks. They are very restful and thought provoking.

For Nov 15 on Nov 16

Today t, Es, GJ and I spent a very meaningful 1/1/2 hours at El Jobo voluntarily using Sunday morning free time to give a slight boost to ejido spirit. (Ejido being the Mexican Government shared land program.) We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and the spirit of the work.

From 10am to about 4 pm we were with Don Laniel on a trip to and from the Pyramids. We passed through a beautiful river valley and all spent a very enjoyable time.

After cleaning up and resting and supping we took our usual Sunday night stroll at the Plaza. The movie man lavished generosity upon us by letting us see freely the 1st of THE WHITE TOWER.

A new work camper arrived with R & M: Joan A. No comment yet—

Earlier in the eve we had a very nice meditation by candlelight. I thought of things I will carry back to the States and after meditation suggested that as the topic for Evaluation.

Nov 16, 1953

I have the day off and am working on my Court Statement. I feel all right (Should I have written "alright"? Sept 20- 2006).....but I have absolutely no appetite—I simply do not care to care and find myself very sleepy, I hope I am ok for working tomorrow.

Evaluation wasn't too valuable to me, but in some respects it was interesting. Quaker Concepts of Religion.

Today = keep saying I feel well but in reality I feel miserable—still no appetite. I drove myself to work with M and did rather well. Late in the day I discovered what my stomach trouble is" I am terribly homesick__ How horrible it is to be experiencing this emotion! I have been homesick since first being at DS. Nevertheless, now that I know what the trouble is at least I can attack it. I would like to hear my Medea record this evening. (2006... I don't know whether I am saying I was homesick from 1951 when

arriving at DS to late 1953, or did the above sentence mean to say that I hadn't been homesick since I got over my intense early 1951 homesickness....)

Er just stopped and talked for a moment about THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV and my carrying the laundry bundle up the street today for the washwoman. These two laugh and some serious talk about our place in the community lift a little of the gloom. Oh, I must get off a card tonight to F & J! If M would leave my and G's room, I could go to bed. G is sick -- ¿Que? ¿Quien sabe? -

Nov 21, 1953

Wrong diagnosis!

Several miserable days of illness I hope are at an end. Wednesday I tried to go to work but came home utterly fatigued at noon and went immediately to bed. In the evening I did get up for M's pinyata—a very nice custom. Thursday afternoon and eve I was plagued by a fever - Friday was a day spent completely in bed. I didn't feel much better either until this morning I got up for breakfast.

These last few days have been full of interesting things in spite of my miserableness. M's birthday Nov 18 isn't a thing to be easily forgotten—from 5:30 A.M. music until late at night celebration. G and R's matrimonial intentions inspired greatly one meditation session. All the barriers they are crossing will be tremendous. (2006—an African American Mexican engaged and subsequently married to a New York Jewish woman.)

There is nothing quite so miserable as being sick in the tropics. All sorts of thoughts plague one and I don't believe that one really care whether he dies or gets well. It would probably have been easier to die: Starvation seemed to be the easiest way to accomplish it. (2006 - I had not yet seem more severe malnutrition and starvation such as I was years later to see in several nations)

SL and B from Tlaxcala came down yesterday for the weekend. S certainly was generous in taking care of serving my meals. I must remember his overflowing generosity when I tend to be irritable about helping some one. I hope they can goto the beach today, but I don't suppose I ought to go.

I wish I would hear from J. I believe that I am beginning to realize in part what my scribbled note to E J mean to him.

Only a very short time remains now before I should get off some Christmas notes. It is nice to be feeling well again, but I am very unsure of myself.

Nov 28, 1953

(G had been moved to Mexico City and was hospitalized with the diagnosis of infectious hepatitis..... Sometime after the 21st , I also went to Mexico City and was similarly diagnosed.....)

I have done a lot this last week, but the major thing that happened was the diagnosing of my "homesickness" as jaundice.....

Since then I have had one marvelous vacation in the hospital, reading, writing, eating, sleeping, taking medicine and learning Spanish.

N, F, S, E, P et al have visited me. Time hasn't dragged at all since last Monday. I never knew that a hospital could be such a very nice place to live—temporarily, i.e.

Yesterday I wrote to Johnny, G & V, mom, Henry B, Emery J, Dr. Schlesinger and Granddad B. Christmas notes are underway. Today I got off a note to A G and C L inviting them to come to the Hospital. I am greatly enjoying giving English lessons to a fellow who comes in several times a day. He helps me greatly in my Spanish, too. (2006-I helped many with their English and they helped me magically with Spanish.)

I need my pato. Servicio here isn't very good hoy.

Jan 2 1954

I have been lazy for the last month, but there is no sense writing when one doesn't want to do so. I enjoyed my stay in the hospital until the 9th of December—I believe, then I was at the asa for a time. On the 23rd P & P and I returned to Tlap. I was very glad to be back with the group—even though it was terribly small and quite changed. (2006—I failed to note that on Christmas 1953 I was Santa, borrowing a red bathrobe to add color to the event. Some 26 years later I would become Unicef's Santa.)

New Years Eve was spent at Jesus' house—a party of some size, but of course I was only a spectator and I had to leave early.

Today we are more or less ready to leave. I will go to Tlax. Or Mex. With J, P, D and J, since I wouldn't be much help here.

Last week our trip to Xalapa was nice. I want to go to Canaimo, but probably shouldn't.

In Mexico--- If a foreigner evaluates health by size, one would think of the people are very, very unhealthy. I cant get over the impression of small stature here.

Last night I read several fairy tales by Oscar Wilde and of course his Ballad. It was ver nice spending a quiet evening by myself. I res a great deal still.

Today I got notes from a group of friends: Betty K, H, Henry B, Ken Inkey—they would be an odd mixture if they were together and yet I like each one of them for something—separately.

Jesus was entirely bubbling over this morning when he was talking about going to Mexico with us.

Soon I meet the experience of fitting into an already established group—Tlaxcala. It will be interesting, I am sure.

P doesn't wear his quarachis (sp) on the street, but would consider carrying a basket. I look at the two customs exactly in reverse and prefer to wear my sandals.

I have worked on my court statement too much and am now becoming dissatisfied with it. Maybe I will make a condensation referring to the original. It could be quite effectively done.

Interesting reading of the last few days was Mom's gift to me—THEY HAVE FOUND A FAITH, by Marcus back. Someday I am going to search out my faith and write it down. I sometimes wonder what I really believe and what I force upon myself to believe.

Jan 3, 1954 9:30 PM

I just watched children playing in the street with a ball. If there are any absolutes, I believe that happy children are one of them.

S. E. just brought me a lovely letter from Mary D. She thinks that she is falling into love. I must tell her that I believe one climbs into it. For me, the heart continues to be a lonely hunter, and the trouble is that at times I feel that it is better that way. It seems that I love people only after I have known them and left their physical environment. But perhaps I am making improvement in this department. I really have a deep attachment for J, P, P, S and some others. I must learn to like indefiniteness before anything can be definite for me. I feel as if I must have life almost wrung out of me before I can really say I am alive and I love being alive. Perhaps this means that sorrow produces the greatest love and happiness. If that is true, a peaceful world society isn't possible, for it can exist only in the reflection of its opposite. Chastity-unchastity, love-hate, poverty-wealth, all of these things are seen only in reflection. I haven't thought much of suicide since a long long time, and now it never interests me, but isn't death a terribly sensible thing when the world seems very much at odds with itself. I guess that I will really never understand what wound the clock until it is too late to do any work about it" I will have to be content with Saint-Exupery's definition of love: Looking outward together. I will write to Mary very soon. I wonder if she shaves my letters. I love to read old letters.

Feb 22, 1954
Siesta Time

Yesterday I received a letter from J. It is wonderful to have it, but now I won't hear from her again for some time. I am glad that she is happy—terribly happy. Somehow it seems appropriate that we both are very, very happy at the same time. We have such different ideas in a world of ways and yet we have something inexplicable, so much in common that we live with each other,

Tlaxcala was a frustrating experience without incentive for me to learn more Spanish, but the time was well spent in learning to know John. Or, perhaps the month was well wasted for it afforded me the opportunity to have some very, very meaningful meditation. Because of my inability to work, I was of little value to the group, but I did my most to get meditation established. I hoped that with such a contribution, I would help the group become what it should be.

A week in Mexico gave me a tourist's eye view of many interesting things. Los Jovenes of the Casa continued to impress me as a most worthwhile endeavor of the AFSC. Ed arrived there and made a rather sizable impression on me. TW, asi-asi. P was a delightfully pleasant person as usual with deep concerns for those around her. J, in many ways, continued to be an enigma. She has a strange combination of the frivolous acceptable and serious non-acceptable thought legion among us.

Leaving Mexico was done with strange emotions. I was anxious of course to go to Nayarit yet not quite certain that I really wanted to leave Tlaxcala. It wouldn't have been hard to stay in Tlaxcala.

I love the community atmosphere of Paredones and really shouldn't have had reservations about coming here. It is better here for me than Tlapacoyan or Tlaxcala. Some language fluency and perhaps some personal growth cause me to enjoy it here more than elsewhere. Recently—since reading WALDEN in Tlaxcala—I have been very concerned about simplifying my life. In fact, I believe that I am seriously considering a "Walden Revisited." Six months or really as long as I pleased, living on practically nothing would give me an opportunity to write something, to delve into more thought and perhaps less reading, and to evaluate what things I consider to be essentials. If the experiment works it could have all sorts of hermit like repercussions! If it fails I would be willing to be an evolutionary pacifist instead of being in my present revolutionary status.

My present interest is an antithesis, in a limited sense, of the work I am doing: complicating the lives of a few of Mexico's campesinos. Complications such as health precautions and more education are, I guess essential to them so that they can learn to value the tempo of their lives. Without a realization of values, they can be content but by definition, I say that they can't be happy! Ignorant contentment isn't enough in this work. A person, so it seems to me, should be something because that is what he wants to be. Being something because of dictated circumstances is no good for me. Spina says that he wants to live every hour of his life, disregarding circumstances, to live according to what seems good and true. I don't really see where I can be much otherwise.

I wonder what keeps Joan going. She hates so much that there seems to be little left to sustain her. I would like very much to see here...not simply because it would be INTERESTING.

Things for Mom remain terribly the same yet it is often difficult to have the same sort of compassion for her that I have for, for instance, a beggar. I don't contribute to many beggars while I do give occasional gifts to Mom. This is a thing that, at times, impresses me as confused charity. Not giving where there is a need seems to be a crime, while giving incorrectly to Mom is a crime, too.

One can get very involved in this sort of thinking. This is only one reason for a "Walden Revisited" Meanwhile I live in a tent and eat in an "interesting" palm hut, spend week-ends in "luxury" in the Casa in Santiago and at the beach (San Blas or Los Conchos). Next week-end we are taking a group trip to Mazatlan, the Pearl of the Pacifico!

I am sleepy, but not terribly confused.

March 1, 1954

Some of the happiest days of my life are spent by the seas. The beaches at Mazatlan are amongst the best that I have ever enjoyed—indescribably enjoyable. The other day M, B, AW and I swan out to some shrimpers. In addition to wonderful swimming, we engaged in conversation with the boatmen and in general were well rewarded for our efforts. Carnival isn't anything spectacular but the experience by the ocean compensates and for me at least makes the trip here well worthwhile

Ed was able to come with us. He impresses me as a very natural, easy going, serious person who is very adept at knowing what to say, when. He is very, very similar to Mike Yarrow, for whom I have only respect. Es is very generous in material ways (he delighted me by taking me to North Beach an extra time--) but inwardly he remains he same terribly insecure, often objectionable person. M, I like very much. She seems sensibly more self assertive than does B. R continues with her problems. I haven't gotten her figured out very well yet. E J continues to be a delight to any group.

Yesterday I read A S's copy of THE WAY OF LIFE ACCORDING TO LOATZU by Witter Burner. Simplicity in living seems to be the advice of all of the really great men of history. Perhaps soon I may find a type of simplicity that suits me better than "resort" work camping. I find that I would like very much to stay on in Mexico through the summer, but I don't know yet whether I will be able to do so. There are so many valuable things that I might learn, and I might be able to make some small contribution to things here.

Lat week I decided that it would be a very good idea for me to undertake the Chapin's English Class after they return to the State. Today I have been puzzling over methods and find that some written work would be quite desirable. Selfishly, it would also give me some written work in Spanish - a thing that I have done nothing with yet.

It is enjoyable to sit here alone, scribbling away while listening and watching the waves break on the rocks. Yesterday while watching the ocean I thought that I ought to go to India r china or somewhere... In Search of Something, Somewhere.... The sea grey and melancholy thing... Each hour or perhaps each wave has a different mod. Each mood has a different translation.

I wrote a card to Doris today. She would have enjoyed Nayarit and this trip very much. Granddad B should be written in several days. I must tell him about the card from Mom. I suppose that Mom is slightly more happy again. She will be that way for awhile at least. However, I don't suppose that the strain and problems of the last year especially and years in general have really changed her Dad either. I am almost tempted to do something like an essay—a long essays on strange relationship. The characters forming me seem to be somehow frightfully different. For me I seem to be closer to truth being what I am than being something more like my brothers. The problems of relationship never seemed to concern my family in a way similar o the way the enigmas confront me. I am in a curiously happy muddle—the ocean is very akin.

March 13, 1954

It is a happy situation to be here. Although things crash in the U.S., I can be strangely happy with the constructive "crumbs" that I am among. A letter from Dick shows that he, too, is rootless. It is a happy situation but certainly directionless. I am not busy enough to suit me, but I cannot work too hard (2006—because of the hepatitis). My liver gave a little tingle today.

March 13, 1954

My life, I believe, has been an unconscious attempt to prove wrong the old adage that a rolling stone gathers no moss. As I move around without any home base, I collect thoughts, friends, likes, and many dislikes, knowledge and perhaps more thoughts, so that after long days of work, or talking, or coming, or going, I arrive at the end of the day feeling richer by having had this day. I look about , I feel, and I live, each day, one

at a time, and tomorrow doesn't really have to come in order to make me happy. Last year, I was living for the day after tomorrow and the week after next. Things were always in the future, for the present wasn't terribly meaningful. Moreover, the present was very often made miserable by contradictions between thought and action. Then I was obeying selective service, whereas now I am living my belief that it is unnecessary and quite probably wrong. At least it is wrong for me.

Since last summer my feeling Gandhian revolutionary life, I have been alive to some strange feeling within that there are modes of behavior that fit me admirably. I don't try to push these off on others as a cure all. I only ask that I be allowed to feel these rumblings and to be able to act according to them.

I don't like to think of myself only as a Christian because it seems to be so stiflingly small that it is inadequate. Yet, still inconsistent, I travel under the label while I feel larger. By ethic, I am humanitarian with a vocabulary based on Christian terms. I don't particularly believe that Christ was any more divine than anyone else. In fact, I'm not quite certain whether there is quite such a thing as divinity. I do know that I have thoughts and the Goethe's statement "The earth seems so vaste when we figure only towns and rivers in it; but to know of someone here and there whom we accord with, who is living on with us, even in silence, this make our earthly ball a peopled garden." Strikes a pleasant chord within me.

I like the sticky little leaves of a newly opened bud, but I don't know if there was a god to open the bud or even to form it. It really doesn't seem to be important to me to believe in the existence or non-existence of this thing called god. If he exists, all right. If not, humanity still inhabits the earth and man ought to be willing to make possible full enjoyment of the earth for all. The difficulty then becomes

-----either some pages are missing or something is out of sync-----

while I was helping moving houses.

Ed, T and I had an interesting talk this afternoon on strains and relationships. I really hadn't realized that Ed is tired. He seems so quiet y nature that one doesn't think of him as being worn out as H S was.

I am thinking more and more in terms of returning to the States in June. It doesn't look like a beautiful prospect, but if I submerge myself into something there, I can be alive. Kansas City if it works out for the folks, can probably offer me some heartening experiences. I guess that I ought to go home and to get to know my parents.

I am becoming less verbally expressive. Quiet is so enjoyable that when I find myself being noisy I spend some time reproaching myself for not being sensible. I don't confine my comments on people to paper, either, often enough.

It would be nice to go to the beach tomorrow. A rolling stone such as myself gathers much moss in friendship, likes, dislikes, knowledge of various places, and mos of all thoughts. I would like to own a little piece of land with a lake and a homemade log cabin. In the cabin I would store all of my worldly possessions and I would come and go as I please. I would come and go as worthwhile experiences present themselves. A Walden-like experience would seemingly be quite pleasant.

March 18, 1954

I don't feel particularly tired today, yet I am dejected. The two usually accompany each other. This morning while working, he conversation was going quite well on lines concerning the AFSC and US until S came along and injected his usual line of unsavory language. He received cooperation from the two fellows with whom I was working so that it wasn't long before I was quite ready to find a different topic of conversation then conversation lagged and I was cast into depths of thought. I began questioning: Why I get into this situation? Of what real value I am here? Does one giving freely of himself have the right to say occasionally: I quit, unless things improve here? In all it wasn't seemingly valuable work: it was very easy to question the need for realignment. Decent education would be so very much more worthwhile that I wonder about the value of a work camp here.

In effect, what I am doing is lamenting the stupidity of the masses exactly in the same way that I spoke to HJF almost a year ago. I haven't come any closer to adequate solution of the problem. I believe just as discontented, although I do think I remain happier most of the time. It seems that what I once termed a selfish, non-socially dependent life would be quite worthwhile for me. Yet, simultaneously I cry for a more intelligent populace. I can't have both, it seem, and I can't be happy with just one...

I am very fortunate to know a fw of what I term worthwhile people.

March 23, 1954

Well, I have succeeded again in making myself absolutely reprehensible to E. I continue to interrupt people unmercifully. I guess then I pay for it in mental anguish. Additionally, today has been a pretty meaningless day, for the tempo and value of the work has been almost nil. Throwing rocks after they had once been piled makes little sense in any language. Here the absurdity of the situation is increased greatly by the fact that there seem to be thousands of things more important than moving rocks. I must talk to Ed again a better understanding of his phrase, his disgustingly, often repeated platitude: "We are here to do what they want" I am afraid that as far as work was concerned Ed has the only justification for my activity today.

Ed just returned from town and came into the tent. I asked whether anything interesting had happened. He said, "NO, just like any other day." I replied why not stay in bed then, to which I received the answer, "I would like to do just that." Ed needs a day off.

Every morning I awaken early and think and see the sunrise and dream. The sun and the moon have been supplying me quite wonderfully with the hunger for beauty that seems to be a very large part of my makeup. Then, the day and the work it supposedly includes should satisfy my appetite for meaningful social work. For the last couple of days the second hunger has been unsatisfied.

I feel a growing dissatisfaction with the eyesight of Ensayo (2006 note of explanation: the Government of Mexico program of rural development, Pilot Project of Basic Education). There would be a big lesson for the village in learning how to repair its present school, rather than using this plan of building a new school. The emphasis is so greatly upon the material, the new material that they can't see the value of what we term culture. Books, only a few books would, so it seems to me, greatly widen the vistas of these people. But then, why should they have wider vistas? My theory of appreciation seems applicable here. One should know that simplicity is lovely and desirable rather than living a forced simple existence.

The day before yesterday, Sunday, I toyed all day with the idea of possibly going to El Salvador. Saturday, TB and I had talked of El Salvador and various people going and coming from there. He said he couldn't see why I didn't compromise my absolutist stand and go do something constructive. I couldn't make the compromise, but it would

be nice to go there next fall if I could make a postponement of prosecution deal with the U. S. Department of Justice and if I could earn enough money during a summer at home (?) in order to swing the deal. I don't think that I want to earn beyond deductible income tax regulations unless I could do it without having to pay a I go. I don't want to have to pay any income tax as long as 74 or 75% of the money pays for past, present and future human mistakes!

India and a Gandhi program would be a very inviting alternative. However, at the moment I feel that my place is with either using my Spanish or doing something in the States in race relations, as they are commonly called, or as I prefer, THE WHITE PROBLEM.

For the last three days I have been doing quite a bit of intensive study in Spanish. I hope that this forthcoming opportunity with English classes doesn't prove to be a disappointment.

Today or tomorrow I am going to begin Faust. Pehaps some gems will come from that experience. As for now, I will go read Progressiv's Muste article on Gandhi and Nehru. Juliano presents an interesting case of community acceptance, especially by the children.

Apri 5, 1954

Letter never sent in this exact form.. Simplified and perhaps more thankful form sent.

Dear Mrs. Macavoy,

Thank you very much for the very worthwhile letter and the information that your friend Professor Rejall sent. It seems that I destroyed the envelope with his address before I realized what I was doing. Consequently, would you please tell my great thanks to him.

My teaching problem isn't as great as you pictured it. I am dealing with literates who are teachers, government worker and tobacco people, all of whom have some opportunity to come into contact with English-speaking people. Their desire is to establish themselves on a better footing in their work. Nevertheless, all of the material is very enlightening to me personally, and, of course, large sections of it are applicable even though my problem is minute to that which you visualized. If and when

the opportunity arises, I would like to do something on the level of adult education of illiterates. The material you are sending seems to satisfy my first request. My second problem is an enormous one to which, I would guess, you have less of an answer: "Through what publishers or other sources can one learn of simple books suitable for slightly literate adults?" The situation is this: The American Friends Service Committee has rather nice, quite suitable children's libraries for a part of our work in Mexican villages, but there are scarcely any books suitable for reading by an adult audience. Children's stories don't hold the interest of the adults for a very long time. I understand this, my dilemma, to be the problem of worldwide literacy programs, so that I know you can't be of too much help. Nevertheless, any ideas are more than welcome.

I hope that this letter finds you in good health and walking with ease. I hope that you did not try to go to the post office before such action was advisable.

Letters from Mom indicate that she and Dad are seemingly quite happily situated and very busy searching for a house to rent. (2006 - Mrs. M was my Mother's cousin, a reading specialist in a college in NYC, which institution I have forgotten.)

As ever, David Inkey

April 6, 1954

The last two weeks I have been very busy, deeply engrossed in the problems of children's libraries, English classes and adult literacy. I have only read a few pages of Faust.

I haven't been particularly happy or unhappy. Simply I have been very busy and at times very tired. The strenuous Sunday dias al campo (days in the camp) took a great deal out of me physically, but were very enjoyable and quite worthwhile. The Campo de los Limoes trip need not be recounted here, for it is in a letter to Mom. The trip to the island village of Mexcaltitan (sp) was most impressive from the aspect of prestige factor in which we were drowned. "Foreign intellectuals visiting island" etc....really doesn't set very well with my ideas of quiet humility and egalitarianism, basic pacifist thought. I guess that one must simply realize that the prestige factor is present and that it can be used very well for good, as I think it was in one instance used by me. Sr. Stevens, the professor from Tuxpan, asked me, "Do the people of the U.S. want to go to War?"

Work in Paredones continues to frustrate me from one point. I believe something great could have been achieved by reconditioning the now only 10 year old school. Otherwise, I am rather content with my performance. It should be more, but I still tire easily and the heat is terrific.

The other night, last Thursday, as a matter of fact Ed queried me as to the basis of my pacifism and other ideas bordering on that. His problems of indecision help me feel more adequate in my stand. (I wouldn't be terribly surprised if he becomes much more absolute.) Talking with him takes something out of me and I become, at times, quite nervous while talking with him. I don't notice this aspect of me when I talk with others About things very basic to my make-up. Yesterday I read to him my favorite passages from READ AND WINE, saving the choicest to last.. "I force myself to believe in the ultimate perfectibility of man." (2006-over the years I have come to believe that the discomfort was that Ed was sharing so fully his inner thoughts and I must have been somewhat embarrassed by such directness.)

Tonight I have my first English class with the Chapin's group. Last night I started teaching the alphabet to Samuel. I am keeping very busy and tired so that I find many times that I would like to write here, that I am too lazy to do so. I had a lovely simply naïve letter from Mrs. Miller yesterday. I suppose that I will spend close to a week there when I leave Mexico.

I have had some more thoughts on the subject of El Salvador and have even talked to T about it. His comments are favorable so that I might talk to Ed about it. Then if I feel tht is is really the thing to do, I will talk to Ed D about it. This may or may not change ides about going home in June. My family seems to want me home this summer, but of course their wants are secondary to what I believe important. It would be nice to get to know my family again.

April 10, 1954

I have written home my last ideas expressed here on the 6th. This evening I am quite happy with the world realizing what a great thing it is to be busy, busy, busy and still to take time for such enjoyable pastimes as the beach. San Blas was wonderful today.

Tomorrow I hope to go on an outing with Felisa—to a school inauguration. Broken books can wait wile I live fully experience after experience, letting the frustrating little things joyfully pass. Today I received a pleasing jolt from Pieere Ceresole;s "God is

truth first of all, never before love, because in the long run love based on a lie, though it be a pious one, has to be paid for dearly by breakdown or disaster. Truth first—bitter pill, hard to swallow at times, but the only universal and infallible remedy."

I wrote Doris, Granddad B and two letters home today. It is good to share the wealth of my experiences with those who—seeming to me—have never had the chance to live so fully. A letter from Jock the other day validates my belief in Goethe's well-expressed silent friends. It is now late and I am not saying much but not. In the last few busy days I seem to have grown immensely in my insight. I see now limitless opportunities for action whereas only 10 or so days ago I was constantly being frustrated by not having enough to do personally. It is a healthy growth to have my vision wide. Only occasionally do I regret getting older, for older people often seem so blind. I hope I can get older in the way the last 4 years have been aging me.

April 15, 1954

Day before yesterday I talked with Ed about El Salvador. He was very nice in his *comme ci comme ça* way. He opened up a bit on AFSC in general—mentioned his "time" factor and generally was interested and interesting. I was made glad the time—serving time with selective service—is not one of my burdens. It pleases me greatly, constantly, that I am here fully because I want to do so...

Today San Blas rejuvenated me again. In one sense all of the time I spend on the beach is a great waste of time, but in another sense it supplies me with a great meditative experience—even while I am floating relaxedly in the gently breaking surf. Such a sense of freedom is a healthy departure from some of the pettiness of group life that is often encountered. I enjoy my hit-and-miss, on-the-run English classes with Erasmo. It is a very good thing for me to simplify my action and speech with him, for in this way I seem to be achieving a bit of my desired Thoreau characteristics.

Ease of action is still the thing that I admire most in Erasmo. Quiet, unassuming, unselfish activity that gets results. It is surprising—almost shocking—how many lessons one can learn from various people simply by watching carefully and conversing quietly with them.

I am getting anxious to get back to Paredones. A long vacation such as this has been can be somewhat hard on the group regardless of how enjoyable it might be.

Generosity is a curious thing. S took us out to dinner today. He was generous but he wasn't particularly kind in his generosity.

Progressive's coverage of McCarthy is a bit frightening. Wealth of money, noise, indecency and the use of half-truth and lie are terribly effective weapons of wrong...all this happens while the decent people who are doing constructive things get frustrated, kicked about, cursed, etc.

Medea said rather effectively that there is no justice in this world—it is a thing of the gods. Perhaps that concept isn't all right, but it has some truth about it. The compensation truth and of using truth—all it self-satisfaction if you prefer—the puffed-up feeling that comes when one isn't humble enough—is a form of justice. Perhaps it is the only worthwhile form: Du Maupassant's peasant wasn't wrong in picking up the piece of string. (2006 -in those years I was so profoundly impressed by Du Maupassant.)

Tonight I am unhappy that I am not doing more, but in another way I am very happy.

(2006---is a page missing ...)

whether I can allow an "ought" to slip into conversation or writing "if "it" doesn't exist. This can all be very confusing but what is important is a temporal happiness. Achieving a lifetime temporal happiness within the boundaries of my ideas should prove to be a big order and if achievable, a very, very satisfying one.

April 15, 1954

Several times since writing this above, I have wonder how I happened to leave the God Truth out of my consideration. I guess that truth is really the deity I worship above all else and perhaps as Spina forced himself to believe in the ultimate perfectability of men, I force myself to believe in such a thing as absolute truth.

May 6, 1954

I have been rather happy recently with my two special programs, but otherwise quite disturbed and probably "passing time." There have not been any particular things of

elation or depression so that I haven't bothered writing anything here. But today I am very sad.

This morning I was working rather lethargically at most uninspiring work under a very hot sun when "a fond mother" visited the jardin de ninos (kindergarten) and literally beat her child. We who were about half-heartedly entreated the mother to cease her irrational action. But we had no effect whatsoever. Parts of me were torn apart while the woman was destroying some of the beauty of childhood. Her own inadequate life is being perpetuated miserably by violent treatment of the child.

Earlier in the day—a bi further off—I saw another "fond mother" forcing her child to some action. The incident resulted in the same sort of treatment to the child.

At times like this pacifism isn't an adequate answer. However, the other alternatives are even less adequate—I continue to scream inwardly for decency. Huxley's ENDS AND MEANS is proving to be interesting. The idea of going to El Salvador has ceased to be very attractive, for I feel very stifled in some respects in an alien culture where I can't honestly say NO. Here we are helping people, yes. But the national policies of Mexico aren't very much different from the things I deplore in the U.S. Here, I must deplore silently my dislikes while in my own language-culture-environment I can speak out against wrongs.

Happily children playing connues to be one great joy and realization of my time in Mexico. A child being beaten for any reason reminds me of Connie Perry's statement in Washington last summer when we were polling a theatre audience—The woman said in response to my request for an answer in our poll—"Not if its anything for them Niggers."

Connie said in a very soft, slightly broken and a bi resentful voice: "And she has children."

I feel like writing this to Joan, bu I don't think I will. I have a cold that has greatly decreased my voice. Consequently, I am with great pleasure finding it very easy to be quiet.

The group has constant grievances which I have very nicely been above. The pettiness continues even with these select few. I am in a siesta mood.

Good Friday 1954

I never cease to be thoroughly disappointed by the grossness of selfish pettiness, especially when it occurs among people whom, for various other reasons, I can have considerable affection. It is utterly destructive of the better aspects of personality that I am looking for. Is it an endless search to find a person with absolute decency with disregard complete disregard for self?

If I could succeed in being such a person myself, perhaps I would not be concerned with finding another. Since I continue to live several lies, I can't be what I am looking for and I haven't found any person who measures up to what I want. A few fairy tales and other fantasies indicate routes to travel in my search but nothing yet indicates a clear way. The constancy of the ocean and its great charm for me continues to characterize my enigma.

The day is a very beautiful day—So fresh, so honest and so challenging that again I have dry-eyed tears for human short-comings.

Somewhere, someday, somehow—I must find the key to inspiring this desired decency in every last situation.

(2006—the above notes were written on different paper and do not have a month and day date, I am not certain where they fit in this chrono, but have put them in here....)

May 8, 1954

Dear Ed—

I have been thinking a great deal recently about staying through the summer or going home in early June. If a place is still open and it doesn't inconvenience you in any way, I believe that I would like to stay through the summer—(pending a final decision in June, after I have had a chance to talk to you).

Also, I have been pondering the idea of El Salvador. It seems to me that the U.S. Department of Justice is very nicely leaving me alone. While this is the case, I intend to live as I choose, doing those things which to me seem very important. If the AFSC would be interested in me for El Salvador, I would be quite willing to go there. I have become very interested in the program there through conversations with Ed J. This latter thing would mean that probably I would go home for the summer. I would have

to earn some money for personal items and to obtain a passport. I have no knowledge of the ease or difficulties of non-registrants getting the necessary little documents. Perhaps on that account alone, it is unfeasible for me to think about going to El Salvador.

At the present time I am keeping busy with book repairs and the ever enjoyable English class. I am quite anxious to receive the books that the Chapins got in Mexico, Have they been sent and lost, or not yet sent? Javier and Amado were in this morning and will be going to Pantano Grande with Escosio and me on Monday for their introduction there and a closing of the proposition. They seem to be very happy with their studies, etc.

Because I cannot take time now, I close leaving many things unsaid. I am looking forward to talking to you in early June, but some indication concerning El Salvador or a summer camp would be appreciated.

As ever, David Inkey

May 8 1954

This is a very rough copy of a letter to Ed Duckles. I decided that i must not leave this culture, feeling quite frustrated at times as I do but rather I should give myself the chance to know more about things here. Even if I can't go to El Salvador there is an advantage to staying here through the summer and carrying out my previous plan of in some small way repaying the AFSC for the privilege of being here with them for nice months.

Thoughts from the other day after visiting Sra. Braulia are that, no matter how poor, dejected, or naked of human comforts or decency I ever become, I will have been fortunately rich to have had education wide vistas—a fuller way of life than umpteen millions have ever had. Life as a daily struggle isn't a particularly pretty affair.... If I can do anything to alleviate conditions for the too-long underdogs I will have lived a partially adequate life.

ENDS AND MEANS is re-indicating to me that Thoreau isn't any sort of adequate answer to group situations. Thoreau in many ways was a very selfish person. Nevertheless, he has many things that are very worthwhile and which I must work into my being.

I must get Forrest, Mom and Humphrey to read ENDS AND MEANS. It would really be a happy day for me if Forres would quit the Air Force and reorganize his way of thinking.

Again, I must go out on a sort of splurge and study Spanish. I am at the point that I ought to use the conditional and subjunctive. I have got to have adequate expression. In English I am in the peculiar straight of searching for silence while in Spanish I want more communication.

June 6 12954

Today I am a little sad. When I picked up the paper today the first thing that I saw was the date: Ten years ago we had D-Day.

Najla and I went to a tree planting ceremony today. Supposedly, we were representing Los Amigos for planting a tree in a peace park. It turned out that we were attending, attending only, a UN function of high diplomats, etc. Najla helped the Isrealis plant their tree—a split tree purely by coincidence indicating to me the disharmony in that Holy Land. I was sorry that 61 trees had to be planted instead of just one. I puzzled once what business I as a pacifist had with the UN—a body willing to use indecent means in their hope to achieve a decent end. (2006—no sentence in this entire text from half a hundred years ago show more clearly how “tolerant” I have been of differences since May1954 in Mexico when I was 22 years old-young.)

I suppose that one of my hopes might easily cooperate with many of the special agencies of the UN, but I can't really believe in the idea of a United Nations until the problem of ends and means iis, what I could call, truthfully worked out.

This afternoon I came to the lovely San Martin Park several blocks from the Casa. It is quiet...restful and a nice place to go barefooted. At lunch there was some talk about going to the zoo. A strange feeling of regret came over me. I wasn't happy that we keep animals in prisons, and yet I remembered that I used to greatly enjoy the zoo.

I wonder whether perhaps in part I become less free when I become more unattached. I think that I believe in a constant melancholy happiness. One who is in part aware of the world's problems can't really be happy, but I believe that one shouldn't and can't be permanently sad. I was happy that diverse nationals came together in an act of faith for a better world, but I was sad that the big, general THEY weren't more aware of the problems about them.

A large part of this melancholy comes from, I imagine, my inability to offer constructive ideas. My happiness comes from some of the beauties of human nature. Thus I find myself never really completely happy (which impresses me as not bad) and never terribly
Sad even over such things as death, cruelty or the circumstances of the G's separation. I am hurt but my eyes are always dry.

I am a sort of spectator who never really indulges his emotions so deeply as many around him. I might even be incapable of surface affection, but I do have wells of feeling.. Unfortunately, the surface is only as far as some of the people whom I care most for look.

Last week KK, B. E., SL, Ed D and I made a trip to Villa de Carbon. To be back in mountains which were covered with the beauties of Western U. S. mountains, was a lovely experience. I breathed again of the fresh beauty of life as I have known it before and I found myself very concerned with truth. The importance of truth over what I might term misguided love such as I accuse Bill of practicing. The duty to others of your group in letting them know your grievances, and the troublesomeness but necessity for the development of a deeper consciousness on my part.. I think now in terms that the duty or reason for living is to achieve an awareness of the universe. I must discard hindrances to my vision and throw away some of my antiquated ideas. I can't expect to revolutionize the world as much as I might like to do, but I can disarm the world by one man and I can experiment with what I believe a man might be.

I might be leading a life that leads to prison since crucifixion is no longer practiced. Here, on a Sunday afternoon in park I find myself thinking of wonderful times spent near the ocean. I wonder whether the next time I am at the beach I will think of Sunday afternoons spent in parks.

I will go back to the Casa de los Amigos, and smile, and joke, and think.

June 12, 1954 (2006 -the following is a typed letter...the only typed item in this trove.)

At the various times we left Tlapacoyan I suppose that all of us thought "Well,, maybe someday I shall return, but at least I'll always remember the place and I'll even write to one or two of my friends. It was all a sort of dream that we try to call back from time to time, bu we forget. Most of us have forgotten our intentions of writing, and as we get tangled up in our own affairs we don't realize adequately what a continued connection with Tlapitos means to them.

Early this last week in haveily loaded NUNCA TOMA (200--a carryall van) and the new carryall, Ed D, Tom C of Tlazcala fame, two newcomers to the Mexican work-camp scene, George J and I left Mexico City on the familiar road to Tlap. As usual the trip was long, but distance seemed to be diminished by my ability to recognize the towns, mountains, Lake of Alchichica and descent to lush Veracruz, and by the fresh, unfamiliarly green countryside.

We arrive in Tlap in the late afternoon. After putting some things in order at the schoolhouse storeroom, talking with Pablo's basketball club, and answering numerous questions about all, we searched out Don Amador. TI was very nice to see him again. His sparkling eyes remain the same, as does his walk. The only thing I missed about him ws his marvelous chair. Ed spoke Ed spoke in understandable Spanish and Don Amador replied in, to me, rapid incomprehensible Veracruz Spanish. Anywasy, the Tlapacoyan project for the fellow will be helping to build a sports stadium, and the girls, of course, will be working with Raquel and in the schools. Don Amador's old house, more centrally located than last year's house, will be the Casa de los Amigos.

After bidding Don Amador, "Hasta luego," and being told "Que les vaya bien," we went to eat. During the cena we say Enrique, Chicho the timekeeper, and several others very familiar but unknown to me. Again we went through the usual questions and learned that they were delighted that a new group was coming. Chief sorrows were not hearing from some of us, and thinking that none of us were going to return.

That night we continued on to Zaragoza, an ejido near Misantla, Veracruz, where there will be a new group this summer. After unloading the vehicles we went to bed, envisioning a long day's work ahead of us. Tuesday we worked from breakfast till supper putting up furniture and building an escusaod—subsisting on Pepsi Cola. We

suppered in Tlapacoyan where George, KK and I choose to stay overnight. Again we saw Chicho and Enrique. Enrique took us visiting to Estela's where we had a long gab-fest. Raquel wasn't to be found until the next morning in the Salubridad where again we talked and talked. Dr. Cuetito was out town, so that we were unable to convey Joan's meassages, nor did we see Jan'e's dentist or Marione's Prudencio. Nevertheless, we had a good TLAPACOYAN REVISTED. Then we set out for Canaima. After visiting with Mr. Canaima, our banana king, we trekked down and up and down only to trek up and down and up. The trail didn't disappoint me in the least: it was still horribly long, hot and killing—jus as I had remembered it. The trail thick with undergrowth, and muddy; the almost stifling smell of the wet earth was as I remembered it: the stream rushed along. The projec came into sight and I forgot the heat. My frustrated hope of Demember was being realized: Tlapacoyan in many wasy means to me a water filer, a well functioning filter that is giving plenty of clear water.

I left, again complaining of the hill and remembering the many uphill struggles. Then I lft Veracruz , not knowing when I would return again, but realizing that my job was only a part done. I think that all of us should write a few letters occasionall. Our lives are very full of all sorts of activities and don't depend on many of our contacts, but in the lives of a few people in Tlapacoyan we played and play a big role.

I can't entreat you any more to write letters, and I ae conveyed a few of my happy impressions from the vitis to Tlapacoyan, I will close here shortly. Tony B is here in Mexico City for one more week. Marine is between going back to the States or taking Joan;s job. Joan is quitting at the American School at the end of June and has hopes of working with Cultural Missions or rural school teaching, possibly in Nayarit. George, Burce, Paul, Polly, Es and I will be in summer camps.

Como siempre, (as ever)

June 15, 1954

Yesterday and today, Ed, Skosh, K, T, Al G, Heberto S and I took a marvelous trip to Valle De Bravo and Coatepec de Harinas, both very interesting places with very friendly people. Our reception was perhaps the nicest I hae seen with much the greatest amount of help unloading, etc., coming from the community. The building of the escusado (pit latrine) and the transition of a garbage place to a real garden took much of our time.

I had THE WISDOM OF LOATSE with me. I thoroughly enjoyed certain aspects of his thought. The concept of Tao interests me and seems to be a partial explanation for me of God as I think I want to understand "it." Life seems to have a purpose of learning about the universe—God limited to less than the universe wouldn't be omnipotent and omnipresent. This evening I returned to Mexico City content but tired. On this trip I think that I resolved something about begging—I don't see how I can longer make it a policy of flatly refusing most of the beggars I meet. One in Toluca tore me apart mentally and emotionally. No loner can I rationalize my adherence to certain Christian ethics and my inaction in carrying out the requisite activity. .

Louis LeGall's "keep your eye on Mendes France" statement of sometime ago seems to have at last born a bit of fruit.

Tonight I was pleased to find a copy of THE CLOUD OF UNKNOWING in the Casa office. I will look into those area of thought within the next few days.

The idea of going on the Seri project this fall seems to be very interesting. I will have to talk it over with Ed in the near future. The main deterrents are finances and the idea that I ought to be on in my academic education. And my parents. These considerations are heavily negated or at least balanced by what I am considering a search for truth or more simply a basis of behavior.

Telluride Association Newnotes indicates that DN will be going to Japan for his alternative service. I hope he gains that humility which he so greatly needs.

I go to bed quietly, happily in a new sort of way, thinking about DN, TA, THE CLOUD OF UNKNOWING, Tao, and the Seri project.

July 5, 1954

The conference in Mexico City and the YMCA camp near Cuernavaca were quite interesting but nothing terribly profound. The happiest moment in it came for me on the 2nd to last night when a girl from California commented on Alternative Servie and I was able to explain that I was here because I fully wanted to be. Then we got into a discussion of non-registrancy after which I was happy in the same way that I was and always am happy after reading the BREAD AND WINE passage on resistance and saying NO...

I have read most recently Tolstoy's RECOLLECTIONS and ESSAYS. Before reading, with reading, and after reading, I feel that I might be becoming more Tolstoian. In my last writing I was concerned about begging. That doesn't seem to be resolved at all, for now I am in a place where people are poor and we are definitely instructed not to give charity..and if I go among the Seris I am going to be confronted by the same sort of situation.

The cloud of unknowing isn't sufficient. It proposes that God is all good and I am not certain of that. Tao being all inclusive seem more adequate an explanation.

July 28, 1954

No answers yet to begging. Yesterday in Mexico city, having some dentistry done, I was deeply disappointed in myself when I met a Spanish American war vet. He asked whether I was a GI and he said Uncle Sam sure was staking good care of us. N the first account I simply said no. Now, I wish that I had said in a tone of surprise as if it didn't show: "Of course not, I am a pacifist" On the second account, I said, 'In some aspects."

Without antagonizing to a "bad" point, I think I will act more openly in the future.

Another incident I felt deeply. On the Alameda I was approached by a man who wanted to show me his nude art. I thought I had said no sufficiently by saying I couldn't at this time and anyway I didn't have any interest. He followed me on the bus and sat with me when the person with whom I had been sitting got off. He started again and I gave him as much of a verbal lashing as I could in Spanish. "I couldn't understand," I said, "why in the face of human problems, needs, etc. people could be interested in the vulgar." I told him of my work, my interests and some of my beliefs and he began begging my pardon. To his begging I felt deeply and said, "The pardon comes, can only come, when you change your way of earning your living." He didn't earn his living in this way. He continued to ask my pardon

To that I replied, that the pardon doesn't come from me. It comes to yourself through the best action that you can realize. He got off at sears Roebuck and I continued on to Campeche/.

Recent reading includes Tolstoy's LIFE and Thoreau's WALDEN and CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE. I hope I can be consistent in my Civil Holy Disobedience and sill have many aspects of "normal" life. The Emls or any others who go through a thing once and

quit are compromising very much. I almost believe that such a compromise says, "I am beaten down, I'll accept things on your terms." For myself, I don't want that. Spina (2006, in BREAD AND WINE) again looms up with his "I should not like to live according to circumstances, but should like to live every moment of my life disregarding material expediency for what I believe to be right and good."

At present I am showing to myself how well I can be concerned and non-attached regarding Dad's accident. I am deeply aware of ramifications involved, but I realize that my own—my own—actions, way of life, or what have you, mean a tremendous amount to me. I still want very much to go to Sonora, and there does seem to be some possibility.

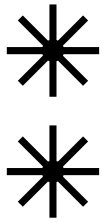
August 2, 1954

This morning was a beautiful period when I got up at 5 o'clock to prepare breakfast. I ought to channel myself into such beautiful activities more often. Then, later in the day Dick and I went for a walk to the cemetery. I was rushing along enjoying the large vistas, seemingly more interested in getting to the destination than anything else when Dick called my attention to some beetles (dung beetle, I think) that were moving tremendous clods of dirt. On examination, the clods were dung and the beetles appeared to be carrying them home. Then we watched a fly (something like a dragon fly)—enter and leave (several times) his burrow. Neither of us molested the animals in any way. I thought about Schweitzer and his reverence for life and about incidents of recognition in *THE TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE*. And I was happy.

Then we explored an arroyo and looked at some cacti. I commented on the thorns of a barrel cactus and how it reminded me of the Little Prince's rosebush. Dick didn't know the story... (I am sorry he doesn't know it.) We returned more or less in silence. When we came to the top of the hill I wanted to shake his hand and smile, but didn't.

I finished *THE JOURNAL OF GEORGE FOX* and now I sit here writing. Dick is either sleeping or meditating. This morning I told a very, very little lie of what would generally be of no consequence, but I am sad from it, for I compromised so much by doing it. I lose a great deal of self-control and reliance when I do such things. "It was only a white lie."

Ray N, Wanneta C, Heberto S, Ed D were with us this past week-end. I will go to the Seri project if home affairs permit.



a

cultural

theory

for

the

humane

condition... * *

by david inkey

"Humans are not the end result of predictable evolutionary progress, but rather a fortuitous cosmic afterthought, a tiny little twig on the enormously arborescent bush of life, which if replanted from seed, would almost surely not grow this twig again."

- Stephen Jay Gould

Between Gould and me, I see a large empty box.

I am truly inclined to think there are at least two theories:

Optimists believe that Life is a Comedy,

Pessimists believe that Life is a Tragedy.

Perhaps we only shuffling and dealing with axioms.

Whatever the case, the cosmic clown is not beyond suspicion.

¿a cultural theory for the humane condition?

or ethnographic entry... selfhood exposed...

one of my ancestors, according to our family genealogist, was pomme du roi, richard pomeroy, a captain in troops of william the conqueror, then we missed the mayflower by a decade and sailed westward from plymouth on the john and mary to dorchester, massachussetts, in 1630, about the time, there, that john maverick gave his name to our language as a challenging form of behavior. sometime in the 17th century a relative gave a bushel of flaxseed to harvard. then, the first inkey in connecticut went to sheffield in 1770. we joined or even led parts of the manifest destiny movement of the 18th and 19th centuries, on both sides of the family orchard. dan'l boone climbed onto my maternal branches, he settled in the lousiana purchase just before tj bought the great land deal from france... and i still apologize to ethnics whom we used to call indians and now label as native americans, ¿native? just only because they are only longer term residents... does it help my case that my oldest living cousin, really my dad's oldest living cousin, had lunch with ishi shortly after he met modernism and before mary's father sent our primal primitive to help kroeber enhance anthropology at berkeley...

sacajewa's great, greater or greatest niece embraced me into the Nez Perce Nation when i was only four, good fortune kept me from learning the word anthropologist at that tender age and only recently have i discovered what the sioux brave de loria thought of anthropogs. de loria's family had the care and circumstance of being parishioners of my great uncle hugh, a 20th century bishop in the dakotas. while my dad was courting my mom, hugh gave them four beaded items, a pair of moccasins, a cross, a belt and a powder bag...

"Into each life, it is said, some rain must fall. Some people have bad horoscopes, others take tips on the stock market. McNamara created the TFX and the Edsel. Churches possess the real world. But Indians have been cursed above all other people in history. Indians have anthropologists." Deloria (1969)

when i was not yet six years young, nisei playmates enlarged my world with food and feelings of the far east, we also powwowed with yakima children in the irrigated garden of sunnyside, it was an inland empire... at seven, we happy kidlets, a japanese, german, wasp triumvirate, even tried to dig a tunnel to china... we met

eastern depression youth of the civilian conservation corps and my dad helped run a soup kitchen for okies and other refugees from the dustbowl, my dakota matriclan held to the land, told me about homesteading in the 1870s so i was well prepared for that his story lesson when i got to high school, and they burnt corncobs instead of coal during the great depression. at five and a half i rode the rails to dakota and got my first lesson in direct cousining... along the tracks of the great northern, at several stops, mom and i were "entertained" by blackfeet, crow and sioux....more entertainment than my 5 cent saturday afternoon cowboy flicks...

also at seven, a black schoolmate enlarged my chromograph, at ten i cringed in the shadows of a world war and saw nisei disappear, separated from our democratic state. in an arid zone near the grand canyon of the colorado, at eleven, my teachers would not let me play with navajo and mexican american classmates... "they" could sit quietly in class with me, but i couldn't recess with them... at thirteen, in my first semester of "schooling" i learned that that there had been a civil war, in my second semester, removed to louisiana, i learned it was "the war between the states." in three years, i learned the nature of caste society... only once when i was engaged in my saturday morning capitalism, doing yard work for the church and rectory, did i ever talk to black children. two black kidlets about my age came by and were quite surprised that a white kid was engaged in hard, heavy, hot work... they asked, "what kind of people go to this church?" i, in some well preserved and persistent northernness replied, "EPISCOPALIANS." they asked again, "what kind of people go to this church?" the town of plaquemine was 97% roman catholic, so I decided i had better revise my response, "protestants, christians. what are you?" they were BAPTISTS. i invited them to sunday school and when i went to lunch, i told my parents what i had done. i suppose that my questioners behaved similarly when they got home... all four adults probably realized that ten and eleven a.m. were and still are the most segregated hours in american life...

our neighbors, the wilsons, had a black maid who met them at church on sunday, agnes worshipped from a back pew and the wilsons sat more forward... i could talk to agnes anytime i wanted just so long as i didn't interrupt her work. but she and our occasional electrician were the only southern, post-slave americans i knew until i was 21, again in the north...

in my fourteenth year, some internationalists organized a sequel organization to the league of nations, they called their our effort, the united nations... they co-opted our pronoun and proclaimed, "We the peoples of the United Nations," though

i would have preferred, i did prefer, i still would prefer that they would have asserted thoughtfully, we the people... the specious pluralistic construction doesn't resonate for me my desiderata of our becoming one people...

in my fourteenth year i also learned so much more geography than ever before... i learned about many nationalities...but i don't remember that i learned much about culture and cultures..... oh yes, when i was nine, in some international easter festival of 1940 i got stuck with the german flag... when i was 24, in kansas city, i knew some jewish refugees from nazism... my years from 1945 to 1961 don't require the explicit detailing of discovery that the first 14 years of my life still demand of me.... before and into 1945, i was ever curious and a little imaginative. amazing how successfully schooling cripples imagination... in 1948, again "a northerner" i had montana indian friends. though only a sophomore, i was included in the junior prom and my date was a beautiful indian.. also, i tutored an indian classmate in math... for my junior and senior years in wisconsin i had several classmates who called me "a nigger lover," but that was all speculative semanticism, there were no blacks in the high school. my greatest "burden" during those years was being a spartan. my values were more athenian. an english teacher rescued me from parochialism and inducted or incorporated me as a solitary youth in the great books program in andy carnegie's library. my latin teacher chided me for being judgmental about the failures of the romans, oscar levant visited lacrosse for a concert, followed by roy rogers trying to imitate wild bill cody in a rodeo... for two summers i worked in a cpx at camp mccooy... the cold war had only started... on my first day of work i missed my ride to base because my new boss had an emergency and failed to provide the promised transportation. ¿fortunately? i saw a staff car on sparta's main street and asked the driver whether i could have a ride... he replied, "you'll have to ask the general?" a few minutes later the general appeared and said, "of course." when he delivered me to my job, he said, "give gladys my regards." gladys was impressed! she never got a lift from the general.

college took its tolls and gave its rewards... deep springs college in my daze wasn't as good as it now is, but with a compulsive retired navy commodore trying to control 15 bright americans we had a direct, profoundly significant lesson in mccarthyism, racism and militarism. yet, we managed to preserve a magnificent democratic experiment... no, not an experiment, a great liberal democratic experience.

i was 21 when i left "happy valley," well schooled, yet far from educated. i was very lost in terms of who i was and what i wanted... i went to wdc that summer of 1953 to explore racism in american life, myrdahl hadn't yet published an american

dilemma yet, i knew we were living in that sad "nation" of discrimi-. henry wallace and harry truman had explicitly indicated enuf details of racism as had several fine semi-doc and documentary films... i knew i had much to learn and something to do. and much to learn! the congress of racial equality was then and still is a great institution for that learning... summer in wdc, a year in mexico, "discovery" of social anthropology, two years in kansas city, sociology and education, sub-teaching with latinos, blacks, blues, whites and yellows taught me an american tragedy and american comedy. i might easily have been a lead in the film, the blackboard jungle.

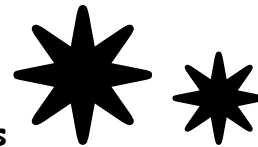
fulbright, woodrow wilson, national science foundation and danforth funds paved the gold brick road for me to graduate work and a doctorate in anthro from harvard, the kremlin on the charles... linguistics, physical anthro, archeology, clinical psychology, social psychology, conscience and social anthropology filled my years from 56-61. i was not sportive enuf for a rhodes and the marshall people did not choose me...

in 1961 i joined the greatest revolution of modern times, the demographic revolution, in the tragic confusion of the republic of el salvador, a nation caught betwixt a concordat with the vatican and reputedly the world's highest rate of "natural" population growth... 3.7 per cent is the stat i remember, though "all" of us in there including the statisticians did not trust the stats. all one needed to do was look at the population of a pueblo and one could easily calculate by the plentitude of progeny that explosions implosions were occurring. kenya might have had a 4% growth rate but much of that was migration, influenced by east african post mau mau... (oh yes, i was a sidliner to that--with gulliver (philip g. from lse) traveling to harvard i was well informed, i had my guru on that and help on my doctoral orals... (should i have written an american version of gulliver's travels.) my kansas city anthro prof ernest manheim, cousin of karl, had studied with kenyatta at lse.

el salvador was a nutritionist's nightmare, an epidemiologist's chamber of horrors, a demographer's dread, and it had been something of a public health doctor's success, we challenged people and nature to overcome iodine deficiency... the majority of the obsgyn medicos joined me in importing inter-uterine contraceptive devices. even the military president thanked me for what i was doing, he had heard such good things about me that he got the time correspondent to take me to a presidential press conference so as to meet me in public fora... wow, i had some quick talking to do the next day at the university..... several usa anthro colleagues chided me for practicing gimmick psychology and i retorted that they were working

on the rituals of death while i was studying and assisting wanted life. suicidal abortion patients constituted the most tragic informant group i have ever worked with or heard about... young single women in family shame ingested phosphorus to provoke the abortion, not knowing that they were simultaneously killing themselves, slowly.

i have already described my course thru 3 decades from 1964 thru 1994, perhaps in less detail than what i have just written to confess my younger years...1931-1964... with author's authority, i recycle that prose... in 1994 i wrote to a cyber friend in my beloved boston, a synthesis of my odyssey. i called the essay, david as thoreau, or david, as is! in that era i had not yet liberated my capitals and lower cases.....



* these eight rayed figurations are answers marks

??

a cultural theory for the humane condition,
an anthropology of other and self

now. own, won, we are terror-struck twolet toddlers in a 3rd millennium.....
and somewhere in between then and now, i was intrigued with a powerful coordination: politicos can be good actors and bad actors. clowns have to script for themselves...

i believe that death must be proud, for death claims all lives. yet, while we live, be we plant or animal, we also claim some pride, multiple forms of pride for life struggles, survival, struggle being an english morpheme to explain that living is not entirely an easy endeavor. i am now seventy times a revolutionary, filling fully my biblical allotment of three score and ten... i have befriended vishnu incarnate and enjoyed his friendship. i am amused by human foibles and i am ever full of imagination for our failures and our occasional successes...

though i cry and cheer, dine, fast and break fast, devise and dialogue, plan, postpone, ponder and play, wonder, wish and work, with peons, priests, princes, other prisoners and proletarians, with academics, the academented and professors, with cobblers, clerks, clerics, clowns and kings, with laborers, lords, ladies and lackeys, sailors, secretaries, and salespeople, mechanics, merchants, mendicants, with the magi and magicians, firefighters, fire-eaters, philosophers and pharisees, executives, elders and even an executioner, guards, guardians, goalies, students, and most especially with other learners, never, never have i suffered incomprehension of my being a witfilled, wise and witnessing anthropologist, nor rejection of my epistemological claims. i ever exude an enthusiasm for the other, i am accepted as the exuberant me.

though i recognize multiple resistances to outright credible suspicions of quaintly categorical and catalogued cultural studies, simulating building blocks of a cultural theory for the human-e condition, i quickly, quixotically qualify and quantify that cultural theory is not appropriate, nor real, nor ideal, without a carefully constituted cultural praxis...

though i apologize or might apologize for being a humbly humored human, ever an anthropologist, i am queried, which, what, where, when and why theoretical school i belong to... though i apologize temporarily for being a de-commissioned cosmic comic with consequent foreshortened perspective on human divisiveness and divinity, i am challenged to propagate and propagandize a cultural praxis for the human-e condition. though i explain that plato and all of his grecian cavepeople, the first class of (first class) shadow boxers, failed filosofia, to love and practice wisdom, they failed despite unprecedented efforts to produce and disseminate philosophy. i am called to be a philosopher, to remedy ills which we have inherited generation after generation, without failing, since the dawn of creation. i hide behind henry's sophistic words:

when philosophers become clowns ...

and when clowns become philosophers...

we shall indeed, in deed, be humane beings...

though, in probability theory, i am as competent as the next human or sum some of prior humans to work on cultural upholstery, i explain, expound and explore, before my expiration date, i am not the champion of lost causes, i am a champion of causes not yet one nor won.

i am a solitary pilgrim of much wandering, work, wondering, woe, will, wit, witness and wisdom. i am sentenced to live all the daze of my life on a very small planet in orbit of a minor sun of a minuscule galaxy amongst a composition of 40 billion! conglomerates. i am alone with 6 billion other humans! astoundingly, i am told that this earth is the only known heavenly body supporting lifeness in a structure called the universe... assertively, i am told that primitive "man" looked into the heavens and exclaimed, it is all there for me... (they didn't have equity theory.) many modern beings cringe in the darkness and see pinpoints of light, usually experiencing only a cold, undefined, threatening, even terrifying, incomprehensible, solitary, unsound unsounding confusion of matter and anti-matter. if you take little or no account of my account, i would refer you to an anthropological precedent, the primitive world and its transformations. robert redfield was one of my cherished gurus....

in a scant, my scant, seventy revolutions of earth around its solar magnet i have learned much. much mythology of earthlings, magic of their magi, mystery of my story and the lengths of days and daze. mostly, i have learned that we grow in beauty as beauty grows in us. i linger, long and lustfully language from the prosaic to the poetic, finding chords to record.

the daze of our lives...
as lives go out and lives come in...
just, almost like great tides...
"fast falls our even-tide..."
let us see EVIL turned to LIVE..
falling angels, we see other angles...
reverse our over-tried DEVIL...
bedeviled? BE LIVED!
satan restor(i)ed is santa...
PRAY, let us live all the daze of our lives...

pandemonium is identified as the devil's delight and domain. chaos is a theory humans apologetically employ to hide their inability to be humane. vixens, demons, demagogues and demigods christened, bar mitzvahed or similarly ritualized in some diverse enculturation, dominate the cosmopolis, pretending support to the demos, something greek for people, something politico among us. sentenced to live all the daze of my life, i am not like that earlier, complexed-simple, poetic david, he was only a shepherd monarch, not an anthropologist, who could pull the strings of harp

and life, and so easily sing his praise prayer, "surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life...." no, know, in this later hour of our time, i want a light to follow, be it inner or other, lives to guide me, and awe, awe-full to fill my every breath... early on the morning of the sixteenth of december in the year MDCCCXXXI in our common era, i was given a life sentence. the judgment, then and now, ever, in all ways and always, is for me to learn around-about, and to work in and on and through innumerable mundane endeavors. then, with incomparable finesse, in some final days and daze, with neither voice nor vote, or in full voice and vote, i am charged, chagrined and challenged. i am given the response-ability to imagine, to image through an entire century eon of earth time, a co-creative pattern of, by, buy and for planetary culture, composed, organically composted with universal agreed personal commitment. i have the most difficult and exciting task that i have ever heard of in all of creation... perhaps...perhaps, per chance, i am as well prepared for my task as is my neighbor and is my neighbor's neighbor, and none of us is ever fully prepared for what lies, lays and lurks and leads before us... with great, good fortune, i have not--to the very best of my knowledge--been deprived of physical comfort, unailing health, general prosperity and quite some quiet recognition, distinction yet in a demographic dimension. yet, i am serving an indeterminate life sentence, a term for perhaps so long as a hundred years unless with amazing grace, with justice and mercy, i may gain time off for good behavior.

am i somehow, somewhere, sometime, looking for time off or time in eternity? in oblivion? if such dispensation is granted my sentence will not be commuted, it will only be reduced to death... in some sort of last rites, apparently losing all my other writes, rites and rights which i learned and exercised only slowly and not always well, i will be committed with dispatch, to rip, rest in peace, nobly or ignobly, ... no one with whom i have associated can tell me... i will probably be dismissed, summarily, buried, soiled in the soil of this earth, or burned in some cooler oven than our imagined "inferno." strangely, some priestess or priest will give a valedictory "fare thee well," with "ashes to ashes and dust to dust." gloriously, i will be reunited with other stardust. all of this happens to me because of what numerous, noted cosmologists have claimed in all their astrological and astronomical findings... "we are celestial beings, made of the dust of stars..." i did not choose to come to planet earth... given a choice i might even have opted out... yet, a great french jesuit anthropologist, pierre, said so long ago that it seems only yesterday, "we are not human beings seeking a spiritual experience, we are spiritual beings seeking a human experience." i would prefer that monsieur teilhard de chardin had been less wobbly in his spelling, that he could assert the humane. i came to earth on

a cold winter night, naked, hungry, speechless, homeless... in the cosmos, i was before all and after all quite content so far and fully as i can remember, member and premember, to being something of a cosmic clown. yet, i was painfully brought into this life in a condition of limited responses, in a state of infinite innocence, fully dependent, helpless, proverbially "wet behind the ears," all wet and slimed, and perennially blinded by fellow humans' inhumanity one to another. through years of tutelage, i have been rigorously both dragged and driven from dependence to be independent, only, just, ultimately, to learn that interdependence is the favored state! on a pilgrim's voyage to the enchanted isles, in mysteries beyond my-stories, puzzlingly in an hour-story of our stories, i have learned lifeness, lifeness being the relation of all beings one to another... all histories have only been versions of his story... all of herstories have been rarely expressed, yea, turned down to virtual silence, muted or not yet written... ourstories are only, just, scarcely pre-dawning.... our birth and death certificates proclaim, as if they were diplomas: ¿ ?

all my life i have wanted to be a child when i grow up. perhaps, it is just make believe. when i use all of my imagination, i am an Imagineer, "the clown prince of planetary culture. long, long ago, about as late as yesterday and as early as tomorrow, and far, far away, about as close and gentle as the waves of the heliopause and as distant and lost as my cradle, extremely early on the morning of my coming to earth, my monitors declared that i fully possessed all five of my senses... "they" were so unschooled in the sense and nonsense of censuses and censure that they little realized how many senses i need to create planetary culture. why couldn't they know that i would need both common and uncommon sense? what have they done with the senses of faith, fun and foolishness, despair, pain and hope, love and lust, wit and witness and wit-less-ness, wisdom, humor, grief, joy, punnery, prudence, play, art, awkwardness, worship, service, childness, lifeness and awe.... this chorus of senses composes a codex of character in my opus, a theory of the humane condition... i want it said of me, iHE LIVED! he lives...

i have no patronesses nor patrons for my ideas that every country in the world needs a landmine, just one inactive landmine, to house in a place of dishonor, in a museum... i give iodinning of salt priority over any edifice complexes... i query why people cannot aid those suffering aids... singulars and plurals unpaired...

yes, i want a cultural theory for the human (humane) condition... such a cultural theory to be coherent, for me, must celebrate awe, beauty, compassion, dedication, enthusiasm, fairness, grace, health, imagination, justice, LOVE, lifeness and

meaning, need, optimism, trust, wit, wisdom and zeal sans zealotry... it must embrace care, grief, sorrow, suffering, solitude and silence, skepticism, pessimism... the theory must condemn pandemic inequity, hunger, disease, ignorance, war, poverty, hate, pride, corruption, greed, and multiple minor demeanors. a cultural_theory for the humane condition would be coherent with a cultural praxis for the humane condition.

text and context

Dear Colleagues,

I would address you individually but in the interest of economy of time and effort, I forego that courtesy, to enquire what are your desires, what are your doubts and "dreams" concerning previous and current Yale University Department of Anthropology searches for an anthropologist of distinction to work on a cultural theory of the humane condition.

Since learning of your second attempt, I have been intrigued both by your composition, the varied endeavors and my variance with academic anthropology. This variance I expressed in one of the AAA "PROFILES OF ANTHROPOLOGISTS AT WORK," March 1978, Newsletter 17... Hopefully the Yale Archives have preserved a copy of that moment of my professional distinction. There were two errors there, my LSE NSF fellowship was one year, not two, the first year that NSF financed anthropologists in graduate study, and in the penultimate line there is the conjunction and instead of but. I had concluded my remarks,

"Several anthropological profiles over the past year have indicated that there are many jobs available to anthropologists outside academe. This is as true in the international civil service as in other areas already underlined, but clearly the anthropologist desiring employment in the UN System has to have competencies that meet the needs of that system and both a willingness and the ability to perform in it. International civil service offers many exciting multidisciplinary challenges, but there is no room for academic purists. Purists, in any case, it seems, have highly constrained experience, but they serve many important research and training functions."

In both my letter to Professor K and all of you and my proto-essay, a cultural theory for the humane condition, I want to relate to other anthropologists attempting to theorize and establish praxis... It would be just as easy for me to commute an hour eastward from Cos Cob to New Haven, as it was for me to travel from here to Grand Central... I believe I could share many contexts of planetary culture with you who have predominantly engaged in numerous, real areal endeavors.

Sincerely yours,

Yale University, Department of Anthropology, has re-opened a search for a senior sociocultural anthropologist of distinction, whose work demonstrates a commitment to fieldwork and ethnography as a basis for theorizing the human condition. Nominations and applications, including vita, should be received by October 15, 2002. Please send materials to the Chair, Senior S/C Search Committee, Department of Anthropology, Yale University, P.O. Box 208277, New Haven, CT 06520-8277.

Dear Professor K, a good sport or at least an avid student of sport, and Colleagues,

I wish to thank you, wholeheartedly, for the epistemological challenge of the Yale job announcement toward theorizing the human (humane) condition. With some embarrassment, I immediately realized that nowhere in my extensive anthropological experience, from the age of four when my parents introduced me into the Nez Perce Nation till now, had anyone, anywhere, at any time, myself included, focused on the fundamental theory of my motivation and movements. In the ensuing work and play with words, I have begun the task of enlightening myself what it has meant, "theoretically and in praxis" to now challenge myself with the creation of a cultural theory of the humane condition. in a fortnight i have resolved some evasive and ever erosive questions and have fascinatingly magnified my understanding of my lifelong quest for cultural comprehension.

Would you please explain to me the Yale Department of Anthropology conceptualization of "whose work demonstrates a commitment to fieldwork and ethnography as a basis for theorizing the human condition." It seems to me that without a strategic base the anthropologist's work would be purely descriptive, but not necessarily free of intense subjectivity, or given the base, sine qua non, it would be based upon an explicit or implicit motivational theory, be it predominantly idiosyncratic or be it associated with some larger perspective, i.e. school of thought. Those in the first category would be unqualified for your "job." I would like to believe most of us qualify, being members of the second coterie.

In my graduate school years at Harvard, Clyde Kluckhohn and I frequently rode the same bus from west Cambridge during which time Clyde buried his eyes in reading... Only when entering "The Yard" would he recognize my existence, knowing he had to be civil because Florence liked me very much... Florence thought their son Richard was absurd trying to be an Africanist, and I, already an Africanist scholar, was most sensibly and opportunistically turning to Mexico, for fieldwork... My conclusion at Harvard, and before and since is that Kluckhohn paid too great a price to be a distinguished anthropologist, he failed to be a distinguished humane being... When Gordon Allport was dying of cancer and I went to see him in the Harvard Health Center, he exclaimed, tearfully with a broken voice, "David, you are the only former student who has come to see me." I am immediately disqualified as a candidate for the senior post open at Yale, if one must be an anthropologist of current (anthropological) distinction... My several joyous distinctions have been earned pursuing several of the rubrics of LEARNING TO BE, my favorite UNESCO publication,... In my futurity article, already shared with you via email, chiding James Peacock's AAA Presidential Valedictory, I cannot match, nor do I care to compete, with the professional anthropological distinction Jim has achieved... I opt to position myself in futurity... The leverage I have gained from and given to population awareness, early childhood care and education, human and humane rites and rights, literacy, women and girls' education, drug education, environmental education, peace education, and many other areas of concern such as iodizing salt, being an ecologist and supporting the needs of the disabled, are my *raison d'etre* for offering my candidacy, my availability to work with faculty and student colleagues at Yale on the fabrication of a cultural theory for the humane condition. This challenge would be contextually distinct from the marvelous experience my learning colleagues and I had at the Harvard Graduate School of Education in the seminar it was my privilege to co-create, *Cultural Constraints in Educational Development*. We worked piecemeal and peacemeal on specific educational issues. Yale Anthro is calling for the creation of a paradigm which inspires, requires and revises cultural analyses from the descriptive to the revolutionary. At the descriptive level, we may return to Childe's classic work, MAN MAKES HIMSELF (correcting, of course, for inclusive language). Outside of anthro, we might revisit Ishi, Hobbes, Rousseau, Voltaire, Kant, Marx, and others...

I helped a future king innovate on a throne he inherited much sooner than he ever would have wished, His Majesty Birendra Bir Bikram Shah Dev, developed a revised national educational plan in part from the HGSE experience and I can claim some response, ability for his creative proclamation at his coronation, that The Kingdom

of Nepal should be recognized as a Zone of Peace. During the years from 1975-2001, Shah Dev collected 116 signatories to his charter. Speaking of distinction, at the wedding of Shah Dev, when introducing Lowell Thomas and Edgar Faure to each other, I had to explain to two very distinguished internationals, the distinction of each... From that day since, I have been skeptical of the dimensions, distortions and distractions of distinction...

If Yale is looking for an endogenous or an incestuous solution, or both, in its search for an anthropologist of distinction Google on a general "all the words" search gives 17,900 options... G Search: anthropologist of distinction. Fortune does not serve us so well on an advanced search, G recognizes, fails to identify even, one anthropologist of distinction G Search: "anthropologist of distinction" Maybe the Search Committee can go to School of Architecture constructs and take a course in redrafting, G reports "about 26" googlets in the word specific architect of distinction search. institutions even give an award with that title. G Search: "architect of distinction"

During my Crimson Clad years I contributed the term "population awareness" to the field of international population concern.... distinction and/or notoriety surrounded me. Attribution of names properly faded from the memory of subsequent activists. Yet, since 1985, some faithful idealists have celebrated World Population Awareness Week... I started running in the "human race" with 2 billion participants. Any kidlet born now has to cooperate or compete on humane human conditions with 6 billion beings... Are the proto-theorists ready to measure the quantity and quality of the "human" conditions for 8 billion in 2020... When I became UNESCO Advisor to Unicef, I became even more an educational anthropog, almost incessantly I applied my most imaginative and impassioned anthropological skills to clarify educational statistics and activity in Unicef where there was considerable dedication to primary education, but NO RECOGNITION OF INEQUITY, because Unicef did not perceive the need for disaggregating statistics to reflect the male chauvinism... 2/3s of the resources for boys, 1/3 for girls....

I find it quaint that so far as I can excavate words in the Dept of Anthro's materials on Google, your department uses human condition only in the introductory statement... In 18 entries of undergrad course listings, the word human appears, but not once is it associated with the word condition. I am a curious and imaginative soul, so I do not jump, climb, race, crawl or otherwise arrive at the

conclusion that you and your colleagues do not address hc. Further, into and in the magic cyberspace of Google, I find that you earlier wanted to venture into the arena of a cultural theory for the human condition, in late 1999-early 2000. What happened... Was no one sufficiently distinguished or were there insufficient nexi betwixt fieldwork and theory... I can intersect suicide, family planning, iconoclasts, Iconology, volcanology, Vaticanology, military presidency, peace presidency AKA Don Pepe Figueres and me meeting on population awareness. I link on behaviors, foundation behaviors, food assistance, USAID politics, Unicef and MacDonald's current contract for World Children's Day and the ire of an international group of nutrition and other public health officials, SocietyGuardian.co.uk | Society | Full text: pu... W and the withholding of \$34 million dollars allocated by Congress for the UN Population Fund, etc, etc., etc,

I would very much like to propose a trial semester with two courses this next semester, an upper level undergraduate and graduate student seminar, Toward A Cultural Theory For The Humane Condition and PCs... Planetary Culture and Personal Commitment. A third alternative that would dovishly relate to many supranational interests in Yale could be Anthropology and The Millennial Declaration, google assisting with Google Search: the millennial declaration "unit... In an early 1990s paper post UN service, I suggested to myself 16 international courses that I could restructure to the 2000s..... Once upon a time I opened a fortune cookie and found the message, "Most people seek happiness. You create it." I have worked and played in that arena all my life...

namaste, david inkey

CULT YALE UNIVERSITY is seeking candidates for an appt in sociocult anth (TT and rank not indicated). World region and theoretical spec are open, but seek scholar with commitment to fieldwork and ethnography as a basis for theorizing the human condition. Send application and CV to: Chair, Senior Search Committee, Dept of Anth, Yale University, P.O. Box 208277, New Haven CT 06520-8277. Deadline: January 21. (earlier text 2000)

i would be an almost present,able candidate for a senior professorship at yale, if allowed to continue my unacademented endeavors as president of antarctica university, where all are in awe..... our acronym being au.

_I believe...

I believe we all live in many worlds,
I believe we all live in uncounted private public worlds,
timed untimed in worded unworded whirls, who is accountable?
I live timely, in merged PAST PRESENT PRESENCE FUTURE,
Clockwise, my worlds spin down and up and down again... round,

square, triangular, conic, comic cosmic seismic...whoever, ever,
called any clock wise? what is countable?

I wander through worlds... a solitary soul, not tragically alone...
sometimes I travel in the loving company of guardian angels,
sometimes I simply pause in a spectacular serenity
with ageless ghosts from the all ages...sharing LIFENESS,
We humanes, we ghosts and we too few angels—
WE people worlds of inestimable AWE, anguish and absurdity,
we struggle in little spheres of belief, BEAUTY, banality and boredom,
we squander CREATIVITY, compassion, and crassness,

we slyly seek devotion, desire, and
doubt, we wantonly waste enthusiasm, energy and education,
we fail with faith, fear and frivolity,
we tenderly try to invest goodness, greed and grace,
and, all too unconsciously, oft barely conscious,
we court and dismiss HUMOR, health, hatred and happiness,
Myopically, with perfect irises and imperfect nerves,
we review, view and preview IMAGINATION, ignorance and insight,
we confuse JOY, jealousy and justice, we scarcely observe kindness,
knowledge and kneeling,
We blunder in LOVE, loneliness and lust, our mathematics are askew in
meaning, meanness and mirth, we neglect needs, nurture and
nobility, we oppress OPTIMISM, opposition and opportunity,

We pursue pessimism, poverty and PROMISE, with seeming cowardice,
we quit query and quest and claim only quarreling, we arrest rest
and relief only to free rancor, we bear stupidity and stubbornness,
and bury serendipity, without resolve, we trust
terror and timidity more than the test of TRUTH(S), we avoid
union, universalism, and usefulness, we claim and disclaim visions
instead of vision, we prize vice more highly than advice, we
surrender vivacity and vitality, we lose WONDER while we worry
and gain weariness,

In lost childness, we find x-haustion, and x-actitude where we
abandoned X-CITEMENT,,,, WIT and WISDOM drown in yearning,
long surrendered youthfulness and YEARNING, zealotry enslaves
our weakened zeal and unxcercized ZANYNESSS,

I am an almost present,able self: I grow in BEAUTY as BEAUTY grows
in me... while most beings seek happiness, I create IT. I am no
champion of lost causes, I am a champion of causes not yet won...
(david inkey's april fools' 5031 ÷unlimited addition)

conclusion.... a cultural theory for the humane condition

in closing i should like to confess as conscientiously as i am capable of doing, to
recognizing the possibility that there might be two cultural theories for the

humane condition, the optimistic and the pessimist.... i am quite capable of explaining both, but i am overwhelmingly biased in favor of the first... my major point of departure from walden and thoreauvian thought is my inability to confirm thoreau's contention that most men (people) lead lives of quiet desperation... henry david and i concur on the definition of philosophy,

To be a philosopher is not merely to have subtle thoughts,
nor even to found a school,
But to so love wisdom as to live according to its dictates,
a life of simplicity, magnanimity and trust.
It is to solve some of the problems of life not only
theoretically, but practically.....

most children are enculturated in any and all societies to be good for something by the codes and customs of their heritage... i am incredibly fortunate to have learned to be good, good for nothing...

GOOD, GOOD FOR NOTHING... * document search



a cultural theory for the humane condition... *

there might be two theories: or are we only dealing with axioms...
Optimists believe that Life is a Comedy,
Pessimists believe that Life is a Tragedy.

the cosmic clown is guilty... * *  *

these are his answers marks 

Dear Julia K,

I am fascinated by your recent announcement in the Chrono, re THE FUTURE OF INTERNATIONAL STUDIES IN THE LIBERAL ARTS CONTEXT and would appreciate having from you, via email, regular post, phone, express and/or whatever, additional information on the conference, conference preparations, how United Nations topics might, would or could fit in (as you and your colleagues currently perceive UN issues), etc. I am the recently retired UNESCO Advisor to Unicef, with a doctorate in anthro from Harvard about 6,000 years ago... Etc. Global identity and cultural process are two of my passions and I am currently finishing a little book on lifelong education (a sequel to Fulghum's kindergarten work) I WAS A KINDER GARDEN DROP OUT! When working (and playing) on that, I am also writing a most difficult treatise, harder to write than was earning a doctorate, THE U N PHILOSOPHER! Last Friday I had the pleasure of telling The Model UN Club at Ramapo College, where they do many good things in international education, about a fascinating incident I experienced in October, being on a panel with His Holiness Pope John Paul II, I trust that you enjoy my fanciful essay, THE POPE AND I! (Currently, I am working on an essay for you entitled PC! BY SANTA CLAUS! and I am sure you will enjoy pc ranging from planetary concern to personal commitment... What does the Cummings Center do and what more would you like it to do with the United Nations System? Sincerely yours,

Also send me any speeches by your president more recent than her 1993 Vital Speeches commencement speech, I have forgotten where... You might also enjoy my work on "unwords and U N WORDS!" (sheet attached)

a paradigm for e democracy...

... when philosophers become clowns ...
... and when clowns become philosophers ...
... we shall indeed, in deed, be humane beings...

i am not the champion of lost causes,
i am a champion of causes not yet one nor won.

i am oft a solitary pilgrim of much wandering, work, wonder, even woe, with wit and wisdom. i believe that i am a cosmic comic diminished, reduced, condensed, confined, consolidated to being a clown prince of humaneness, sentenced to live all the daze of

my life on a very small planet among several, all in orbit of a minor sun, all ways, always churning in a strange milky way or whey amongst an absurdly exaggerated estimate of forty billion galaxies... and, further, furthest, i am told that this water soggy earth, micromegas' ball of mud, is the only known heavenly body supporting lifeness in a structure called the universe... it seems that primitive "man" looked into the "heavens" and exclaimed, it is all (t)here for me... modern and postmod beings cringe engulfed in the darkness and see black holes and wholes punctured by pinpoints of light, one "leader" wants more than a thousand points of light, fused and confessing, to see only a cold, undefined, even threatening, incomprehensible, confusion of matter and anti-matter...

in a scant seventy revolutions of earth around its solar magnet i have learned much... much mythology of earthlings, magic of their magi, mystery of my story and the lengths and brea(d)th of days and daze... mostly, i (have) learn(ed) that we grow in beauty as beauty grows in us. i linger, long and language lustfully from the poetic, through the prosaic, again a gain, to the poetic, finding chords to record... almost a beaugeois gentilhomme, AKA Moliere:

the daze of our lives...
as lives go out and lives come in...
just, almost like great tides...
"fast falls our even-tide..."
let us see EVIL turned to LIVE..

falling angels, we see other angles...
reverse our over-tried DEVIL...
bedeviled? BE LIVED!
satan restor(i)ed is santa...
PRAY, let us live all the daze of our lives...

milton tells us pandemonium is the devil's delight. chaos is a theory humans apologetically, even unapologetically, employ to hide their incapacity, inability, or resistance to being humane. demons dominate metropolises and rural rustics, pretending to support the demos, something "greek" for people.

sentenced to live all the daze of my life, whether weathering the prosaic or the poetic, i am not like that earlier, complexed-simple, future king david who could pull the strings of harp and politics, and so easily sing his praise prayer, "surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life...." no, know, in this later hour of our time, i want a light to follow, even a quaking inner glow, lives to guide me, and awe, awe-full to fill my every breath... early on the morning of the sixteenth of december in the year one thousand

nine hundred and thirty one in our common era, i was given a life sentence. the judgment, then and now, ever, in all ways and always, is for me to learn around-about, and to work in and on and through innumerable mundane endeavors. then, finally,, finally and in some final day and daze, with neither voice nor vote, i am charged, chagrined and challenged. i am given the response-ability to imagine, to image through an entire century eon of earth time, a co-creative pattern for PLANETARY CULTURE. i have the most difficult and exciting task that i have ever heard of in all of creation... perhaps... perhaps, per chance, i am as well prepared for my task as is my neighbor and is my neighbor's neighbor, and none of us is ever fully prepared for what lies, lays and lurks and leads before us... with great, good fortune, i have not--to the very best of my knowledge--been deprived of physical comfort, unfailing health, general prosperity and some quiet recognition. yet, i am serving an indeterminate life sentence, a term for perhaps so long as a hundred years unless with amazing grace, with justice and mercy, i may gain time off for good behavior.

am i somehow, somewhere, sometime, looking for time off or time in eternity? if such dispensation is granted my sentence will not be commuted, it will only be reduced to death... early death? in some sort of last rites, apparently losing all my other rights which i learned and exercised only slowly and not always well, i will be committed with dispatch, to rest in peace, nobly or ignobly, ... no one with whom i have associated can tell me... i will probably be dismissed, summarily, buried, soiled in the soil of this earth, or burned in some cooler oven than our imagined "inferno." strangely, some priestess or priest will give a valedictory "fare thee well," with "ashes to ashes and dust to dust." gloriously, i will be reunited with other star dust. all of this happens to me because of what numerous, noted cosmologists have claimed in all their astrological and astronomical findings... "that we are celestial beings, made of the dust of stars..." why else did my mother call me sun... and mothers recreate in their daughters, gaia, the earth goddess...

i did not choose to come to planet earth... a great french jesuit anthropologist, pierre, said so long ago that it seems only yesterday, "we are not human beings seeking a spiritual experience, we are spiritual beings seeking a human experience." i would prefer that monsieur teilhard de chardin had been less wobbly in his spelling, that he could assert the humane. i came to earth on a cold winter night, naked, hungry, speechless, homeless... in the cosmos, i was before all and after all quite content so far and fully as i can remember, member and premember, to being something of a cosmic clown. yet, i was painfully brought into this life in a condition of limited responses, in a state of infinite innocence, fully dependent, helpless, proverbially "wet behind the ears," all wet and slimed, and perennially blinded by fellow humans' inhumanity one to another. through years of tutelage, i have been rigorously both dragged and driven from dependence to be

independent, only, just, ultimately, to learn that interdependence is the favored state! on a pilgrim's voyage to the enchanted isles, in mysteries beyond my-stories, puzzlingly in an hour-story of our stories, i learned lifeness, lifeness being the relation of all beings one to another... all histories have only been versions of his story... all of herstories have been rarely expressed, yea, muted or not yet written... ourstories are only, just, scarcely pre-dawning.... our birth and death certificates proclaim, as if they were diplomas:



all my life i have wanted to be a child when i grow up. perhaps , it is just make believe. when i use all of my imagination, i can be the clown prince of planetary culture. long, long ago, about as late as yesterday and as early as tomorrow, and far, far away, about as close and gentle as the waves of the heliopause and as distant and lost as my cradle, extremely early on the morning of my coming to earth, my monitors declared that i fully possessed all five of my senses... "they" were so unschooled in the sense and nonsense of censuses and censure that they little realized how many senses i need to create planetary culture. why couldn't they know that i would need both common and uncommon sense? what have they done with the senses of faith, fun and foolishness, despair, pain and hope, love and lust, wit and wit-ness and wit-less-ness, wisdom, humor, grief, joy, play, punnery, prudence, art and awkwardness, worship, service, childness, lifeness and awe.... i want it said of me, iHE LIVED! he lives..

i haven't found an alternate title to use in order to transcend fragmented frenetic nationalism. living in the state of awe in the nation of imagi, i have different, diverse priorities. i am making no progress whatsoever with the "cement" idea I gave an unan friend in 1991, to cement peace in el salvador. he could not hear the interlingual elegant elocution of cimentar paz and cement peace which would concretely (re)solve some of the damage of war... i have no patrons for my ideas that every country in the world needs a landmine, just one inactive landmine, to house in a place of dishonor, in a museum. i give iodized salt priority over any edifice complexes.

yes, i want a paradigm for edemocracy, many paradigms for democracy. i travel frequently in the e expanses of cyberspace. in 1956, norbert wiener introduced me to cybernetics as if i would restructure the demosphere accommodating all humans and humanes to "practice" demo-nstrate, democracy. work in demography, family planning and population education put me on watch in and around many demos... oh, we owed and owe such a debit to the unwanted. how healthy a century was the 20th, a scant millennium ago. in 1900 we might have been just simply only scarcely yet 1.5 billion beings of the human crops. i might have been the second billionth baby... i saw the human demosphere grow to 3 billion when i was the prophet of "population awareness." rapidly we rose to 4.5 billion, 5 billions and on the eve of this era's 2000th revolution our demographers declaimed we are 6 billions. slowly, slowly, slowly in the same century, ragged with war, famine, disease and many deaths, we learned to democratize health so greatly that we can describe the time span 1900-1999 as THE HEALTHY CENTURY!

i have dined with peons, princes, princes, a king and a queen, proletarians, clowns, students, professors and most especially learners, and never, ever, never do i suffer nor have i suffered incomprehension of my being an edemocrat, e being educated, essential, electing, engaged, electronic, exploring, energetic, enthusiastic, earnest, expressive. i recognize innumerable resistances to a paradigm for e democracy, i admit that e democracy may not always be spelled in small eee, that it will not be achieved with great EEE. sum will argue dis-eeee, our paradigms for edemocracy, evolving from and toward direct, pure, continuous, collective, contented democracy will be an anagram, a scrabble and a scrambling of diversity, and will be sumthing of mixed eEeEe. agone, 2500 years ago, democritus was atomized in his prescriptions of democratic art. are we still a draw, for "a state in which the soul lives peacefully and tranquilly, undisturbed by fear or superstition or any other feeling." we must need, feel and create a paradigm for (e)(E)(e)(E) democracy. not great ease nor little ease, mixed ease that knows sharing of joy and grief.

WIT AND WISDOM are the syllabus of both The United Nations Philosopher! and The United Nations Philosopher! While laughter and tears, the twin masks of classic, sacred drama, are the revealed answers to the final examination of our life sentences, I believe that love is the Quixotic prerequisite to win a death sentence.

and somewhere in between then and now, i was intrigued with powerful coordination: politicians can be good actors and bad actors. clowns have to script for themselves..

THE HIDDEN UNITED NATIONS!

DAVIDS' QUANDARIES

6 almost 50 years ago, i quizzed..

DON QUIXOTE*

THE POPE AND I!

P C ! by SANTA CLAUS!

THE FUTURITY, ¿OF ANTHROPOLOGY?

IA REFORMED(?) HARVARD ANTHROPOLOGIST!

ANTARCTICA UNIVERSITY

ANTARCTICA UNIVERSITY IS!

an almost present, able self...

UNO DE POBRE

GOOD, GOOD FOR NOTHING...

P C ! by SANTA CLAUS!

What am I doing in Connecticut?

reader, dear reader, in a sense this catches me up to the present. in such a time warp, verbs have past tenses, present tenses, and future tenses. people have pretenses. i have mythical, magical relations with being a santa.... a gift for santa?

almost 50 years ago, i quizzed...

DON QUIXOTE*

THE POPE AND I!

THE FUTURITY, ¿OF ANTHROPOLOGY?

911 exposes other dilemmas,

SANTAS' TREASON? WHY JOHNNY IS A NON-BELIEVER!

population education, 2000 - 2031

first draft, february 14, 2003

second draft, February 21, 2003

the people count... by david inkey

THE PEOPLE COUNT... What do we mean by the phrase, The People Count? Do we mean a simple, numeric accounting of our increased or decreased population... Do we mean that a population is attempting to assess some event, define a problem, achieve a value... Or, do we among many speculations mean that the people count... the people are valuable, cherished, prized, the people are important. These are encounters we need to access. A millennium ago, about fifty years ago, I reached my majority and began to be concerned about persons, people and populations in new ways and waves. About half my life ago I invented population education and defined a vial force which like a good virus spread from the imagination of a small cadre of educators to being an epidemic of social concern in more than 100 nations, not counting the Nation of Imagi...

My friend John Rock, a great elderly mentor and co inventor of the birth control pill was an avid admirer of the idea of population education, the ideal and the value extensiveness of pop ed... For the 1969 World Health Assembly, which conveniently for me was in Boston, I had the joyous privilege of creating a small brochure under the title of TOWARD A POPULATION EDUCATION, which spread around the world in 5000 copies in English and 2000 in Spanish. I don't recall why we didn't print it in French... Maybe my college French was too archaic to meet the challenge... in paper copies of this essay, I append photocopies of the texts...with apology that the English copy did not wear the circles-symbols we expressed eloquently in Spanish... We embraced and extended the comprehensiveness of population education; pop ed is an exploration of knowledge and attitudes about population, the family and sex. It includes population awareness, family living, reproduction education and basic values. Population awareness is the study of demographic and ecological information and the analysis of our related attitudes. Family living embraces responsible marital relations and parenthood, including desirable family size and spacing, contraceptive information, the problems of sterility and the study of human sexuality. Reproduction education is the study of the physiological aspects of sex and reproduction. "Reproduction education" is used instead of sex education to avoid needless controversy. Basic values describe the web of cultural feelings affecting population, the family and sex.

The pioneers of pop ed exercised a magnificent naïveté, thinking, believing, knowing that even before the First Earth Day, we reflected and promoted essential values of the individual, the family, and the humane community. From April 1970 when I had the enormous challenge and great honor to direct the First National Conference on Population Education, under the sponsorship of Planned Parenthood of Maryland, the Population Reference Bureau, and the Carolina Population Center, through the 1993 First International Conference on Population Education celebrated in Turkey we expanded our vision to a majority of our nations...yet we failed to meet a majority of our fellow planetary citizens... Population education varied by country and culture, ever attempting to adapt to local educational needs while portraying local, regional and planetary challenges... We did not yet have the terms "planetary culture" and "personal commitment" but our pcs were emerging while others dealt with personal computers and political correctness...

Sadly, somehow, in many places, for reasons only partially explicable, apathy has eroded some of our work, eroded us... I now wish to create a renewal: I want The 21st Century Renaissance of Population Education, even if it means having to be Vice President of The Population Council. Barney B, whose mail I sometimes

received because some 3rd Worlders confused our names, and John D and Clarence J would be astounded, as would my Mother and my professor of demography. The kidlet in the Republic of Colombia who most lamented that the initial course of population education in his seventh grade year was a year too late for him, personally... would be profoundly gratified. The sex revolution may have, in part, damaged the synthesis of our interwoven spheres and our encompassing circle of population education, awareness, family, reproduction and basic values. Individuals surely expressed unprecedented freedom in the sex revolution. Families may have created more equity between spouses and intergenerationally. Yet, now in the dawning decade of this millennium, population awareness, knowledge, wit and wisdom about people, relations beyond the individual and family, are frequently neglected, abandoned, forgotten, under prized, or.....

Population Education, 2000-2031 is a new endeavor and a continuing respectful exercise of nurturing many of the values recognized in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, the unanimously approved 1948 document of the United Nations, our promissory note of rights, rites and humane needs...

We are challenged to restructure pop ed programs meet the needs of the people count of 6 billion in 1999 and of the estimated 2 billion beings additional with whom we will share Planet Earth by 2020 or 2025. In simple math, we numbered about 2 billion when I appeared in 1931... We accumulated to 4 billion in 1974... By my 68th birthday we were 6b. Do we need 8 billion humans when I am 89... maybe 9 billion by the time I am a centenarian... Half of humanity is in poverty, billions lack basic health services and basic sanitary services, a billion five hundred million lack clean water supplies, almost a billion adult are illiterate and we wreck considerable ecological damage even on our least "inhabited" continent, Antarctica. How should we relate the International Year for Freshwater, 2003, to the World Population Conference of 2004? With water fights? With eco echoes? With attention to the aging Brundtland Report laboring under the title, OUR COMMON FUTURE? If I remember correctly, the three pillars of that great document were/are population, poverty and the environment...Let us convert them to POPULATION, ENVIRONMENT AND PROSPERITY: PEP!

I was given a life sentence on Planet Earth on December 16, 1931, of indeterminate duration...with no plea-bargaining nor probability tables of time off for good behavior. I will invest the remaining years of my sentence attempting to protect basic humane rights, to be wanted, nurtured, protected, educated, employed, recreated, and counted. I believe "the people count." You can count on me! With pop ed.

A plan of action needs to be developed quickly—we need to develop a plan of action with due deliberation and liberation--and a survey of programs of population education and related endeavors in health education, sex education, AIDS education, population awareness and environmental education should be carried out and summarized as an educational contribution and challenge to the World Population Conference of 2004. I believe from preliminary enquiries of the past month that an opus of the scope and detail of my International Bureau of Education, UNESCO work, is, not needed. Rather, a population-focused text relating individual, communal and global needs with supranational programs, with the UN , with Civic Society, with governments and with foundations, is called for and feasible.

I was on a development panel with His Holiness Pope John Paul II in 1995 where we challenged each other of the components of development...(See Annex I.) I could repeat that experience, if necessary. Further, I would wager all the wit and wisdom I can command, create and commit to prevent a young girl woman from asking me, after she had lost family, faith and "future," why did you save my life? I would prevent a young boy—man from complementing and complimenting me on my work in population education, it was a good course, but a year too late for me...

Annex I

David Inkey's Program of United Nations Studies (PUNS!)

Oct. 27, 1995

THE POPE AND I!

I want to discuss with you today some of my thoughts about the United Nations, but before I do so, let me share a few ideas which have shaped me this month. I have had two great surprises this October, so great that I have had to laugh at myself and Life and have been obliged to expand unexpectedly and U N EXPECTEDLY my Program of United Nations Studies, PUNS!

Imagine my surprise on October 6th, 1995, to find His Holiness Pope John Paul II and myself on the same panel, both addressing the topic of our common future, discussing unity and diversity, faith and freedom, remorse and responsibility. Both His Holiness and I are catholic and apostolic in our perspectives, while he is in a Roman stream of consciousness and I have followed an Anglican current. John Paul

was here in the United States on several missions including addressing the UN General Assembly... He lives in a palace in the Vatican State and represents the oldest and one of the strongest bureaucracies in Western Civilization. I live in a 200 year old vegetable barn in Connecticut and in retirement after many years of international civil service with the UN, I represent WE THE PEOPLES OF THE UNITED NATIONS, THE UN being one of the youngest and weakest organizations in Global Civilization. Our panel was not face to face nor side to side nor back to back. Our panel was composed of two articles on the front page of a newspaper, *The Greenwich Time*, while sadly, an Irish poet winning the Nobel Prize for Literature was relegated to page 22 and the Nobel Peace Prize had not yet been declared.

The second surprise was the joyous opportunity you all gave me right here at Ramapo College, on October 11th, to participate in your Master Lecture and Seminar Series when the Australian Ambassador to the UN and coordinator of the UN's 50th Anniversary had to forego the challenges of your celebration of the UN's Birthday. I gave you a great set of unwords and U N WORDS. Today, I want to reflect upon two words that were not on my earlier list, unsuccessful and U N SUCCESSFUL..

John Paul II presented a magnificent speech in The UN. I recommend to each and all of you that you read his text. I shall not detail my agreement and disagreement with the many, many development issues His Holiness has addressed during his Papacy and before. Suffice it to say here, that I believe we all must work on something called EPIC ETHICS, which we build from the initials and contents of education, equity, ecology, peace, participation, population, identity, integrity, imagination, international cooperation, creativity, and culture. (I believe I have worked longer and more effectively on equity and population topics than has my fellow panelist, but we all have much more to do.)

In life we have no guarantee of what we call success and frequently we dwell at great length on our unsuccessful endeavors. WE THE PEOPLES OF THE UNITED NATIONS have a charter which outlines tasks "we" agreed upon just fifty years ago and which we confirmed that October 24th, 1945. Tonight we need to feel the U N SUCCESSFUL nature of our efforts. Long ago, a little less than half a hundred years ago, the second Secretary General of the UN, Dag Hammarskjold, explained some of our work:

"We often hear it said that the United Nations has succeeded here, or failed there. What do we mean? Do we refer to the purposes of the Charter? They are expressions of universally shared ideals which cannot fail us, though we, alas, often

fail them. Or do we think of the institutions of the United Nations? They are our tools. We fashioned them. We use them. It is our responsibility to remedy any flaws there may be in them.

It is our responsibility to correct any failures in our use of them. And we must expect the responsibility for remedying the flaws and correcting the failures to go on and on, as long as human beings are imperfect and human institutions likewise."

With all my new skills in computing (still rather limited instead of unlimited!), I have added **boldness** to the statement that Hammarskjold did not have to technology to show. I have ten special reasons why I celebrate the UN and I do not prescribe or post scribe, these. Each person must find her or his reasons. Yet, insofar as my agenda may help you, I offer both it and any help I can provide you to identify your lists and labors. **My bold, daily duties embrace the celebration of peacefare, the pursuit of human(e) rights, the eradication of smallpox, the provision of living water, an endless searching for equity, loyalty to health for all, learning in education for all, assisting the disabled, studying and surpassing decolonialization, and laboring on humane and interspecies stewardship.**

We have failed in our efforts to prohibit totally atomic testing, we have failed in numerous efforts toward disarmament and we still spend scandalous quantities of human and fiscal resources on warfare and fear of warfare, we fail to provide health for all, education for all, water for all, shelter for all, gender and racial employment and leisure equity and we fail to guarantee the right of all beings to be wanted beings. We plant 100 or 110 million land mines while we do not give to all food for body and soul, nor the simple micronutrient of iodine for the basic chemistry of learning and Vitamin A for simple vision.

I could speak today about specific programs of health delivery, population programming, early childhood care and education, racial integration, biosphere and cultural heritages, education on substance abuse, disability care and prevention, and human rights education and program development, but I do not believe that is my task.... It is the task of each of us to identify, study and work upon several local, regional, national, and global issues, so that we each can develop to our greatest common capacity our local and global identities. We do not have to be multiple experts, but I do believe we do have to understand multiple issues. I am captive of Piet Hein's line of Danish poetry, "We are global citizens with tribal souls." Yet, I think we are capable of imagining and realizing that we have global souls. Whether today, Friday, October 27th, 1995, is the 5,999th Anniversary of

the day God rested after six days of creation in 4004 BC, or whether our universe is 10 or 20 billion years young or old, today our task is to be champions of causes that have not yet been won. I am not a champion of lost causes, I am a champion of causes that have not yet been won. I am a champion of working with Hammarskjold on "imperfect and human institutions," including the UN, maybe especially the UN.

I trust that you find very satisfying challenges during the 51st Year of The United Nations! And the 52nd, and the 53rd and the 54th and the 100th, for all of your days, months, and years... I enjoy nature and nurture and my greatest problem in studying and working for the UN is how to comprehend sorrow and to share joy. It seems so very easy to share disappointment and we "educate" ourselves to such discontent that we have not yet written treatises on civilizations and their (our) contented... Freud is the only author I know of who had the temerity or bravery to write on "Civilization and Its Discontents." Optimism does not sell as well as pessimism, though both are two sign posts we use endlessly, without realizing that most of the things we fear most never happen. What would you want if you knew that everything you wanted could happen? What would you do if you, personally, were individually responsible for global education, health, welfare, shelter, equity, humane rights?

Thank you for your attention. (If you can help me with answers to this last question, please share you thoughts with His Holiness, Pope John Paul II and with me. I believe we are pioneers in the imagineering of a global civilization, which I like to call GAIA, taking the name of the Greek Goddess for Earth.)

Next time I am impaneled with The Pope, a king, queen, bishop, professor or other pawn, I hope that we will be UN ACQUAINTED, rather than just unacquainted.

I wish to thank you very much for both my wife and myself for the hospitality you have given us in the UN's 50th and 51st YEARS! We trust that your unfulfilled, global hopes will be U N FULFILLED and that you will be philosophic about delays in the process.

ITHANK YOU!

Notes from an Ecological Anthropologist:

For The Third Millennium

El Salvador, in 1961, "thought" it was growing demographically at 3.7 per cent per annum, though few people in or out of the country perceived great precision in either the census data or the projections. Nevertheless, a small, stalwart collection of university, business and civic leaders defined an "ecological anthropology" for ourselves and hopefully for the country. We founded the Salvadoran Demographic Association, embracing the environmental, economic, familiar and national cultural issues of the society. In 1964, when we achieved our personaria juridica, our corporate status under the Constitution of El Salvador, the Archbishop attempted to discredit us and de-establish the Association, but His Excellency Col. Rivera, the President of El Salvador, defended the essentially ecological institution. This was my first, comprehensive lesson in applied anthropology and a compliment to respect I had earned...

Wars, erosion, economic and seismic catastrophe, etc., etc., etc. have plagued the peoples of Central America during not just the past 30 years, but for centuries. Yet, in 1974 El Salvador adopted a national population policy to increase maternal and child health and to decrease the population growth rate. In the early 1960's, very, very few used modern contraceptives, perhaps 5 per cent of the sexually active, but now the prevalence of contraceptive practice in the sexually active population is estimated at 50%.

I left El Salvador in 1964 and worked for two years as Associate Director of the Pathfinder Fund, learning from Clarence Gamble his pioneer practices of international maternal health. In those years, we saw the use of IUDs spread from 18 to 72 nations. Those years were before the United States Government worked in the arena of family planning and even longer before the United Nations entered into such ecological endeavors. Some of the irony is documented in the life and work of Sir Julian Huxley, who in 1946 as first Director General of

UNESCO, declared "without reservation" that UNESCO should have a policy of providing birth control facilities. Sir Julian did not live to see this policy and practice. By 1966 I "tired" of the demographic and medical determinists whom I found predominant in the population field. I moved aside to explore the educational ethos and ecos, to pioneer in population education at Harvard from 1966-1969 and at UNC from 1969-1972. In 1970, in collaboration with a determined group of graduate students, I organized the First Earth Day poster contest of UNC. We celebrated the First Earth Day, with a superb exhibition of materials in the otherwise conservative and suspicious School of Education. UNESCO'S Learning To Be was more important than a more dramatic and dogmatic study of The Population Bomb.

After consultative work with the Population Reference Bureau, [the International Labour Organization and UNESCO, I joined UNESCO in 1975 to assist in the international development of population education. My six years in Paris allied me with all my historical appreciation of Jefferson, the diplomat and naturalist, just as my various years in Greater Boston had welded great portions of my spirit to Henry David Thoreau, the mentor of my political ecological self - not of my social self.

From 1968 to 1990 we have seen population education grow from 8 to 80 countries. From 1950 to 1987 human population popped from 2.5 to 5.0 billion. Ten years in the ecos of Greater New York has instructed me in many of the-woes-of-the millennium, megalopolis decay, homeless people, cultural deprivation and wanton social rejection, suffered by hundreds of thousands here and millions beyond. For a decade I have constantly called population issues to the attention of UNICEF and other UN colleagues.

As UNESCO Adviser to UNICEF I have had the privilege of contributing to UNICEF program analysis and development for a decade, on education with special focus on girls' education, early childhood care and education, on disability, on substance abuse, on population, on the environment and on peace issues. I could give courses on any or all-of these seven pillars. Yet, again, as I reflect across 40 years of internationalism from my first day out of the United States

till now and across the myriad of exposures I enjoyed and suffered I would rather build a triangle of courses with: An Anthropology of Peace, The United Nations System as a New Cultural System and The 21st Century.

My trilogy of themes may not be close enough to what an Ecology Search Committee has in mind for an ecological anthropologist, in order to qualify me for a traditional academic post. If this is the case, without being either alarmist or dogmatic, I believe that I will need to negotiate. The prime numeric change for humans in modern times occurred between 1950 and 1987 when our population doubled from 2.5 to 5.0 billions. We quadruple in this century from 1.5 to 6 plus billion. The 1990s gives every indication of being The Environmental Decade and I would see the desirability, if not the total necessity, of having many encounters with the messages of The Brundtland Report, the principal environmental testament of the UN system since 1987.

If I return to a foundation or academia, I could and will speak and write on and on about my excitement and deep concern for our planetary management and people options, but a lengthy statement serves little at this juncture. In closing for stage, suffice it is to say that I would like to see our conscientious attention given by all to our common future, alternate name of the Brundtland Report, and exciting preparation paid for the 3rd millennium of our era. The tariff should be peacefare, not warfare.

I would appreciate your serious consideration for a senior position embracing Ecology, Peace and International Cooperation (EPIC). My Notes from an Ecological Anthropologist should close with my observation that: We have much to learn for every aspect of sustainable development. Further, I would like to add the fascinating human history/human ecology thought of Steven Hawking: "We have no problem remembering the past, why can't we remember the future. I believe we can imagine the future and subsequently work on the images. We may have to remember this past, to member the present, and to pre-remember the future.

20 November 1991 -----

Prepared for the Department of Anthropology of the University of North Carolina for a position for which I never was a seriously considered candidate... They knew that I would be most politically incorrect and would question the Sovereign State of Tar Heels about their tobacco dependency... December 2002

POPULATION EDUCATION IN THE 1970's

Through the multifaceted programs of international education--through established and to be established programs in formal and informal education--universities, foundations, governmental agencies and international organizations have an enormous opportunity in the next decade to influence the outcome of the present threats of population and environmental crisis. Population and family planning programs of the last two decades have been almost exclusively medical and para-medical in their orientations, but during the late 1960's a small number of educators have worked out guidelines for what Education can and should do to develop an awareness of the problems resulting from rapid population growth. The task of the 1970's, in the field of international development operations, may well be to change the few tentative suggestions and research projects of these concerned individuals into comprehensive educational programs.

Now, educators in some twenty nations of the developed and under-developed world have expressed interest in "population awareness." During the next few years we will need to have programs for teacher training, for the development of curriculum materials, and for general information diffusion. It is not unreasonable to expect ten additional countries to become active in formal programs of population education during 1970, and we would not be surprised if this second-stage development were to include as many as twenty polities. By 1972, we could have initial population education programs operating in 40 nations. If these were costed at \$100,000 each, we could expect to spend \$4,000,000 in that year. (Let us suppose also, that four million dollars is available each year for population education during 1970 and 1971. This will help us arrive at a crude calculation for the decade.) If in each year subsequent expenditures in these countries were to

increase fifty percent, we would have expenses for 1973 of 6 million; 1974, 9 million; 1975, 13.5 million; 1976, 20.25 million; 1977, 30.38 million, 1978, 45.5 million, 1979, 68.36 million and in 1980, approximately 100 million dollars. This is without expansion into nations other than those wherein an interest in population education has already been expressed. The total, including 1980, sets the bill at approximately 300,000,000 dollars. If we were to double the number of nations to 80 by the year 1980, and were to find that by that year we had learned to spend 2.5 million each in the forty fully developed programs of population education, perhaps an allocation of half as much for the decade could be allocated to the second group of forty nations, i.e., 150,000,000. This is for a grand total of some 450,000,000 dollars for a population, which will be approximately 4.5 billion. In other words, we are proposing a challenge of spending ten cents per person against the possibility of having world population go to 7.0 billion by the end the century.

This is our challenge. If you agree with this concept of utilizing education as an agent for developing population and environmental awareness, you owe a dime to pop ed. All funds collected will be given to population and environmental education projects. At the present time funds collected are being given to ECOS, the student organized environmental group at UNC. If you disagree with this document, you have read it gratis.

Carolina Population Center
Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514
December 16, 1969

An Open Letter:

Subject: The United Nations Peace Endowment Fund

Perez de Cuellar' s appeal for a Peace Endowment Fund may open a new chapter in the history of international efforts to "rid the world of the scourge of war."

The UN Philosopher, 1991

I am writing you to inquire as to what role you may take in this endowment effort. If I turn my imagination to this, I could see you contributing immediately some 24-25 million US dollars, or 10 cents for every child, women and man in the United States, and setting forth an appeal with all the magazines and newspapers, television and radio stations willing cooperate for a \$1 per person contribution as a respite from warfare, an avoidance of welfare and a funding of peacefare. Further, clubs, associations, orders, schools, and communities might be inspired to hold peace fairs, with the additional proceeds going to peacefare.

The symbol for all of our efforts might be pictures of and replicas of the magnificent tablet of the first known peace treaty in history, the pact signed by Ramses II and Hattusilis in 1269 B.C. I would like to be bold on one further idea, that we start a 40 year peace program to culminate in 2031 A.D. for the commemoration of the Three Thousand-Three Hundredth Anniversary of the Ramses II Hattusilis Accord.

In addition to your \$24 million gift, I would like to propose the creation of a foundation liaison position in New York to assist the UN endeavor. My impending age 60 mandatory retirement from the United Nations might provide you an experienced candidate for the position. I see the entire endeavor as an opportunity to emphasize the stirring, heroic words of the UN Charter, "We the Peoples of the United Nations...."

I write this in the spirit of Einstein's adage that imagination is more important than knowledge, while no one denies the need to use all the knowledge we can combine. Alternatively, we might expropriate the Moon-talk of "We came in peace for all mankind." Further, we might simply say as does the UN Philosopher "We will

not really be human until we are humane in our care for all. We will then understand in lifeness the relation of all beings one to another. We will find in epic ethics the meaning of ecology, peace and international cooperation, e.p.i.c."

Would each visitor to the United Nations enjoy signing her/his name on a peace scroll or in a book contributing a dollar to the Endowment? As in lighting for a friend a candle in some cathedral, each signer might also list gift names, similarly contributing a per capita sum for each honoree.

I believe public participation in the life of the United Nations could revitalize the organization. Communities, libraries, public or private institutions of all kinds could have scrolls or books for those who cannot visit the UN Headquarters. The geographic sense of the Organization could thereby become global.

These ideas have an unbelievable quality to them, but we may "capitalize" on our un-words. When we see in each un-word and UN-WORD, we will be more unified:

unaware	UN AWARE
unbelievable	UN BELIEVABLE
uncaring	UN CARING
undiplomatic	UN DIPLOMATIC
unenthusiastic	UN ENTHUSIASTIC
unfair	UN FAIR
unguided	UN GUIDED
unhoped	UN HOPED
unimaginative	UN IMAGINATIVE
unjust	UN JUST
unkind	UN KIND
unloved	UN LOVED
unmindful	UN MINDFUL
unneeded	UN NEEDED
unopened	UN OPENED
unpeaceful	UN PEACEFUL
unquiet	UN QUIET

unreasoned	UN REASONED
unsung	UN SUNG
untried	UN TRIED
unused	UN USED
unviable	UN VIABLE
unwanted	UN WANTED
un-x-citing	UN X-CITING
unyielding	UN YIELDING
unzoned	UN ZONED

There is magic in this verbal transition from which we can generate puzzles. One such puzzle is my pieces of peace, which I append, in the beautifully illustrated published version and in the more poetic unabridged version.

This letter is now long enough for an introductory one. I hope that you will find elements of it useful as we search for foundations and individuals to join Perez de Cuellar in an exciting challenge to support the goals of The Charter of the United Nations. If I can be of any help in this, please call upon me. I believe the New World Order was instituted on 24 October 1945, not vaguely called forward in 1991. We have 46 years of experience in the development of this "order" and many untried options as well as some UN TRIED options.

In closing, I should like to note that in the genesis of these ideas. I have decided that I want my family of four to be among the early investors in the UN Peace Endowment Fund and I have consequently sent, on Thanksgiving Day 1991, a check for \$4.00 made out to the Fund and addressed to Mr. Javier Perez de Cuellar, Office of the Secretary General, The United Nations, New York, New York 10017. This is my family's and my first, direct fiscal investment in the peacekeeping and peacemaking work of the United Nations. We act under the ancient refrain: "Let there be peace, and let it start with me."

¿THE HEALTHY CENTURY?

Ben Wattenberg may "pop" The Population Explosion...
Which, maybe, never, ever, really happened... anyway...

We were not, and are not, a generation of alarmists...
.....We are Pioneers in Planetary Culture.....
After eons of simple survival we are now in a
magnificent struggle for complex survival..

See other printings... this essay is in UNP and in Kinder...search, please

population education, some beginnings...
a small sketch by david inkey ,
12/16/02

The following memo surfaced in September 2002, having long been completely forgotten. I have traveled so many paths and unmapped areas to find equity, ecology, education, peace, participation, prosperity, imagination, integrity, international cooperation, commitment and creativity, that I had even forgotten much of our story, not his story nor her story, in imagineering (a word borrowed from Einstein) population awareness, in a century wherein the human population increased from approximately 1.5 billion to 6.0 billion.

It is a report of the first known systematic project in population education anywhere in the world. Others had worked on family life education, sex education, demography education, but from the Harvard Graduate School of Education Center for Studies in Education and Development, I fielded "population awareness" population education in the Republic of Colombia. Most of the work was mimeod and reported in typed memos and

occasional Xeroxed materials. In 1974, the ancient time of 1966 seemed ancient...yet there was much to summarize and synthesize. In 1974 we had a great challenge, WPY...

My Rosetta Stone for population education was published by UNESCO, in the International Bureau of Education series, EDUCATIONAL DOCUMENTATION AND INFORMATION, 48th Year, NO. 193, 4th Quarter 1974, with the title: Population education: problems and perspectives. The preface reads:

1974 was World Population Year. The year saw the convening of a World Population Conference in Bucharest which brought together representatives from 137 countries to discuss the population situation and its variations in different parts of the world, and to draw up a World Population Plan of Action which would put population phenomena in perspective and recommend action which could be taken by governments and international agencies and organizations.

One part of Unesco's activity on the occasion of World Population Year was a global survey of population education programs and, in co-operation with the International Bureau of Education, the preparation of this annotated critical bibliography of school and out-of-school materials. The bibliography and narrative introduction to it are the work of Dr. Noel-David Inkey, an anthropologist who is an internationally known specialist in population education as well.

The task of compiling the bibliography was not an easy one, in view of sometimes extremely divergent views of what constitute the most important elements of population education.

These differences in conceptualization and perception which stem from different experiences in various parts of the world led Unesco to initiate in 1974 an International Study of the Conceptualization and Methodology of Population (ISCOMPE) to which this bibliography will lend support as an early major step towards collecting and analyzing data on a global scale. Leaving the author the responsibility for the content of the bibliography, the Secretariat avails itself of this opportunity to express appreciation for Dr. Inkey's contribution and those of the hundreds of individuals and organizations who have given of their time and experience to make this publication possible.

The first para of my preface reads: "There is nothing in the realm of population education about which I am more certain than that this essay and annotated bibliography are needed: yet it is very clear to me that both are inadequate in definitions, incomplete in coverage, and insufficient in detail. It has been a rewarding but taxing experience to be on the receiving end of population education materials from all the continents except Antarctic, from a large number of public and private international organizations, from foundations, from governments, from professional groups, and from universities, schools, and private individuals deeply concerned that the children and youth of today should have the opportunity to develop a keen understanding of the processes of population dynamics and the social and biological consequences thereof."

In 1995 I became Prexy of Antarctica University, AU, AWE. Perhaps it is time that I should write something specifically about population education in Antarctica, instead of trying to encourage parking fees... Recently, I proposed to UNESCO that the World Heritage Program should designate the 7th Continent as THE ANTARTICA WORLD HEERITAGE PARK...

The language of my pop ed memo of 1971 now sounds and reads like an ancient text...

January 22, 1971

Memorandum to: Ted Meld
From: David Inkey

I append the interim population awareness report that you requested of me; and I am working on the final, major total project report. D.I.

POPULATION AWARENES IN COLOMBIAN EDUCATION

Colombian education has experienced the first stages of significant innovation concerning "population awareness," Now, since November 1970 the program has ^one national with Ministry of Education recognition. Population Education was first incorporated into the Division of Education of the University of Valle during the fall semester of the 1967-1968 academic year. In November 1966 I had made an exploratory visit to the Division of

Education to confirm the interest and tentative commitment that Dr. Alfonso Ocampo, Rector of the University, and Dr. Josue Angel, Dean of Education had expressed. By means of two extensive trips in late 1966 and early 1967 to a total of twelve Latin American countries, I had surveyed. "the population education climate" of the region and had concluded that no institution was more favorably disposed to this experiment, which for us at the Center for Studies in Education and Development at the Harvard Graduate School of Education was to be, to the "best of our knowledge, the first systematic population education project anywhere.

The state of population and family planning programs and problems was documented in my 'Annotated Bibliography of Population and Family Planning in Latin America" (1967), and the goals and methodology of population awareness education were outlined in my Project proposal of August 1967. During the summer of 1967 I organized and elaborated the materials I then felt essential for a viable and significant education input.

From the very beginning of the project, I considered it inappropriate that I should ever have the task of personally conveying the population education concept and program to the Ministry of Education. This ideological position was arrived at by consultation with some of my best Colombian colleagues in population programs and in education. However, in 1970 the impact of the project achieved its long-term goal of ministerial commitment to population education.

The original population awareness curriculum, "Colombia Frente la Explosion Demographica," was adapted with Dr. Pedro Galindo, who has been my longest term and most helpful Colombia colleague. During the past year and a half, Professor Jairo Palacio and Professor Bernardo Aguirre have worked continuously with this curriculum and have made an adaptation that constitutes a highly simplified document which has proven to be highly acceptable, easily understood, and readily incorporated into the work of the Division of Education of the university, the Department of Biology, and through fifty secondary schools of Valle.

From September 1967 through May 1969 the population education project was basically confined to teachers in training in the Division of Education of the University of Valle, to its Summer Session teachers-in-service from seven Colombian states, and to secondary students from seven schools located in three states.

The general limitations of the Harvard-Ford support and commitment to population education and the early 1969 interest of the Pathfinder Fund in the topic caused me to

seek more funding which was finally effected in the late summer of 1968. Support was effected from June 1969—June 1970. Because of the lateness of the actual availability of funds, I never managed to obtain all of the staff originally intended. Nevertheless, major curriculum revisions in biology-ecology, nutrition, and mathematics for population education were made during June-August at Harvard.

From October 1969 through December 1970, parts of these materials have been under revision and study and submitted to trial in Colombia. During October 1969 and January 1970, the population education concept was presented and accepted in ICOLPE (Colombian Institute of Pedagogy), in INEM (the new Colombian program of comprehensive high schools), and in Planeacion (the national institute for government planning). Furthermore, during the entire history of the project, the concept and general content of the project had been followed with interest by ASCOFAME (the Pan American Federation of Associations of Faculties of Medicine).

To further incorporate population awareness in Colombian education, the late Dr. Hernan Mendoza Hoyos and I had considered in 1967 and 1968 the importance of a First National Conference of Deans and Professors of Education. For 1969-1970 the Pathfinder Fund support included the possibility of effecting such a workshop conference for some fifteen deans and an equal number of professors. The idea of this conference generated wide Colombian and international interest, but for a variety of reasons the planning and carrying out of this conference under Pathfinder Fund support aborted. After much groundwork had been carried out and tentative agreements made with the International Programs Section of the Population Reference Bureau and with the Demographic Division of ASCOFAME in February and March of 1970, the conference had to be abandoned. This event caused the whole project to suffer major reverses in April, May, and June 1970 insofar as national recognition was concerned. Yet the need for a conference was firmly established, and ASCOFAME assumed the responsibility for organizing, getting support, and carrying out the First National Seminar on Population Education in Colombia, November 1970.

Through April and May 1970 the good work continued in the Department of Valle under Professor Palacio of Biology, along with colleagues in the Division of Education and with secondary school teachers coordinated by Professor Aguirre. During June and July 1970 they had special summer school courses on environmental and population education for seventy-five teachers from fifty schools of the area.

In order to widen the impact of population education in the Department of Valle and thereby strengthen the program in Colombia in general, I conceived of a Colombian-effected survey of schools - a survey patterned after Best's Study of American High Schools. The Vice Rector of the Colegio Eustaquio Palacios is committed to this and since February 1970 has worked on a survey of one hundred and twenty secondary school administrators in Valle. Meanwhile, three other Colombian counterparts carried out population education diffusion in secondary schools, teachers-in-service, and secondary students; and in the university they are developing ancillary projects in human ecology, mass literacy education, and teacher-in-training inputs. I have just received (January 1971) a progress report from Raul Palacio on his thesis project survey indicating that the second test questionnaires have been received and sent to the statistician for analysis.

In August and September Jairo Palacio and Aguirre spent the major portions of their time on follow-up work with the summer school teachers. They visited the sites of Tulua and Buga and held continuing education seminars with their summer school teachers. In late September I was able to spend ten days in Colombia and see that they were doing excellent work. I had not made my earlier projected trip in July for the two reasons that I could not risk personal funds on the trip while the Pathfinder fund extension was still pending and that my wife and I had the opportunity to consult on population education during a part of July with interested individuals in UNESCO, WHO, and the World Council of Churches.

During June, August, and September Dr. Pedro Galindo, in his capacity as a special consultant to UNESCO, had the opportunity to compare the Valle population education work with initial efforts in population awareness education, family life education, and sex education in seven other nations of Latin America. Galindo's work for UNESCO culminated in a major Latin American Regional Office consultation on population education; and for Galindo himself it serves as the framework for the doctoral project plan he is developing for the further extension of population education in Colombia. Galindo is now preparing a summary project report for me based on his late December and early January trip to Colombia, and this report will serve as a major section of my final resume to the Pathfinder Fund.

The development of the project in the field from March through December certainly did not follow the plan I had originally laid down, nor was it possible to individually test in the schools the effects of population awareness education as had been done in the 1967-1968 stages of the project development. We felt, in consultation with university professors and secondary school administrators and teachers, that be pre-testing and post-testing

and post-post-testing we were arousing too much suspicion and were risking the entire disruption of our achievements. Consequently, we have considered the acceptance level by teachers throughout the Department to be our criteria, and upon that criteria we have had great success. On the national level, Galindo, Palacio, Aguirre and I had major interventions in the First National Workshop on Population Education in Colombia; and Sepulveda from Chile and I had the honor of being the only two foreigners on the program. Two anecdotal items indicate the degree of success of this conference with the Ministry of Education and the National Association of Catholic Schools: (1) Upon hearing the story of the student who made the comment on population education, "It was a good course, but for me it was a year too late, the Directory of Adult Education of Colombia said that for him the course was not too late and he would start immediately to include population awareness materials into the programs for 2,500,000 Colombian adults in literacy programs; and (2) upon hearing about the educational nature of our work versus the propaganda approaches of some other so-called population education, the Director of the Colombian Association of Catholic Schools asked me to address their annual meeting in March 1971.

The two most recent notes of success of population education in Colombia are the request of the Pan American Health Organization for population education materials and a request and pleas from the Division of Social Affairs of the Organization of American States for materials and assistance in developing an OAS seminar on the Teaching of Demography in Secondary Schools in Latin America.

In sum, the project has contributed widely to the development of population education programs around the world. Material and bibliographies from the project have been distributed around the world by the Ford Foundation, the Population Council, USAID, and previously CSED-Harvard, and now the Carolina Population Center.

The project would, I believe, never have reached this stage of international importance without the anthropological-educational-population emphasis my colleagues and I were able to bring to bear upon the situation. However, we have suffered the inconveniences of being both innovators and students of the social change being effected. Basically, except for the contribution of Wayland to the field of population education, we feel that we had for three years the task of creating, promoting, and studying population education. (Note, early on, Wayland did not use the term population education, he preferred family life education.) This brief report glosses over most of the troubles, tensions, and trauma of my work on population education; but now the work and this report do, I believe, indicate the degree of success that what four years ago was only an untried idea now enjoys.

I am now in the process of elaborating a total project report of the content, program, and financial aspects of this project. Dereliction in reporting adequately the progress of this project has been due to the tentativeness of the work at most stages. Promoting new aspects of pop ed have been more important to me than explaining where I have been.

Interim Report on Extension Plans

The total lack of assurances through the summer of 1970 that further support would be forth-coming for the population education project in Valle precluded me from making any serious commitments to return to Colombia in July and restrained me from agreeing definitely to go there in September until I learned that I would be able to combine that trip with work on population for UNESCO in Central America and Chile. In late September I paid \$1500 to Jairo Palacio for interim support because I had as of then not had further financial support from Pathfinder for the staff payments. The June plan had outlined payments of \$500 per month to be made to Colombian staff and consultants. On the two trips to Colombia I had hoped to see the final elaboration of the materials, see them to the printers and mimeographers, and see whether I would be able to help the University of Valle obtain Ford Foundation or Population Council support for on-going work. On my trip in September I was able to work out provisional plans for both materials and support. On my ASCOFAME trip in November I was able to firm up somewhat the materials item and lend moral support to the search for financial support. By conversations in Colombia and by international phone conversations, I have committed \$4,00 for materials and I do not understand why there should be any confusion on that. Three thousand dollars is committed for printing and mimeo, and \$1,00 for visuals (slide sets on "Colombia Frente la Explosion Demografica").

The major commitment of the Ministry of Education is that they have gone on record as being in favor of population education: "By awakening among teachers a sense of concern to study the problems of the rapid population growth, we are inviting them to convert themselves into promoters of social change to create a nation that will offer to future generations welfare, security and peace which are the fruit of liberty and social justice." Further on in his closing remarks Dr. Eduardo Martinez, Director of Educational Services (speaking for the Minister of Education), said, "Our great task of today and from today forward is to begin to motivate the educators, the parents, and the professional and labor organizations and all the life force of the nation to gain their help in this movement of Population Education of the Colombian people.) The Ministry has made preliminary contractual agreements with ASCOFAME for help in the development of population

education materials and training programs, and Dr. Martinez has asked me whether I might make myself available as a consultant on population education to the Ministry of Education of Colombia.

For Valle, I am awaiting a report of the work in the fifty schools including locations, size of school, and number of students being reached.

The results achieved from the Pathfinder Fund support of population education in Colombia have been university, Departmental, Republic of Colombia Ministry of Education, and Latin American regional sensitization to the important innovative role formal and informal education can and should play in reducing the pressures resulting from rapid population growth in the region. As was outlined in the earliest proposal speculations in 1966 with the Center for Studies in Education and Development at Harvard and with the Ford Foundation, the original funding agency of this project, we will never know with any exactitude how much change will occur from population education in the minds of the second generation of the population explosion, but we know from all of the population education efforts to date that the topic is fulfilling a plea for relevancy on the part of the teachers and clients who have been exposed thereto. The teachers with whom Palacio and Aguirre are working are giving of their own time and have in many cases traveled from considerable distances at their own expense to continue in contact with the population education program.

dear oj,

and i have been so fortunate.... el salvador, fac med, didn't really know what they wanted, they wanted a med anthropologist....and the fact they got one with Quaker connections through mexico and a harvard gown....wow.... then old dr. gamble needed help and i had already distributed thousands of IUDs.....then the harv grad school of ed had a pocket full of ford money to work on 7 variables of ed dev in latin america, the last of which was "population control...." i refused their terminology and they knew i had credentials and they took me anyway into HGSE to invent pop ed.... others, like you were doing family life and fp ed, put i "changed the labels...." then Moye F was an empire builder and he acquired me....until USAID money diminished.....then, i got you into UNESCO, and Pedro, and Don Chauls...and zippo zappo, I was next... via a little climbing in nepal....etc.... did you ever know Ambassador Green... Amb Green told me that Salas was trying to tell Shah Dev about pop ed and His Majesty told Salas that he know about it from me...

smiles.....smiles.....smiles..... AND NOW I WANT TO REINVENT POP
AWARENESS so that we don't have to pop at 8 billion.....
Population Education

Subj: peng, Children in Latin America, pop ed 71
Date: Thursday, December 12, 2002 12:50:26 PM
From: Raccridge
To: peng@unicef.org
cc: Antarcticu

my dear peng,

if ever i owed you a love letter, it is today.... many times i have appreciated your service in central america and i believe i had some role in getting you out of shallow water to dry yourself up sufficiently to address multiple issues... this is not to deny for a moment the crucial concerns we share concerning H2O...

IT is simply and not so simply to thank you for your public comments today in the new york times, a day after i typed into my mac a 1971 memo on population education in colombia... if you ever happen upon a good thorough theory about forgetting, please call it to my attn.... i had done a superb job over many years forgetting the political contritubion i made to the Republic of Colombia and "officials" in many other countries, when my little ragged innovative work on population awareness became official in Colombia...

i just found the pathfinder memo recently and last night i decided to type it into the computer cuz it wouldn't scan.... does paper get too old?????? am i failing to stay young... want to come and help me celebrate the boston tea party, beethoven's birthday, and mine, on the 16th.....

peace, liv, luv, david

In 1970 Time

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2003 Time,
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THE STATE OF THE "POP ART

The pop art in this instance is not what one goes to museums to see. Pop Art here is a concentrated effort to develop the schema, programs, materials, and people who will develop and promote population awareness among larger and larger groups of people, especially with adolescents and children. This pop art-has no music, no architecture, no sculpture, no painting. It has a few collages, a few graphics, an elementary language, no poetry, and only a small corpus of prose. It has a few preliminary games, a few coloring books and sheets, a few posters, no kites, no merit badges, a few debate topics, a few essay contests, prospects for declamations, a few population data sheets, a few ecological information sheets, a limited number of film strips not known to most of us, a few slides, a very, very few movies, a prototype card game, no block puzzles, some badges and buttons. Very preliminary bibliographies, no crossword puzzles, some scattered population-ecology jokes, but no joke book, a few diplomas, a few exhibits, some superb photography, a few radio spots, a few TV specials, and not a very large library.

Nevertheless, as lions live in a pride, pop art has a pride of artists and a plague of critics. "The Need for Population Education." and "The Role of the Population Reference Bureau in Population Education." two papers by the late President of the Population Reference Bureau, Mr. William E. Moran, Jr., are hallmark furnishings on the stage of the United States Pop Art Theatre. These two articles will serve us well as we commence our workshop on population education to which Mr. Moran gave much of his last energy. I know that he would want us to consider these two works to be amateur, outdated primitives by the time we leave here.

I am deeply honored on this occasion to speak where Bill Moran would have spoken on the topic to which he gave the last year of his life. My remarks are made as a living memorial to Bill Moran.

In this short talk I want to make three points. I want to report to you on a fine, previously unannounced and previously unreported longitudinal study of twelve years duration on the state of population education in eight states from the late 1930s through early 1950. Second, I want to sketch out the present dimension of population education here and in international pop art. Third, I should like to trace for you and with you, some of my artistic, educational thinking on the goals and prospects of the art of communicating population awareness.

I would like to establish that population awareness, by which I mean "the study of demographic and ecological information, and the analysis of our related attitudes," is practically an unknown art and for the most part we do not even know the media. Three years ago a friend of mine wrote from that marvelous art capital, Florence, an inquisitive but encouraging post card to me in Colombia, South America, with the comment: "How is the pop art?" Until that time in late 1967 I believe that no one had punned between population education and what is usually known as pop art. Betty went on, on the post card, threatening me that if I did not give her an immediate reply, she would go down to Rome to tell His Holiness what I was doing in Colombian education and she would remind him that Colombia has a concordat with the Vatican. She got her progress report and though I do not believe she ever saw Paulo VI, a year later he did come to Colombia. Other friends have told me that Paulo's trip was more to check up on population education than to attend a Eucharistic Congress. He even wrote a letter to us, just before coming, and he discussed population problems under the title, "On Human Life." Some pop artists think that Paulo's prose has deeply hampered them in the development of population programs. Others of us think that he did the most superb job of propagandizing to the world on the existence of too large families and too abortions. The evaluation of Paulo's artistic prose will have to be judged by other historians than this contemporary historian. Anyway, the point of this short aside is to indicate that since 1967 I have considered curriculum innovation, teacher training efforts, and in-service training programs, to be a very special pop art, a population art, and I have considered that if we are going to be successful we must be as popular as all the pop art movements that all of us have studied and participated in. We are going to need all of this effort plus a continually greater encounter with new ways to express our population concern.

The development of any pop art is I believe a subtle process, seldom discernible and frequently undocumented. The slow, ill-coordinated and still insignificant development of the art of population education is most certainly of this nature. In order to start this workshop in a provocative manner I would have each of us ask

himself or herself: "What are the earliest population education lessons I can remember?" For myself, as a little three and four-year old, I remember that my closest neighbor was an only child, I was the third child of my parents so I felt sorry that Dilly did not have any playmates at home. Our mutual friend, Bobby, was also an only child and he had my sympathy as well. Just a little bit later, or probably at the same time, early Sunday School lessons were teaching me that Christ was an only child. Sunday School teachers and parents were, on this one, definite to point out that He was, as the Son of God, in a special category and that his cousins were his surrogate siblings.. Why haven't we, societally, developed equally acceptable mores toward the small size family now that we find ourselves with unprecedented in history—population increase? I was an avid student in Sunday School and received my earliest lessons in long division on the parable of the loaves and fishes. Christ weathered an o.k. childhood and as a special treat His parents took Him on a trip to the city when He was twelve. The parable of the loaves and fishes always bothered me from a nutrition point of view, but it bothers me less than the 20th Century arithmetic I have to learn in relation to the Banquet of Life. Invitations proliferate and I consider that we are going to have to have some 5 billion portions in the year 1984-1965. Christ had His critics when he had to provide with borrowed food for only a multitude of 5,000. When we have 5 billion we will have to buy, beg, borrow, or steal for a 100,000-fold increase over the original agape feast. In any way, from whatever angle, I consider a world population of 3.5 billion moving toward 7 billion, in less than my lifetime, I am challenged and I get confused. My earliest education did not help me draw very well and I drew three child families until I had a younger brother. This was the end of my pre-school preparation on population education--save one thing--my education went skidding when I became a kindergarten dropout and I almost disqualified for the jumbled twelve year project I am going to tell you about in population education.

I was enrolled in a first grade class of some 30 to 35 Students. We had a very neat teacher and when I managed to avoid adding to environmental-degradation—when I had a clean desk—I was in the honor roll of new desks-by the-windows. Every so often there would be a spot check of the housekeeping we were doing and I would frequently be caught as a polluter. Then, gradually I would work my way back to honor. Some 30 students did-not seem like a population explosion and except for readings from Dick and Jane, a two-child family, I received very little cohesive population awareness education.

In the second grade we had polliwogs but the teacher failed to give us a thorough understanding of proliferation. Nothing else in population or environmental education was notable that year.

By the third grade I was learning to multiply, but Miss Schokley lost the opportunity to apply this new material and methodology to world problems of the Second World War, wherein lebensraum was a Man-Space argument or excuse.

In the fourth grade Columbus Day was really celebrated and we learned that America was empty of people except for some few noble savages. Europeans started coming to fill up the vast open spaces. One part of my family just missed passage on the Mayflower by about 10 years and the other part joined the 19th Century homesteaders, so that along about this period I was getting population education both formally and informally.

The population education lessons of the fifth grade are the ones I really enjoyed in so far as the subjects were developed, but in their underdevelopment I was miseducated, Roman history intrigued me and wheat ships from all over the Empire ran through my imagination as I read about how comprehensive the human ecosystem of the First Century was to feed the first metropolis of history growing fast toward a population of one million in a world, which I was later to learn, then had only about 250,000,000 people. The next great lesson was from the Doomsday Book. I got hooked by confusion somewhere around 1000 A.D. I made Robin Hood and his jolly band to be contemporaries of those takers. Incidentally, I never did figure out and I still do not understand how Robin Hood hid from the census takers. (That is a problem of my miseducation and not a problem for scrutiny here.) Doomsday fascinated me, compulsory miseducation had already stifled my investigative powers until approximately 20 years later curiosity-drove me to find out more about that effort, the fifth grade teacher and texts failed to grab the opportunity to turn me into a superb demographic historian. If we had had more thought questions in the fifth grade I might have even become a demographer.

Looking over the years and looking at myself now as a learned population educator, I am appalled at opportunities lost.

In the sixth grade we learned about bars and graphs, but Miss Dardene failed totally to relate the information to people. The year would have been lost in this development of population awareness if I had not been working Saturdays as a

yardman and been learning the growth rates and reproduction rates of weeds in the seventh grade I went strong on health and first aid, but my teachers failed to relate this interest to geography and Zinser's marvelous book on RATS, LICE AND HISTORY. That year I lost my chance to be a population physician. The lessons of United States history in the eighth grade, especially those of 19th Century industrial and population expansion filled America but did not fill my ignorance on population and economic development.

Thus, the first eight years of this longitudinal study were completed. Both the system and the student had not attained much population awareness.

Secondary education presented a new venue for this project. It is sad to note that essentially the increasing impacts of the new United Nations, the then miracle but now questionable benefits of DDT, the developments of sulfa, the political impasses of the Cold War, etc. were never woven into my population awareness education of my late adolescence. Somewhere along the line I learned that the US population had been 130,000,000 sometime during this period and that the growth and progress were synonymous in everything except weed populations.

Through high school I learned about lebensraum, the Marshall Plan, and famines in India and China. We learned of these famines almost exclusively from the food angle rather than political relationships of food supply. By June 1950, when I completed this 12 year study of population education programs and non-programs in Washington, California, Arizona, Louisiana, Idaho, Montana, South Dakota, and Wisconsin, I got 'a diploma for what the marvelous Mexican educator, Ivan Illich has defined as 13,200 hours of specialized sitting. I was, I suppose, a comparatively well-educated person regarding population awareness. The Socratic nuances of learning about my ignorance only came in subsequent years and now my ignorance grows at such a rate that before I reach 3 score and 10 years, just after the millennium, I know that I am going to know nothing--or most modestly, very little for the 21st Century.

What little I have been able to tell you about population education in several U.S. school systems at primary and secondary levels from the 1930s into the 1950s is the result of my 12-year longitudinal study. (I was lucky to be born in the 1930s to undertake this study because after all I was a third child when many US families seldom had more than two.) This was not an altogether good study. Nevertheless, population education for most of the under 20 year olds of the world who

constitute approximately 50% of the population is certainly no better and probably much worse than that that I have described. This, point one of my paper and talk, are not meant to be a facetious account of growing up absurd in America toward our now affluent society with all sorts of ecological problems. Rather, I intend this account to be a stimulus to us to look at the value systems' and knowledge systems we as educators hold before our clients. The longer I am associated with formal education the more I am convinced that values are the essence of the task and values are not taught, but are, caught. We are all engaged in a complex series of cultural constraints and cultural stimulants on educational development.

If population education were a science. I am certain we would have more of it. Population education is not a science, it is an art, which I believe we must collage, paint, sculpt, mold, curve, and carve. It is somewhat like the art of landscape architecture wherein we must plant, tend, prune, re-seed, and continually re-design. We have the educational opportunity and we few here have developed a self-assigned responsibility of defining where this pop art is to go. Our presence here is, per se, an indication that my 12-year study is outdated. Your presence here is already an indication that Bill Moran's two papers are outdated, for the work of the majority here was unknown to the Population Reference Bureau, the Planned Parenthood Association of Maryland, and the Carolina Population Center only two months ago.

The why of population education is documented by Moran in his paper, "The Need for Population Education." The when, why and wherefore of population education are the easier parts of this new art. In point two of this paper, I want to sketch the present dimension of population education here and in international pop art. Voltaire gives us some idea of the proportions in his marvelous satire, "Micromegas." Microcegas, a giant from cuter space is able to pick up a boatload of savants from France and to listen to the scholars by using one of his fingernails as an amplifier while using his diamond pendant as a microscope. The present measure of population education activity is to the boatload of savants as the population and environment problems compare to the size of Micromegas. At the present time you represent the largest identified and coordinated group of population educators in the United States and her possessions. Internationally, pop ed is in prototype form in Argentina, Barbados, Canada, Denmark, Ceylon Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Ecuador, El Salvador, Great Britain, Guatemala, Honduras, Hong Kong, India, Indonesia, Iran, Jamaica, Japan, Korea, Malaysia, Mexico, Nepal, Nicaragua,

Pakistan, Panama, Peru, The Republic of the Philippines, Singapore, Sweden, Trinidad and Tobago, Tunisia, Turkey, and the United Arab Republic.

This list plus the United States gives us a list of one-fourth of the nations of the world. In most of these, no systematic program of population awareness is yet underway. A paper done by Professor Sloan Wayland of Teachers College "Survey of Current Status of Population Education in Developing Nations," presented at the Eleventh World Congress of the Society for International Development in Delhi, November 1969, indicates some of the scope of these projects. My own paper at that Congress, indicates many of the details to be included, considered, examined, or otherwise rejected in international population education projects: "The Time is Now: Population Education." An earlier paper in unpublished form, of the same title, was an annotated bibliography on pop ed by Inkey, McArthur and Taylor covering the details of the then known state of the art a year ago.

In the same way that I said that my 12 year study was out of date, your presence here make any definition that I can give of the state of the pop art in the United States inadequate. I trust that by the end of this workshop we will have a more complete definition of present programs in the U.S.

My third point is in the form of a question: What are the goals and prospects of the art of communicating pop awareness? Here I would, if time allowed, re-read you the list of lacks, shortcomings, needs and desires I set on the pop art stage in my opening remarks. I see the goals of this workshop and the already internalized goals of the staff WG have brought together for this workshop as threefold: We would have each of you examine this list and work up schema, materials, and programs insofar as any one individual can do so. We would have small cadres develop local, state, and regional programs and commitments to the elaboration of a national program in population education

I want to thank you for this opportunity to express my ideas and dreams. The arena of this theatre of operations is yours.

RECOMMENDED READINGS

Inkey, Noel-David, "The Time Is Now: Population Education," In press. *Proceedings of the 11th World Congress of the Society for International Development, 1970.* (Printed in India for the Conference, November 1969.)

Inkey, Noel-David, with David McArthur and Daniel Taylor, "The Time Is Now: Population-Education,"-(A Commentary and Annotated Bibliography) Xerox, Harvard Graduate School of Education, May 1969. Pp 35. (Copies now available from David Inkey at the Carolina Population Center, two dollars.)

Moran, William E., Jr., "The Need for Population Education," and "Role of the Population Reference Bureau in U.S. Population "Education," Paper presented-posthumously at the National Science Teachers of America Neetings,"March-1970, The Population Reference Bureau, Mimeo.

Wayland, Sloan R., "Survey of Current Status of Population Education in Developing Countries," in press. Proceedings of the 11th World Conference of the Society for International Development, (Presented, Delhi, 1969) SID, Washington, DC.

Let us give the last words to Clarence Gamble, EVERY CHILD A WANTED CHILD and to John Rock..... Amongst the privileges of my life, knowing John was a very special one... I had sent John a copy of my TOWARD A POPULATION EDUCATION brochure prepared in 5000 English copies and 2000 Spanish copies...for the Boston celebrated 1969 World Health Assembly... Why we didn't do it in French, I don't recall. The "message" of pop ed was inoculated into the medical culture... Pop ed was far more enthusiastically accepted by medicos than demographers in the Second Development Decade... By 1993, when the First (and only) World Populatin Education Conference was held in Turkey there were more than 100 nations involved in pop ed...

Pax nobiscum, david

On 8/2/69 John handwrote to me:

Dear David Inkey,

Thanks for the brochure. I could not agre with you more.

I'm almost discouraged. I pray we don't reach the all too visible point of no return on the path to social destruction.

Yours hopefully, (John

I will ever recommend that serious learners be college drop outs.....

PREVIEW..... i think here it might be convenient, whether true or false, to suggest that compiling this work, a perfect poet, confessions of a reformed harvard anthropologist, has been such a profoundly satisfying task that there is a great likelihood that within the next five years i will "create" a second ediction...

the second edict will find ways and means to reduce the redundancy of the first, assuring both the author and his authority that his successes and failures are real, enormously obvious and great cause for repentance, WHILE his, my, successes are joyfuullllllllllllllll, generous, grand and genuine.....

my immediate and continuing allegiance will be to peace.....and hopefully, in the telescope and microscope of the next years, i will find the opportunity and audience to elaborate an extended essay, laboring under and playing over the splendiferous title,

PEACE.....2031

REVIEW.....

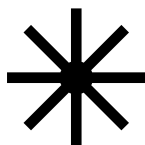
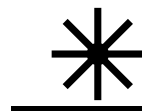
did thoreau intend by his crippling comment, "most men lead lives of quiet desperation." that most humans never achieve all their dreams and most never ever even find the opportunity to express their ambitions?

IF, if, if, that is what henry meant, then it seems to me that he should have spent more of his poetry and prose enlarging the microscope and telescope of his extensive "economy."

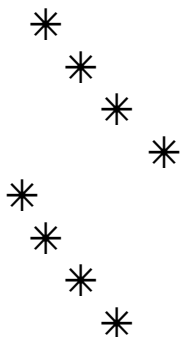
8.



ANTARCTICA UNIVERSITY



by David Inkey



An excuse in pcs, planetary culture, planetary consciousness, program coordination, planetary civics, primary causes, paradigm construction, planetary clowning, and, the ultimate PC, personal commitment.....

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i use my answer mark

my dear squire and handyman winlaw

A WORLD HERITAGE PARK

David Inkey and Winkey

Antarctica University, "AU, AWE"

UNESCO World Heritage Centre, Paris, FRANCE

ABSTRACT

Antarctica is the only continent on this planet where humans have never waged or staged a war... Peace, as The United Nations attempts to establish a culture of peace, is older in Antarctica than the ice... Ergo, de facto and de jure, it behooves all humans to humanely support and enhance Antarctica as The Antarctica World Heritage Park.

Antarctica is the only continent on this planet where humans have never waged or staged a war... Peace, as The United Nations attempts to establish a culture of peace, is older in Antarctica than the ice... Ergo, de facto and de jure, it behooves all humans to humanely support and enhance Antarctica Pa rk.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I, the Founding President of Antarctica University, AU known as AWE, the Reformed Harvard Anthropologist of Planetary Culture, a 20th Century Pioneer of POP ED, Population Education, a declared, dedicated Conscientious Objector to All Wars since WW2, thrice named as The United Nations Philosopher, avid United Nations Santa since 1989, long a Supranational Civil Servant in the United Nations Systems (long-serving as the Unesco Advisor to Unicef , the UN 50th Anniversary Protagonist Panelist with His Holiness Pope John Paul II, and thirty-three year Friend and Guru of Shah Dev, His Majesty Birendra Bir Bikram Shah Dev of Nepal (1945-2001), pioneer statesperson of National Zone of Peace Practice, do, duly, propose that WE THE PEOPLE of the United Nations and those who have not yet been included therein should enjoin and enjoy

the Seventh Continent, the Entire Continent of Antarctica as a new, new Millennial Focus of all previous and future World Heritage Sites and Sights and that all ecological considerations of any and all heritage requirements further be united with humane and interspecies special considerations of the current Decade of the Culture of Peace, and all subsequent Decades, Scores, Golden Jubilees, Centuries and Millennia of Peace...

While Peace should be celebrated universally on the September 16th, the Third Tuesday of September in the Year 2031 OCE, to commemorate the very, very 3300th Anniversary of the Peace Treaty of Ramses II of **the Egyptians and Hattusilis of the Hittites, the first such treaty in the human(e) experience, we should give special emphasis to peace being a daily joy and task, indeed process and event.**

In honor of my recently deceased friend Shah Dev, who never heeded my desire that he address the United Nations on the topic of The Kingdom of Nepal as a Zone of Peace, although from 1975-2001, His Majesty enlisted 116 signatories to honor Nepal thusly, I wish to share a haunting hint that still, yet, ever Birendra's message echoes none the less in the General Assembly, if not in a redefined Security? Council... The following is my October Ian Account of Shah Dev's deliberate diligence in humor, albeit post-humus,

The Antarctic Treaty (unaligned cuz Birendra was so important in non-alignment nation states and conferences).....

Peace in Antarctica is older than the ice, but humans and some humanes decided in 1959 that we should keep Peace at least somewhere on the planet, so with an international agreement they treaty zed the Seventh Continent. As a king

come lately, in 1975, my friend and former student Shah Dev, His Majesty Birendra Bir Bikram Shah Dev, declared his kingdom in the clouds, Nepal, to be a Zone of Peace. Are we to suppose that I was prescient by being such a peacenik all my life, burning my draft card in 1953 during the Korean Police Action which came to be known as the Korean War ... And while Nepal was "recognized" by 116 nations as a Zone of Peace, only Antarctica has remained peace filled.

Recently,

The night before last, I finally awoke to the idea that YES, I do believe in GHOSTS... For almost 70 years I have teased myself about ghosts... and I had this magnificent dream about Shah Dev addressing The Empty Chamber of the General Assembly, about his campaign to get Nepal recognized as a Zone of Peace... In his lifetime he managed to get 116 nations to support Nepal as a ZOP and I always wanted him to take the idea to the UN. He declined, saying he wasn't ready to do so. So, in my dream work, he does what I wanted him to do during his life sentence on Planet Earth...

After he came out of the General Assembly with an entourage of two or three he was in a little room and I heard that he was at the UN, so I prevailed upon the guards to let me in the room and I requested the other Nepalese to leave so that Shah Dev and I could chat. they did so and I congratulated Shah Dev on his endeavor, explaining that it mattered not at all that the great hall of the UN was EMPTY. I assured my friend that the message would endure. And, I awakened, finally believing in ghosts. Halloween this year will take on new significance. I laughed silently to myself and thought that I should write a little essay, fun and frivolous should not be confused, A FUNNY FINALE! A FABULOUS ENCORE! AN EPIC EPIPHANY!

If my case and casement are not sufficiently grounded in legal precedent, I would cite Article I of The Antarctica Treaty, preferable deleting Para 2 of art I...

Article I

1. Antarctica shall be used for peaceful purposes only. There shall be prohibited, inter alias, any

measures of a military nature, such as the establishment of military bases and fortifications, the carrying out of military maneuvers, as well as the testing of any types of weapons.

2. The present Treaty shall not prevent the use of military personnel or equipment for scientific research or for any other peaceful purpose.

The case was presented in the 1990s that

<http://archive.greenpeace.org/.../1994/antarc4.txt>

My experience in Antarctica, even as President of Antarctica University, is not sufficient to build the entire case and cartography of Antarctica as The World Park in the guise, glimmer and gratification of The World Heritage, though I did contribute years of dedicated service to Unesco and I even helped the late king of Nepal, His Majesty Birendra Bir Bikram Shah Dev concerning the World Heritage elements of Lumbini as here explained... Essay 9 in the opus, birendra and david, friends, king and guru, peaces together some stray, strained, and straying fragments of our story and our regard for and disregard of heritage ...

buddha's bond, ananda's alert 9

long ago and far away, about as far away as unesco, the united nations educational, scientific and cultural organization, unesco.... on the banks of that ancient river, the seine, where a loyal legion of unans worked "constitutionally" with a greatly praised yet arguably presumptuous preamble which declared, "since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men we must build the defenses of peace..." i had a friend, a devout buddhist and a diligent scholar of lord buddha, who advised me, almost alarmed me, and auspiciously alerted me, that i could not be a buddhist because as a christian i insisted upon having a soul.... buddhists don't have individual souls... yet, by some mystic communion of spirits, i felt bonded to buddha's benevolence and when i went to sri lanka i even made a pilgrimage to the city of kandy where one of the relics of buddha's body is still ever so long a length of time revered. years later i learned that lord buddha was born in nepal, but i have never been to lumbini... his majesty birendra bir bikram shah dev tied buddha's second bond around me... the evening my family and i had dinner at the palace, my friend shah dev, my former student shah dev, had the audacity to ask me a most embarrassing world

heritage question... he seriously but smilingly asked me what did i know about unesco's relation to the world heritage site of lumbini.... oh, so innocently, i replied most rapidly, that unesco was overseer seer of all the world heritage sites... shah dev smiled.... i think it was a lord vishnu smile... "no, david... lumbini is under the responsibility of the united nations, because when the world heritage programme was established u thant, the then secretary general, a devout buddhist, wanted lumbini in his purview." well, i should have paraphrased socrates' (plato's?) famous proclamation, "until philosophers become kings, and kings become philosophers..." but, i behaved with some palatial decorum and i didn't say, "when philosophers become clowns, when clowns become philosophers, then, indeed in deed, we will all be humane."

using royal prerogative, shah dev went on to explain that buddhists from japan were pressuring his majesty's government that they wanted lumbini built into a superlative, appropriate international (he should have said supranational) pilgrimage site, with a grand temple, parks, museums, hotels, etc. "david, when you get back to new york, (i was posted in the new york office of unesco, as senior education advisor,) could you please find out what the un secretariat's current thinking and activity is concerning lumbini?" "auspicious," i said to myself... i reflected upon this buddhist bond all the way home from kathmandu to connecticut... even when we detoured thru the united kingdom to visit temp's brother and his family and to sightsee buckingham palace and windsor castle... i commuted from connecticut in those days from a converted 200 year old vegetable barn abode... not to be solitarily and starkly ignorant on the second bond, i called my friend ananda in paris and learned that for many, many years, many, many multinational buddhists had been trying to pressure the only hindu king and kingdom to "do something" about buddha's birthplace... through no known influence on my part, though ananda and david both mean "beloved," the following year his royal highness prince gyanendra bir bikram shah dev came to the united nations and we, along with 30 or so others had a two-day seminar on lumbini... in november 2001, his majesty's government will be inaugurating or is it dedicating? the rebirth of

lumbini... i think lord vishnu and lord buddha are uncommon common spirits.... i am currently extremely occupied and pre-occupied with the task of recruitment for a constitutional convention to be held in unesco, to redraft the illustrious, poetic preamble... i contend fairly, and farely, contentiously that the aging text is ageist and sexist... children are now too frequently subjects and objects of war... men and women both cause wars... thus, i would propose, i do propose a prototext preamble, "since wars begin in the lives of children, it is in the spirits of children that we must seed the dreams of peace." lord buddha willing, lord vishnu willing, if ever, again, i go to my kingdom in the clouds, to the kingdom of nepal, in this life, or another, i will make a pilgrimage to lumbini.

I believe that Antarctica as The World Park will in no way compromise the mission of AWE, AU, Antarctica University..... Awe is a humane requirement in every clime and for all who have protected, maintained, defended, cherish and prospered in owning their own education, Antarctica University will ever be on sacred ground, even when iced over..... Icebergs may depart from the continent and the ozone problems will be confused with the work of the Wizard and Wizardries of Oz, Erebus may fuss and fume, yet, still, ever we are reminded that peace in Antarctica is older than the ice...

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AU is "Awe," inspired... AU is the most, challenging eduecoexperience on Earth. AU is the most selective education within the Heliopause. AU excels in all other courses of Comparative Planetology. AU is unique in creating the curiosity course, Planetary Culture. AU is ever unsurpassed in the study and service of Optimism, "We all are forever looking up." AU is yet unrivaled in interspecies diversity. AU is as unlimited in Imagination as in Curiosity. AU is still a training camp, a circle, a circus, AU bands and bonds Cosmic Comics as Planetary Clowns. AU portends and pretends a Life Sentence on Earth, in Life Long education.

AU claims to be unparalleled as a non-academented institution. AU is the Universe's test site for our ultimate PC, Personal Commitment. a virtual covenant by david inkey, founder and first president...

**ANTARCTICA UNIVERSITY IS!
AU acronyms AWE...**

Our Scholars are Ozonic Optimists, forever looking upwards.. Though sadly surrounded by a solitary pessimist from on high! Our Prime Course, Planetary Culture, is 361 degrees, of comprehension, PROGRAM COORDINATORS better known as Scholars, own only 361 degrees of Personal Commitment and Planetary Consciousness... "Students" from the University of the Arctic grunt their logo, UA... Those Polar Challengers are always, in all ways, sadly downcast... AU is our interspecies institution positively committed to learning... All Beings own tlc, the learning continuum, for lifelong education... Descriptions by David INKEY. antarcticuniveraol.com

After sharing the Covenant of Awe with sum 6 billion humans attempting at least in part to be humane, I wish to add to the world heritage the essence of expotition.

**;ANTARCTIC
EXPOTITIONS!**

by Win "Pooh" Scottlow...

And the Antarctic Night was six months long...
And the Antarctic Day was one great daze, six months long...
And the Ancient Greeks dreamt of Terra Incognita Australis, unknown southern land, And the Scientists discovered the Internatl Geophysical Year.
And Curious George found a dinosaur bone.. And Alice wondered whether the meteorites fell from our Moon or Mars...

And Frosty the Snowperson stole an ice-core that was 500,000 years old... And the Wizard of Oz opened the Ozone Hole,,,
And the Icebreaker broke up... (*almost broke)... And the Hovercraft sputtered along...
And Nathaniel Palmer thought he discovered Antarctica... And Richard Byrd flew over the South Pole...
And Robert Scott froze in his tracks... And the Environmentalists removed the nuclear power plant... And the 50, 76 land animals signed the Antarctic Treaty...
And the Skua slept next to our bunks... And the Albatross played around the flapping flags at the South Pole... And the Seals sang superbly (after dinner...
And the Krill crisscrossed the Antarctic Circle...
And the Fish all went to school...
And the Tourists swam through ice caves... And the Glaciers flowed into the ocean... And the Wind howled louder than monkeys...And the Flags fluttered fabulously... And the Countries collaborated... And the World Park is a Planetary Pledge...
And the Dinosaurs migrated...And the Ice Shelf cracked...And the Iceberg melted...And the Sea Ice swam across the Antarctic Ocean...
And Mount Erebus fussed and fumed... And all the Special Sites in Antarctica printed a map...
And the Remotely Operated Vehicle (ROV) wobbled...
And the Weather Balloon popped... And the Telescope tried to talk... And the Sealing Ship stopped sailing, sealing and selling. And the Sunsets surprised us all...
And all the Emperor Penguins enrolled in Antarctica University... And at the South Pole, we are all Optimists, forever looking up... And, using his only crayon, Harold drew a purple circle around Antarctica...
And the Aurora Australis shines brightly...And the Desert Valleys await explorers...And the Munchkins collect(ed) microbes...
And the Lichens like the Lorax...And the Blue Whales whisper wondrous words in Whalish...
And Geographers still study Gondwana...

And Geologists and other Good People left the minerals all in place... And Ms. Santa, Santa and all the other Clauses work at the Polar Post... (No professors of language could find any subordinate Clauses...) And this year, or in the next-next year, I want ANTARCTIC EXPOTITION.

¡And “Pooh” will write

¡MORE AND MORE STORIES!

for all his friends!

au is not responsible for the
sacrilege of transposing into times
roman from our ever esteemed font,
comic sans ms, not can we express
strongly enuf our disappointment at
the degrees of conformity imposed
by the unesco secretariat ...
similarly, the unesco preamble has
been male chauvinist for too long and
needs to be revised against sexism
and agism, “since wars begin in the
lives of children, it is in the spirits
of children that we must seed the
dreams of peace.”

inky in key....

Figure 2: Example

Remember,

an introduction to awe

i want you to apply to antarctica university, to be a program coordinator of your own life-long learning, if you qualify on our single prerequisite, you already believe that you own your "education." many teachers, formal and informal, have perhaps thru many years of your LIFE SENTENCE on planet earth believed that they have been your educators...and they may have convinced u of this, not too well or too well... a few of them may, indeed, be your educators, but i would contend, without ever meeting any of them, and without be an iota of contentious, that undoubtedly most of these pretenders have only been schoolmistresses and schoolmasters.

antarctica university is, in the vernacular, a revolutionary institution of highest education, though we prefer to extol our incomparable institution as one of incessant, incandescence, inspiring learning. in some 200 political states on earth, "educators," "teachers," "instructors," "trainers," university-college-school administrators--all are irremediably guilty of the crime of persuading "students" that students are to study and that THEY, the....., "the superiors" are the guardians of the sacred secrets of education.

now and for the rest of earthtime, in the lowest latitudes of this planet, an alternate institution of highest education? is in creation and all who would become educands, true learners, are invited to be--to become program coordinators.

imagination and curiosity are our identical twins closest colleagues in awe. wit and wisdom are our daily fair, flair, flare and fare. we are not constrained by traditional margins, thus this introduction is unaligned on the left as on the right... and perchance a bit roughed up and down. we are established beyond the general confines of human habitat purposely to enhance our interspecies challenges...to the fullest stretch of our humaneness...and challenge in lifeness,

the relation of all beings one to another.

we are a credit to and accredited to ourselves, we live in "au," AWE, Antarctica University, because the pre-primaries, primaries, secondaries, and higher education establishments of our traditional systems have failed to challenge our spirits, minds and bodies as has working and playing on the only peaceful continent's premises and promises... just because this is the first edition of ANTARCTICA UNIVERSITY, all written here is subject to revision, except the premise that each being owns his/her education, except the premise that imagination and curiosity are our most

intimate companions, except the premise that wit and wisdom are fair fare
through all our days and daze...

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Descriptions by David INKEY.... antarcticuniver@aol.com

First Folio

I am a revolutionary refugee from kindergarten,
from elementary education that was either too elementary or not elementary
enuf, from secondary education where, not offered calculus,
I indeed felt I was tragically calculating the incarcerated years of my youth,
from clichéd high and higher education...
I escaped several times from my caretakers only,
each time, to be, repossessed,
by the next set of instructors guards.

In 1964, a score of years before Orwell's fateful 1984,
I was doctored by Earth's most prestigious university,
and in that inequitable era, I was welcomed into the company of educated men.
Curiously enuf, I even arranged with a then newly appointed assistant professor
friend of the esteemed institution to take my Mother to lunch at the Harvard
Faculty Club...albeit admission for women was still through the backdoor..
Discrimination was still quite rampant there on the banks of The Charles River,
at the Divinity School, God was still subjected to exclusive language instead of
newer inclusive terminology...
I had slipped thru the usual nooses of the academic structures and had already
achieved VP status in the distant, poor, conflicted nation of El Salvador,
Visiting Professor of Social Anthropology
in the Faculty of Medicine of the National University...

I had already contributed effectively, imaginatively, irretrievably to the
success of the Demographic Revolution of the 20th Century.
Amongst some of the poorest of Latin America and the Third World, I learned
that little Salvador, a scant 8,000 square miles, the length and width of
prosperous Massachusetts,
achieved highest in the world per acre production of coffee and third highest
per acre production of cotton, while corn production was one-twentieth that of
the better farms of Iowa, hunger was rampant and the world then and still
produces more than enuf food stuffs to feed all, had we the will to abolish
hunger... In the international development lessons I gleaned in forty months in
Central America, I learned a catechism that I believe will serve me the
remainder of my Life Sentence, "I am not the champion of lost causes, I am a
champion of causes that have not yet been won, ONE!

Imagining, that....

We circle the year, again, like erstwhile revolutionaries rotating around a little "morning" star, while other timekeepers stretch 366 days into a linear daze, pointing all ways and always, staring into a void or promised epoch, The Future. Are we little tangents to Time? In our stardust is there some faint glimmer of universal timeliness and timelessness. Is it mourning or morning in this uneven time, this even-tide....

I live in Awe. I am an Imagineer, in Awe... I live so much in Awe that I imagine ideals and other ideas, even when most people apologize, "I can't imagine that..." I reply, I can imagine that... In all the languages I know and do not know, I find no thoughts, expressions, and evasions quite so distant from Faith, Hope and Love.

Long ago in Time and far away in Place, another David, not the giant killer, my highly trusted and namesaked mentor Thoreau, asserted a dubious line, "Most men live lives of quiet desperation." In my long short threescore and six revolutions around our Sun, I have yet to discover anywhere in the universe that Thoreau was correct in his pessimistic perception. Rather, I observe that most people seem to suffer from extreme Apathy...

I work only in a third career now, a Life as a supra-national civil servant beyond the United Nations System... I count the nations, states and countries of the United Nations and with Quixotic curiosity I fail to find my native land, Imagination. I speculate on why the geographers and planetary cartographers have failed even to nominate Imagination to the roster of our polities...

Too many diplomats are less than diplomatic with me. I see answers to questions that they have yet to imagine. At first, I thot that those who called me THE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER! were simply making a pleasant joke. Then, shortly, I grew from being just an international civil servant to be a supranational civic savant, a retired but never tiring Planetary Citizen. I evolve to be THE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER!

It is not enuf to be "Sir David" because of my interagency service, humorously explained as S (spy) I (in) R (residence), to be a lively, sacred symbol donning red workclothes to be the UN Santa, to be Philosopher Clown of Planetary Culture.

Dear B, C and S..., Human(e) Rights and Rites....

I spell your names boldly, hopefully-to-inspire the marvelous troika of you "rightists" to use and indeed exploit in every way imaginable the daze between now and January 27th to organize a great rite to celebrate the fourth Tuesday of this month, which coincidentally is the 51st Anniversary of the First Meeting of the UN Human Rights Commission.... I believe that it is fully appropriate to expropriate a minute or two of each class at R... on the 27th to celebrate such a generally neglected date...and to "cover" ourselves for total coverage, we will use the entire week to inaugurate your "campaign." Has it occurred to you that this idea of empowering every college student in R... should be contagious to all the citizens of the Sovereign? State of New X. or, every student, everywhere. {To enhance claims to part or all of Ellis Island, you can even send a studentdelegation to distribute copies of the UDHR on the disputed lands, sacred to the rites of migrants.}

If January 27th is too early for you, you might consider similar but more comprehensive activities for February 16 which was lost in "his"story" and not yet inscribed well in our story, as the date on which Ecosoc established in 1946 the UN Human(e) Rights Commission... In March. let us use the 8th, International Women's Day, followed by the 9th, the date when the HR Commission passed the first UN resolution against anti-Semitism, as recently at 1994.... In April, as you know, I cannot be of much help to you because Santa helps Jack Rabbit Hare to color eggs.... but I wouldn't let the month slip away without celebrating the 5th, the day I memorialize because of Security Council Resolution 688 intended to protect KURDS IN NEED (KIN) in Iraq (1991), which date and document I consider the death-date and warrant of modern, nation-state *sovereignty*... A big departure from Westphalia and 1648... Maybe your prefer April 22, a convenient midweek Wednesday, to celebrate the 1954 Convention to protect the human(e) rights of refugees... In May, we "may" wish to dance around Maypoles or we may send smoke signals on the 31st, World No Tobacco Day. In May, you may let me know if graduation comes before commencement or commencement comes before graduation. On Racc Ridge, where life-long education prevails, we find commencement more of a challenge than graduation. Somewhere, we all will convene for a springbreak and define, refine and find our paths and pilgrimages into the heat of Summer, the colors of Autumn and the challenges of early Winter. The saddest words of modern and ancient language courses and discourses are, "I can't imagine that." WE are modestly obliged to keep our Imaginations active...and to exercise and exorcize Imagination (which occasionally needs refreshing...)... Let me know if you find Wit in my words of Wisdom... Liv, Luv, INKEY

SOCIAL STUDIES:

GATEWAY TO THE GLOBAL AGE CLINIC

**David Inkey, President of Antarctica University
2000 Wandering Way
Curiosity, State of Awe 02031
ANTARCTICU@AOL.COM>**

WIT AND WISDOM, IN THE UNITED NATIONS!

We the People(s) of the United Nations, declamatory openers of The Charter of The UN, are never again, yet, since proclaimed, recognized nor operative, in the international, read "supranational," workings, established in our name(s) in 1945, end-note of World War II. Now, in sum, 55 years on, and more than 100 wars later, "we," a few humane beings are champions of global identity, personal commitment, gip-c (gypsy). We are not champions of lost causes, we are champions of causes which have not yet been one, won... We have already learned the lesson espoused by Gandhi, "We must be the change we want to see in the world." Now we are working on making PEACE a verb and wishing to disarm "wars" on poverty, crime, drugs, hunger, and so on, read "soon"... In place of ethnic cleansing, we will scrub prosaic and problematic prose... We will economize alphabets and emphasize ethics in lieu of ethnics, with EPIC ETHICS, epic being a scrabbling of, by and for education, equity, ecology, participation, prosperity (not poverty), people, PEACE, identity, integrity, (even) IMAGINATION, interspecies cooperation, commitment, CREATIVITY, and CULTURE!

Title: WIT AND WISDOM, IN THE UNITED NATIONS!

This session explores the successes and failures of the UN, with occasional WIT and frequent WISDOM. UNWORDS and unwords, like UN AWARE and unaware, UN FAIR and unfair, UN JUST and unjust, UN WANTED and unwanted illustrate semantic stumbling in our analysis of inter-national and supra-national cooperation and the lack thereof. Participants and presenter are pivotal characters in exploring wit, witnessing, witlessness and wisdom in individual instances, in community and in measuring the gait and gate of a possible "global age," a PC exemplified in Planetary Civics... In 1960, the Danish poet, Piet Hein wrote, "We are global citizens, with tribal souls." Do we dare in 2000 AD speculate that we might be global citizens with universal souls...

Description @ Handouts, No Special AV nor Room Arrangements...

Unless we develop vocabularies to comprehend "gateway to the Global Age" we undoubtedly will continue to conceptualize our exploration of possible openings to Global Aging with creepy educational constraints of traditional sovereignty and "security." Following an extraordinary brief, a sixteen minute presentation, of ICONS, OF PEACE and unwords and UN WORDS, participants and presenter will explore precepts and prejudices for and against THE GLOBAL AGE... The sole and soul objective is that each person in this CLINIC think, think and think about perceptions of THE WIT AND WISDOM, IN THE UNITED NATIONS! (I consider that a minimum number of participants in addition to the presenter is ONE, while the maximum from our current, global population of Homo Sapiens, is 6 billion...

My experiences of "explaining" the United Nations System range from pre-school through postdoctoral and in the first through fourth worlds... Let us ALL consider what it might cost to be Planetary

Citizens... I see three strands, just as I perceive three kinds of PEACE, individual, communal and universal...

Additional Information on Presenter(s); I had never heard of nor read about NERC until 3 weeks ago, much less proposed or participated therein... I am in no way associated with or affiliated with a publisher or commercial producer or distributor of educational materials.

The only additional information you might wish is to understand that I intend unconventional analysis and vital participation of all who wish to explore THE UNITED NATIONS SYSTEM with me. I am writing a book, THE UNITED NATIONS' PHILOSOPHER! which is structured on unwords, words and UN WORDS. UNICEF commissioned me, in pro bono performance, a decade ago to "BE" UNITED NATIONS' SANTA...a job I perform year-round though I distribute UNICEF toys to the New York Foundling Home only once a year, in my work clothes. And I am self-appointed President of ANTARCTICA UNIVERSITY, where the only qualification for entry is "ownership" of one's own education.

I have "advanced" appreciation of the Universal Declaration of Human(e) Rights with 5th graders in Greenwich, until I tired of being told that I was doing marvelous work for the children... I was misunderstood... I was attempting to awaken universalize appreciation of the UDHR... As you will see in my resume, I am committed to UDHR and related human(e) rights and rites at least till the end of the UN DECADE ON HUMAN(E) RIGHTS EDUCATION...

101 REASONS TO GO TO AWE

that IT IS THERE! should be sufficient reason for going to AWE, but 4 those who require additional reasons i have imagined a minimum of 101 from which i trust U will find courses to keep u on course. b4 and after all, we r about lifelong education... watch out, we just starting...

David Inkey, president for Lifeness,
antarctica university<antarcticu@aol.com>

AWE, ANTARCTICOSOPHY, ANTARCTICOLOGY, ALGAEOLOGY, ALTRUISM, ANGST, AMUNDSENOLOGY, ALBATROSOLOGY, ABSURDISM, ACTING, AUTODIDACTISM AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY, AURORALOGRAPHY, ANGELS AND ANGLES, ART, ARTISTRY AND ARTFULNESS, AGEING AND ENGAGING, ASTRONOMY AND ACCURACY,

BYRDOLOGY AND BIRDOSOFY, BYRDSOFY AND BIRDOLOGY, BEING, BEAUTY, BELIEF, BEHAVING AND MISBEHAVING,

CLOWNOLOGY, CLOWNOSOFY, CLAUSISM, CLAUSOSOFY, CHARTITY, CONTENTS AND CONTENTMENT, COLDODOLOGY (CROSS REGISTERED WITH FRIODOLOGY), CP X PC (COMPARATIVE PLANETOLOGY X PLANETARY CULTURE, ALSO SEE PERSONAL COMMITMENT), CIVICS AND CONSCIOUSNESS, COGNITION AND RECOGNITION, CLOWNING, CREATIVITY AND CHAOS, CONVERGENCE AND CONVERSION, CULTURE, CLUMSINESS, COOKING, CHILDCARE, CHILDNESS, CYBERIA AND CYBERNETICS, COMMITMENT, CHROMOSOMOLOGY AND CHROMOGRAPHICS,

CURIOSITY

DINOSAURISM, DENDROCHRONOLOGY, DEMOCRACY AND DEMOGRAFICS, DIET, DECENCY, DANTEISM AND THE COLD LEVELS OF THE INFERNO, DISCOVERY AND DRY DESERTISM, DEVOTION, DESTINY, DEBUNKING DESCARTES (SUM, ERGO COGITO= I AM, THEREFORE I THINK),

EPIC ETHICS, EREBUSOFY, EXPLORATION AND EXPLANATION, EXPLOITATION, ELLSWORTHICS, EQUITY, EQUANIMITY, EDUCATION, ENTHUSIASM, ENERGY, ENDOWMENT (REMEMBER AU HAS THE WORLD'S GREATEST ENDOWMENT OF NATURAL RESOURCES, 3/4THS OF THE FRESH WATER), EXTATERRESTRIALITY, ENTOPIA (RESTRUCTURING UTOPIA AND DYSTOPIA), DISEASE AND EASE,

FILOSOFY, FUNGIOLOGY, FISHISMS, FIPY (THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL POLAR YEARO FRIENDSHIP, FAITH, FUN, FRIVOLITY, FERVOR, FANTASY, FANTOMS, FORESIGHT AND INSIGHT AND HINDSIGHT, FOCUS,

GAIASOFI, GONDWANA GEOGRAPHICS, GLACIERISM AND GALATIC GLOW, GRATITUDE, GRACE, GLORY, GYMNASTICS, GYROSOLGY, GARDENING, GENUIS OF GENEROSITY, GENTLENESS, GEOLOGY AND GERMS, GERMINATION,

HOAX, HYPERHOAXOSOPHY, HELIOPAUSISTICS, HUMANEISM, HEALTH, HEALING, HOPE AND HINDRANCE,

ICEOLOGY, IGLOOLOGY, INSECTS, ICEBOW GRAPHICS, ICOLATIONISM, IDENTITY, INTERSPECIES UNDERSTANDING, INKLINGS, INCLINATIONS

IMAGINATION

JESTEROLOGY, JURASSIACOGRAFI, JELLY FISHING, JELLY FISH, JOKING,

KRYSTALOGRAPHY, KRILLOSOFI, KNIGHTISM, KINDNESS, KULTUR AND KIN, KLAMING AND DECLAIMING, KRAFTPERSONSHIP AND KRAFTINESS, KLUING,

LONGITUDOLOGY AND LATITUDISM, LICHENOLOGY, LISTENING, LIKING AND DISLIKING, LEARNING AND UNLEARNING, LOVING AND BEING LOVED, LONGING, LOOKING, LIVING AND LETTING LIVE, LONGEVITY,

MARTIANOLOGY, MAGNETISM, METEOROLOGY AND MARTIAN METEORS, MIND AND MINDFULNESS, MEANING, MEDICINE (FOLK AND OTHERWISE), MISUNDERSTANDING, MOSSES, MOSES, MAGIC AND MYTH, MAGNITUDISM, MIRTH, MUSICOLOGY AND THE MUSES, MUSEUMOLOGY, MYSTERY AND MY STORY,

NETWORKING, NUISSANCES, NUKEY-POOLOGY, NIGHTISM, NATURE AND NUTURE, NUTURE AND NATURE, NEED AND ABUNDANCE,

OZ, OZONE AND OZONOSOPHY, OPTIMISM, OPTIMISM AND PESSIMISM, OCEANOGRAPHY, ORCHESTRATION, OSTRACISM AND OPENESS, ONENESS, OPTICS AND OPENNESS,

PLAY

PENGUINOLOGY, PENGUINOSOFI, PHILOSOPHY, POLITICS AND PURPOSE, PALMEROLOGY, POLARISM AND POLARITY, PUZZLING, POETRY AND POETICS, PROMISE, PERMISSION, PERSONALITY, POSSIBILITY, PROCRASTINATION, PLANNING AND UNPLANNING (SEE SPONTANEITY), PARADIGM CHANGE, PEACE (MENTIONED ABOVE IS TRIDEMENSIONAL, INNER, COMMUNAL AND UNIVERSAL), PEACE AND PEACING, PRIVACY, POOHOSOPHY, PETER, FLOPSY, AND MOPSY RABBITOSOPHY, PROPAGANDA, PRAGMATISM, PATOIS, PERSUASION,

PLANETARY CULTURE,

PERSONAL COMMITMENT,

QUIXOTICS, QUIZOTICS AND QUIJOTIESM, QUERY, QUEST, QUARKS, RESEARCH, ROBOTISM, REDSNOW, REALISM AND IDEALISM, REVOLUTION AND REVOLT, REIFYING, RELIGION AND NON RELIGION, RHYME, REST - ARREST AND UNREST, READING AND REELING, RESPONSE-ABILITY, SANTA-ING, SPELLING AND DISPELLING, SCOTTOSFI, SKUAOLOGY, SCIENCE AND NON-SCIENCE, SOVEREIGNTY (SEE UNITED NATIONSISM AND SUPRANATIONALISM), SPONTANEITY, SLEEPING, SLEDDING, SOPHISTRY AND SOPHISTICATED, SOLIPISM, SKIING, SWIMMING, SERENDIPITY, TICKLEOLOGY, TERNOLOGY, TELEMARLING, TREATY-ABILITY, TESTING AND DETESTING, TERRAFORMING AND DISFORMING, U-N-OSOFI, ULTRAVIOLETISM, UNDERSTANDING AND GOOD STANDING, UNITED NATIONSISM AND SUPRANATIONALISM (CROSS LISTED WITH SOVEREIGNTY AND THE DEATH OF TRADITIONAL SOVEREIGNTY), UNITY VULCAN AND VOLCANOLOGY, VISION AND VISIONS, VALIDITY AND VITALITY, WEBBING, WIT, WIT AND WISDOM, WISDOM, WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE, WHALISM, WETNESS, WITNESS, WORLDISM, WONDER, WORSHIP AND WORK, WOE AND WOH, WILLINGNESS, WORRY AND WISTFULNESS, XENOPHILIA, XENOFILIA AND XENOPHOBIA, XOTICS, X-TACY, X-ITS, XX (DOUBLE CROSSING), X-TRA CREDIT LISTINGS, X-UBERANCING, UNCTION, YAK AND YETIOLOGY, YEARNINGISM, YELLOW BILLED PINTALISM, YIELDING, YESTERDAZING, YESSING, YELLOW AND THE CHROMOGRAPH, ZEAL, ZANINESS, ZOOLOGY, ZENISM, ZEROING, ZEDDING....

AFTER PERSONAL COMMITMENT, ALL ELSE CONVERGES,



ANGST AROUND ACADEMENTIA... AWE AGROUND IN ACADEMIA

Aye, I eye the myopia of magisterial monitors and monsters! The little ivy prospers in privileged prose, pose and supposes, metaphorically, that some strange semblance of an alchemist's art emerges from the standard oil of old. With thought, fore and after thought, might I wonder: Have those of the archaic ivy league and her clever clones ever tried to distinguish how much their cherished symbolism is a poisoned transplant from unholy orders and disorder. They have, virtually, copied infallibility, robed themselves as crimson clones of cardinals or as blue hawks for jaywalking, trespassing...

A contemporary, opportune not to imply opportunistic--philosopher suggests that Education is the oil of the 21st century. His stunts and stance stymie me! Does he really believe scholastics are sitting on the reserves? Does he fail to see that that energy is carbonized, burnt out and polluting... What do we do with a ton of Princes? Can Columbia (University) stem the drug from (the Republic of) Colombia and remain the gem of the ocean while urging questionably sovereign States to subscribe, inscribe, ratify a text termed The Law of the Sea.

Many, my friends and sum strangers, have heard me before, yet, I must again assert a sum of our environmental enlightenment: On six continents of Planet Earth many scions of reputed ¿higher education? count there their endowments in pounds and pesos, dollars and drachmae, rupees and rubles...and we seldom see any auditors sense beyond the dollars and cents. Little wonder that our publics burn, frankly incensed? Who squandered the common scents, sense and cents?

Only pessimists would suggest that elite undergraduate education will probably be the last bastion to fall to the online providers... How many of our sandbox nerds are beneficiaries of the better elements of elite undergraduate education? I--an alumnus of the most elite college in the United States, Deep Springs, and of two other quite elite rosters, enlisted, ye olde London School of Economics and resistant,

Harvard University--already know the virtual and virtue of internet inquiry... Click Here: [VLE Discussion Forum:UnnextCom](#) [UNext.com](#) for all its marketing initiative and business smarts fails abysmally in my accreditation system, ignoring beyond reasonable belief that the institutions of higher education own education... They own a package which they label and libel as Education. Our universities have become rigidly, tragically, catastrophically, yes, even catatonically, academented.... Have we again forgotten cryptic David's delight in exposing Harvard's harvest: Twas my namesaked David, Thoreau who was told that Harvard had all the branches of education and he replied, "and none of the roots."

James Taub, a contributing writer for the New York Times Magazine has written what is probably a very clever commentary on Mark Taylor, Herbert Allen, Jr., UNext.com and the Global Education Network.... (One need only SEE, "This Campus is Being Simulated" contributed by James Traub, to the NYT Magazine, Nov 19, 2000. <http://www.nytimes.com/library/magazine/home/20001119mag-onlineu.html>) Had I not recently spent a trilogy of dazing days in the Media Lab at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and in Harvard's haunted and hallowed halls, to attend seminal sessions on the frontiers of DIGITAL NATIONS and EDEVELOPMENT, dealing with the encompassing elements of the digital divide, of the digital bridge(s) and of my still, yet, ever, being again awed by exercises in creative tech ethics... ..
... I would be very, very unhappy with Taub's warnings concerning Online U. After three days on The Charles, I returned home to the all-encompassing challenges and comforts of Antarctica University (the penguins gave me a particularly warm welcome.)

A very few years ago I enjoyed the great good fortunate of having a friend of finest wit and wisdom describe me as a reformed Harvard anthropologist. I knew in my inner self and selfishness, I was am a reformed Harvard anthropologist, but with the guise and disguise of professionalism I believed that my mettle was not so conspicuously obvious.... Oh, how mistaken I was... and how delighted I am to ask better humane questions than I learned in the academy.

Taub tells us that the mercantile Allen had no great use for Kierkegaard, but that Allen (Woody or Williams?) believes in the transformational powers of the Internet... I wonder whether this new plutocrat ponders how the Internet can transform the lives of that half of humanity that lives in destitution... Gates recently admitted that he seen little transformation of that order into the homes,

hovels, of those who have no electricity, no readily available and clean water and only inadequate nutrition and health options...

Unwilling to wait, and weight and wait, in the halls of traditional academia in the recently passed past, I decided to be the founder and first president of Antarctica University.... While water wars loom on the horizons of the 21st Century, AU (pronounced AWE) prides itself of the treasure of its endowment, sum 75% of Planet Earth's fresh water resources.... We have no tenure disputes, no limits on admission except the each program coordinator own her/his own education... In temperate climes TLC usually implies tender loving care. In our Antarctic Arena, we find double entendre, tender loving care and the learning continuum.

Taub tells us that there are some 15.6 million Americans in college, nearly 8 million of who are in community colleges... YET, whoever ever hails for us to appreciate the community extant in community colleges? Higher Education is a \$228 billion dollar endeavor...

Further, he ponders the relevancy of parts of our edifice complexes... and following Taylor, he suggests that we yearn for the actual as our lives become more and more virtual. A century and a half ago, my great Waldenic mentor, David Henry told me that, "Be it life or be it death, we only crave reality..." Why is what I find on the net suggestively called virtual reality and what I find in my books, magazines, Imagination and Curiosity relegated to reality. Is it because we have let our policies and politics be dominated by the real politick of a more recent Henry...

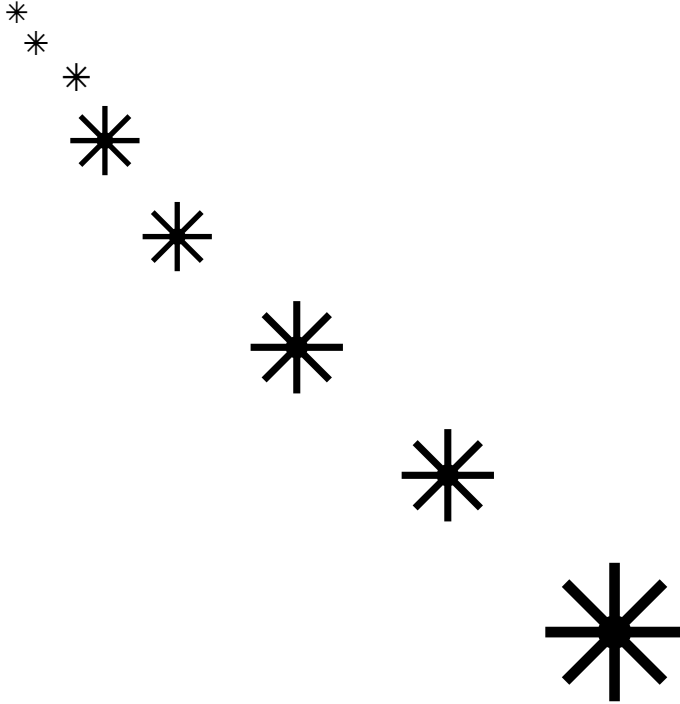
Years ago, when I lived in Back Bay, before Henry went to the Beltway to serve Nelson and Tricky Dick, Henry was my less than amicable neighbor... He worked in the Harvard's CIA (Center for International Affairs, later initialed as CFIA, but that didn't stop the bombing in Cambodia ...) (Kissinger was his name?) and I labored in that struggling school of slight prestige in the Crimson Cloak, The Harvard Graduate School of Education... only later to challenge, on sexist and ageist grounds, UNESCO's Preamble, "Since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that we must build the defenses of Peace." I would be the first applicant and supplicant to sponsor and attend a Constitutional Convention to reform this pre-ambulatory proclamation... Since wars begin in the lives of children, it is in the spirits of children that we must seed the dreams of Peace. Would we find in each of us our childness?

Taylor jests and gestures that he is probably the only person who has spent the last 30 years thinking about what the meaning of is is.... I wonder beyond that wondering, I learned Spanish sum 48 solar revolutions ago.....and I still wonder through the magic of two BEs... the Spanish verbs ser and estar for two conditions of being..... Here, and everywhere, I would suggest that Taylor is well poised to consider himself a philosopher of culture. Would that more of our many philosophers perceived a persistent ideal and real necessity for all of us to be philosophers of culture. In any case, were that the case, we might reduce the frequency of our sadly named cultural wars.

I find something specious in the suggestion that the internet can democratize education if the managers draw on academic stars...to the exclusion of the quiet, yea poetic educators exemplified in the persona of an Emily Dickinson, or a David Thoreau, a Tiny Tim, Santos Elves (AKA our Santa Selves--the English Department in ivy-clad Williams College might teach you that this is the case of the misplaced apostrophe.) and my great mentor Peter Rabbit, who ever taught me and still warns me to look on both sides of any barrier. Don Pedro Conejo knows that there is more life value in 24 carrots than in 24 karats...Don Q will instruct us in harnessing wind power...

I have delayed in writing this reply to Taub's taunt, so that I could taste turkey, yams, cornbread stuffing, salad, cranberry sauce, and pecan pie... THANKS GIVING, giving thanks, is a daily, every day activity as well as an annual rite and response, ability... The constant communiqés of commercial Christmases did not plague us in my childhood until Thanks Giving was made... Now, I carry the challenges of Christmas giving through the entire year and last year as I put on my work clothes once again to be my Santa Self for a few of the abandoned children of my metropolis, I wrote a plea that we need a gift for Santa. If you have any sacred spaces in your life to share with me, please contribute to a gift for santa! (With such a gift we will add the veritable to the virtual and we may indeed and in deed discover that education is a daring, endearing and enduring enterprise, a prize for the taking...) LEARNING TO BE is better, borrowing the title of my favorite UNESCO publication, LEARNING TO BE... Yet, before I close the chapter of my thoughts here, let me show something important in planetary patriotism.....with Marxist maxim, the world is my patria... **if i get in trouble with ashcroft, perchance you will help me...** Click Here: [The Ashcroft Smear \(washingtonpost.com\)](http://www.washingtonpost.com)

Should u have problems with electives, admissions and admonitions in AWE and elsewhere, I recommend a sliding scaes of ANSWERS MARKS, on our marks, get set, and GO!



i use my ANSWER MARK--an eight rayed star--
to disguise the worst frustrations i have,
frequently,
with commas, periods, question marks,
exclamations, dashes, semi-colons, colons,
pluses and minuses... especially minuses...
i have a little crystal ball to divine any doubts and doubters,
to prove to all doubting janes and jameses
that i have all my marbles....
my Mother carefully guarded my childhood marbles, for many years,
when she thought i was response,able enuf to care for them,
she shipped them eastward where they rolled around happily on the floor,unsettling
clients in my academented office,in the harvard graduate school of education.

Sr. Don Mister Sir Squire Scott Winlaw, Esq.
Squire and Handyman of Hazy Heather Manor
The Westlands of Heather Heath and Beyond
Scotland, The UK, Europe, Planet Earth
The Only Universe We Know...

My dear Squire and Handyman Winlaw,

Wiggling one's toes is the neglected art of longevity and most people never relearn the sport so rudely taken away from them when "careing" parents and other care "takers" incarcerate the toes of lovely, lively infants into booties and subsequently into shoes. We Earthlings of the socalled "developed" nations are **NO INDEX**

We have a hammock for you to celebrate your freedom(s) from weekly regimented commutes to Gladglow Town, and we want you to string it up in some lovely, lazy lounge area of your squiredom... Place it away from the calls of the sheep and chickens, place it in some partial shade, place it with some wide horizon, place it to your heart's content... George (as in GBSHaw) believed that there are or were two great tragedies in LIFE, not to get one's heart's desire and to get one's heart's desire... My ever altering-self, David Inkey, has discovered a third and far greater, pervasive tragedy, NOT TO KNOW ONE'S HEART'S DESIRE....

We trust that in socalled "retirement" you will find YOUR HEART'S DESIRE and have many many solar and planetary revolutions in which to enjoy, enjoy and enjoy... Should you have some difficulty changing your off the ground balance, in Hammocking, we suggest that you ever so quietly and cleverly "kid" "nap" Master Oliver, your new little GRAND SON, and that both of you together learn to nap nicely in cool, autumnal after-noons... Before Master Oliver's mind and spirit are cluttered with the noises of human speech you can teach him a few of the elements of being truly humane and in Nature, you and he can grow in spirit, murmuring each to the other, "We grow in Beauty, as Beauty grows in us..."

If you have any trouble adjusting to some of the facts and fictions of Hammock Life, please come here to Racc Ridge at your earliest convenience, and we will be more than delighted, indeed enchanted to instruct you in the fine art(s) of liberation theology and FREEDOM...You will be AWE-STRUCK how the days and daze of LIFENESS merge... LIFENESS being the relation of all Beings one to Another..

Luv, David Inkey

A page to resolve.....
The Learning Continuum
Racc Ridge, Wandering Lane
Curiosity Complex, The State of Awe
The "United" States of "America"
The Western Hemispher
Planet Earth, The Universe...

August AUGUST 32rd, 6002

THE YELLOWED VALENTINE
¡HYDROLOGY 102 AND 101!

RACC RIDGE

Racc Ridge is an abbreviation for Raccoon Ridge... Our first year here, now, already, just, yet, 20 years ago this month...shortly after we moved in, in our first winter, breaking fast in the sunporch, Betsy looked out at our neighbors' huge maple and 30 feetz up, thereabouts, what should she see peeping out of a most magnificent Pooh Periscope Positioning Cave, a raccoon. Thus, this edenic site on the Mianus River and Mianus Pond was labeled for the rest of eternity. Racc Ridge...

grand canyon Walden charters taj Galapagos

I shuld rapsodizzzze.....

world heritage sites.....UN UNU.....ds hu umkc

Second Foil.

THE PLAINTIFF'S APPEAL:

An Almost Modern Self.....

INKEY'S EVEN TIDE

an almost present,able self...

phillip's phil,harmonic ÷unlimited additions÷ antarcticu@aol.com

DAVID, as THOREAU, or as DAVID...

DAVID INKEY: AS PEACE HOSTAGE!

I went to OZ to do research for a book, a self-help testimonial for all those

¡A REFORMED (?) HARVARD

an almost modern man...

¡AN ODE TO EASE! no?

UNZONED! poems zzz

Oh, I should tell you about Santa's Identity...

a gift for santa?

DAVID INKEY: PUBLIC SCHOLAR!

I went to The Kingdom of OZ to do public research for a book, a self-help book for

THE FUTURITY ¿OF NTHROPOLOGY? Anthropology remains intriguing and creatively

diverse, iconoclastic and

Educational "Ownership"

P C! by SANTA CLAUS!

EPILOGUE

P C! BY SANTA CLAUS

Just A Moment, Of Silence! Just Minutes And Pieces, Of Peace...

November Daze

Professor Peace Smith, Chairperson
Search Committee in Public Policy
The Learning College

Dear Peace Smith,

Once upon a Time, just thirty-two years ago, fortunately, or so I believe, I was an unsuccessful candidate for an ethnographic position in The Learning College... I was simply and most candidly, even blatantly, just not the appropriate candidate.... Now, despite the fact that I think that TLC's PEACE CHAIR is one of the greatest challenges in all of Academe, still, perhaps, just possibly, even in someone's probability theory, I still, just may not be the appropriate challenger, contender, candidate, though I am well practiced and successful in public policy and public scholarship.

Several good and bad teachers in high school set me on a path to explore many PCs, Planetary Culture and Personal Commitment, being most cherished fields.

In my second year of high school I was labeled, by a most unsympathetic teacher, to be a sophomoric agitator. The shock was instant and eternal... Defensively, I replied, "Yes, I am a Sophomoric Agitator because I believe in justice for Harold (a learning different Native American friend of mine)." (I was most defensive, though then we neither used the term "learning different," nor "Native American.") Further, I confessed, that subsequently, I would in all probability be a Junior Agitator, and eventually, if stilllllll fortunate, I would be, perhaps, probably, even a(n exalted) Senior Agitator.

Life has been indeed generous to me, in health, prosperity, intelligence, even Wit and Wisdom. In bucolic splendor now, housed in a 220 year young converted vegetable barn, looking daily into the virtually still waters of the Mianus Pond, I am an untiring retiree. I grow in Beauty as Beauty grows in me... I know of no better way to express my learning and commitment to "protecting the environment." In commitments concerning Peace, Participation, and Poverty, I am engaged in a forty year project from 1992-2031 AD, to create a Peace Fair starting on the third Tuesday in September 2031 AD, to celebrate the 3300TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PEACE TREATY OF RAMSES II AND HATTUSILIS, the first known such accord in

the human(e) pilgrimage... (Don't you find "warfare" and welfare" exhausting compared to the potential of Peacefare and a Peace Fair... The artful icon of Ramses hieroglyphics and Hattusilis' cuneiform work is replicated on the facing wall of the corridor leading to the ¿Security? Council in the United Nations Headquarters... Surely, all committed to "a free and uncensored forum for original voices in the arts" should be familiarized to the Icons of Peace in the United Nations... I append a little guided essay on this should you and your colleagues wish to venture into artful arenas in what Connor Cruise O'Brien has described as THE UNITED NATIONS, SACRED DRAMA.

With imagining and imaging arts, I am committed to international (supra-national) and interspecies understanding. As a "reformed, Harvard anthropologist" I am cultured in Culture, continuously curious, and constantly craving creativity, in others as in myself. Care-fully, the eee (ease) of education, environment and equity supply the first letter of a spell I compulsively construct... Peace, Poverty, Prosperity and Population provide "P." Imagination, industry, imagery, internationalism and interspecies indices give "I." Culture, commitment, conscience, consideration, Curiosity and creativity supply "C." In easy scrabble, I find EPICs to link to ETHOS, ETHICS, and ENDEAVORS. My picture of Polis provides Policy.

In the commercial drives of Green Town, of which Curiosity Corner is a part, I find much beauty, but I lack a community of what you term "informed citizenry." I would barter some of my Time and small portions of my Freedom for Membership in your small liberal arts community. Was it only a thousand years ago that I was one of just 15 students on the 50,000 acre campus of Deep Springs College. We had greater community in Deep Springs than I have ever found since, but it was too intense, too isolated from the global issues that have seized almost half a century of my life sentence. I wish to con-tent you with four old letters of recommendation, for I shouldn't trouble Conny, Don, Leroy and Eddie for new prose when what they have already written about me and the appropriateness to my occupying TLC's Peace Chair is humbling beyond measure....

**If unsuccessful in any TLC program, I will remain in
...Awe...**

Very sincerely, David Inkey

9. an agenda, in peace...

cribbed by david inkey

VREDE, PAKE SALAAM, SHANTI, MIR, PAU, HE PING, MIR,
PATUKAYNUMIN, FRED, SULH, VREDE, PEACE, ERKIGSINEK, BULA, RAUHA,
PAIX, FRIEDEN, IRINI, ALOHA, SHALOM, SHANTI, BÉKE, FRI<UR,
DAMAI, SÍOCHÁIN, PACE, HEIWA, AMAHORO, PHYONGHWA, SANTIPHAP,
EMIREMBE, KEAMANAN, PACI, RONGO, SHANTI, FRED, SULH,
KATAHIMIKAN, YATANPA, POKÓJ, AMAHORO, MIR, SHANTI, MIR,
RUNYARARO, PAZ, AMANI, FRED, SAMADANAM, SANTIPHAP, SIDI,
BARIS, AMAN, HÒA BÌNH HEDDWICH, UKUTHULA

(The identity of these peace words is given on **pages == and ==...**)

Peace is so beneficial that the word itself is pleasant to hear.
Cicero....

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Cemented.... Cement tarrying.....

Once upon a time about a dozen years ago a friend of mine asked me on the basis of my extensive pre-war experience in El Salvador how I would go about re-establishing peace in Central America, after the worst battles of the war(s) in El Salvador.... The friend speaks Nepali, Loatian, French, Creole, Spanish and I don't know how many other languages...

Modestly, veering between English and Spanish, without even employing Franglais, I suggested that we might really need to work in concrete terms, lay some foundations, plan against terrorism, floods and earthquakes... And that indeed many "elements" in El Salvador would need to be reconnected. I suggested, "Let's send a boatload of cement to El Salvador!" Further, I shared my thoughts that we should work to reconstruct all the damaged plazas and play areas. Our cementing peace was to be symbolic of creative participation and leisurely pursuit of understanding... Schools, hospitals, roads and other development projects should be financed through the more traditional aid and loan systems... OUR GIFT OF PEACE should be resolute and concrete in its fabulous symbolism ANDand we announce both in Spanish and English, 'We want to cement Peace in El Salvador....' (Cimentar la Paz!)

Unicef, to the best of my knowledge never called any cement companies...
I called two international consortia, but my deals and idea(l)s wouldn't float.

david inkey

My friend colleague's name is Gautum.....
a name related to that great leader Buddha....

THE PEACES OF PEACE

Peace is not a Season. It is a Way of Life.
Anonymous

I do not know how many peaces there are to the great puzzle of peace, but I do know that throughout human history more people than I could or would care to count have collected the pieces of war. In the lifetime of half of the people ever on Earth we have had some 150 wars. Since 1945 we have avoided a World War of the fighting kind, but the deprivation and fiduciary folly of the Cold War and continuous arming of virtually every nation on Earth have mortgaged man's and woman's potential humanity. (In 1950 we were approximately 2.5 billion people on Earth and in 1987 we had increased to an estimated 5 billion.)

The economic, social, health and education victims of the streets, the street children of the World, are now so deprived by inequity that frequently it is difficult-to-impossible to distinguish the state of these children from victims of the armed wars. There are some 12-14 million refugees in the world, of whom women and children constitute the overwhelming majority. The United Nations Children Fund estimates that in World War I, only about 5 percent of casualties were civilians. In World War II the figure rose to some 50 percent and in our various recent wars

civilians have made up 80 to 90 percent of the total casualties. Further, of the estimate of upwards of 20 million people killed in all the wars since 1945, the majority have been women and children. Three times as many people, that is some 60 million, are estimated to have been injured in wars and civil strife in these later years of the 20th Century.

I am an anthropologist of peace. I am a student of peace and war, because I have through my life believed that war is wrong. I have never seen an armed war because I refused to participate in the Korean War. Instead, I went to work on community development in a Third World nation where I discovered anthropology, another language, another history, dire health problems, enormous educational lacunae, etc. Then and there, and since, I committed myself to studying the pieces of peace. Although I have done this for almost 40 years, I still have not discovered how to identify all the pieces of peace nor have I a very good idea how to put together these pieces of the Peace Puzzle I have found. We can gripe and grieve and grovel through bivouacs, battles and barricades. We have been generous with war toys for our children and then we grieve when we lose our children in wars. We load medals on our military, but we ignore or repudiate the objector who refuses to see war as any solution to political and social problems. We practically write our history around our wars.

Throughout our history we have chronicled our wars with more pride than shame. Our great 19th Century humorist Mark Twain observed that history is the lies you can get believed. Our post World War II observation.. is that the victors are always the historians. We have prized our victories rather than counted collective costs. We have spent lives --always of the young--wasted lands and destroyed legacies, to dominate, demean and destroy. We can joke that the bow and arrow were the weapons to end war. We fought a world war to end war. We accumulate destructive capacity to wipe out the enemy (and ourselves) many, many times over. Does it matter whether that capacity is 50 times over or only 20? or 12? We expect peace to be in the future rather than to start today.

It is frequently said in the peace camps that the only way to stop the arms race is to stop. In the war camps the ideology is to outnumber the enemy in every capacity. May we apply the same logic to war and say that the only way to stop war is to stop? Some 25 or 30 years ago one peace organization had a poster with the magnificent caption: *SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR AND NOBODY CAME.* Giving a war is not like

giving a party. Modern warfare has depended considerably upon conscription and war education, be it as subtle as a reserve officer training corps or as blatant as a patriotism under the banner of "my country right or wrong, my country."

If Peace is not a Season, or is not to be only a season, but Peace is to be a Way of Life, then, we need to start that form of life. There is an old quotation from Quakerism that we might aspire to: "I (we) live in the virtue of that life that takes away the cause of all war". We have not learned well the lessons of peace, for if we had, then we would not resort to heated and prolonged wars, be they even cold...

What is Peace Education? What did I learn differently as a child that made me so completely abhor modern warfare and made me little interested in earlier war, except for the pageantry?

In 1939, as Hitler invaded his neighbors, I was approaching my 8th birthday, and I saw pictures of suffering and despoiling. I do not know how old I was when I saw the picture of the desolate Manchurian child alone on the rail tracks and that of the middle-aged Parisian man crying and crying as the Nazis invaded his City of Light. These pictures are the most engraven pictures lodged in my memory of WWII--excepting only the mushroom clouds of Bikini, Nagasaki and Hiroshima. Savings stamps, scrap drives, writing on both sides of homework, having no erasers, rationing and the gas shortage ~ere parts of my War Education. I do not remember that either the nation or the state was giving me any Peace Education.

Whether it was the injunctions of the Old Testament that one should not kill, or those of the New Testament that one should love one's neighbor, that more strongly ingrained themselves into me, I do not know.... I do know that my early years were deeply influenced by a comfortable middle-class existence in the depths of the Depression and that as I saw soup-lines the plight of unemployed and marginals of that era struck deep-deep into the consciousness of a sensitive child. The families who lined up at our church's soup kitchen were then probably as wanting as the homeless I now see in New York City every day.... I suppose that one of the cardinal principles of my Peace Education has been and will always be that the destitute suffer whether the suffering be caused by an economic conflict or by military impact.

I do not know how to search through the myriad fragments of impressions and fuller memories to explain my feelings about peace. In the early 1950s when I was entering

my 20s I lived some 80 miles west of Frenchman's Flats and I observed in the dawns of winter mornings a number of the flashes of our early A-Bomb tests. Raw, terrible awe and dumb fascination captured my thoughts and feelings and in college I analyzed War and Peace, Crime and Punishment, the Brothers K, Mark Twain's War Prayer, peace treaties, war pacts, WWII sea battles, The Prince and The Little Prince, the Peloponnesian Wars, The Punic Wars, the Iliad, The Odyssey, Xenophon, Alexander, Clausewitz, Woodrow Wilson, Patton, Marshall, Nuremberg, Appomattox, Valley Forge. The Boston Tea Party (which coincidentally is the same date as my birthday), Buddha, Confucius, Tao, Hinduism, Judaism, Christianity, Voltaire, Moliere, Racine, Hobbes, Locke, Lincoln, Napoleon, Louis XIV, Sir Francis Drake, Washington, G.B. Shaw, The Civil War (from both northern and southern points of view), Chief Joseph, Custer, Sitting Bull, the Apache, Pancho Villa, Juarez, Teddy Roosevelt, Gandhi, St. Francis, Oh What a Lovely War, Shakespeare, Whitman, Mein Kampf and uncounted and now unnoted other items. (I was the only person I knew who had sufficient curiosity and persistence to read Mein Kampf.)

One of the great quotes of Eisenhower is apt for both War and Peace Educations: "War in our time has become an anachronism." One of the several people of my time whom I never had the opportunity to meet and know, whom I would very much have liked to know, was Archibald MacLeish, who contributed so eloquently to my peace education, via his immortal words in the Constitution of Unesco: "Since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that the defences of peace must be constructed." Further, in the preamble of the Constitution the founder States affirmed:

That the wide diffusion of culture, and the education of humanity for justice and liberty and peace are indispensable to the dignity of man and constitute a sacred duty which all the nations must fulfill in a spirit of mutual assistance and concern.

That a peace based exclusively upon the political and economic arrangements of governments would not be a peace which could secure the unanimous, lasting and sincere support of the world, and that the peace must therefore be founded, if it is not to fail, upon the intellectual and moral solidarity of mankind.

No one offered me an organized curriculum, but by dint of enquiry and accident I found much on the "intellectual and moral solidarity of mankind" to use in my Peace Education.

The Constitution of Unesco was drawn up in London in 1945. So, it has now been 45 years since Unesco has been helping nations build the defences of peace through multiple school and out of school programs. From some of Unesco's peace education literature I have learned, with horror, that thousands of children from the Crusades, intending to "free the Holy Land," were sold into slavery; that Spinoza wrote, "For peace is not the absence of war, but a quality that springs from spiritual strength." and that Pope Paul VI, who instituted the Day of Peace, celebrated on 1 January every year, wrote for what was to be his last Day of Peace, in 1978:

Peace, let us repeat at once is not a purely ideal dream, nor is it an attractive but fruitless and unattainable Utopia. It is, and must be, a reality--a dynamic reality and one to be generated at every stage of civilization, like the bread on which we live, the fruit of the earth and of divine Providence, but also the product of human work. In the same way peace is not a state of public indifference in which those who enjoy it are dispensed from every care and defended from all disturbance and can permit themselves a stable and tranquil bliss savouring more of inertia and hedonism than of vigilant and diligent vigor. Peace is an equilibrium that is based on motion and continually gives forth energy of spirit and action; it is intelligent and living courage.

Unesco has observed, for a real peace:

Constructing peace is a long-term enterprise, calling for many qualities of head and heart as well as for sheer persistence. Peace is not born only as the result of a treaty, a declaration, even a universal one, nor of an organization even if it is inter-governmental and worldwide. Doubtless it calls for time and patience and a movement of individual consciences.

It has taken me half a century to write these lines, but I write them with great sense of inner peace, despite my consternation about the wars which now plague us.

In closing, I should like to offer two lists of words about war and peace, that I have prepared in recent days specifically for this Peace Education. For WAR, we move from the negative reality of armaments to the danger of zealotry; while for PEACE, we move from the enthusiasm of zeal to the rapture of awe. It is no accident that yearning is on both lists...

Pieces in the puzzle. . .

armaments	zeal
bomb	yearning
cruelty	x-hilaration
destruction	wonder
evasion	vow
fighting	union
guns	trust
hate	security
injury	reverence
jealousy	quest
killing	peace
lust	openness
murder	need
neglect	meaning
oppression	love
persecution	knowledge
quandary	joy
revenge	insight
surrender	hope
trauma	grace
unrest	faith
vexation	elation
war	devotion
x-tinction	care
yearning	beauty
zealotry	awe!

May we each help one another explore the peaces of Peace.

Peace,
David Inkey
UNESCO Advisor to UNICEF (February 1990)

an agenda in peace or jonathan's soliloquy

At approximately 15 minutes past 8 in the morning on Sunday June 29, 2003, Jonathan Keen and David Inkey (names moderately, modestly changed) met on PC topics of peaceful coexistence, planetary culture, and the ultimate PC, personal commitment. Jonathan is in the 18th Solar Revolution of his Life Sentence on Planet Earth and at 17+ has been already been arraigned for presumably disturbing the peace, a specious peace at best. David is a PC of many sorts and sizes, mostly a practicing curmudgeon, having orbited the morning star 71 times in his search for peace counselors, peace councils and prime causes. He has never been arraigned, but in 1953 in integration efforts in WDC, he had a close brush with such an option. He is many times more culpable than Keen is. GB Shaw once made a rude remark that youth is such a marvelous quality that it is a tragedy (or shame) that it is wasted on young people. When one meets a youth such as JK, one knows that such youthfulness is not wasted...

Both J&D, participants in the UNCA Summer Institute on Nonproliferation of WMDs (University of North Carolina-Asheville Summer Institute on Nonproliferation of Weapons of Mass Destruction) colluded "Let there be Peace and let IT begin with, grow in, us.

To make a short story longer, let me confess that J&D quickly attempted to set the stage, arrange the props, properties and proprieties and organize the stagehands, non-discriminately as to right-handedness, left handedness or ambidexterity. By the "end" of the morning, my new, fresh, bright, lively, quiet, composed colleague of some sum of patient courtesy and pacific compliance, agreed to conceptualize, construct, contrast and coalesce IDs, i.e., Ideas, Doubts, Ideals and Dreams of PC, peace curricula, peace consciousness, succinctly.

On Monday morning Jonathan failed to deliver the anticipated goods, due to a bio-terror error in his health system, due to a high fever. Monday evening, Jonathan raised my Joy to supra-Everestian heights, which I trust you, dear reader, dear listener, will appreciate when you read hear here his words reproduced in this epistle. The font is comic sans ms.

Tuesday lunch, one of our fellow conferees, jimmy p, my flourishing Floridian, philosopher, my friend, and I gently corrected 3 or 4 typos in Keen's testament and suggested quotation marks for the words "rogue" and "puppets," lest Jonathan's be arrested for gross allegations, clumsy calumny and clever character assassination. Three strikes in public conversation might alarm all in Patriot Act action...

Thursday morning in the PC session of planning curricula and Keen gave us his soliloquy, from his heart, mind and soul. K, i hear an echo from Hiroshima:

30 June 2003

Dear David,

Having never attended a college course, and being a newcomer to the field of non-proliferation, I feel ill equipped to help prepare the curriculum for such a course. However, I can quite easily give you the perspective of curious student with no prior experience in the field and give you an idea of what I might like to draw from such a class. I shall do my best.

I do have some experience with the student peace movement, so on that level I may be able to contribute a bit. This March (and February, and January, and December), I organized the Books Not Bombs student protest at Asheville High School (in conjunction with the National Youth Student Peace Council), which took place on March 5; intended to protest the 20% increase in defense spending that occurred simultaneously with a 15% cut in educational spending for the 2004 fiscal year. Although 300 or more students did walk out that day, I accomplished little more than alienating the conservative residents (this is still the bible belt, you know) and, of course, my subsequent arraignment. There is a lesson to be learned here. As one of the top students at Asheville High, I was amazed at how few of my peers participated in the walk out. It seems that the main issue in providing young adults with a peacenik education is that you have two groups of people whose interest is in need of cultivation. You have the students who believe in the cause, but are also practical enough to see the apparent impossibility of it, and therefore become cynical and detached. I have been there. The worst part is that the most brilliant minds so often tend to fall into this trap. A peace education should be able to rekindle these students' beliefs and perhaps to give them hope. On the other end of the spectrum, you have the students who are too naive and idealistic, the students who walk out of a high school expecting George W. Bush to flip on the news, observe, and promptly withdraw troops from the Persian Gulf. The students who, when this is not the case, are crushed and forsake the movement. Therefore an education in peace must counteract both. It must teach:

- That the peace movement is an ongoing struggle, which can never be completely lost.
- The necessity of a peace movement.
- The positive effects of such a movement, even under a hostile (ignorant?) regime.
- The variety of channels through which one can move for peace.
- The good this can accomplish.
- The harm this can cause.
- The history of the peace movement.
- The importance of non-violence (people remember Dr. King, not Allison Krause).
- A realistic set of expectations for the push for peace.
- Goals that a student need never forsake, but will still require a great deal of effort.

These are all elementary issues of a peace education, but I can assure you that for any young person, they are absolutely essential to understand before one can embrace the peace movement. Ninety-nine out of one hundred students will graduate from high school without knowing much, if any, of the above. As a teacher, before you delve into non-proliferation with a group of students, you must understand that few if any know where they truly stand on the peace issue.

As for non-proliferation, I can only give you the perspective of an intrigued outsider. After listening to two or three lectures, here are some of the things that I would most like to know. Perhaps this can shed some light on the perspective of a college student in an entry-level non-proliferation course.

- What occupations/vocations are available in the non-proliferation field
- What is the history of the development of non-proliferation
- What treaties exist today
- Which nations sign and obey these treaties
- Which do not; which nations are the aggressors .'
- What recourse do the signatories of these treaties have when other signatories fail to live up to their commitments
- Some knowledge of nuclear chemistry is necessary, a good percentage of incoming college students will have no idea how a nuclear device works, what is meant by enriched plutonium/uranium, why finding a centrifuge in a field in Iraq matters (or doesn't)
- To understand non-proliferations, adequate knowledge of world history is necessary. This is the biased perspective of a history buff
- What are the specific areas of nuclear threat or potential nuclear threat
- Who are the players in these conflicts
- What is the source(s) of these conflicts
- What steps are being taken to resolve them
- What further steps can/should be taken
- There are five big players that seem to be involved in any global conflict, either overtly or covertly. These are the United States, the Soviet Union/Russia, China, Japan, and Western Europe (can generally be grouped in one category until Blair decided to go "rogue")
- What role do each of these states play in these conflicts
- What states are Soviet "puppets", which are American "puppets", which are Sine "puppets",
- How does resentment of these nations drive the conflict
- How does loyalty to these nations drive the conflict
- Specifically, the effects of British, French, and American imperialism have created nuclear hotbeds in Africa and South Asia, Indochina, and all over the world, respectively
- Study of how this came to be, the purpose, the effects, etc. is needed.
- Study of the Cold War is also important as many of the nuclear issues that exist today

are derived from the Russo-American tensions that have only recently (and not completely) been listened

- In the same vein, some study of areas where the nuclear threat does not exist, but if it should develop there it would be catastrophic (i.e. the formerly Yugoslav republics, the Congo basin, Argentina) would be helpful
- As a rising college student what I know least about in terms of non-proliferation is not what conflicts exist, but what can be done to ease the tensions and to make non-proliferation a reality.
- What agencies enforce/encourage non-proliferation
- What incentives are given for signing non-proliferation treaties
- What is the stance of organizations such as the UN, NATO, SEATO, etc.

I hope that I have not been totally unhelpful, but again, I am a public high school student. I am not — sure how frequently I will attend the Institute, as a fair amount of the material is somewhat over my head, or, in the case of curriculum development, irrelevant. I am attempting to juggle a schedule of work, a heavy load of summer work for school, training for three sports, playing with a band, acting, and probably plenty of things I have forgotten about. Unfortunately I did not have enough advance warning about the institute to clear my schedule. However, I will make every effort to attend as often as I can. This morning I seem to have come down with something, and I decided not to shower my germs over everyone in attendance. I should be back in attendance tomorrow. If for any reason you need to get in touch with my, you can call my cell phone at ----- . The only times that I would not answer would be if I were at work or cross-country practice, but I will of course return your call. If there is any way I can further assist you, please let me know.

Sincerely,

Jonathan Keen

Jonathan and I did not agree, nor disagree, whether we should justif (y)our margins...

In awe, david inkey

a peaceful caution

comments, written when I was 65!

I want three peaces of Peace... First, of all, I want Inner Peace. Second, I wish for Communal Peace. Third, I long for Universal Peace... We all know that Peace is a Noun...but I want It to be a Verb, two, too... A Verb in Active Voice and a Transitive Verb as durable as all those grammar lessons I endured endurable ages ago... I have been engaged, very, very engaged in revolutionary activities for almost two-thirds of a century. I have made Sixty-Five Revolutions inside of the Heliopause and I would like today or in sum daze to come to be able to escape just once beyond our soft solar waves into the galactic glory of greater spheres...

I am sentenced to life on Planet Earth... My sentence is an indeterminate one, but I seriously suspect that I am to endure a hundred cycles before Liberation loosens lines of learning and I can soar like astral dust, like ashes from a Phoenix's feet, to return to The Stars, for I am made of star-stuff.

In the Hills of Idaho, more than half a hundred years ago, "they" never told me that I would someday become a Knighted Being in the corridors and chambers of The United Nations, nor that I would be Sainted, not as a subordinate Clause, but as Santa Claus for all the world's children, bridging two isles/aisles of supra-national cooperation, UNICEF and UNESCO, nor that I would be dubbed by a troika of individually inspired inspirational international, Planetary Citizens, to be a first, the first, THE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER.

In myths of other millennia, magicians gave mere mortals three wishes... Imagine! If I, little ME... were now to be given a similar bounty, I would wish for just three peaces of Peace... My Magi have given me three wishes and I have already earned Inner Peace... Quite frequently, I have been honored to see, scent, feel, taste, and touch Communal Peace...often enuf to make within me an assurance that Communal Peace is sensible, available to all our senses, including Love, hope, faith, doubt, worry, hurt, sorrow, grief, humor and Awe, especially Awe. No magi, nor IMAGINEERS, no

teachers, tutors, mentors, nor fellow students have yet been able to show me the paradigms, parameters, particles, patterns and perspectives of Universal Peace.

Yet, I am still not enuf dis-couraged, distanced from Courage, to believe that my longing for Universal Peace is "unreal." Along my various ways and byways, I have seen and touched, scented and sensed, tasted and trusted, heard and sounded a universal longing for Peace, so great that if Universal Peace does not exist in some waiting space and time above, below, around and within us, I still, so silently and softly and serenely seek it, that all the daze of my Life seem as one day, lightened and enlightened by a Peace which passes all present understanding.

I have found a few words that do not fit our usual experiences, some unwords and UN WORDS, which for me ever so simply and significantly suggest that semantics, philology, etymology and ICONOLOGY are not going to give to us the degree of comprehension we long for... But, un-folding such expressions as unfolding and UN FOLDING will, I believe help all of us be Response-able to greater Responsibility, be Sensible to greater Sensibilities, become greater Wits and Witnesses to Wisdom...

Come with me, through my story, which is both mystery and my story, to see, touch, taste, scent, hear, hope, live, and Love in one of our stories, the little story of a new, tender, weak, wounded experience of the search for Peaces... I did not ask to be, nor have I refused being, iTHE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER!

-----January 1, 2003-----

Now explained, i have found universal peace and inner peace within the life and death of my friend and former student, shah dev, His Majesty Birendra Bir Bikram Shah Dev of Nepal, 1945-2001. I experience inner peace and universal peace... Communal Peace, the Peace of Planetary Culture is now my longing and my challenge...

THE COP FOR THE DOW...

cribbed by david inkey, antarctica university in unlimited additions?

I would never ever intentionally employ a slang term to call a policeperson a "cop," unless the most compelling, strident, urgent jesting required such an impropriety... I am so innocent in the arts and artifices of finance that I have never set one foot, nor two, into the inner-sanctum of the Stock Market, though I have ventured to Wall Street to see the edifice complex there.

No, no, nay, never... I am concerned, profoundly concerned with the acronymic COP which humans have yet to comprehend, embrace and explicate, the International Decade for a Culture of Peace and Non-violence for the Children of the World (2001-2010). I would subscribe, inscribe, over scribe, energetically, enthusiastically, ominously, even unanimously to the decade, yet I would simultaneously, subversively, stridently complain, rant and rave on the "restrictions" imposed... Why, why, why limit the programming "for the Children of the World." Don't the frame-makers know that I need peace and non-violence as completely, simply and complexly as any kidlet... Do you suppose the drafty draftspeople employ(ed) the word "children" to encompass all of us for all of our childness... If this is the usage, then I support the label...

Now, dear listener, dear reader, dear self, COP is comprehensive and comprehended as Culture of Peace. What about the Dow... do we really need to raise the stakes on the Dow while financial practices in our banking systems are being subjected to fines, penalties and publicity?

What about the DOW? I created this acronym to signify the diseases of war. Diseases of war are the DOW... Now, up to this juncture in time, listener, reader, you probably thought, if you were thinking, that I, the united nations anthropologist, was am will employ the term "culture" in the anthropological, culturalogical and illogical sense of human behavior and lack of humane behavior behaviour...let's please the English writers as well as the American... No, nay, never... I am not so constrained, restrained, detained, imprisoned... I believe that the diseases of war are both cultural and biological... Let's use this page as an exam quest(ion) to resolve Thomas's doubtless dilemma, Thomas Mann

told us less than a century ago, "War is only a cowardly escape from the problems of Peace."

the last war of my life... guns of august revisited... 1011

Oh, so long ago and so far away, more than 3 score years ago, i fought in the first and last war of my lifeness. i was recruited by two belligerent siblings to participate in the battle of park gulch in the sunnyside wars of august 1937. we the valley or flatland kidlets were charged and overcharged by the highland hillbilly aliens and our task was premodern, we knew nothing of ethnic cleansing. we wanted to dirty them... they were all protestant white americans... we were a hoke-us-poke-not-us medley mix of mirthful migrant americans from england, ireland, wales, japan and germany. we scarcely knew of the league of nations and we were ahead of the united nations. i was a non-combatant 5.5 yearun assigned to collecting spent rubber bands to reload our clothespin-triggered wooden rifles. my alien counterpart and i were not supposed to be fired upon, scavenging cautiously beneath blankets to protect our flanks. thru wit and wisdom i learned to become something of an international civil servant with many years of service in several sections of the united nations, i matured enuf to read from the past and the present to be extremely kind - carefully curios, even imaginative for the future.

it is now october 2002, the 11th will be eleanor roosevelt's 118th birthday and i am sharing the universal declaration of human-e rites and rights with all whom i know, to honor the first woman to be the first woman of the world... yet, i cannot give all my attention to positive passion... i am obliged by circumstances little to my liking, to remember the past, member the present, and pre-member the future, while the world's solitary superpower speculates on pre-emptive striking and "regime change." i thought i had learned most of the oxymorons while i was getting a doctorate in social anthropology... perchance i wasn't social enuf...

W wants to obliterate the evil axis, iraq, iran and north korea, commencing with saddam and moving eastward slamming islam and taking the core out of divided korea... i do not work alone, to try to understand what was, is and might be, i turned to benny cohen's text, the oliver wendell holmes lectures - 1961, THE UNITED NATIONS, Constitutional Developments, Growth, and Possibilities, harvard university press, 1961. my copy was deacquisitioned by MIT in 2002, containing the original library card, showing use by only 5 patrons or clients, betwixt march 1962

and february 1965... however, under-use or use or overuse is not what concerns me in book-handling... what concerns me and what i believe ought to concern all of us is the under-use of the observational wisdom of professor cohen... the book is slight in size, only 101 pages of text...

for me, a present to the present, two and a quarter pages from leaf 36 to the top of page 38 suffice as warning, dire warning of our perennial neglect of the United Nations... a staunch, dynastic republican senator of then time is my culprit, matching a belligerent white house based "team" now... i wonder whether rummy, dick, W or condee have copies of this book in their bunks or bunkers... they are still yet ever debunking benny... Benny Cohen believed, differently:

Dogmatic judgments about by-passing the United Nations should not be made. But it is clear that the United Nations cannot be an effective instrument in the maintenance of peace and security if the Great Powers keep vital issues which threaten the peace away from the United Nations until they actually erupt into war.

The United Nations is not a totalitarian institution. The Charter does not require all international action to be done in or through the United Nations. The Charter (Article 33) expressly urges parties to disputes to seek their solution by peaceful means of their own choice. But the Charter provided no excuse for Member States' keeping their disputes from the United Nations when the disputes are of a character to threaten the maintenance of peace.

* * *

The by-passing of the pacific settlement functions of the United Nations cannot be excused because of the inability of the Great Powers to agree upon the implementation of Article 43, which was intended to make available to the Security Council armed forces of Member States. The lack of agreement among the Great Powers which had rendered Article 43 inoperative may necessitate and justify collective defense arrangements like NATO, but such arrangements cannot supplant the peaceful settlement functions of the United Nations.

Regional and collective defense arrangements are lawful under Article 52 and 52 of the Charter. Such arrangements properly conceived and carried out need not undermine, but can reinforce and support, the Charter. On the whole NATO has helped, not hindered, its members in meeting their responsibilities to the United Nations. (This was written in 1961, note d.i.)

But it is not the form of military arrangements as much as the way they are administered that determines whether in fact they support or weaken the Charter. The military officers who administer some of these arrangements, however, too frequently in their public statements speak as if they were unmindful of any obligations toward the United Nations. They seem to accept the point of view expressed by the late Senator Robert A. Taft that collective security under the United Nations is an unworkable principle and that we have "no choice except to disregard the United Nations and to develop our own military policy and our own policy of alliances without regard to the non-existent power of the United Nations to prevent aggression"; that we should use the United Nations only as a "diplomatic weapon," and that "we should have to engage in our own wars when we think we should engage in them and not at other times."¹ Such thinking ignores our obligations under the Charter, as well as the embarrassments and dangers which confront us if we think we can use the United Nations only when it suits our convenience. So long as states adhere to the Charter, they are not free to use the United Nations as a mere diplomatic weapon in the Cold War and to disregard their obligations to refrain from the use of force contrary to the purposes and principles of the Charter.

1 See speech by Senator Robert A. Taft in the United States Senate, January 5, 1951, Congressional Record, Eighty-second Congress, second session, pp. 57, 64. (i have exercised the liberty of *italicizing* Cohen coherence, and of underlining senator bobby's babbling taffy-pull in the senate.... i really don't know quite how to express my deja vu views... a part of my believes or wants to believe that our present administration is not sufficiently adept to know of Cohen's work, Taft's tirade, and United Nations responsibilities... another part of me, or the same part, knows too well that cronyism is a crushing crime... we will be charged and overcharged whatever the corrosive record... thorstein veblen gave us economics of conspicuous consumption, is that what the white house is prescribing instead of easing the tariff on prescription drugs... does no one read thomas mann, awed, astoundingly asserting that war is only a cowardly escape from the problems of peace. how many of our 6 billion human(e)s know that my friend, my democratic monarch, His Majesty Birendra Bir Bikram Shah Dev proclaimed at his Coronation in 1975 that The Kingdom of Nepal be a Zone of Peace and "recruited" 116 signatories to that destiny. And, how many know that we are a scant 29 years short of the 3300th Anniversary of the Peace Treaty of Ramses II of the Egyptians and Hattusilis of the Hittites, 1269 BC...no accommodation for cylindrical change. Why is Antarctica the only continent we have treatyized for Peace...)

the peace dividend ??? a peace dividend ???

never, never, never in "his" story, nor before the our story of mindkind began, have our emperors, empresses kings, queens, sultans, sultanas, emirs, princes. princesses, presidents, prime ministers or less primed ministers, or any other heads of state, imagined, suggested, offered or given an oxymoronic peace dividend after they pretended to lead us through the "glories of war," or even when they got us through the scourge of war.... until George and his colleagues suggested we might have one...

with iron will or even tarnished brass brass and frequently with rusted spirits, our commanders, generals, admirals and be-medalled and ribboned returned "cannon fodder" have told us after the hostilities that we were to have peace.....

indeed or in deed, by sacrifice and superior force, they chorused that they had won the peace, for us... "we" collectively had won the peace by vanquishing evil. since eons, and no one remembers how long an eon is, since almost back to Archbishop Usher's beginning of time, 4004 bc... indeed, or since 1287 bc or 1269 on someone's counting--give or take adjustments of the gregorian calendary--ramses 2 of the egyptians and hattusilis 3 of the hittites mired the soils of asia minor and north africa and cast, probably with the bloods of their tribes, clay tablets etched with promises of peace, since almost 3300 years ago and still counting we have heard after each conflict that we were once again to have peace.

!!!!!!!!!!!!!! in the 20th century of our era, one of the great wars of a super-super-power western tribe, whom his storians have identified as USANS. the USAN president told his people that "he" had won the cold war. he said that the USSRS (pronounced USERS) had lost because their systems were evil and in something called communism they had bankrupted themselves, using too great a proportion of their production for armaments and too little production for the support of their peoples. they hadn't gotten the best of marks, sometimes strangely spelled Marx... that was long ago, too long ago for the commoners among the USANS to remember that the president prior to "the great victor" had called the USSR an Evil Empire. if they had only been able to turn around the "evil" of their doings they would have been able to "live" like the USANS. the gv, great victor, never found "a peace dividend" to give or to share with his people. we do not know whether this was because the people were deaf, "deaf and dumb" or undeserving, but we have numerous reports the gv told his people "read my lips," and we know that one of the clans among the USANS printed posters about the gv. Jorge Busch seems to have been his

name...showing in print that the USANS were supposed to learn lip-reading... (the other form of communication with the deaf in that era was by sign language.) some critics feel that the gv never was comfortable with his people and did not develop his ness, nor our ness...

in the archives of the gv our archaeologists and cryptologists have found signs of skulls and bones and we know from other records of the USANS that this was the mark for poison. some his storians and politicians of that now long forgotten era indicated that the real winners of the cold war were two other quite smaller tribes known as the GEANS and the JANESE. just before the commencement of the cold war, through stranger than strange agreements, the USANS and USERS had been "allies" and had fought the GEANS AND JANESE.

then. several presidents of the USANS despised the power of the USERS and waged long, intense, crippling economic war against the USERS. atomic bombs were the strange and super-powerful weapons of that epoch and USANS and USERS were terrified to use their nuclear devices against one another, yet they continued to stockpile thousand upon thousands of these bombs and the more powerful hydrogen bombs, we think simply to scare each other. farmers even let them confuse the livestock by having silos and silos... thus. the two great tribes engaged in proxy wars, which came to be known as bush wars.... bush wars were conflicts fought between small nations receiving overt or covert and overt and covert arms from the super-tribes. our logographers, cryptologists, linguists and other semiologists have never been able to discern whether there was any relation between what were called bush wars and the faulty record concerning the name of the president, the great victor, who claimed to win the cold war. that was an era, like many eras in human time, when leaders never wanted to take any blame and always but always were willing to take what was called "credit." frequently, in the confusing fragmentary records of that time, we find evidence of dependency psychosis, reflected in the popular phrase, "Let George do it."

some his storians think George did very little, but the his storian i like best has asserted that George did too much. we know that he had proclaimed himself the environmental president but he did not support the major global environmental institutes and conference of his epoch. there is confusion on the date, rio in 1993 or joburg in 2002. further. he proclaimed himself the education president to preside over the privatization of education, but he failed in this. our econostorians believe that George or Jorge, if that was indeed his name, and there seem to have been two

of them, suffered a very serious recession and that what he had hoped to provide as a peace dividend was absorbed in something called bank and savings and loan bailouts. we only know the term bailout as a nautical term of having to pump or bucket water out of a threatened ship and as an aviation term when pilots bailed out of a plane as Jorge had done in the second great war of the 20th century. we don't know why those humans had to have two world wars in the same century, maybe they didn't do a very good job in the first... (our confusion on names is due in part to this George seemingly having four names while most USANS only had three.)

i do not want to confuse you further about petty details not directly related to the peace dividend, or a peace dividend, but it seems the clan territory was also important among the USANS and some places had higher costs and taxes than others....the records are very confusing because the gv kept his official residence in a hotel in a southern part of the tribal territory, in a place call hughston, yet we know his home was in a norther place called Main and he was very much a sailor who prided himself by saying he was a fine commander of the ship of state. we don't know where this ship of state was docked, nor how it was maintained, nor why it was frequently sinking... we do know that in a previous war of the USANS there had been a great battle cry, "REMEMBER THE MAINE." the maine was an USAN ship that had been sunk in a harbor in cuba and sometime in the his story of those 19th and 20th century barbarians cuba was a nuclear base for the USERS to threaten the USANS. (if this is not sufficient confusion for you, you should know that the great victor's wife, a gracious grandmother, was called Barbara. we have not been able to define what is the relation between those called Barbara and the barbarians, nor do we know why one of the great tribal religions of that era had had a saint named Barbara, whom they striped of her saintly status.)

i am sorry that i am not doing a very good job of telling you about the or a peace dividend, but you can tell by the facts and fictions i have available that it is indeed not easy to explain the behavior of the USANS and the USERS and the nature of the world they lived in, which was, as we now say, so very human before it became our humane world. let me try to help you understand one of the great puzzling questions we have from that time. economists were among the chief shamans of the USANS and the USERS and some were highly respected academicians while others were government servants who tried to extract vast sums of money to support the military establishments of those tmes. the end of the 20th century was a terrible period when the one or two percent of the people who were military would take 33 per cent of the annual wealth, exclusive of the one per cent of the people who were

very wealthy who held 37 per cent of the overall wealth. (also, we have a reference that overalls were something to wear.) in 1992 when many were expecting a peace dividend two academic economists and a great pacific former president of the "rich coast" called Costa Rica, asked the great question of how pentagon cutbacks actually further economic growth. this western troika tried to counter those who marshal economic arguments against the military.

the USANS had what they called almost a 1 and 1/2 trillion dollar budget in a 6 trillion dollar economy and they were spending about a third of all the budget on war materiel and warriors. the people never finished paying for past wars while they had to pay for present wars and even prepare for future fights... the military establishment was always telling the people that "security" consisted of being able to destroy the enemy. we know that the USANS were very hard of hearing for from the beginning of their republic, presidents had told them to beware of foreign entanglements and just after the second world war and just before the cold war really intensified a great victor named IKE had told the USANS not to fight a land war in asia and their next president took them into an asian land war.....not even the great psychologists of the USANS could convince people that security is a feeling of safety derived from -----007.

at the beginning of the 20th century they had had a great psychologist at their greatest university and William James wrote an essay on "The Moral Equivalent of War." but most of the USAN libraries at the end of the century did not have copies of this essay, and neither in the national testing nor in the agendas and curricula for education did this great essay appear. george wasn't a charvard man?

the USANS lived in a world of approximately 6 billion people at the end of the 20th century, they were the richest nation in his story. neverthemost, in the last decade of their century one fifth of their children were hungry and they had become the largest debtor nation in history even though they were still the richest. their cities were decaying. their air and water were increasingly polluted. though they schooled most of their progeny, their schools failed to "educate" their people. even one fifth of their adults, according to the grandmother Barbara, could not read and this was half a millennium after the development of printing. the USANS failed even to protect themselves against "overpopulation." they did not contribute to the united nations population fund. they quit unesco. they kept the un in penury. they fought great verbal wars as to whether women have the right to determine the use of their own bodies. schools in every tribal district, the so-called states, were having

curriculum wars about family life education, while family values controlled elections. some schools started condom distributions and other schools prohibited any family life education that did not give exclusive emphasis to abstinence. the values of USANS were torn apart in arguments as to what was politically correct and what was not. this is another battle George contributed to. we think he even poured holy oil from his adopted state of texas on the institutions of higher education to ignite, explode and destroy diversity. we have never been able to solve, explain, explicate the confusion betwixt two words in USAN, "texas" and "taxes."

we see those people as militarily confused as they were sexually confused.

the cryptologists are very confused between two other words in the USAN language, AID and AIDS. i introduce this semantic problem here because it has direct reaction to dividends. both aid and aids apparently were something you could give to someone or get from someone, but aid was something given reluctantly and received because you needed economic or military support, mostly military. aid was a collective noun among a non-collective people and the plural, aids, was something very different. aids was some sort of a plague and no philosopher or sociologist of the era left a record as to whether the USANS understood the relation of aids and that earlier plague of the black death, or not. it seems that the while the majority of the USANS were totemic wasps, our entomologists, etomologists and all other ologists confirm that wasps were a frequently lethal insect. **the other ethnics left of the mid and late 20th century and of 2002 were ...**

david inkey... april fools day 5031 oce

Happy Birthday, Eleanor Roosevelt, 1884-1962

Dear Colleag_ues, Past, Present and Future

1011 may be a month after 911 (ironically our emergency call number prior to 9/11),
i am now a self-appointed writer for the nytimes.....

**A peace for the New York Times..... by david inkey, special writer for the
NYT... (the font used is Comic Sans MS)**

Rules for the unruly.....

I wonder as I wander thru Time and Space, Meaning, Morals and Mendacity, while we
have rules of war and have no rules for peace... Might we try as

To score, two score...

Click Here: <http://216.239.51.100/search> This is a long text that doesn't fit into
email... my contribution is.....

DAVID INKEY, UNESCO adviser to UNICEF, retired: When I retired six years ago
I set myself a project of 40 years. I laud you on your 30-year project. When I am
not busy being a peacenik I try to be an anthropologist. I wish to offer you an icon
for peace. Extend your time frame a bit. On the second floor of the United Nations
opposite the entrance to the Security Council there is a magnificent icon of peace.
It is dated 1269 BC and it is the first known peace treaty in the human experience.
If you do some simple arithmetic, take 1269 and 2031 AD, add them together and
you can have the 3300th anniversary of peace. Thank you.

Birendra's Antarctic Angst and Awe...

Peace in Antarctica is older than the ice, but humans and some humanes decided in 1959 that we should keep Peace at least somewhere on the planet, so with an international agreement they treatyized the Seventh Continent. As a king come lately, in 1975, my friend and former student Shah Dev declared his kingdom in the clouds, Nepal, to be a Zone of Peace.... Are we to suppose that I was prescient by being such a peacenik all my life....., burning my draft card in 1953 during the Korean Police Action which came to be known as the Korean War ... And while Nepal was "recognized" by 116 nations as a Zone of Peace, only Antarctica has remained peacefilled.

Recently,

The night before last, I finally awoke to the idea that YES, I do believe in GHOSTS... For almost 70 years I have teased myself about ghosts... and I had this magnificent dream about Shah Dev addressing The Empty Chamber...

THE PEACE PRIZE, WHY JIMMY GOT IT AND I DIDN'T!

dear editor,

unoville, connecticut ... X-XIII-MMII

Johnson and McNeil have, each in their own ways, nyt oct 13, 2002, done a very interesting journalistic job of telling noble and less noble stories.. I always wanted the Nobel Peace Prize until the day my next door Beacon Street neighbor, Henry K was announced as a shareholder thereof. Sharecropping is questionable in many fields and I particularly abhor the field methods when land minds replace mindful food production. Further, I am deathly allergic to the spraying of aerial bombs...

I knew my friend John Rock wasn't going to get the Nobel Peace Prize, because no noble Nobel Norwegians were going to embarrass the Vatican on such general, generous, gender grounds as maternal health and family planning. Phillip Hauser, a magnificent demographic debater, would not get the Peace Prize because he hadn't yet proclaimed a distinction between the people COUNT and the PEOPLE count... He did buy my breakfast at the 1965 PC, Population Conference in Belgrade... The Balkans were so beautiful then and I helped Yugoslav doctors doctor their clients... Yes, I would have liked to be named a Peace Prize recipient. I didn't think that an anthropologist, especially not a reformed Harvardian anthropologist, replacing the study of death rituals with the study and implementation of life rituals would ever a Nobel Prize. So, I just got on with my work, my revolutionary work in population education, my "inventing" the terms POPULATION EDUCATION and POPULATION AWARENESS, stemming through conscience and contraceptives what Ehrlich was in terrorist terminology planting as THE POPULATION BOMB. I proclaimed Clarence Gamble's soapbox rhetoric, EVERY CHILD A WANTED CHILD... Then, then, a less than totally pious PIUS, a pope yet, delivered his letter, ON HUMAN LIFE... I think he was dyslexic... My cyclical schema is ON HUMANE LIFE...

If we are going to continue to politicize our celebrities and celebrate our politicians, we could do much worse than name President Jimmy Carter as the 2002 recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize. A noble prize to a noble humane being...

peace, with noblesse oblige, david inkey

[TUMBLING, THE PRICE OF PEACE... do an index search....](#)

virtual peace...

I have not labored in making any new stars nor have I tried to create planets. I have contented myself with the task of filling a great cauldron with our myriad cultures and melting them, thus to unify them in a planetary mold, casting a new myth which we shall all know as Planetary Culture. I believe that Planetary Culture is the common numerator of multiple denominators such as ecology, equity, education, peace, prosperity and poverty, participation, integrity, imagination, identity, international and interspecies cooperation, culture, conflict, and creativity. The initials and ingredients of the denominators constitute Epic Ethics.

We the People(s) of The United Nations should be tired that our diplomats have for fifty years used our good name and nomination in The Charter of The United Nations virtually as a cliché rather than as a creative construct and we should now, after last autumn's Golden Anniversary of the United Nations, own the response-ability of being the UN. We might want to believe that in 1945 the questionable victors of the Second World War promised a new world ordering to rid the our planet of the scourge of war, but immediately the great powers began the great cold war that froze the disinherited into further deprivation... Our "Security Council" structures "security" as a continuation of military models instead of creating a peaceful pattern of "security" through trust... Our Trusteeship Council was defined only to eliminate colonialization, instead of conceiving of and creating "trusteeship" in the sense of common stewardship.

the quietest clown ????????????????

PENDING PEACE, OR PENDING APPOINTMENT...

Dear Colleagues,

I wonder what would be necessary for me to be named UNESCO Ambassador and Program Coordinator for the Celebration of the 3300th Anniversary of the Peace Treaty of Ramses II of the Egyptians and Hattusilis of the Hittites, created in Bogazkoy in 1269 BC. We may celebrate and commemorate this treaty, also known as the Treaty of Kadesh, in 2031 AD...not troubling ourselves with any calendar corrections thru more than 10,000 generations.

My UNESCO credentials of service as a pioneer in population education and as UNESCO Advisor to Unicef for over a decade should serve in part as ample evidence of the appropriateness of my nomination. My unstinted service as United Nations Santa since being so named by Unicef in 1989 should further serve to confirm me to the responsibilities I am currently developing unofficially.

My collaboration with on peace with my friend and former student, shah dev, His Majesty Birendra Bir Bikram Shah Dev, creator of Nepal as a Zone of Peace, with subscription of 116 nations during the time from his coronation till his death, June 1, 2001, by regicide and patricide, should further confirm my commitment to peace... Shad Dev and I were going to celebrate the Kadesh Treaty, but with his death I am grieved by what will be his physical absence from the Planetary Peace Fair, 2031 AD.

Between now and 2031, I will also work unceasingly to promote the idea that Antarctica be established as the Birendra Antarctica World Heritage Park, Antarctica being the only continent upon which we humans have not wage war... If we truly wage peace, we may find that Thomas Mann was not wrong when he observed "War is only a cowardly escape from the problems of Peace." I labor to give peace every chance I can..

peace, david inkey

Note: I would only be able to accept the position if the entire population of the Nation of Imagi would grant me permission to assume such task of Planetary Culture and personal commitment... I suspect that I would condition my acceptance of the position, contentedly contending that an initial 100 ambassadors are needed and each amb should be allowed to identify 100 more,,, 100 to the nth power would empower squads of peacemakers.....

UN, The World at a Critical Turning Point Check out
"http://216.239.51.100/search"

Date: Thursday, December 26, 2002 9:12:12 PM

From: Antarcticu

Click Here: <http://216.239.51.100/search>

Dear Colleagues,

Having been through several decades in the United Nations experience, I would like to suggest that ON PEACE.....we may extend our vision...

david inkey, unesco 75-91
unesco adv to unicef, 81-91

Subj: Turkey, the Kadesh Treaty...and 2031 OCE

Date: Saturday, December 21, 2002 10:47:28 PM

From: Antarcticu

To: Turkuno

Dear Mr. Ambassador,

I am writing you concerning an idea which I have had for many years, but for which I never envisaged any specific geographic elements. I want We the People of Planet Earth, not just the Peoples of the UN, celebrate and commemorate the first known peace treaty of our human experience, that of Ramses and Hattusilis....a replica of which we have in the United Nations... In the UN, the date listed is 1269 BC.... Doing a little unsophisticated math, making no allowances for calendar changes and possible calendaric errors, both of which are highly probable, I would conclude that the 3300th Anniversary is in 2031 OUR COMMON ERA....

Now, this is marvelous... It gives us ample time to really work on peace... It gives us time to hold a generous number of preparatory conferences and to use edev to hold virtual conferencing... Pepe Figueres at MIT is Kofi's media manager and several media measures are already underway for enhancing UN and related cyber communication... Don Pepe is the son of Costa Rica's reknowned Peace President, whom I had the pleasure of meeting in an international population conference in the

Republic of Chile in 1967... And, I have met Don Pepe, Jr., also a former president of Costa Rica, at MIT, in the Media Lab... The Media Lab has a fantastic component working under the title, "News of the Future."

Unicef has designated Turkey as one of the special focus countries in its current program of prioritizing girls' education... Turkey has a good 20th Century record of giving women political rights...

Next year is the International Year of Freshwater, water issues are a serious problem in your area, and your government has just signed a 20 year water program with Israel...a vital factor for generating greater peacefulness in the region...

Some of my friends consider that it is entirely Quixotic to project a Peace Fair so far into "the future..." I started working on the idea in 1992, upon retiring from UNESCO, from being UNESCO Advisor to Unicef...1981-1991... In 1989, Unicef conferred upon me the unique honor and task of BEING the United Nations Santa, for their outreach work with children in a New York foster care program... Now, 14 times I have served beyond "belief" as a successful "impersonation" of that 4th Century Turk from Myra, Saint Nicholas.... If Hittites were trying to enhance peacemaking in the 13th Century BC and if Nick was trying to further what the UN called in the 80s, adjustment with a human face, surely the Turkish people and their government representatives should be interested in proclaiming the significance of Bogaskoy Click Here: [Google Search: "bogaskoy"](#)... We might even be able to get Bogaskoy onto the UNESCO World Heritage List..... [Turkey - UNESCO World Heritage sites - Travel-I...](#)

It would be my druthers, that 2031 not be turned into a big international confab... I would prefer that it be a media event illustrating "peacefullllllllness" developed during this important incubation period, 1993-2031. Obvious apologies are necessary for the strong military language of the Kadesh Treaty... This item says 1280 BC Click Here: [Egypt: Ramses the Great, The Pharaoh Who Made P...](#) This one says 1269 and includes text.... [Kadesh Treaty](#)

One of my favorite publications in the entire United Nations arena is the UNESCO opus, PEACE ON EARTH, which includes the Rames-Hattusilis text... I also rank LEARNING TO BE, in high regard... In 1970, in Kathmandu, I had the opportunity to discuss the formulation of LEARNING TO BE while Edgar Faure was working diligently upon that masterpiece... that was five years before I joined UNESCO...

We are now in the second year of UNESCO's Culture of Peace, and nowhere in the media have I seen, in these terrorist times, any reference to Turkey's early role in working for peace... It seems most opportune to me that Turkey could attempt to reveal early struggles, with midterm and current difficulties... [Google Search: "culture of peace"](#)

On an advanced google search of Turkey and CULTURE OF PEACE, I note about 2,810 googlets..... You should have the proverbial field day.... On a google search of Turkey and INTERNATIONAL YEAR OF FRESHWATER, you, we already have about 77 connections...

On girls education and Turkey google responds about 1490 times...I haven't done any checking whether these are praiseworthy or faultfinding, and I copy only the favorable one of UNICEF collaboration here.... Click Here: [U.S. Fund for UNICEF: Girls' Education: Press R...](#) I worked in the UNICEF premises during the directorship of James Grant, and from his earlier work with Turkey, Turkey enjoyed his fond attention... Turkey responded energetically, and with great effectiveness, on the universal immunization efforts...

I could go on into other peace, ecology and development issues, but for now, I believe I have presented sufficient detail to indicate both Turkey's appropriateness for early commitment to The First Planetary Peace Fair and my own keen interest... When not referring to myself, amusedly, as the United Nations Santa and the United Nations Philosopher, another title I was given in 1989, I attempt to be something of a United Nations anthropologist... I append my resume...and I hope that you will "entertain" most favorably my interest in seeing you commit yourself to this long term peacemaking...

Sincerely yours,

Of my several 2031 items, I like to share this one most often....,which?

UNESCO AMBASSADOR AND "PC," PROGRAMME COORDINATOR FOR PEACE

Date: Wednesday, April 30, 2003 10:54:48 PM
From: Autoresponder@WhiteHouse.GOV
To: Antarcticu@aol.com

From: Autoresponder@WhiteHouse.GOV
To: Antarcticu@aol.com

Thank you for emailing President Bush. Your ideas and comments are very important to him. For up-to-date information about the President and his policies, please check the White House web site at www.whitehouse.gov.

Unfortunately, because of the large volume of email received, the President cannot personally respond to each message. However, the White House staff considers and reports citizen ideas and concerns.

Again, thank you for your email. Your interest in the work of President Bush and his administration is appreciated.

Sincerely,

The White House Office of E-Correspondence_____

Please Note

If the subject of your email was a request for a Presidential greeting, please note that all greeting requests must be submitted in writing to the following address:

The White House
Attn: Greetings Office
Room 39
Washington, D.C. 20502-0039
From: Autoresponder@WhiteHouse.GOV

The Prescription of Peace, The Disease of War...

"Physician, Heal Thyself..."

When I retired from supranational (incorrectly called international) civil service, I told the then Director General of the United Nations Educational, Cultural and Scientific Organization, that one of my "retirement" activities would be to convene an assembly to revise the too facilely repeated preface to the UNESCO Constitution, "That since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that the defences of peace must be constructed." The DG didn't believe me that such a change was necessary. But he did inquire what changes I would suggest, and I replied, "Since wars begin in the lives of children, it is in the spirits of children that we must seed the dreams of peace." Further, I asserted that wars are not sexist, women also cause wars; nor ageist, men, women and children are often bellicose.

A dozen years has flown away in time and my ambitions are greater and preemptive war exacerbates my cause. I "spent" many years anthropologizing in epic ethics, encompassing equity, education, ecology, peace, participation, poverty and prosperity, imagination, integrity, international (and interspecies) cooperation, culture, creativity and curiosity, to mention a few of my eeeeeee ppppp iiiiiii and cccc. Now, I would regress to my decades of health and medical anthropology. I wish to examine all our medical school programs and see how many and how few epidemiologists focus on the pandemic infection of war. I wish to revolutionize our pitiful programs of "preventive medicine" because of their failure to advance the health giving and health-keeping of peacefulness. Googling on peace and war is not a very satisfying arena of research... No google yet appears on "Germ Theory of War." None on "Germ Theory of Peace." "Theory of War" produces about 4,340 googlets. "Theory of Peace" is in smaller population, about 768. WAR counts with some 85,800,000 troopers and PEACE falls back with about 27,300,000.

Peace is the essential vaccine for survival on Spaceship Earth. The plague of war which humanity has suffered for time out of memory spreads through the virus of apathy, error and terror. Politicians pretend to prescribe palliatives, which are no more than placebos and poisons. Warriors wish for welcome in the disguise of "peacekeeping," and with the pretense of valor, they pretend to pacify, claiming to be "peacemakers." I have been in 72 revolutions and remain unscarred physically, though humans' inhumanity to humans has psychologically scarred me unmercifully.

Yet, in my three score and twelve circles around our morning star, I still gleefully greet each sunrise and smile at each sunset, not calling our nearest star, The Mourning Star... Eons ago, while I cached the ashes of my ritually burnt draft card, my second brother served in the Strategic Air Command of the United States of America and used writing paper which proclaimed on its masthead, "Peace is Our Profession." I have seen and experienced many an oxymoron in my life, but this militant proclamation is my worst.

Geneticists have, to my limited knowledge, failed to examine DNA structures for chromosome defects that might contribute to or are causal of the disease of war. Are we indisposed by war because we are predisposed to it? Such a diagnosis would most likely be heartily welcomed by The Grand Inquisitor, The Justice Department and Homeland Security, and all Pentagoganals. The National Guard doesn't want to be caught off guard. No surgery program I have heard of ever programmed or neo-philosophized operational paradigms and praxis to correct the body politics of ticks, tremors, mirages and triages and of other corporeal malfunctions. The nutritionists I have known and known of have never established dietary schema to reduce bellicosity and/or programmed assistance to address the severely malnourished corpus of peace. Psychiatrists scrounge in lounges, crouching on overstuffed couches, patiently and impatiently, almost universally failing to condemn the insanity of militarists and militia. With cohesive, chronic chronoitis, biochemists, biophysicists, biologists, and how many other "scientists" including the correctly and incorrectly labeled, if not libeled, "social scientists" fail to diagnose the disease of war.

The U.S. Congress recently passed an omnibus Medicare vehicle with flat tires insofar as peace might be practiced. Health anthropologist have, for the most part, been more successful than all these other "professionals" in the prognoses for studies of "cultures" of peace. It seems that the larger hope has been amongst the Hopi. Is this why the 1960's Danish prince of poetry, Piet Hein profounded that "We are global citizens, with tribal souls."

GP, general practice, is unfortunately, not a greatly respected branch in medicine; nor of health, yet, it is still a heavily populated component. Let us call the GPs and their multiple allied cohorts to plead for peace to be developed as an essential vaccine before the disease of war proves fatal to our total humane being. This will require a great deal of difficult labor with assistance for every age and clime. My modernist peacemaker is my friend and former student, shah dev, His Majesty

Birendra of Nepal (1945-2001) propagandist of the Kingdom of Nepal as a Zone of Peace, achieving 116 nation signatories to his great treaty. My ancient peaceniks are Ramses II of the Egyptians and Hattusilis of the Hittites, honored for their 1269 BC Treaty of Kadesh, the first known peace treaty in our human pilgrimage. Should the med schools need a text they might use UNESCO's superb compilation covering, uncovering, almost 33 centuries of longing, PEACE ON EARTH...

Then by 2031 we might confidently commemorate the 3300th Anniversary of the Treaty of Kadesh... WE THE PEOPLE have a scant 27 years to prepare the celebration of this great peace fare, this needed Peace Fair. Or, with more shortsightedness, we may rally to celebrate the International Decade for a Culture of Peace and Non-violence for the Children of the World (2001-2010) Click Here: [The UN International Decade for the Culture of ...](#) I would subscribe, inscribe, over scribe, energetically, enthusiastically, ominously, even unanimously to the decade, yet I would simultaneously, subversively, stridently complain, rant and rave on the "restrictions" imposed. Why, why, why limit the programming "for the Children of the World." Don't the frame-makers know that I need peace and non-violence as completely, simply and complexly as any kidlet. Do you suppose the drafty draftspeople employ(ed) the word "children" to encompass all of us for all of our childness. If this is the usage, then I support the label.

THE PEOPLE COUNT... What do we mean by this phrase. Do we mean a simple, numeric accounting of our increased or decreased population... Do we mean that a population is attempting to assess some event, define a problem, achieve a value. Or, do we among many speculations mean that the people count, the people are valuable, cherished, prized, the people are important. These are encounters we need to access. A millennium ago, about fifty years ago, I reached my majority and began to be concerned about persons, people and populations in new ways and waves. I invented population education and defined a vital force, which like a good virus spread from the imagination of a small cadre of educators to being an epidemic of social concern in more than 100 nations, not counting the Nation of Imagi.

John Rock, a great elderly mentor and co-inventor of the birth control pill was an avid admirer of the idea, the ideal and the extensiveness of pop ed. For the 1969 World Health Assembly, which conveniently for me was in Boston, I had the joyous privilege of creating a brochure under the title of TOWARD A POPULATION EDUCATION, which spread around the world in 5000 copies in English and 2000 in Spanish. I don't recall why we didn't print it in French. Maybe my college French was

too archaic to meet the challenge. We embraced and extended the comprehensiveness of population education, including population awareness, family living, reproduction education and basic values.

The pioneers of pop ed exercised a magnificent naïveté, thinking, believing, knowing that even before the First Earth Day, we reflected and promoted essential values of the individual, the family, and the humane community. From April 1970 when I had the enormous challenge and great honor to direct the First National Conference on Population Education, under the sponsorship of Planned Parenthood of Maryland, the Population Reference Bureau, and the Carolina Population Center, through the 1993 First International Conference on Population Education celebrated in Turkey we expanded our vision to a majority of our nations...yet we failed to meet a majority of our fellow planetary citizens. Pop ed varied by country and culture, ever attempting to adapt to local educational needs while portraying local, regional and planetary challenges... We did not yet have the terms "planetary culture" and "personal commitment" but our pcs were emerging while others dealt with personal computers and political correctness.

Sadly, somehow, in many places, for reasons only partially explicable, apathy has eroded some of our work, eroded us. I now wish to create a renewal: I want The 21st Century Renaissance of Population Education. The sex revolution may have, in part, damaged the synthesis of our interwoven spheres and our encompassing circle of population education, awareness, family, reproduction and basic values. Individuals surely expressed unprecedented freedom in the sex revolution. Families may have created more equity between spouses and generations. Yet, now in the dawning decade of this millennium, population awareness, knowledge, wit and wisdom about people relations beyond the individual and family, are frequently neglected, abandoned, forgotten, under prized, or.....

Pop Ed, 2031 is a new endeavor and a continuing respectful exercise of nurturing many of the values recognized in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, the unanimously approved 1948 document of the United Nations, our promissory note of rights, rites and humane needs. We are challenged to restructure pop programs to meet the needs of the count of 6 billion in 1999 and of the estimated 2 billion beings additional with whom we will share Planet Earth by 2025. In simple math, we numbered about 2 billion when I appeared in 1931... We accumulated to 4 billion in 1974. Do we need 8 billion humans when I am 89? Maybe 9 billion by the time I am a centenarian. Half of

humanity is in poverty, billions lack basic health services and basic sanitation; a billion five hundred million lack clean water supplies; almost a billion adults are illiterate and we wreck considerable ecological damage even on our least "inhabited" continent, Antarctica.

I will invest the remaining years of my sentence attempting to protect basic humane rights, to be wanted, nurtured, protected, educated, employed, recreated, and counted. I believe "the people count." You can count on me! A plan of action needs to be developed quickly and a survey of programs of population education and related endeavors in health education, sex education, AIDS education, population awareness and environmental education should be carried out and summarized as an educational contribution and challenge to the "WE THE PEOPLE(S)". I believe from preliminary enquiries of the past month that an opus of the scope and detail of my International Bureau of Education work, is not needed. Rather, a pop-focused text relating individual, communal and global needs with supranational programs, an i.e. UN item, with civic society, with governments and with foundations is called for and feasible.

Let there be peace in, around and with, david

TEN COMMANDS SEE PAGE ? use index.....

another quote..... on peacefare

through all the stretches and shrinkings of our experiences--we never discovered nor created any cultural, educational, political, social, religious, economic or other orderings sufficient to hold us far enough apart, for sufficient time. to prevent us from repeatedly making warfare, nor to hold us close enough together to assemble the puzzling pieces of **peacefare**.

so, at the end of world war ii, we peoples created a new, quite artificial construct and declared that we would cooperate in untried and u-n trying ways to rid the world of the scourges of war, that we would enhance human rights, and that we would explore human(e) development. we have only one explicit credit line in the united nations charter, the initial line, but that constitutional foible should be enough staging for us upon which to perform, to act out response-ability in u-n-ism. unapologizing, recently, we began to question the entitlements of his stories and we have established inquiries about her stories. we still seek overseers and seers for our stories, as we continue to confuse the legacies and legitimacy of authors over authority. we would create a lexicon of unwords becoming u-n words!

we would learn abc's from the unaware to the u-n aware, from unbelievable to u-n believable, uncaring, u-n caring, u-n fair, u-n just, untimed, timed and u-n timed, to u-n tested, unused and u-n used, from unzoned and uncontrolled and undefined through the u-n zoned, u-n concerned and u-n inspired surprisingly, we would become u-n acquainted in ways we never would or could appreciate when we were unacquainted. our abysmal doubts were quite unfathomable until we bailed them out and found that they are u-n fathomable!

THE WORLD AT A CRITICAL TURNING POINT

Discussions at the United Nations on October 22, 27-9, 1998 sponsored by the NGO Committee on Disarmament, in cooperation with the UN Department for Disarmament Affairs and the UN Department of Public Information.

amongst various commentators.....

DAVID INKEY, UNESCO adviser to UNICEF, retired: When I retired six years ago I set myself a project of 40 years. I laud you on your 30-year project. When I am not busy being a peacenik I try to be an anthropologist. I wish to offer you an icon for peace. Extend your time frame a bit. On the second floor of the United Nations opposite the entrance to the Security Council there is a magnificent icon of peace. It is dated 1269 BC and it is the first known peace treaty in the human experience. If you do some simple arithmetic, take 1269 and 2031 AD, add them together and you can have the 3300th anniversary of peace. Thank you.

[Click Here: Check out "John Singer Sargent's "Gassed" Painting"](#)

dear jim, further to my offer of \$4 for a gallon of gas for ur mission of mercy and politics to louisiana...i must share with u a copy of Sargent's painting GASSED and tell u that in the late 60s, let us say 67....i was walking a date from my marvelous back bay boston apt toward symphony hall, where we were to enjoy a program courtesy of my little white russian grocer....he gave us the tickets he couldn't use..... we were crossing over a bridge on mass ave, in a sleazy bar-ridden neighborhood, when suddenly an elderly man grabbed my left arm and scared me into thinking i was being mugged....he immediately apologized for scaring me and softly asked for help across mass ave.. i told karen to stay put and i would be right back.... crossing mass ave, the old man told me he could see ok in daylight, but in dusk he couldn't judge the traffic.....he had been gassed in the first world war.....FIFTY YEARS OF PARTIAL BLINDNESS...

so..... we may continue to speculate on disasters..... about 10 years ago there was a sargent exhibit at B FINE ARTS, including GASSED.....

ughhh.....love, david-----you know...some of these "stories" would never get written if you were not you.....

Afrikaans (South Africa) - VREDE
Albanian - PAKE
Arabic - SALAAM
Bengali - SHANTI
Bulgarian - MIR
Catalan - PAU
Chinese - HE PING
Czech - MIR
Cree - PATUKAYNUMIN
Danish - FRED
Dari Persian (Afghanistan) - SULH
Dutch - VREDE
English - PEACE
Eskimo (Greenland) - ERKIGSINEK
Fijian - BULA
Finnish - RAUHA
French - PAIX
German - FRIEDEN
Greek - IRINI
Hawaiian - ALOHA
Hebrew - SHALOM
Hindi - SHANTI
Hungarian - BÉKE
Icelandic - FRIÐUR
Indonesian - DAMAI
Irish - SÍOCHÁIN
Italian - PACE
Japanese - HEIWA
Kinyarwanda (Rwanda) - AMAHORO
Korean - PHYONGHWA
Lao - SANTIPHAP
Luganda (Uganda) - EMIREMBE
Malay - KEAMANAN
Maltese - PACI
Maori (New Zealand) - RONGO
Nepali - SHANTI
Norwegian - FRED
Persian (Iran) - SULH
Pilipino (Philippines) - KATAHIMIKAN
Pintupi (Australia) - YATANPA
Polish - POKÓJ
Rundi (Burundi) - AMAHORO
Russian - MIR
Sanskrit - SHANTI
Serbo-Croatian - MIR
Shona (Zimbabwe) - RUNYARARO
Spanish - PAZ
Swahili (Kenya, Tanzania) - AMANI

Swedish - FRED
Tamil (Sri Lanka, India, Singapore) - SAMADANAM
Thai - SANTIPHAP
Tibetan - SIDI
Turkish - BARIS
Urdu (Pakistan) - AMAN
Vietnamese - HÒA BÌNH Welsh - HEDDWICH
Zulu - South Africa - UKUTHULA

Click Here: [Virgil & War](#)
Virgil & War

From: Aaron Wirth
Date: 11/11/01
Time: 4:43:41 PM
Remote Name: 139.135.117.174
Comments

Throughout the story, for the most part Virgil describes war as a part of life that is although unavoidable and ugly, can be praised as a glorious and noble act. Book VII is one that really sticks out in my mind as showing war as a disease which gets the best of people. While describing Allecto and Turnus, Virgil explains, in great detail, Turnus' opinion on war and what it can do to a man: "sweat burns from all his body and bathes his bones and limbs. Insane, he raves for arms / Lust for the sword and war's damnable madness are raging in him and above all--anger." Virgil then uses effective similes to describe Turnus' anger; "burning loudly crackling twigs are heaped beneath a seething caldron's ribs / the liquid dances with the heat / water rages, violent and pours a stream of smoke and foam." What Latinus says to his men after this almost seems noble except for the statement "profane the peace". "Prepare arms / protect Italy / drive the enemy beyond her boundries." Although this almost seems to be a noble act towards the end, book XI shows a more glorious side to war with the description of the defeat of the Italian army and Pallas' death and eventual returning of his body to his father, Evander. (lines 18-40) "Men, we have done great things; for what is left, away with fear! / Look with hope to battle / ...there be no fear to make us falter in our purpose and no delay to take us by surprise. / Go honor with our final tribute those bright souls who, with their blood, have won for us this homeland. It is obvious that the ugliness of war overshadows the glorious side. That is Virgil's view of war. It would not necessarily be wrong for him to change his view to please a crowd but it is admirable that he kept his stance.

Last changed: May 24, 2004

10.....

letters
to
the
new
york
times

of,
by
and
for
david
inkey

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unoville, 3003

dear colleagues,

i wish to apologize to new york times and to henry, two great mentors,
for holding them in certain and uncertain degrees of contempt...
my enduring problem with the nyt is that we disagree regularly,
what constitutes all the news fit to print...
my discord with henry d, far from henry's concord, is...
he arbitrarily declared that most "men" lead lives of quiet desperation.

david henry thoreau,
before or after he reordered his name to henry david,
declared, correctly or incorrectly, i contend incorrectly,
that most men lead lives of quiet desperation...
i suffer from intense noisy frustration, but not desperation.
henry never reported to the best of our intelligence systems,
what women suffer...
concerning the nyt, i suffer intense malaise,
frequent pleasure, repeated disappointment...

for some years i have been a writer for the nyt,
with the special distinction that none, not one,
not even a portion of one of my epistles, essays,
poems and jesting gestures has been dunked into printers' ink...
by the much esteemed new york times.

recently, i set for myself the project of writing a letter, daily, to the nyt,
partly to accumulate a corpus of contentious statements,
of what i thought needed to be observed by faithful readers of the nyt,
and unfaithful interlopers. this project lasted only a few days, that was all that
was needed to convince myself that i should with utmost, above the clouds,
dedication organize my various slings and arrows of analysis and compile this

addition edition of letters to the new york times, mint condition, all previously unpublished.

chrono seems an unnecessary restriction.

cosmic clowning appears to be a much more satisfactory function,
and thusly i persist....

the names of the author, as the names of the recipients,
are extraneous to the significance of my contribution...

i suppose supposedly mostly i would wish that all staff members of the
nyt... and all readers and listeners...

contend carefully that we need to focus carefully on news to print,
whether it is fit, fitted, unfitted, and even UN FITTED...

rusty baker and jimmy reston were early heroes of the printed page,
barbared crossette crossed several lines i found unfriendly...
though she also astutely drew many lines i followed.

i wish that friedman would more often be a freed person.

i find nothing dowdy in dowd...

saffire is a brilliant wordist, yet...

more times than not he is not a precious gemstone, sapphire in my ring...

young nick plays and works like many eager harvardians i have known...

i would have him perchance provide a planetary compass as he
encompasses... rich is usually and unusually rich...

apple is vintage... krugman, a prince or princetonian?

during the iraq war of 2003 the new york times published a war section...
now, an eon later,

the prime paper of internationalism still fails to print a peace column, pc?
ps, a peace section, a peace addition... even a peacefilled edition.

henry, are those ants still at war in concord...

peace is older than the ice in antarctica,

yet unesco still has not endorsed our seventh continent as awhp,

the antarctica world heritage park...

peace, david inkey

unacquainted and UN ACQUAINTED?

Reading Rusty Baker may be a first clue. A second piece PEACE of the puzzle may be between the lines in my reply to the New York Times pundit....I might have entitled my remark-able remade remarks as "an amateurs introduction to internationalismmm." I abhor unwarranted entitlement, but I most certainly do appreciate many kinds and kind, warranted entitlements,

Dear Russell Baker,

UNMET BY THE GODS AND DEMIGODS!

We are quite good, unacquainted friends, though you know far less about me than I know about you. I enjoy the opportunity of meeting you frequently on Masterpiece Theatre and of reading your ravings and rantings rather regularly, yet you have never had the opportunity (yet) of reading the several letters I have written to you, because I have never sent them! Now, it is time to write you and to send what I write. I have read and pondered at great expense (and emotional and intellectual expense?) your tender little essay of Tuesday, May 7, 1996 in the New York Times and I am a trifle miffed for you and a trundle more than a trifle troubled for myself... You might find some solace in Emily Dickinson's elegiac poem, I'M NOBODY, but alack and alas, you might still insist correctly (!) that you are somebody and very frequently, almost invariably, I would dare to say (out loud) somebodies have illusions and delusions of grandeur and believe intrinsically as well as extrinsically that other somebodies are supposed to recognize them, not just recognize them, but even to respect them...

I have had the pleasure and challenge of knowing several famous people and several of that several have been very special people in my lifeness, lifeness being the relation of all beings one to another. However, and this is a profoundly troublesome "however," I have yet to find anyone in this life or in all my knowledge of other lives and in all the arenas of my imagination...anyone....who does not have the proverbial feet of clay... Part of the problem, I think, is the erroneous assumption we suffer from our miseducation, that for some reason or other "famous people" are supposed to have "IT" more together than we do... What does "IT" matter that I met Harry

Truman in Kansas City with Ernest Gruening or that I once diverted a reception line away from Madame Pandit, or that the King of Nepal is a friend and former student of mine... Can you imagine how amused I was at Birendra and Aishwarya's wedding to discover that Edgar Faure did not know Lowell Thomas and Lowell did not know Edgar--until I introduced them to each other... Being redheaded in this world does help! When I met Teddy Kennedy some 20 years ago and told him a few things about population problems IT did not help his legislative behaviour. When I talked to Mrs. Clinton at Jim Grant's memorial service at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine "IT" did not enhance our government's non-commitment to The Convention on the Rights of The Child and I have yet to see any evidence that we are contributing an extra iota to girls' education... I never met Roswell Garst who showed Krushchev around an Iowa cornfield in 1959, but his brother Jonathan taught me one of the great lessons of my life, he instructed me to "defend" myself by boldly announcing before the fact rather than after the fact, that: I am not a champion of lost causes, I am a champion of causes that have not yet been won. Imagine my consternation when the President of El Salvador wanted to meet me because of my pioneering work on family planning in "his" country and I "believed" that "my" students in the Faculty of Medicine would not simply burn me in effigy, they would burn ME! Do you believe it was easy to arrive in El Salvador as a visiting professor just a week after the misadventures of The Bay of Pigs... Mary Trevelyan was unfortunately better known as a niece of a great British "his"torian, GMT, and sister of the diplomat Sir Humphrey, but she should be remember as a most lovable overseas student adviser at the University of London and should be treasured for teaching many of us to read WHO'S WHO, not to the end of being able to identify the greats and the "little gods" of this world, but to become skilled at learning human foibles. Sir Julian (Huxley) taught me to treasure his curiosity rather than instructing me what to be "care-ful" about in UNESCO--How could he and I know that eighteen years later I would become an international civil servant in the agency his architected and served as first Director General... Sir John Hunt taught us better to role up our sleeves than to climb Everest...

Our failure to meet some of the famous whom we might like to know is one of the great quirks of life and is, I believe as you "like to believe," due in "good" part to the fact that both of us are "of those mysterious persons who are hard to know." God blesses us... I don't know how I could possibly introduce myself to you, significantly, when daily and w-e-a-k-l-y and monthly and yearly and lifely, I still shrink into the Socratic shadows and silences cast at Delphi where all are challenged to "know thyself." Goodness, gracious, us...we should be profoundly modest that we enjoy as

much of the miracle of imagination and knowledge as we manage to learn in all our various scores, even unto three score and ten and beyond...

I do not believe you when you write, "Intellect terrifies me, so does glamour." For all my cherished acquaintance with you, I believe that you mean to say that you do not trust only the intellect and you refuse to be blinded by glamour... Similarly, your prose is not to be trusted in your only comfort of self-pity, pretending to be a wallflower... David Larible told both of us many moons ago, in your sometimes esteemed New York Times, that the difference between an actor and a clown is that an actor has to play the roles created by others and a clown has to create for himself/herself...

Russell Baker, perhaps you are "Unmet by the Gods" (your chosen title) because you have not studied enough theology. HM Birendra may have a sufficient "answer" for you in his explanation of the Nepali word of greeting and farewell, NAMASTE! My friend, Vishnu Reincarnate, says, "The God in me salutes the God in you, the God in me takes leave of the God in you."

I may not be one of the "Gods" you want to meet now or next week or next month, but I would like you to come to Racc Ridge in bucolic Connecticut where I give lessons seasonally of walking on water and where I meditate on the two "famous" honors friends and colleagues in the United Nations conferred upon me for my wit and wisdom, I am THE UN SANTA and THE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER! Perhaps you would like to join in my non-famous endeavors, David Inkey's Program of United Nations Studies, PUNS!

We suffer a common malady that we are tired of "his"tory, "her"story is seldom recorded and "our"story is only in the making... I am an optimist and I do believe that someday, someday, someday we will evolve from being mere humans to discover ourselves, humane beings. By then, PC will be Planetary Culture, Peace Council, and the ultimate PC, personal commitment.

Luv, David Inkey

7 May 1996

1. eden invaded...

dear eleanor,

cos cob, eden exposed, and the devil

the devil, according to dan'l webster, has a sign warning all those who would enter hell, "beware all ye who enter here..." some years ago, i heard a corrective statement that the sign really announces, "i told you so."

your well scripted and obviously well intentioned article, "A Quiet Villagelike Section of Greenwich," Sunday September 22, 2002, is/was, i trust motivated by some awe... AWE, that so close to the core of the big apple, so proximate to the terror of ground zero, we few, we quite quiet few 6,495 cos cobians enjoy some semblance of privacy from the golden ghetto grasp of greenwich... we hear the sound of the sound and the solace of near still waters, we are not dense, though we are closer together on the land, approximately 6000 beings on almost 3 square miles and greenwichers' total counts some 58000 on 50 square miles...

i am sure you wrote your article prior to any visit to OZ or any standing on the bridge to brigadoon... had you been to either of those special places, you would not have had any desire to expose our eden... in childhood, i learned anagram spells. eden and need followed each other in some regime created by a god or demigod named Alphabet. eden and need still my being...

here on the mianus i delight with the deer, i enjoy the egrets, i race with the raccoons, i sing with the squirrels, i swim with the swans, i trust the turtles... away from the trails, trials, temptations, trauma and terrors of manhattan, retired from years of commuting, i find other spells challenge, take the letters of evil and spell vile, veil, or LIVE... in lifeness, lifeness, the relation of all beings one to another, discover,

"we grow in beauty as beauty grows in us."

peace, david inkey

2. doubting tom and humpty dumpty's lobotomization...

my letter is written in a special font, comic sans ms, but i know the nyt doesn't use this... you do, however, claim to print all the news that is fit to print... i trust that my "news" is fit... inkey

dear tom and several editors,

Policy Lobotomy, nyt op ed august 31, 2003... What a disturbing "figure" of speech, what a disfiguring turn of phrase, what a wrenching grinding memory of now-suppressed surgical separation... Tom F has chosen what I believe is an inappropriate word to express his desire that policy provide better solutions to unhealed ruptures.

eons ago, in the summer of 1951, I worked with the American Friends Service Committee in an Institutional Service Unit in a state mental hospital in "Independence" (Iowa) in the heyday of transorbital lobotomies... I assisted in "operations" holding firmly a patient's shoulder and hip during electrical shock therapy which preceded the surgeon's driving two icepick-like rods through the thin bones above each eye, to sever sections of the front orbits of the brain. patients were permanently less violent after this radical surgery...

I would "contend" to Tom, dick, harry, larry, rummy, condi, colin, W, and multiple others that lobotomies are not the order of the day, nor any daze... Communitarian, supranational peacing is required..... we are in the third year of the international decade of the culture of peace..... should readers, editors and listeners choose to google, see the [CULTURE OF PEACE WEBSITE](#) ...

peace, david inkey
unesco advisor to unicef, retired

3. felicia in AWE!

Dear Felicia,

ACADEMIC INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX? NYT 9-06-03

Would that you or others, and others, would write more felicitous facts for academics and would-be academics, distancing all of us from the worst disease I have encountered in our institutions of 'higher' education(?), "academentia."

I know that a lot of humans on planet earth are born with proverbial cold feet and that many, many others quickly develop inadequate circulation, but for the courageous, those filled with wholeheartedness and pulsating in freely shared courage, there is no learning experience that they we would trade for that of AWE. A.U. (pronounced AWE), Antarctica University is the EPITOME of life's pilgrimage, tlc, tender loving care, the learning curve = efforts to learn planetary culture and to develop the ultimate PC, personal commitment. We transcend the human condition to the humane commitment...

In awe, david inkey, prexy of AWE...

ANTARCTICA UNIVERSITY

AU is "Awe," inspired...

AU is the most, challenging eduecoexperience on Earth.

AU is the most selective education within the Heliopause.

AU excels in courses of Comparative Planetology.

AU is unique in creating a course in Planetary Culture.

AU is unsurpassed in the study and service of Optimism,

"We all are forever looking up."

AU is unrivaled in interspecies diversity.

AU is unlimited in Imagination and Curiosity.

AU is a training camp for Cosmic Comics and Planetary Clowns.

AU is a Life Sentence in life long education.

AU is unparalleled as a non-academented institution.

**AU is the Universe's test site for the ultimate PC,
Personal Commitment.....**

ANTARCTICA UNIVERSITY IS!

AU acronyms AWE...

**Our Scholars are Ozonic Optimists, forever looking upwards.....
Though sadly surrounded by a solitary pessimist from on high!**

Our Prime Course, Planetary Culture, is 361 degrees, of comprehension,

**PROGRAM COORDINATORS better known as Scholars, own only 361
degrees
of Personal Commitment and Planetary Consciousness...**

**"Students" from the University of the Arctic grunt their logo, UA...
Those Polar Challengers are always, in all ways, sadly downcast...**

**AU is our interspecies institution positively committed to learning...
All Beings own tlc, the learning continuum, for lifelong education...**

Descriptions by David INKEY....

4. nyt ethics...

dear new york times ethicist,

the appended file is the same as the following text, simply it is nice in my formatting... if this is a possibility for the op ed page, please share it with those elfins.

david inkey

dear new york times ethicist, or santas' wait problem,

we all know that housebreakers when caught are considered criminals and dealt with accordingly... even when not apprehended the law does not pardon them.. yet, we are now in a season of great anxiousness when just one bearded old man will or will not enter our homes and other mostest guarded institutions and he (pardon the gender bias) will with longterm planning-- ¿premeditation?--upset the moral, normal and abnormal, routines of our lives and livelihoods...

since september the eleventh men in ever so slightly differing attire, especially men with beards, of any and all ages, have been-are highly suspect of being "guilty," of evasion and invasion. now, i am in their lot... each year for the past ominous 13 years i have donned unusual clothing each december and not "played" but truly, intentionally, supra-nationally, worked, with planetary helpers, as a house and institution breaker... i travel with a pretext of names, a bag of uninspected packages, and i leave the premises i sleathily entered, taking "goods" of inestimable worth...

i take as much from unsuspecting "innocent victims" as they would give me if I were directly threatening their lives, and of course i am threatening their lives, their economies the very belief systems, security, their myths... i think that none of the goods i take would show in court as incriminating evidence against me, under the rubric "material witness," that argument would be "immaterial," yet my clever stealing ways support me from one season thru three more, thru an entire revolution, until i and a bonded band of roving renegades can again clandestinely collect the rewards of our labor... what with the anthrax scares around us, i suppose that many timorous souls and bodies will be less than ever appreciative this year of winter's white cloak which so facilitates my arrivals

and departures.... my snow jobs will hasten people to refuge and i may even encounter more cold shoulders than traditionally, although i generously offer coals to even the meanest of hosts, those who have been mean in their families and communities. mean even beyond my sense of meaning...

so many people in all lands have become accustomed to the trinkets i give them, while i take so much more from them.... in a way they are unknowingly generous, even though they are accustomed to my ways, i am just a tiny tiny timlet--a second hand to their wishes--reluctant to plead for, even to murmur my wish for a gift, even a symbolic reward, for myself, that i could apply to my advancing needs... i have never before so explicitly expressed my need, but what with the events of september the eleventh and our general recession, i think you might weigh my brief, my case ¿briefcase? i want, a gift for santa...

while the administration in dc has proclaimed that it doesn't want to leave any children behind, and child or adult, in june 2001, W offered to the coffers of kofi for his aid AIDS fund the sumlet of 200 million dollars, that is only a fraction-tight in excess of 71 cents (not sense) per capita for every kidlet and adult in the usa... and the nation has offered 40 billion for post september eleventh assistance (that's 200 times the contribution to the United Nations AIDS Fund)....i am confused.....

human rites and rights alert us to many threats to our welfare, yet we hasten to economize even in welfare. all the way through all my schooling, i never ever, since, yet, before, and have been through a course in ethics... and i am still weighting for that great day when spelling contests will ask Danny whether our descriptive adjective is human or humane... if my plea is beyond your ethical competency, perchance you can direct me and my revolutionaries through the mazes... i have ever wanted amaze, for christmas, ramadan, hanukkah, buddha's birthday, confucius' nameday, all birthdaze, children's days, mommy's daze, daddy's daze and maybe you can give me a generous peace of peace...

help! help santa, santa...

a gift for santa!

Snow Jobs

5. powers and powers...

Dear Felicity and Others,

Envoys Urge U.S. to Cede More Power to U.N. , NYT, 9-06-03

Thank you for your report of September 6, 2003, as cited above. You note "Berlin and Paris are angry, but the draft paper on Iraq gets a hearing in the halls." Thank you... Now can you listen carefully and help us to learn how many others, not just Berliners and Parisians, are "angry," sad, troubled, pensive, provoked and pleading....

Peace, david inkey

Dear Editor, John Sexton and Steven Cahn,

UNEQUAL PROFESSORS, re PROFESSORS TEACHING/ NYU

Ah, yes, Steven (Professor Cahn of CUNY) is a stevedore in reminding us that tenure is heavy baggage in our universities, but sexton told us the other day, via NYT indications of news fit to print, that our colleagues, colleges, universities and learning curves are quite troubled and that calling upon some who are called to share learning (I prefer the term "learning together" in contrast to heavy "professing.") should be entertained and entertaining.

I am a reformed Harvard anthropologist, readily disposed to be called upon by John Sexton and his crew, stevedores and non-stevedores... tenured and non-tenured... for the excitement of learning. Let us avoid academentia...

I suspect that an independent presidential candidate, be s/he in a "run" for the USA presidency or for a university presidency, might achieve considerable fame by proclaiming that s/he does not want to leave any adults behind.. Then, the literacy proponents would cite, be excited and recite that almost one billion adults are illiterate, 550+ years after Gutenberg. Why hasn't W used replicas of G's Bibles for faith assisted educational efforts... ==attn, nyt staff.....the following may provide some "perspective....."

peace, david inkey

where education fails

6. to fight for children, what a dubious distinction...

dear barbara,

¿to fight for children? - a dubious distinction for carol

perchance all the world is a stage, but upon that stage there are a number of us who refuse to fight... i have read with keen interest your nyt metro section article today concerning carol bellamy and her profoundly dedicated and rewarding work with unicef... but, alas, i believe in my heart of hearts... a clean heart for i have just this past month had a cardiac catheterization at mass general hospital...that you have crossed wires, derivative of crossette? and confused sin-tax... unicef works for children and i am beleaguered into trying to get unicef to work with children... even mandela has confused language in his service to unicef and in the mid-80s much to my lingering chagrin, i was unesco advisor to unicef, unicef erred grievously in producing a film entitled, fighting for peace in afghanistan... woe unto all of us... do you suppose that if unicef had chosen a title such as working for peace in afghanistan we might have now somewhat less of a global war on terrorism...

i departed from the special haunts of unicef on december 31st 1991, just after having served for the third time as unicef's revered redgarbed servant "santa." being santa is such a sanctified role that i would suggest to carol and you, barbara, that all of santa's elves and elvesses convert to santa selves and santa selvesses.... of course, we will probably have to struggle (not fight) with many, too many, english departments in the academented instutions of "learning" to convince them that they have long been guilty of perpetrating perpetuating the crime of mis-apostrophization.... santa's elves should be promoted as santa selves...

carol does many things well, but she errs in the assessment of her posting in unicef, contending "I have the best job in the world." undoubtedly, ms. bellamy has one of the better jobs in the world, but i, thrice dubbed "the united nations philosopher" know that not even being the united nations philosopher is "the best job in the world." the best job is being a pc, a planetary clown...

not so long ago cnn reported on an initiative in colombia, a very wartorn nation, that unicef was supporting the candidacy of children as soldiers of peace... i quote myself to you on that sad occasion...

Dear P,

¿Saldados de Paz? Soldiers of Peace?

Peace is so precious, I believe, that we have yet to be willing to purchase it. When last I saw you we were attending the memorial service of Ruth, one of the most precious colleagues I ever had in Unicef...and anywhere... Each geranium that blossoms on bucolic RaccRidge reminds me how much Ruth was amused by and so appreciative of my frequent floral gifts, peace offerings? If you wish one of these peace offerings, I can give you the one that is blooming in the Southwest window of our living room....

Tonight I was, for a moment, thrilled that CNN was reporting on a children and youth peace initiative in the Republic of Colombia, until the announcer indicated that the young were "soldiers of peace..." Unicef's collaboration in this effort pains me once again in the arena of semantic aggression... Less than a fortnight ago I wrote to Unicef's very central official in the creation of the Convention on the Rights of the Child, Kul Gautum, concerning my dismay on Unicef's ¿bad? or less than good language, in "wars of liberation" ---even in important fields like the struggle against AIDS..... A dear colleague of earlier years, who saw me cringe near child soldiers in Nicaragua, Carita reminded me recently that I was also opposed to Unicef's keen support of the "batalla" (battle) for the fourth grade...

¿Oh, how language does make heroes of us all?

Though I no longer enjoy the privilege of a diplomatic pouch with UNESCO, perhaps I should report to esteemed colleagues in Paris.... And to Don Freddy, in Spain, that Unicef is VIOLATING the best sensibilities of the Decade for Peace, or the International Year for Peace, or the halfway mark of the HumanE RITES and Rights Decade...

I warned Don Federico, a month before my youthfull retirement, that one of my greatest priorities would be to promote a Constitutional Convention to rewrite the Preamble of UNESCO's poetic pronouncement, Constitution.... Alas, wars do not commence in the minds of men ... that is very sexist exclusivity....and ageist... We are so adept at beginning our wars now with ever younger participants... Ergo, ipso facto, de facto, general factotum, etc.... I propose, I assert, I claim in calamity, "Since wars being in the lives of children, it is in the spirits of children that we must seed the dreams of peace." When I am not working editionally, I additionally give tours of my

favorite icons of peace in the innersanctums and on the grounds of the Headquarters of the erstwhile, occasionally united united nations...

I haven't found an alternate title to use in order to transcend fragmented frenetic nationalism.... Living in The State of Awe in the Nation of Imagi, I have different, diverse priorities.... I am making no progress whatsoever with the "cement" idea I gave Gautum in 1991, to cement Peace in El Salvador... I have no patrons for my ideas that every country in the world NEEDS a landmine, just one inactive landmine, to house in a place of dishonor, in a MUSEUM... I give iodization of salt priority over any edifice complexes.....

The snows of New Year's Day and a few later showers have given us wintery splendor... Yesterday, when Temp and I were innocently strolling in the Stamford Mall three youth greeted me, "Hello Santa!" and I was not even wearing my work clothes... Temp laughed with them and I produced my identity photo showing me in saintly garb in Unicef's employ.....

Tomorrow, I will harvest a gross number of winter wands from my abundant forest of forsythia.... Invite them into the "living room" to warm themselves next to our silent piano...and soonest they will burst into golden swords for me to pierce hardhearted skeptics who seldom honor Saint Valentine...

Between the charming chores of being Santa and of helping Val, I prosper....

liv,luv,david inkey

Since you will not, in much likelihood visit me before February 14th, let me share with you my prosaic yellowed valentine.....

Yesterday's Valentine is yellowed...not as old parchment,

Forwarded Message:

Subj: Check out "Press Centre - UNICEF"

Date: Monday, January 15, 2001 1:45:00 PM

To: kgautam@unicef.org

Click Here: [Press Centre - UNICEF](#)

KUL!!!!!!

What is this shocking language that Unicef is using "wars of liberation".... Eons ago, at least a millennium ago, when Unicef produced a handsome film under a tragic title, (Fighting for Peace in Afghanastan) I raised my voice that "at least Unicef could clean up its language and say "struggling" for peace.... I am tired of wars on drugs, on poverty, on crime, on hunger....

I have a still, very still, small voice which echos on the banks of Raccoon River and Peace prevails in this little, buclolic backwater....almost testamentally, "beside still waters..."

Here, now, tis the season on walk on water...

liv,luv,david

7. the first vote, security council or counsel?

dear editors and readers,

THE FIRST VOTE

"May I, who had the privilege of fabricating this ballot box, cast the first vote? May God be with every member of the United Nations Organization and through your noble efforts bring peace to us all. All over the world,

Paul Antonio, Mechanic

In the spring of 1946 the United Nations met in converted conference rooms in the gymnasium and swimming pool of one of New York's important institutions of higher education, Hunter College in the Bronx--now Lehman College--renamed to honor Governor Lehman who served in many public roles, including in the UN as Director of UNRRA, the UN Rehabilitation and Relief Agency. Many of the activities, contributions and memories of what happened between March and August 1946 are "lost to memory" and "open to imagination and renewal."

During that February and March carpenters and builders worked diligently to prepare facilities at Hunter before the newly appointed staff members of the UN and the delegates arrived. A ballot box was prepared and installed in the Security Council Chamber, and--when examining the box prior to what they thought was to be the first casting of ballots--the tellers found that the first vote for peace had been cast!

We who are here now have the opportunity to measure the imaginative act and words of Paul Antonio--across the few years that have passed since 1946--and we have the challenge now and so long as we wish to meditate thereupon, to pre-measure what these words mean to us. I would especially ask us to think and act upon the words might mean to the next half century of new world ordering as we know the United Nations...

peace, david inkey, unesco advisor to unicef, retired

W was born on July 6, 1946...

8. larry summers and the dumb question...

dear editor,

james traub on the harvard radical, larry summers, re nyt mag ragtag page 28, august 24, 03 and weighting...

i grieve for those elites who aggressively address "educational" issues through a knowledge lens instead of a focus on wit and wisdom. as a well trained traditional anthropog in a crimson gown (Ph.D. Social Anthropology, Harvard '64) i cringed when invited into "the company of educated men," and what was this to mean to Harvard trained women... as an alum of two of the most exclusive institutions of çhigher education? on Planet Earth, miniscule selective Deep Springs College and conglomerate choice Harvard University, i have suffered, succeeded, and superseded the constraints that DS and HU ingrained in me and now for many years i have been recognized as a "reformed harvard anthropologist." i hope that harvard and all other institutions trying to excel can learn the greater lesson of "being good."

traub tells on larry s., about telling someone they had a dumb question... larry s. needs to learn that there are no dumb questions... there are many dumb answers... some questions may be poorly timed, inappropriate, ill framed, but not "dumb."

sincerely yours,

david inkey

just shortly after we entered this millennium i had occasion to "reprimand" former colleagues in the unc, chapel hill, re their supposed race to the summit... you won't have room for this in letters to the editor, but should you wish to use it in a forthcoming mag ragtag exposing the state of disarray in çhigher? education in the usa or in the globalsphere, i would happily enuf prepare an update intro thereto for u, praising the awe of awe (awe = a.u., antartica university) where all learners are upward looking optimists.

ANTHRO 2001: SUM THINGS CONSIDERED,
WE COULD REACH "NO.1"

inkey's insights

I dream by day and I dream by night:
We will form a great circle,
And as We step or stumble counter-clockwise,
You will be my leader,

And as We reverse ourselves,
You will follow or fall in my steps...
Whoever called the clock wise?

1. Surely, goodness and mercy are my lot... Today, again, I opened with modest hope and great happenstance the CAROLINA ALUMNI REVIEW for March and April 2001... And with delight and dismay, I encountered my anthropog friend, James Peacock, explaining ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, WE COULD REACH "NO 1." I haven't "replied" to JP's pounding prose since--eons ago--he wrote a pc, policy course, for the AAA (American Anthropological Association), concerning the future of anthro. I then borrowed for my epistle Thoreau's timely term "futuraity." Today, I borrow only my own clocking, my circular circumsuspectscription, cited above...

2. Besting bothers me! As an alum of Deep Springs College, questionably and unquestionably, the best liberal arts college in the world of "education," I am exhausted by besting, and subsequent years of association with Harvard make the challenges and challengers of "excellence" no more comfortable... My years in UNC put me in a valley of humility betwixt mountains of pride. As an avid critic of éhigher? education, higher than what, I pray persistently that we should all, in all ways, always, strive to be good... I suffered extremely in childhood a rigorous instruction in being good for this and good for that, till finally, finally I learned that my greatest goodness was being good for nothing. The God Awfull Truth is:

GOOD, GOOD FOR NOTHING...

I would have liked to Be a Good Boy Scout, but the Trials of Cubbing were such that I could not with Good Conscience advance. Dad was the Director of the Cubs and I already suffered more than enuf, having to be One of The Best Cublets. That was in addition to His Being an Episcopal Minister,

and for That, I already had a Heav(en)ly Assignment... My Brothers and I had to be just about the Best Kids in Town and IT was not Easy... IT... IT seemed that we Always had to be Good for This and Good for That, for Everything. I just simply wanted to be Good for No Good Reason, whatsoever! (Now, many years later, I think, I know, IT would have been much Better, just to be GOOD FOR NOTHING...)

3. A score of years after I arrived in UNC to triangulate duties in the Department of Anthropology, the School of Education and the Carolina Population Center, in 1989, UNICEF named me the United Nations' Santa and I quickly learned how aggressively parents warn their children of untruths about Santa, all in the guise of discipline, "you better watch out, you better not cry, for I am telling you why!!!!!!!" I only lasted three years as a member of the faculty of the University of North Carolina; the presumed excuse for my termination being that I was on soft-money and UNC couldn't pick up the tap on me... I consulted the fates and soon moved on to UNESCO, naively thinking I was joining something of a supranational university. (Even teaching for three years in the Harvard Graduate School of Education, prior to going to Chapel Hill, hadn't prepared me for the UN bureaucracy...) For all the slings and arrows of fortune and misfortune, UNESCO is a great institution and I had great opportunities therein to foment some of my dreams, first about population awareness, and subsequently about PCs, such as planetary culture and personal commitment... We didn't and don't have to be best at anything, we very much need to be good at many things...

4. Time erodes some of our dreams and timelessness enhances other dreams and opportunities. Just as disease is distance from ease, disgust is distance from gusto, taste, pleasure, and joy... Events led me to question higher education, and the ascent from that "abyss" (ab--yz) took me to highest education and greatest optimism, a sense of always looking up... And, that cast me into the role of being President of Antarctica University (AU = AWE)... My paragraphs are running circumpolar.....and our interspecies institution lacks large numbers of human participants, but we lack no humaneness...

ANTARCTICA UNIVERSITY (See printing of two elements...)

5. Once upon a time, just once, i was sentenced to life on planet earth... i left celestial space, where i was about 26, and enjoyed being The Cosmic Comic, to become a human being...not even a humane being..... i am still, yet, ever, since struggling with this sentence in my 69th cycle around the Sun... does this travel make me a repetitive revolutionary... i trained to be a commendable, if traditional, anthropologist, but then, one day, an extremely astute friend corrected my title and called me kindly, a reformed, harvard yet, yes, maybe, anthropologist. i think my life sentence isn't giving

me any time off for good behavior.....and with humor, health, help, imagination, identity, instinct, sight and insight, creativity, culture, curiosity, composition and compassion, faith, love, and innumerable other endowments, i will be named The Planetary Clown before i circle the Sun a scant hundred times... currently, i am the founder and first president of antarctica university and the (self appointed) philosopher of the united nations (quickly, questionably, reliably, idealistically, realistically aka pun)..

6. My Online Life: i was born in the State of Infancy, but soonest i moved to the State of Awe, where i have lived quite happily for almost three score and ten years... i live in a House of Wonder with four companions, Wit and Wisdom, Imagination and Curiosity. We live in the Community of Curiosity, the State of Awe, as stated, and IMAGI is our Nation. We, each and every one of us, are sovereigns in each of these shared spaces...

7. My Interests: awe, adventure, belief, care, conscience, duty, devotion, enthusiasm, faith, fun, fantasy, grace, gratitude, health, hope, humor, imagination, joy, kindness, love, lifeness, meaning, measure, need, nurture, optimism, quest, respect, sharing, safety, santaing, trust, truth, time, union, vitality, wit, wisdom, worth, wonder, x-ctasy, x-citement, yearning, zeal, zanyness..... I am not the champion of lost causes, I am a champion of causes not yet won... Testing, testing, testing... liv,luv, david inkey

9. mac candidacy nov 2, 02, nytimes population awareness

dear colleagues, further to my macarthur fdn candidacy on population and reproductive health, i wish to share this letter i wrote to the nyt last nov..... they didn't print it..... sincerely yours, david inkey.....

Click Here: [Google Search: population awareness week octobe...](#)

Dear Editor,

"U.S May Abandon Support of U.N. Population Accord," - What insupportable irony! On November 2, 2002, the NYT reports "news" that cuts me through and through and this is just one week after many of us "celebrated" World Population Awareness Week, October 20-26. Google gives us on an easy search of "population awareness week october 2002" a response of some 167,000 sites... Would that 167,000 activists would cybersprint to the White House and indicate their discomfort, disdain, grief to W that TIME (the Past Tense, the Present Tense, Future Tenses, and Pre-Tense), current generations and future generations will consider him guilty of dispicable crimes, PCs, planetary crimes... against humanity... Does this president have no inkling that silent terror is frequently far greater than resounding terror...

I am the "inventor," "the imagineer" to borrow a word from Einstein, of population awareness... In the mid 1960s, long before W got to Harvard, I innovated in the Harvard Graduate School of Education one of the educational revolutions of the 20th Century, POPULATION EDUCATION...with four educational approaches, sex education, education for family living, population awareness and basic value orientation. (See Studies in Family Planning, The Population Council, No. 52, April 1970, POPULATION EDUCATION: A REVIEW OF THE FIELD, by Ozzie G. Simmons.)

I wish in one way I could show the Bush Administration, the starving shadows of children and the suicidal faces of women I knew in Central America in the 1960s before El Salvador families had available modern contraceptive

technology, and in 10 billion other ways, I am glad I cannot show those multiple sins of omission and commission.

Sincerely yours, David Inkey

Now I try to be something of "The United Nations Philosopher" and maybe the NYT will think my "news" is fit to print.....

WANTED: ALIVE, DEAD OR UNBORN, MILLENNIAL CAUTION?

I have not followed all of W's terror and anti-terror assertions of "wanted dead or alive," but as one of the pioneers of population awareness--demography, ecology, family planning, sex education, and self awareness--in the 1960s and 1970s, before I focus more specifically on educational equity, IT has long been of more concern to me that we create stewardship of all life than do body counts on this, that, or the other crisis, famine, war, or epidemic. Hundreds of millions, yea BILLIONS, live in dire poverty and abject poverty...

Once upon a time, a 12-13 year young African refugee child asked me, "Why did you save my life?" My reply to her was, I believe in life, but I would have prevented your life if I had had the opportunity, because your parents, your village, and your nation did not want you. AND we have not yet created a world that wants YOU!

I believe that you, every being, has the right to be wanted. The "unwanted" are the beings "killed," whether they breathe or they have ceased to breathe. Yes, I am David Inkey, The United Nations' Philosopher ... I want to live in a world where children will not ask us innocent questions for which we have no innocent answers...

10. MIXED SIGNALS, USA and UN???

Dear Editor,

I appreciate Julia Preston's article, "Panel Says Mixed Signals Have Eroded U.S. Status in the U.N., Thursday Oct 10, 2002, yet I would have appreciated it ever so much more had she set for herself and us the task of querying how we have practically any status left in the United Nations when one calculates of disdain for such things as not paying on time, not respecting the court decision on us and Nicaragua, not being forthright on human-e rites and rights, isolating ourselves with Somalia as the only member states not ratifying the Convention on the Rights of the Child, presumably because we want to recruit youth into high school ROTC, under 18 year olds....while the world seemingly is in theory if not totally in practice against child soldiers... We supported the Talibahn against the USSR, we supported Saddam against Iran... We breed totalitarians and they we are the cry-babies....

peace, david inkey, unesco adv to unicef retired

11. nick, coming full circle and deep springs

Click Here: [Google Search: "deep springs "](#)

dear nick, thank you so much for the revelatory story in today's tomorrow's nyt.... you are educating your kidlets with wit and wisdom..... i trust that you might let them go to deep springs college if they are so inclined, before you might wish them into your harvard legacy.... peace, david inkey

what with eleanor's elegance on cos cob, you ought to come swimming in the mianus... i didn't tell her that i live in a 220 year young veggie barn on the pond, cuz i didn't want my hermitage revealed..... david

you might want to come skating next winter, or enroll in my seasonal course of "walking on water..." or next july fourth u can help us celebrate the 158th anniversary of thoreau's move to walden.... of course, we are a little cramped with just 53 acres of water whilst ralph loaned henry a 61 acre dip.....

Educational "Ownership

12. two, four, six, eight, population education...

dear editor,

2, 4, 6, 8

a need for population education

joe chamie appeared in yesterday's nyt, head of the pop division in the united nations, saying we will have approximately 9 billion humans in 2050.... That is approximately a 50% ~~gain~~ over october 1999's 6 billion..... is the nytimes going to be able to "meet" that challenge.... what will our current crop of college entrants do? our entering freshpeople will be turning about 68...and to what age will social security have ADVANCED by then...or will social security be defunct and our grads will be so successful that they will not need soc sec...

once upon a time, when i appeared naked, cold, wet, crying in hope or despair, on december 16th in the year 1931, we innocently enuf numbered approximately 2 billions humans... by the time we organized the united nations we grew to maybe 2.5 billions... we quadrupled in the 20th century, we tripled before i turned three score and ten... will be quadruple before i am 90 in 2021... prognosticators are warning me that we will, unless we have the WILL to echo some ecosense of more humane ecology...

sincerely yours,

david inkey.

"inventor" of POPULATION EDUCATION in 1966

13. a job for unesco...

dear editor,

i write frequently for the new york times, even though frequently the nyt doesn't find the ink or paper to print my contributions. in view of the fact that your item in today's nyt op ed doesn't even spell out UNESCO as the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, nor does it allude to nor mention this being the 3rd year of the International Decade for a Culture of Peace and Non-Violence for the Children of the World (this should be for all of us....)... i request once again, space for news highly fitting to be printed...

peace, david inkey, UNESCO Adv to Unicef, ret.

A JOB FOR UNESCO?

Wm J. vanden Heuvel, my fellow Deep Springs alum (<http://www.deepsprings.edu/>), my fellow UN colleague (<http://www.un.org/>), he as a diplomat, I as a UNESCO Senior Program Officer (<http://www.unesco.org/>) readily concur that one or more results of the Iraq War is more work for the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, though Bill didn't spell out the name UNESCO. Rep. Bill wrote referring to damaged and destroyed historic sites and museums. I address more comprehensive issues and items...I agree that damages to material culture are serious, tragic, even criminal, and must be responded to, yet I would level much stronger charges, I would prescribe treatment to damages in all three of UNESCO's major domains, education, science and culture.

UNESCO's Preamble proclaims a great task: "Since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that the defenses of peace must be constructed." (Please excuse sexist and ageist terms. Women also contribute to warring, and children are frequently used in soldiering.) I would revise this to "Since wars begin in the lives of children, it is in the spirits of children that we must seed the dreams of Peace."

As "We the People(s) of the United Nations" emerge from this warring, our first task is not repair of artifacts of ancient cultures, even when these relics are some of the earliest evidence of our pilgrimage toward "civilization." Our first task is, I believe, to cooperate in the work of becoming WE THE PEOPLE. To this task, I recommend dedication in the labors of decades currently evolving:

2001-2010 - Second International Decade for the Eradication of Colonialism,

1993-2003 - Third Decade to Combat Racism and Racial Discrimination

1994-2004 - International Decade of the World's Indigenous People

1995-2004 - United Nations Decade for Human Rights Education

1997-2006 - First United Nations Decade for the Eradication of Poverty

2001-2010 - International Decade for a Culture of Peace and Non-Violence for the Children of the World

2001-2010 - Decade to Roll Back Malaria in Developing Countries, Particularly in Africa

2003-2012 - United Nations Literacy Decade

2005-2015 - United Nations Decade of Education for Sustainable Development

If we who happen to be citizens of the United States of America want to pay some special attention to UNESCO, or repay attention and support after our 18 years absence, January 1985 - Autumn 2003, we may learn from a man named Thomas, Thomas Mann, a 20th Century refugee from Germany who proclaimed "War is only a cowardly escape from the problems of Peace." As a fellow learner, I would engage us all with UNESCO's COP, culture of peace...

[\(http://www.unesco.org/cpp/\)](http://www.unesco.org/cpp/)

Borrowing from myself, David Inkey, the United Nations Philosopher, I cite an anonymous story, entitled A LITTLE STORY and Inkey's essay on The Mission of the UN:

<http://journal.jrsummit.net/servlet/pluto?state=3030326964303034363230373030347061676530303757656250616765>

Prefacing, a little story

This is a little story about four people named Everybody, Somebody, Anybody, and Nobody. There was an important job to be done, and Everybody was sure that Somebody would do it. Anybody could have done it, but Nobody did it. Somebody got angry about that, because it was Everybody's job. Everybody thought Anybody could do it, but Nobody realized that Everybody wouldn't do it. It ended up that Everybody blamed Somebody when Nobody did what Anybody could have done!

I will relish the day when many have found themselves to be UN Philosophers, and I will not single myself out or be singled out to be the little "the," The United Nations Philosopher! Look to this day because in it are all the dreams and realities of work and joy for celebrating THE UNITED NATIONS!

My essay is not exactly a public advertisement to recruit, but should you be an unidentified UN Philosopher or should you wish to participate in The UN Celebration! Please communicate your interest to Anybody. In one of his greatest moments of confessional genius Somebody, AKA Einstein, said that imagination is more important than knowledge. He did not say that knowledge is not important, with wit and wisdom, he simply said knowledge without imagination simply remains knowledge. Change is a frightening element in the lives of many and it is the spark of vision in the lives of many.

The Briefing Note of the Anniversary Secretariat, for the 50th Anniversary of the UN, seven years ago, closes with the statement that the Organization has the daunting task to "create a measure of world-wide advocacy that has been largely absent throughout the first five decades of the United Nations." Musing on my regrets and joys, then in 1995 and now in 2003, I think that the lack of advocacy is scarcely due to any intentional neglect thereof by dedicated UN Staff. The real culprits are the Cold War warriors who inflicted severe disabilities and restrictions on our international civil servants and of course, we billions of beings, the apathetic. Words cited above about priority and potential are a gentle indictment: Perez de Cuellar's mission, Boutros' booking, then, and Kofi's now can only be fulfilled when we give the United Nations the priority We the People(s) deserve. Will Nobody help? Will Anybody help? Will Somebody help? Help! Everybody!

david inkey, the united nations' philosopher!

A Job for Unesco

By WILLIAM J. VANDEN HEUVEL

How do we repair the damage done? The meeting to be convened today by Unesco, the United Nations' cultural arm, is a good start. But it is only a start. The United States should ask the secretary general to give Unesco temporary responsibility for the historic sites and museums of Iraq. The United Nations should also convene a meeting of donor nations to establish a fund to deal with the crisis.

Other actions are necessary. Qualified art restoration experts should be sent to Iraq immediately. An amnesty on criminal charges should be announced to allow the return of the looted property, most of which is probably still in Baghdad; the United Nations should consider offering rewards for the return of stolen treasures. Private sales of works taken from the museum and other historic sites should be nullified and new transactions should be regarded as serious criminal offenses.

The United States has a duty to lead and the United Nations should welcome the opportunity to respond. Our government knew that something like this could happen. Iraqi museums were plundered after the 1991 gulf war. An American call for United Nations involvement would be a major first step in repairing our relationship with old allies, in recognizing our responsibility as an occupying power under the Geneva Conventions and in showing the Iraqis that we respect their heritage as well as their contemporary aspirations for a democratic country respectful of law and order.

William J. vanden Heuvel is former deputy permanent representative of the United States to the United Nations.

14. intervention ... the real problem?

Dear Editor,

NYT 9-06-03, THE NYT MAGAZINE

Ignatieff's Imagination and the United Nations System

Michael might be practicing to be an archangel, arching over a number of the dire dilemmas of earthly powers and politicians...as currently staged, unstaged, UN STAGED, downstaged and upstaged in the United Nations. And united notions! Giving some tolerance for the virtually in-pardonable limitations of his UN analysis, focusing on the Security Council rather than the entire UN System, I do have to commend him for doing a reasonably good job in what he does...

I am a pretender to being THE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER! Having been thrice so dubbed--each incident imagined independent and unaware of the innovative invocation of the other two--in the summer of 1989...

Let us praise the NYT Mag ragtag mix of organic items, fashion and fascinating analysis of A MESS OF INTERVENTION, PEACEKEEPING. PRE-EMPTION. LIBERATION. REVENGE.

Peace, David Inkey, UNESCO Adviser to Unicef, retired

P.S. You have to tell a magazine about its cover, just like the adage you can't tell a book buy (by) its discount... NYT, September 6, 2003....

DEAR EDITORS!!!!!!!

"THE REAL PROBLEM"

As suggested by Michael Ignatieff, "The real problem is that the U.N. that F.D.R. helped create never worked as he intended. What passes for an 'international community' is run by a Security Council that is a museum piece of 1945 vintage."

I live in Awe, in the Nation of Imagi, but I have been a Charter Member of the United Nations since October 24, 1945 when I enthusiastically aligned myself with "We the Peoples" of the United Nations... and I believe Mike has missed the real problems...

A more immediate problem is that the NYT Magazine cover of September 6, 2003, proclaims A MESS OF INTERVENTION, Peacekeeping. Pre-emption. Liberation. Revenge. When should we send in the troops?" by Michael Ignatieff and on page 38 Mike's message is "Why Are We in Iraq? (And Liberia? And Afghanistan?) by Michael Ignatieff. We read recently about some havoc at Harvard, but is communication betwixt the NYT and Imperial Harvard cross-wired that testimony can be exchanged or not be exchanged following some entitlement...

I would have us all explore further and see that the real problem is, the real and imagined problems are, that we know little about the evolution of the pre-Atomic Bomb era creation, The United Nations System and I would suggest puns, programs of united nations studies...as a discourse, a course, and re-source... I would be an avid revisionist, I am an avid revisionist, We the People, not we the peoples...

Peace, david inkey...UNESCO Advisor to Unicef, retired

We are not human beings in search of a spiritual experience,
we are spiritual beings in search of a human experience.

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin

The difference between an actor and a clown is , an actor
plays parts written by others, a clown creates his own. David Larible

15. straw men and straw houses...

dear editor, nyt....

i am sending this both to the nyt and to alan e at governing..... somewhere in the "troops" of writers and riders of the new york times and associate/united presses isn't there someone who can press the case of strawmen living in straw houses... i know porcine provisions are traif in islam and judaism but some punnery should be able to translate our dilemmas into PROGRAMS of UNITED NATIONS STUDIES.... puns, anyone? somebody, anybody, nobody?

This is a little story about four people named Everybody.
Somebody, Anybody, and Nobody. There was an important job to
be done and Everybody was sure that Somebody would do it.
Anybody could have done it, but Nobody did it.
Somebody got angry about that, because it was Everybody's job.
Everybody thought Anybody could do it,
but Nobody realized that Everybody wouldn't do it.
It ended up that Everybody blamed Somebody when
Nobody did what Anybody could have done!

anon

david inkey , unesco adv to unicef, retired.....

16. dear alan ehrenhalt,

thank you ever so much for your every government's mandate..... nyt ap 27 op ed...

i am thrilled to see you relating to ramses II and wish(ed) you would also write on his peaceful efforts with hattusilis of the hittities..... such reporting might help in these troubled times in the middle east... i refer to the 1269 bc treaty of kadesh... Click Here: [Kadesh Treaty](#) ...a replica of which is in the united nations, on the east wall of the second floor corridor near the entry to the "security council."

my reply to your great article on gov's mandate is my essay on where education fails... i wish that we might all unite, and work toward the celebration of the 3300th anniversary of this pioneering peacework, create a planetary peace fair in 2031 AD.

in a 1998 disarmament mtg, i proposed such, <http://216.239.51.100/search>
This is a long text that doesn't fit into email... my contribution is.....

DAVID INKEY, UNESCO adviser to UNICEF, retired: When I retired six years ago I set myself a project of 40 years. I laud you on your 30-year project. When I am not busy being a peacenik I try to be an anthropologist. I wish to offer you an icon for peace. Extend your time frame a bit. On the second floor of the United Nations opposite the entrance to the Security Council there is a magnificent icon of peace. It is dated 1269 BC and it is the **first known peace treaty** in the human experience. If you do some simple arithmetic, take 1269 and 2031 AD, add them together and you can have the 3300th anniversary of peace. Thank you.

[WHERE EDUCATION FAILS](#)

17. dear felicity barringer and nytimes editor,

Iraq Crisis Casts Doubts on Future Power of U.N.

what exquisite math, what tragic myopia, what selective circumlocution... when the united states withheld \$34 million dollars from international family planning efforts we didn't dither that the future, present and past tenses of the UN work was pretense. would that felicity could felicitously return to the drafting table are redraft her article that the current security council problems cast further serious doubt on the ability of the world's solitary super-power to superprowess...

would that the new york times would find a wider, deeper, higher sphere of speculation, information, knowledge and intelligence about the many successes of the united nations in health, education, agriculture, labor, population, intellectual property, trade, communication, science, and multiple other arenas... please help the charter reform from "we the peoples" to become "we the people...." please help the many disunited people and nations to outgrow outmoded sovereign states... please celebrate the challenges we have had for 58 years in the United Nations System and attempt to cooperate for many scores more.....

peace, david inkey, unesco advisor to unicef, retired

THE HIDDEN UNITED NATIONS

18. kofi's needs and helms,

dear colleagues,

i would not claim to be 101% prescient, nor would i wish to launch anew the repetitive complaints of the retired united states senator from, pitchfork, north carolina... let him be as distantly retired as we can imagine... let him raise his voice that W isn't relapsed on aid for aids...

let us just use whatever fragments of this earlier debate to assist kofi and our cohort at the UNITED NATIONS to effect some progress toward two essential PCs, planetary culture and the ultimate PC, personal commitment.

peace, david inkey

DAVID INKEY'S PROGRAM OF UNITED NATIONS STUDIES: iPUNSI 11:59, 59"pm December 31, 1996

SAVING THE UN: THE HELMS-INKEY DEBATES2

If you choose to be an agent of real and deep-seated change, you will find many supporters--and even allies--here in the U.S. Congress.

Jesse Helms to Kofi Annan, December 1996

19. seasick...

NOTE: On December 13th 2002, the UN "launched" the International Year of Freshwater. The USA still hasn't ratified earlier efforts concerning saltwater. Should I pull salt-water taffy? Should we drink only bottled water? Should we prepare for "water wars," which might compromise some of our efforts in oil wars? Today, the 14th is the 102 Anniversary of my Mother's Birthday. I will be 71 on the 16th, celebrating the day with Beethoven and the participants in The Boston Tea Party.

Dear Editor,

LOST AT SEA OR ALL WASHED UP?

William Safire is more clever with words than virtually anyone else when it comes to many of their meanings... All one must do to realize this is read the NYT Magazine. Yet, when it comes to acronyms, I have to raise an objection and suggest that Bill is washed up or washed out. A more felicitous acronym for the Convention on the Law of the Sea is LOTS... With LOTS of concern, with Laws of the Sea, which we have had at least since I studied the History of the American Revolution, and now with the United Nations work on the LAW OF THE SEA, we are not LOST.

Bill tells us in his 31 March, 1994, NYT essay entitled Lost at Sea much of the difficult story of the Convention of the Law of the Sea, which will enter into effect on November 16, 1994, but he casts aspersions by saying that this work is hailed by third-world leaders and international bureaucrats as "the constitution of the oceans." The Earth is our common heritage and now, for the first time in hourstory we are coming to an understanding that common heritage needs common protection and common use. His story gives us "history: and my story gives "mystery." Her story might give herstory and four "our common future" (The Brundtland Report, 1987) I suggest we adopt new terms: our story and hour story become hourstory, the story of our times.

Bill suggests: " To its eternal credit, the Reagan Administration saw this basic conflict of ideology (Marxism and capitalism) and said to LOST negotiators: 'Nothing doing.'"

Bill's jibbing and jibing do not use the same winds of human experience we measured in Rio in 1992 at the United Nations Conference on Environment and Development.

Despite the dedicated and distinguished deliberations Elliot Richardson made on The Law of the Sea, it has taken some twenty years for Bill's LOST (Law of the Sea Treaty) to get to the seventh floor of "Clinton's State Department." (What happened to our State Department?) Salt will lose its savor, sands of time will shift to other beaches, high tides will jeopardize clear sailing, and we will all become ancient mariners before we learn John Donne's poetic reality that all persons are participants in the main... William's bill here is not a capitalistic complaint, Bill's will is a failure of extension of heritage to all. Slowly we realize that we that we shift from ages of simple survival to an age of complex survival. A few eco-economic regulations may preserve Gaia life systems and resources that free enter-prize piracy of an earlier era would have hoarded for Blue Beards, Captain Hooks and their ilk.

For clarification of the NYT public, would you please make an editor's note on whether William Saffire also objected to the extension of the Antarctic Treaty. I need this information for the course I am developing, HOAX: HOURSTOYR OF ANTARCITC X-PLORATION. I think Bill's essay should have been printed on April 1. I cannot justify Bill's arguments, but I can justify margins... Please print this epistle on April 15th...

Sincerely yours, david inkey

=====

U.N. Secretary General Kofi Annan said lack of access to water "inflicts enormous hardship on more than a billion members of the human family" and is often a source of conflict (U.N. release, Dec. 10). UNESCO Director General Koichiro Matsuura, who was to launch the year this morning at his agency's Paris headquarters, added that "water can be an agent of peace, rather than conflicts, and UNESCO is looking at ways that will allow this century to be one of 'water peace' rather than 'water wars.'"

20. Mit's sponge...

Dear Paul K and companeros...

MIT's sponge @ \$545.21 nocturn-net for Knights

Eye need sum dollar and sense economics... Or, the NYT needs a cartoonist akin to Herb Block who drew our fat little smug American looking at the Moon when the other side of Planet Earth was crumbling in poverty... Due u suppose the Harvard-UNESCO World Heritage Conference in Cambridge, December 5-6-7, 2002 with examine Simmons Hall as a prospective Heritage Site and overlook the dire need of proclaiming our 7th Continent as THE ANTARCTIC WORLD HERITAGE PARK?

The NYT logos that it publishes all the news that is fit to print....but alas...what with a college prexy last week reported as getting some annual assist at \$800,000 and now the bursar's blinker, Fred Berstein, reporting that my son at MIT is being somewhat subsidized in his lodgings in Simmons Hall, sleeping-tossing and turning at \$545.21 per dreamscape. \$200,000.00 per mattress, amortized only on 365 daze.... NYT under the rubric EDUCATION publishes: Dorm Style: Gothic Castle vs. Futuristic Sponge, Nov. 20, 2002.

If one wants to ride on any cavalier nightmares or even indulge in any day dreams, are there additional cover-charges... would it be rude, crude or brooding to speculate on the co-axial relationship betwixt any academic fringe benefits, lodgers and ledgers, and the persistent poverty of a billion "people" who don't manage on approximately \$1 a day...

Next time you analyze the costs of Homeland Security, will you please compare for my benefit the contrasting charges and counter-charges of warfare, welfare, peace-fare and peace fair...

peace, david inkey

21. mccann piece and peace in the united nations...

dear alyson, re yesterday's article on peace in the united nations and the work of mr. mccann, by lynda richardson... i cannot find a direct email for richardson. herewith, i am attempting the address, lrichardson@nytimes.com. please do me the favor of forwarding my 1995 "peace tour" letter to ms. richardson. sincerely yours, david inkey, unesco advisor to unicef, ret...

Dear Mr. McCann,

Permission for a U N Peace Tour

I am writing you concerning our recent conversation about my desire to have special permission to lead a U N Tour for participants in the IAUP/Disarmament Commission program on disarmament education, on Tuesday, 23 May 1995, at 11 a.m. On Tuesday and Wednesday, 23rd and 24th, the International Association of University Presidents, in collaboration with the Disarmament Commission, is celebrating special meetings to mark the work we have done over the past four years and to observe the 50th Anniversary of the United Nations. Two years ago I had the honor of leading a special tour when our subcommission had a journalists workshop at SUNY Old Westbury and the UN and now I would like to be able to carry out a similar program.

The appended sheet is not exactly what I will say and show because my most cherished peace icons of the United Nations are not arranged in the order by which I rank them, but, in essence, my imaginative text--attributed to David Inkey (my alias)--shows how figuratively I present the age old quest for peace. Personally, the more I think about the precious icons in the UN Collection, the more I believe we should seek to rearrange several of these relics so that greater audiences might enjoy them. Specifically, I think that the Treaty of Ramses II and Hattusilis might be placed in view of all visitors to the United Nations Headquarters.

Now is neither the time nor the circumstance for that contention, now I should simply like for you to grant me and some 15-18 colleagues to walk through 3,264 years of peacemaking, so that these colleagues can return to their respective educational programs more imaginative and knowledgeable of the UN's endeavors therein. With special thanks for your consideration of my request...

ICONS, OF PEACE

22. nyt, don't ask & don't tell, POWER OVER...

dear editor, can one or more of your reporters determine how many letters the harvard law school or president summers' office have received on the army recruitment issue and the fed support of higher education..... on the 27th of august august i wrote larry:

president summers,
harvard university
cambridge, massachusetts

dear larry,

i am profoundly saddened by the news that harvard's wealth takes precedent over humane rights..... i am sure that my favorite harvard professor, the late gordon allport would be profoundly grieved by this... david reisman would have to reassess our lonely crowdedness..... and david mcclelland who troubled me into the inner sanctums of my being would reiterate, "it's our needach (need for achievement)."

i do have great difficulty in economic realms, always trying to balance dollars and sense..... and if i put one penny on the table for me and one on the table for you, you might calculate that we have two pennies..... i would verbally respond that you are in error, we have common sense.....

peace, david inkey

i think that this presumably sexual orientation issue will be ridiculed by your successors... currently i am working on an extended essay, toward a cultural theory for the humane condition... it stuns me how little attention has been given to humaneness over human-ness.

23. nyt, eleven to six, or six to eleven...

please let me know if this is in the paradigm of all the news that's fit to print...

inkey

ELEVEN TO SIX, OR SIX TO ELEVEN...

NYT, 3 September 2002..... 11,000 firefighters and the smoke lasted for months.....see "Faces of Firefighting, Taken One at a Time." NYT B1. in the united nations, we are 6,000 international civil servants and the crises persist for eons... what is the diagnosis, what is the remedy, what is the prognosis? or, in the entire un system, we are 60,000.... one "civil" servant for each 100,000 persons on planet earth.... with such a "work" load, is it any wonder that sustainable development is challenged and challenging...

we the people of metropolitan new york may or may not have fire insurance, we the peoples of the world don't even have a "company" that insures health, education, humane rights, clean water, clean air, habitat, livelihood, rest and innumerable qualities in the pursuit and promise of life, liberty and mercy...

i keenly wish that we could find a gift for the supranational being who for eons has helped us create joy in the spirits of some children... is it too early to start preparing a gift for santa?

most sincerely, david inkey

a gift for santa?

24. UN day...

dear editor, i didn't see any happy anniversary note in today's nyt..oct 24th... maybe you can print this for the 58th year...starting tomorrow..... david inkey

Forwarded Message:

Subj: **UN DAY... OCTOBER 24, 1945 - 2002**
Date: Thursday, October 24, 2002 11:00:13 AM
From: Antarcticu

Dear John Doe and Jane Doe,

Not a word in your many messages about the 57th Anniversary of the founding of the United Nations... Ah, such great unawareness..... david

Oh, how I wish all our lexiconographers could use UN WORDS....

THE UN's 57th ANNIVERSARY unwords & UN WORDS!

unaware
unbelievable
uncaring

UN AWARE!
UN BELIEVABLE!
UN CARING!

und _____
une _____

UN D _____
UN E _____

unimaginative

UN IMAGINATIVE!

25. david inkey's program of un studies—puns! unlimited additions,

Search: Welcome to the UN. It's your world.
Suggest, It is Our Word and World.

Dear Bill,

Thank you immensely for your article today on the oped page of the nyt..... where were you on the night of october 22, 1996, when i needed you... my message may now seem less urgent to you since you are bidding adieu to the TGH troika... for me, my words are as resounding tonight as they were in our earlier millennium...

if you have any opportunity to see and hear jesse's hillsdale college talk which i saw just with tragic recency, you will observe that jesse has armed himself with sharp pitchforks from the cache he keeps in his hometown of Pitchfork, North Carolina... should you wish to have a free lunch sometime, please let me know so i can make adequate arrangements therefor. whenever i take someone to the staff cafe in the united nations, it is my climatic pleasure to pay the bill (no pun intended on your name), so that the guest can claim ever thereafter, the united_nations is virtually a free lunch.

sincerely yours,
david inkey. the united nations philosopher.....

DAVID INKEY'S PROGRAM OF UNITED NATIONS STUDIES: iPUNS! OCTOBER 22nd 1996

SAVING THE UN: THE HELMS-INKEY DEBATES

The time has come for the United States to deliver an ultimatum: Either the United Nations reforms, quickly and dramatically, or the United States will end its participation. For too long, the Clinton administration has paid lip service to the idea of UN reform, without imposing any real costs for UN failure to do so. I am convinced that without the threat of American withdrawal, nothing will change.

Withholding US contributions has not worked. In 1986, Congress passed the Kassebaum-Solomon bill, which said to the UN in clear anumistakable terms, reform or die. That did not work. A decade later, the UN has neither reformed nor died. The time has come for it to do one or the other.

Jesse Helms, 1996

26. Gorby and the nyt...

dear gorby,

i would think that it is you more than i who should be writing to the nytimes concerning this water issue.... i regret that you never had the opportunity to meet my friend Jonathan Garst in Iowa, as did Kruschev... courtesy of Roswell Garst...

kind regards, david inkey...

In a message dated 9/1/03 2:09:04 PM, Antarcticu writes:
Subj: nyt, all wet... "Google Search: water issues erupt at central as..."
Date: Monday, September 1, 2003 2:02:41 PM. There are about 2,050 googles on this topic... Click Here: [Google Search: water issues erupt at central as...](#)

dear editors,

not quite ALL WET.... in fact, TOO DRY....

water issues..... on page A7 of the labor day edition of the new york times, sept 1 03, we are briefly informed, in quite a dry article, that "Experts warn that Central Asia is heading toward a crisis as water mismanagement has already severely reduced the size of the Aral Sea," there is no mention in the article that estimates on global water issues are that betwixt a fourth and a fifth of humanity does not have access to clean drinking water and that even a half of us don't have something called "adequate sanitation." to paraphrase W, we have left behind a great number people... thirst and threat of water-borne diseases are part of the terror syndrom?

what would be necessary for the nyt to run a series of articles on the International Year for Freshwater, this year....2003.... or don't we need such with about 447,000 googlets... [Google Search: international year for freshwater](#)

maybe my goggles are leaking and the squids are not using any printers' ink.... in antarctica, where peace is older than the ice, we treasure a great endowment of an estimated 75% of the world's freshwater.... only skeptics refer to these assests as "frozen." this is in contrast to my health and development friends (Click Here: [overview presentation.pdf](#)) who want to raise our degrees of awareness about guinea worm disease..... in awe, david inkey all wet...

27.

Even before Humpty cracks up we are going to find that PEACE is about as dangerous as WAR, or more so..... a man called Thomas, not the doubting one, Thomas Mann said an eon ago that "War is only a cowardly escape from the problems of Peace."

peace, paix, paz, pax,

david

Subj: nytimes, Humpty Dumpty and Jay Garner
WORDS AS WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION
Date: Tuesday, April 22, 2003 3:11:04 PM

Dear Editor,

Words as Weapons of Mass Destruction

'When I use a word,' Humpty Dumpty said, in a rather scornful tone,
' it means just what I choose it to mean, neither more nor less.'

"The new ruler of Iraq is going to be an Iraqi. I don't rule anything."-- U.S. postwar Iraq administrator Jay Garner. (from unwire <http://www.unwire.org/unwire/current.asp>. Humpty Dumpty is a master of meaning if we are to believe the chronicles of Lewis Carroll. Jay Garner frightens me when he refers to "ruling." I thought, erroneously, that we were in this preemptive war to win minds away from archaic "ruling," and to foster "self-governing."

peace, david inkey, UNESCO Advisor to Unicef, retired

<http://www.unwire.org/unwire/current.asp#33317> IRAQ: Garner Says He Will Not "Rule"; Shiites Criticize U.S. U.S. postwar Iraq administrator Jay Garner traveled to Iraq's northern Kurdish region today on his second day in the country, meeting with a delegation from one of the country's two major Kurdish groups, the Patriotic Union of Kurdistan. Garner, who heads the U.S. Defense Department's Office of Reconstruction and Humanitarian Assistance, told Associated Press today, "I think the time has come for the Kurds. The job they've done in the north is a tribute for free men and women" (Borzou Daragahi, AP/Yahoo! News, April 22). In what the London Guardian calls a sign of Kurdish distrust of U.S. intentions,

28. *kazan's ga...*

Executive Editor
NYTIMES

Dear Sir,

Kazan's GA vis a vis Traub's Resolution

unwire yesterday feted me with a marvelous account of Jan Kazan's concern that the General Assembly of the United Nations be responsive to current stresses and counter-stresses in the supranational system. today, saturday april 12th, i am a day ahead of "time" in reading the NYTimes Mag article by Traub on the next resolution. while in many, many respects it is a respectable essay, i find it myopic in its focus on the upper floors of the UN Secretariat and its virtually total failure to develop, organize and explain the multiple manifestations of UN skills in health, education, food and agriculture, labor, population, children, women, development, etc., etc., etc.

i would have the NYTimes print at least once a week a section on A WORLD FOR PEACE, even superseding, super seeding, you new section THE NATION AT WAR... unmodestly or even UN MODESTLY, i would let you reprint my unwords and UN WORDS and my deliberating, liberating essay THE HIDDEN UNITED NATIONS...

traub warns me that richard haas is about to leave the bush adm to become the head of the COUNCIL ON FOREIGN RELATIONS... in 1993, i suffered a similar scare when gelb left your printroom to go to the COFR..... see my smog of peace essay below....

sincerely yours,
david inkey, the united nations philosopher...

DAVID INKEY'S PROGRAM OF UNITED NATIONS STUDIES: (IPUN) OCTOBER 15th 1997

We are not human beings in search of a spiritual experience we are spiritual beings in search of a human experience. The difference between an actor and a clown is, an actor plays parts written by others, a clown creates his own.

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin

David Larible

THE UN's 100th ANNIVERSARY unwords & UN WORDS!

Dear Leslie H. Gelb,

Smog of Peace?

I am disappointed that you depart from the OP ED page of the NYT in a smog of peace. It is not the Clinton generation which faces challenges that are much more diffuse, multiple and uncertain. It is an openness of our times that we are willing and able to recognize that "our generation" has more options than previous generations have reviewed, seen, conceived or preconceived. You observe about the leaders that "The only sure star to guide them through the smog is this: they should do what they reasonably can to prevent the worst." My lodestar guides me along the light waves of a beautiful phrase from Thomas Mann, "War is only a cowardly escape from the problems of peace." The central challenge of my lens is not a "smog of peace in this new world, (where) there is no central challenge," but rather I find an exciting array of issues, ecology, peace and international cooperation, which gives me "epic" for epic ethics... And, problematically, I find education, population topics, identity and culture, which also spell "epic" for me and my kindred spirits.

In April 1991, when the Security Council of the United Nations Passed Resolution 688 to protect the rights of Kurds in need, I found the document to be a death warrant to the long ailing idea of sovereignty. Kurds in need became for me, "kin." And by logical measure or extrapolation, kin becomes afghans and albanians, bosnians and bolivians, cree and Croats, druids and danes, estonians and english, irish and Iraqis, navaho and nigerians, serbs and salvadorans.

You note next to a litany of problems that "For none of these priorities are adequate monies available." I return in my thoughts to Mann's "escape from the problems of peace," and I wonder whether the fault is not in your list, but in the way we prioritize and don't prioritize. We spend zillions on "defense" and destruction. I especially appreciate your observation that "Similarly in Bosnia, the U.S. and its allies can win no military victory at reasonable cost nor can they extinguish ethnic hatreds."

Why is Peace a smog?????? I prefer to think of peace as a great puzzle and we are on a long, long pilgrimage searching for the pieces of peace.... Very slowly, we find diffuse, multiple and unclear forms which we try to piece together into a pattern and "I do believe" "I have a dream," I hope that we will move from warfare to peacefare, to celebrate the Great Peace Fair.

With this I thought I would close and wish you well at the Council on Foreign Relations, then my wife brought home the Herald Tribune: a cluttered new agenda for maintaining

civilization. How marvelous a different title makes your valedictory essay. And the highlighted note helps us see our times more clearly: "History will not forgive the world's leaders if they fail to see the ultimate material and moral rewards of being their brother's keeper." (I will make no inclusive language objection at this time .)

You have a central challenge in the title, "A Cluttered New Agenda for Maintaining Civilization." Last year Boutros Boutros-Ghali prepared for the Security Council a challenging document under the title, "An Agenda for Peace," but the brief essay is less than a central challenge. We need and I believe we want a cluttered new agenda for maintaining civilization....but we do not want the maintained civilization to preserve the many flaws, inequities and ignorances of our current multiculture civilization. For some years now I have been working on the conceptualization of The U.N. as A New World Ordering, commencing in 1945. From this frame of thought it is easy to see that the U.N. System may be the precursor of a new global cultural system. We know we will want clean air, water, food, health, education, housing, clothing, work and leisure, etc. in The 21st Century, in the Third Millennium, and because of our diversity the agenda need be cluttered.

I believe that a "central organizing principle for foreign policy" and for domestic policy will best be organized along the lines and between the lines of how we appreciate "liveness," the relation of all beings one to another. This policy will transcend human concerns and become global life concerns. We will have, as you indicate, a staggering list of "new agenda" issues—helping Russia, population control, refugees, environment and the like.

I do believe that we will find great solace in the words of Thomas Mann. I repeat, "War is only a cowardly escape from the problems of peace." This is not a totally comforting line. We may find that it is indeed daunting and that peacefare may prove to be more "work" than was warfare.

A world where leaders are mostly defending the status quo does not allow much time, energy or resource allocation for the "grand dreams and visions" you allude to. Perhaps we need to heed first that marvelous quip of Einstein's that imagination is more important than knowledge. Albert never indicated that knowledge is unimportant, he simply or not so simply asserted that all sorts of knowledge would not be worth very much if we are unable to harness that knowledge into the visions of our imagination. I hope that you will soon see that "the smog of peace" was a mirage and "peace is not a season, peace is a way of life."

29. news unfit...

COUNTRIES SPENT NEARLY \$840 BILLION IN 2001 ON MILITARY, UN REPORTS

dear barbara, i see the picture, this is news unfit for the times to print.. david

Countries spent nearly \$840 billion last year on weapons and other military expenditures, an average of \$137 per person, according to a comprehensive new United Nations publication on disarmament.

The 2001 UN Disarmament Yearbook, <http://www.un.org/News/Press/docs/2002/dc2835.doc.htm> released on Tuesday at UN Headquarters in New York, describes the latest developments in a wide range of disarmament issues, including steps taken by countries to confront the threat of the possible use of weapons of mass destruction by terrorist groups in the wake of the 11 September attacks.

According to the publication, military expenditures have continued to rise both globally and in most regions; it estimates that a total of \$839 billion was directed towards military expenditures, representing 2.6 per cent of world gross domestic product.

The book also examines efforts to strengthen multilateral disarmament legal norms with regard to nuclear, biological and chemical weapons, as well as the outcome of the UN Conference on the Illicit Trade in Small Arms and Light Weapons in All Its Aspects and other actions taken by the international community to combat the dangerous proliferation of portable armaments.

The Yearbook recounts different approaches to nuclear disarmament, prevention of an arms race in outer space and other issues taken by States that blocked substantive progress in the Conference on Disarmament during the year. "The pursuit of security through the endless perfection and accumulation of arms is clearly counter-productive - and in the early part of the new century, the world must achieve what Article 26 of the [UN] Charter describes as 'the least diversion for armaments of the world's human and economic resources,'" the Under-Secretary-General for Disarmament Affairs, Jayantha Dhanapala, writes in the foreword to the publication. For more details go to UN News Centre at <http://www.un.org/news>

30. dear j and j.

for the moment, i can think of only two people with whom i dare share the following ... what do you think my chances would be in the nytimes

peace, inkey.....

Unoville
May 31, 2001

Dear Editor,

unwords, words and UN WORDS
and
credit where credit is due

I write you from Unoville, the mythical capital of the United Nations Organization which was never constructed in Westchester and Fairfield Counties because NIMBYs of the 1940s foreclosed on the environmental education some bucolic portions of New York State and the Constitution State would have provided fledging UN staff and the diplomatic community...

Had John D. Rockefeller, Jr. not given sum \$8 million to acquire 18 acres on Turtle Bay and had New York City not given some \$26 millin to establish infrastructures, had Unoville been established in 1946, we may never ever have had to cost a colossal conflag, the United Nations Conference on Environment and Development in Rio in 1992... Ecoism would have been every day fare and fairness...

I write you today today in reference to OUTSIDE U.N., A SECRETARY SO SOCIAL... Is this article by the same Barb Crossette who recently wrote that Carol Bellamy, the Executive Director of UNICEF, is "fighting for children." I had problems with that message and wrote a barb to Barb at that time, so recently.... i quote in part...

NOW.....

barbara plays or works the new york social scenery... sir peter (aka ustinov suggested once or more that attending a gala fundraising dinner is akin to going to a bullfight in support of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to

Animals. i address equally/more poignant un and UN themes. alas, neither hamlet nor yorrick gave us a dictionary of the prince's words, words, and words. so i clown upon another stage... with unword, words and UN WORDS...

i would have every new yorker and near neighbor visit the united nations as a part of learning about the UNITED NATIONS.... i would ever express appreciation that nelson r. helped expedite philanthropy for the siting of the united nations headquarters,yet i would credit nyc with the greater philanthropy... 8 million from johnny and sum \$26 million from jane doe, john doe, juan gomez, juanita gomez, luci chong, charlie chong and many other supranationals of the greatest supranational metropolis on the living planet...

i would have us see ourselves as response,able for being the United Nations. I would see us play and work with words...

unaware

UN AWARE!

George Bernard Shaw believed that there are two great tragedies in Life, not to get one's heart's desire, and to get one's heart's desire. I believe that there is a third and far greater tragedy, *not to know... not to be aware...* It is in this context that I have struggled from my earliest years to answer my Mother's eternal question: "What in the World do you want, *now?*" A prince many years ago told us that we read words, words, words... I have found that we also meditate, both consciously and unconsciously, upon words and unwords and U-N WORDS...

My questions may not be your questions and your questions may not be my questions, yet *perhaps* we can work together to assemble some words, unwords and UN WORDS, to transform our thoughts, words and deeds to UN WOR(D)(K)S... I invite all readers to send me their lexiconic lessons....

THE UN's 100th ANNIVERSARY unwords & UNWORDS!

31-1.

this evening i thot i might write an essay assay of unashamed and UN
ASHAMED.

would it be TOO MUCH to ask of the new york times, the paper which claims to print all the news that fit to print, to publish in your june one, 2002 edition, in memory of my former student and friend, His Majesty Birendra Bir Bikram Shah Dev, 1945-2001, my tribute mythical essay on Shah Dev's peace pronouncement in the General Assembly....

The Antarctic Treaty

Peace in Antarctica is older than the ice, but humans and some humanes decided in 1959 that we should keep Peace at least somewhere on the planet, so with an international agreement they treatyized the Seventh Continent. As a king come lately, in 1975, my friend and former student Shah Dev, His Majesty Birendra Bir Bikram Shah Dev, declared his kingdom in the clouds, Nepal, to be a Zone of Peace. Are we to suppose that I was prescient by being such a peacenik all my life....., burning my draft card in 1953 during the Korean Police Action which came to be known as the Korean War ... And while Nepal was "recognized" by 116 nations as a Zone of Peace, only Antarctica has remained peacefilled.

Recently.

The night before last, I finally awoke to the idea that YES, I do believe in GHOSTS... For almost 70 years I have teased myself about ghosts... and I had this magnificent dream about Shah Dev addressing The Empty Chamber of the General Assembly, about his campaign to get Nepal recognized as a Zone of Peace... In his lifetime he managed to get 116 nations to support Nepal as a ZOP and I always wanted him to take the idea to the UN... He declined, saying he wasn't ready to do so.... So, in my dream work, he does what I wanted him to do during his life sentence on Planet Earth...

After he came out of the General Assembly with an entourage of two or three he was in a little room and I heard that he was at the UN... so I prevailed upon the guards to let me in the room and I requested the other Nepalese to leave so that Shah Dev and I could chat... they did so and I congratulated Shah Dev on his endeavor, explaining that it mattered not at all that the great hall of the UN was EMPTY.... I assured my friend that the message would endure... And, I awakened, finally believing in ghosts.... Halloween this year will take on new

significance... I laughed silently to myself and thought that I should write a little essay, fun and frivolous should not be confused, A FUNNY FINALE!

Vishnu is dead, long live Vishnu...

I will grieve and glory today and all the remaining daze of my life

silicon...

Dear Op Ed Editor and Prof Crain,

NYT 9-06-03 No Free Ride For Toddlers...

Barry Brazelton's visits to Unicef Headquarters was one of the great joys of my service time as UNESCO Advisor to Unicef... Now, it is re-freshing to reading Billy Crains' commentary that Barry's activism prevails, at least on paper... For children (adult size and child size) who are laxing into physical inactivity with computers, let me share a fable of fabulous functionalism...

Playfullllly, david inkey,

THE SILICON BOX

mabel's message:

PLAYING BY THE RULES

Mabel Ingalls, bacteriology professor and "last surviving grandchild of J. Pierpont Morgan," was indeed, in deed, a marvelously impressive woman. I met Dr. Ingalls at the 1964 Western Hemisphere Regional Meetings of the International Planned Parenthood Federation in Puerto Rico, where I was introduced to the then young world of international family planning. I was a young Visiting Professor of Social Anthropology from the Faculty of Medicine of The University of El Salvador, a founding member of the Salvadoran Demographic Association, and Mabel was a sourcebook of international health: We regaled each other with challenging stories.

The day after we had met a population colleague said to me: "You know who she is, don't you?" I said innocently and honestly enough, "She is an adjunct professor at Columbia." My informant said, in terribly knowledgeable terms, "She is J. P. Morgan's grand-daughter." FURTHER, I WAS TOLD, AS BEST I REMEMBER, "when she was a little girl one day her nanny took her to play in Central Park. There Mabel learned the greatest lesson of her life. She was playing on the grass in front of a 'don't play on the grass' sign when a policeman said to the nanny, get that child off the grass. The nanny asked the cop, don't you know who that little girl is? She is J. P. Morgan's granddaughter and she can play on the grass if she wants to. The policeman disappeared, and the nanny called Mabel off the grass. You may be J. P. Morgan's grand-daughter, but you must learn to play by the rules."

When I returned to the States in the autumn of 1964 to work in Boston on international family planning, I talked to and wrote Mabel a couple of times on work issues. When I moved on to population education in 1969 our paths separated and I thought she had died sometime in the 1970s. Today, on this cold last day of the year, December 31, 1993, the NYT brings me notice of her death and informs me that for some 25 years Mabel and I missed the opportunity of sharing each other's deep concern for all people's health and we lost the joy of telling stories to each other. Mabel was a great person and a great international worker in an era when it was very difficult for women to be great, successful professionals. Friendship is a fragile essence which must be stewarded as carefully as one helps a child learn the rules that protect our ecos, our home and environment.

33, ralph, sir brian, and the bunche bunch...

Dear Editor,

Ralph's Century, Celebration and Commemoration

August 7, 2003... Ah, would that fellow Charter Member of the United Nations, Sir Brian Urquhart, and I had collaborated on today's NYT's OpEd item, "A Force Behind the U.N." Instead of saying that "Ralph Bunche was an unassuming man..." we might have asserted that RB assumed, presumed and proactively worked that "We the People(s)" would increasingly be response,able in the new world ordering established on October 24, 1945. We would invite everyone not just to commemorate Ralph's life and work, his century, but we would insist that we celebrate RB's Centenary, using some of the guidelines of the Ralph Bunche Institute:

A yearlong 100th anniversary program will celebrate, reevaluate, and build upon our inheritance from a great American and a great international civil servant, Dr. Ralph Johnson Bunche. The centenary will run from August 2003 through August 2004. It is planned by the Ralph Bunche Centenary Commemoration Committee (RBCCC) and coordinated by IMG, the Internal Management Group, and its Secretariat located at The Ralph Bunche Institute for International Studies (RBIIS). This website is maintained to provide on-going information about Centenary activities, as well as background information about Ralph Bunche, the legend and the legacy. [Goo: Ralph Bunche Centenary.](#)

I have for some months tried to enlist "academic" institutions to sign on with the RB Institute, but most of the "educators" I have approached have been suffering advanced academentia, and Ben Rivlin at the RBI lists only two score and two educational institutions on their roster. I am as disappointed on this as I was in 1953 when working with CORE in WDC, black and white movie houses wouldn't let black and white Americans sit together to see black and white movies.

I am actively celebrating the International Decade, 2001-2010, for a Culture of Peace and Non-Violence for the Children of the World wondering mercifully why the non-violence prescription is not for all. Further, I am advancing 2031 for the celebration and commemoration of The Treaty of Kadesh, 1269 BC, the first known peace treaty in our human pilgrimage. peace, david inkey

34. rules for the unruly

A peace for the NYTimes... by david inkey, special writer for the NYT...
(the font used is Comic Sans MS)

Rules for the unruly.....

I wonder as I wander thru Time and Space, Meaning, Morals and Mendacity, while we have rules of war and have no rules for peace... Might we try as hard to obey rules for peace as we ever successfully break the rules for war, without any evidence of effort...

Please cover and uncover all the events leading up to, including and following the Swiss proposal of "a Meeting to Re-examine the Geneva Conventions," reported upon on page 15 of The New York Times International, Sunday October 6, 2002.

Hopefully, this will include a review of the failure of the first known peace treaty in our human experiment, that of Ramses II of the Egyptians and Hattusilis of the Hittites, dated correctly or not as 1269 BC. We have only 29 years to prepare for the celebration of the 3300th Anniversary of the Ramses Hattusilis Treaty, September 21, 2031 AD. The same day the United Nations observes a planetary Day of Peace, perchance we can achieve a Year of Peace and go off warfare to peacefare... Our Peace Fair...

peace, david inkey

11. sentenced

to life...

sentenced

to death...

by david inkey

seven hungry souls

*

once,
just once,
upon a time.
not only 4 our time,
with many a yes, oui, si,
for all time, in all places,
through the ages and pages,

1. f

don quixote , squire sancho panza,
thomas jefferson, david thoreau
mr. samuel mark twain clements,
birendra bir bikram shah dev...

o,

and david inkey, esquire,
the UN poet:

=====

—seven hungry souls in life and death succession—
with the exception that david inkey has not yet met his own, particular death
--once upon a time convened, converged, emerged from separate stances,
shrouds and human crowds, into a grand salon, late one day,
in an even-ing of exchange. seated round a well-rounded,
fully circumferenced table, they set out as much
as they were able, to feast upon a main course,
well done, prepared collectively, reflectively,
of the humane condition. from rarest vitals...
each chef contributed his own chef d'oeuvre
don q presented chivalry par excellence,
humble sancho p did suggest with glee
good governance. then ever working
not to offend, brilliant tommy j—
though with slaves he did play—
professedly blessed é equality?
henry t did most quite simply
make his eloquent plea,
simplicity,,,
sammy c packed a whammy,
in clouds of smoke he spoke,
monologues of good humor,
birendra did to peace appeal
and a good education reveal.

last but not least, in anglais, francais, spanglish,
and american, inkey did as david does, display integrity, with loud, proud and profound apologies here
for male predominance?

iTHE "FINE" DAZE!

I live beside still waters and on especially "fine" winter days, days like Martin's Birthday, like some other yesterdays, maybe like many of our tomorrows, and just probably like festive St. Valentine's Day, the surface stillness of my pond, smaller by eight acres than that other David's Walden, crystallizes in hushed, hypothermic harmony. When I feel this splendid, transforming magic I invite fantasy, family, a few other friends and occasional strangers to share the mystery of my eco-elation: "I grow in Beauty as Beauty grows in me." In private, privileged dialogue in the innersanctus of self, even with grandiose illusions and delusions of grandeur, ever with my most modest illusions of ability, yea, always with ill-conceived delusions of stability, I step good humouredly beyond good understanding: I walk on water! With littlest confidence, I claim and proclaim again to myself, anew to all others who would listen, and even askew to those who do not:

iWOW!

iWOW! is my invitation to iHYDROLOGY 101! I give freely a course in miracles. There are no failures here. There are no pessimistic Pedros, no pathetic Pierres, no pretentious Peters, floundering as did that quizzical Saint of Olden Daze in the Sea of Galilee. In iMianus Mischief! we meander afoot or we may skate and sled, to our hearts' and souls' content. Only, only, only occasionally, as on Martin's Day, traffic officers arrive with "bull horns" and quickly proclaim that all unmoved vehicles on the Valley Road causeway are to be ticketed! Gallant Guardians of Joy petition, protest and (penitently?) prepare to pay some lesser than fine "fine" to the Town of Greenwich. (Would ever such an assault on play as this occur in the Wilder playing of OUR TOWN?)

Today, a couple of cautious passerbys stopped their grand Mercedes at my door and rang my bell. On what they felt to be solid ground they asked me to summons the police... "They" expressed fear that a youthful trio on the puddled pond might fall through the ice... I was urged to tell the police to hasten hence to warn of danger that troika so enjoying iMIANUS MISCHIEF! I declined such a modest civic task: I explained that splotches of softwater shining on hypothermic harmony only dampen our spirits--puddles wet our clothes should we fall. Insufficient cause for any of us to be upset! Insufficient excuse for, for, for, police

iALARM!

WOW _

Pretty amazing - eulogy - When did you create this one?

I look forward to the day when you send out your manuscripts!

PS> - what are your web page interests - i.e. I could set something up w/
your name, adress, some quotes or sample pages/chapters and email address.

Love, Win

Dear Win, Thanks for the WOW response... Yes, you can help me on a web page.. I looked at what you left, but I couldn't get in very far and I really don't understand how to proceed... This MIANUS MISCHIEF should amuse you.... We had a lovely visit with Bets who went back to Hartford after lunch today... Your Mom might go to VT after a dental appt tomorrow. I have many "fires" to keep glowing...luv, Dad..

THE PLAINTIFF'S APPEAL:

love, a life manual...in 75 chapters

greater love hath no being than that s/he lives in full sharing of love.....

an inkling

Sentenced to Life, Sentenced to Death...

I try to imagine when, why, where and how I would draft life sentences and death sentences were I designated to undertake that awful task (awful and awesum). I would have to become a master draftsman careful in getting caught in drafts, overdrafts, hurricanes and tornados. my limited experience of drafting constitutions suggests no clues as to how or how not I would even consider the task of draftsman of life and death sentences... Surely, I would not be limited to having only to draft human(e) life sentences and death sentences..... I would insist on pandemic privileges and pursue liveness as valiantly as I do without the assignment of being the author (authority) on life sentences and death sentences.

dead or alive file title

I have not followed the dead and alive writings, but as one of the pioneers of population awareness (demography, ecology, family planning, sex education, self awareness) in the '60s and '70s, IT has long been of more concern to me that we create stewardship of all life than do body counts on this, that, or the other crisis, famine, war, or epidemic. Hundreds of millions, yea BILLIONS, live in dire poverty and abject poverty... Once upon a time, a 12-13 year young African refugee child asked me, "Why did you save my life?" My reply to her was, I believe in life, but I would have prevented your life if I had had the opportunity, because your parents, your village, your nation did not want you. I believe that every being has the right to be wanted... The "unwanted" are the beings "killed" whether they still breathe or have ceased to breathe... David Inkey, The United Nations Philosopher ... I want to live in a world where children will not ask us innocent questions for which we have no innocent answers...

i am sentenced to life!

*I am sentenced to live all the daze of my life.
I am not like that earlier, complexed-simple, poetic David
who could pull the strings of harp and life and so easily sing
sing his praise prayer,*

*"Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life..."
No, in this later hour of our time, I want a light to follow,
lives to guide me, and Awe, awe to fill my every breath...*

*Early on the morning of the Sixteenth of December
in The Year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirty One
in Our Common Era, I was given a life sentence.*

*The judgment,
then and now, ever, in all ways and always,
is for me to learn around-about,
and to work in and on and through innumerable
mundane endeavors.*

*Then, finally,, finally and in some final days and daze(?),
with neither voice nor vote, I am charged, chagrined and challenged.
I am given the response-ability to imagine,
to image through an entire century eon of Earth time,
a co-creative pattern for PLANETARY CULTURE.*

*I have the most difficult and exciting task
that I have ever heard of in all of Creation...
Perhaps...perhaps, per chance,
I am as well prepared for my task as is my neighbor
and is my neighbor's neighbor,
and none of us is ever fully prepared for what lies
, and lurks and leads before us...*

*With great, good fortune, I have not--to the very best of my knowledge--
been deprived of physical comfort, unfailing health,
general prosperity and some quiet recognition.
Yet, I am serving an indeterminate life sentence,
a term for perhaps so long as a hundred years
unless with Amazing Grace, with justice and mercy,
I may gain time off for good behavior.*

*Am I somehow, somewhere, sometime,
looking for time off or time in Eternity?
If such dispensation is granted my sentence will not be commuted,
it will only be reduced to Death...*

*In some sort of last rites,
apparently losing all my other rights
which I learned and exercised only slowly and not always well,
I will be committed with dispatch, to rest in peace, nobly or ignobly, ...
No one with whom I have associated can tell me...
I will probably be dismissed, summarily, buried,
soiled in the soil of this Earth,
or burned in some cooler oven than our imagined "Inferno."*

*Strangely, some priestess or priest will give a valedictory
"fare thee well," with "ashes to ashes and dust to dust."
Gloriously, I will be reunited with other star dust.
All of this happens to me because of what numerous,
noted cosmologists have claimed, or claimed to claim,
in all their astrological and astronomical findings...
"that we are celestial beings, made of the dust of stars..."*

*I did not choose to come to Planet Earth...
The great French Jesuit anthropologist, Pierre,
said so long ago that it seems only yesterday*

*"We are not human beings seeking a spiritual experience,
we are spiritual beings seeking a human experience."*

*I would prefer that Monsieur Pierre Teilhard de Chardin
had been less wobbly in his spelling, that he could assert the "humane."
I came to Earth on a cold winter night, naked, hungry, speechless, homeless...
In the Cosmos, I was before all and after all quite content so far and fully as I can
remember, member and premember, to being something of a Cosmic Clown.*

*Yet, I was painfully brought into this life in a condition of limited responses,
in a state of infinite innocence, fully dependent, helpless,
proverbially "wet behind the ears,"
all wet and slimed, and perennially blinded or blindfolded,
by fellow humans' inhumanity one to another.*

*Through years of tutelage,
I have been rigorously both dragged and driven
from dependence to be independent, only, just,
ultimately, to learn that interdependence is the favored state!*

*On a pilgrim's voyage to the enchanted isles, in mysteries beyond my-stories,
puzzlingly in an hour-story of our stories,
I have learned Lifeness, lifeness being the relation of all beings one to another...*

*All histories have only been versions of his story...
All of herstories have been rarely expressed, yea, muted or not yet written...
Ourstories are only, just, scarcely pre-dawning....
Our birth and death certificates proclaim, as if they were diplomas:*

*... When philosophers become clowns ...
... And when clowns become philosophers ...
... We shall indeed be humane beings ...*

*All my life I have wanted to be a child when I grow up.
Perhaps, it is just make believe.*

*When I use all of my Imagination, I can be the Clown Prince of Planetary Culture.
Long, long ago, about as late as yesterday and as early as tomorrow,
and far, far away,
about as close and gentle as the waves of the heliopause
and as distant and lost as my cradle,*

extremely early on the morning of
the Sixteenth of December
in The Year One Thousand Nine Hundred
and Thirty One of Our Common Era....

my monitors declared that I fully possessed all five of my senses...
"They" were so unschooled in the sense and nonsense of censuses and censure
that they little realized how many senses I need to create Planetary Culture.

Why couldn't they know that I would need both common and uncommon sense?

What have they done with the senses of faith,
fun and foolishness, despair,
pain and hope, Love and lust,
wit and witness and wit-less-ness,
wisdom, humor,
grief, joy, play, punnery, prudence,
art and awkwardness, worship,
service,
childness, Lifeness and Awe....

I want it said of me, iHE LIVED!

David Inkey

i am in my 75th revolution around our morning émourning? star.....
i came to life on earth at 1:45 a.m. on the 16th of December in the
year 1931 of our common era. many other earthans have believed
that infants come with original sin----but there is no evidence for
or against me on this issue. i claim innocence. to my "knowledge" i
received no written "life manual, "though immediately my family,
community, state, nation, region and world imposed innumerable
"codes," some of which have been easier than easy to break,
some of which have been slowly dekrypted, many, most of
the seemingly most difficult, have yet, if ever, to be
clarified. fortunately enuf, i remain predominantly
cheerFULL and today, wednesday.... 22 february,
'06, i set about recording, scripting 75 chapters
of what I would share as "love, a life manual in
75 chapters" for as few or as many of my
fellow humanes to deplore, implore or
restore as may wish ,want and/or be
able to explore. remember, kindly,
forgivingly, that i commenced as a
left-handed kidlet from idaho,
& therefore, therewith be
all forgiving of my faults &
faultlines. to practice 4 the
preparation of a life manual,
of, by and 4 david inkey, esq.
i have found, discovered and
developed an autobiography for
win scotlow, the imagineer....what
errors i have written of, by and for
win can be discounted, deleted and destroyed
in an unprecedented cup. love, a life manual...in 75 chapters.
greater love hath no being than that s/he lives in full sharing of love.

Awe, absurdity
beauty, benny,
curiosity, creation
doubt, death
ecology, earth
faith, friends, fragility
gratitude
healing, hope
imagination
joy, joyfull
kindness, kin
love, lifeness
meaning, magic
nature, nurture
optimism
play, pray
query, quest
ray, reason
serenity-sentenced-storied- -serenity-sentenced-storied
time, trust
universals, uno dp
vision, value
wit and wisdom
x-ings, xtra
yearning, yearning
zeal, zanyness

awe, absurdity
beauty, benny
curiosity, creation
doubt, death
ecology, earth
faith, friends, fragility
gratitude
healing, hope
imagination
joy, joyfull
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serenity-sentenced-storied- -serenity-sentenced-storied
time, trust
universals, uno dp
vision, value
wit and wisdom
x-ing, xtra
yearning, yearning
zeal, zanyness

epiphany

awe

I believe we live in ONE WORLD of
AWE, anguish and absurdity,
belief, beauty, and banality with boredom,
CREATIVITY, compassion, and crassness,
devotion, desire, and doubt,
enthusiasm, energy and education,
faith, fear and frivolity,
goodness, greed and grace,
HUMOR, hating and happiness,
IMAGINATION, ignorance and insight,
JOY, jealousy and juxtaposition,
kindness, knowledge and kneeling,
LOVE, loneliness and lust,
meaning, meanness, and mirth,
need, nurture and nobility,
OPTIMISM, opposition and opportunity,
pessimism, poverty and PROMISE,
query, quest and quarreling,
rest, rancor and relief,
study, stupidity stubbornness and serendipity,
trust, terror and timidity,
union, universalism, and usefulness,
vision, vice, and vivacity,
wonder, worry and weariness,
X-CITEMENT, x-haustion, and x-actitude,
yearning, youthfulness and YEARNING,
zeal, zealotry and ZANYNESS.

We enjoy or we fail to enjoy living on Planet Earth,
the only body in our universe that we know sustains LIFE...
LIFENESS is the relation of all beings one to another...
ever, still, yet, since, yearning...

doubt

doubt?

iiiiiii

??????

14! Fourteen Questions are not meant to replace,
place or pre-place "14 Points" of an earlier era,
even amongst the determinists.

My quest(tions) constitute(s) simply
and not so simply my didactic
developmentalism.

My Quixotic Quirks are a folk doctor's kit
and caboodle in which I keep some magical toys, tools and techniques. I use my
ANSWER MARK--an eight rayed star—
to disguise the worst frustrations
I have, frequently with commas, periods,
question marks, exclamations, dashes, semi-colons,
colons, pluses and minuses...

I have a little crystal ball to divine any doubts
and to prove to all doubting Janes and Jameses
that I have all my marbles.

My Mother carefully guarded my childhood marble
s and years later when she thought I was response,abl
e enuf to take care of them, she shipped them eastward
where they rolled around happy on the floor of my academented office,
in the Harvard Graduate School of Education.

And I have a purple crayon which I use to emulate Harold's creativity,
qua HAROLD AND THE PURPLE CRAYON.

I honor MAGIC, for MAGIC is, before all, the work,
art and artfulness I learned from a troika of ancient wise-guys,
The Magi, who taught me that our faults are not in star gazing and supernova....

death, be proud...

death, be humble

Dear bob,

"i am sorry..."

let me shriek from the silence of soul...

i believe death should be proud,
very proud, of each and every life it claims....

one of my three brothers was claimed ages and ages ago
and deep sorrow lingered for scores of years...

doug, whom i met at in western new york, has just "lost" a brother,
and i shared with him my memorial essay about ray, 1938-1945...

it is also yours for you in this difficult time...
i know, that in time, all things will be all right...

peace, david

the following is one of the chapters from that great inkey opus,
sequel of rob fulghum's heretical learning pattern pabulum, the
superbity kid's I WAS A KINDER GARDEN DROP OUT! if you
need additional reading matter, i can email you the 101 approaches
to education...

Ray, 7

1938- 1946

Ecology

Dear Shah Dev,

Thank you ever so much for sharing with me a quarter of a century of your life...

Dear Dinesh Bhattarai

faith

Dear Virginia,

Thank you so very much for your time with us during our recent visit to North Carolina and for your lovely letter of September 23, 1996. We, too, deeply appreciate the long and deep sharings that have blessed our lives... Your enduring faith has been a treasure to us and we have always appreciated your prayers and concern for our family. Thank you for sharing with Martha some of the UN stuff and stuffings... The age-old visions for peace transcend many epochs, please tell Martha that my favorite icon in the United Nations is a replica of the first known peace treaty in the human(e) pilgrimage, that of Ramses II of the Egyptians and Hattusilis of the Hittites, 1269 BC and that I am self-appointed "chair" of the celebration committee for THE PEACE FAIR OF 2031AD, the 3300th Anniversary of the Peace Treaty of Ramses II and Hattusilis.... (Coincidentally(?), my centenary.)

No, Virginia, Nan and I are not disillusioned with the whole Church... We are sadly disillusioned with what we experience as the pervasive practice of unchristian acts in the name of The Church. When we say that we "feel" an absence of "spirituality," we are not passing judgment on the churches we know, we are explaining what we perceive... When I sit in a pew year after year after year and say to myself, "God, when am I going to hear a significant sermon here?" I am not condemning... I am praying... When the minister spends more time providing current movie reviews than leading or guiding the congregation in "ministry," then, I believe the Holy Spirit has not been welcomed into that minister's life and ministry. When a Christian Education Committee is disbanded because it cannot accept inquiry and suggestions about inter-faith ministry, my "light" is extinguished in that place and I am cast into other

arenas of light and shadow... I do not want ministers and congregations to turn me into being a Pharisee, when they cannot reach out with God's love to the Muslim, Hindu, Buddhist, Jew, Black, Hispanic or other "stranger" in our midst... I cannot, in any semblance of my conscience, be a part of an invasion of a Bosnian Muslim family's temporary home, by a well intended church-organized painting party on the very day the refugee family is celebrating the second holiest day in the Islamic Calendar... The "Christians" never--to my knowledge--ever inquired what the family needed and needs, as contrasted to what a few busybodies "believed" the family needed... A snowstorm of Christmas cards was "unwelcome" when the signers of the cards had not even troubled themselves to become acquainted with the refugees. I should not dwell only on refuge... Divine stewardship is another "point" of departure. The "blindness" to the environment and environmental degradation is "unChristian." I am sorry that I have to sacrifice possible community by absenting myself from several churches, but after repeated and repeated and repeated efforts to befriend and be a friend, I seek God's love in other gatherings... I have somewhat similar problems with the multimillion dollar construction of a new hospital for this community, in a world bereft of potable water for a fourth of our beings, a world failing to furnish sufficient iodine to perhaps a third of our body...in a country where perhaps a fifth of our children are hungry.

I am not a voice in the wilderness... I am a voice in community...but Christ, of all people and for all people, preached that ultimately we must let the dead bury the dead... While I plead and pray that all shall have potable water, I really am praying that all will have "living water." While I jest that I give lessons of walking on water, seasonally, I am serious that we must co-create miracles for all to know the fullness of God's love in their lives. You asked me why I do not turn to The Book of Common Prayer on those Sunday Mornings that I do not go to one or another church building... I did not have an answer to your question until I got home and awakened in my own bed... I rarely turn to The Book of Common Prayer, except from time to time to re-experience a long cherished prayer, because now my prayers are universal prayers transcending many, most of the limitations many of the earlier scribes set down for us... Further, I use my own revealed experience and language as "prayer." You know that for many years I believed I was suffering as Job had, though I did not experience all the loses he did. Now I am post-Jobian so far as the "doubting" suffering is concerned. I am now indeed "knowing" God's unconditional love and am attempting to share it into all the lives my life touches. I have even used (created) a new word to explain this, LIFENESS, lifeness being the relation of all beings one to another. I do not have time to judge others... I am fully occupied with the

marvelous, the magical experience of measuring what I feel is my personal experience of "spirituality."

Virginia, let me ask this question: If one is told, both verbally and tacitly, repeatedly and repeatedly and repeatedly, that what one has to offer is not wanted, then, what is that ancient, proverbial "obligation" to maintain fellowship and community with others, when community and fellowship have not come into being... For many, many years one of my greatest "sufferings" was a twisted understanding of the injunction, "To whom much is given, much is expected." It was not until I worked in El Salvador (translated, "The Savior") that I finally, finally, finally felt and knew that I was "giving" and that in that giving I was indeed satisfying the balance sheet, that to one whom much had been most abundantly given, much was also abundantly, finally being expressed and acted out... In my field work in Mexico, the most poverty-stricken family I knew gave me an understanding that I do indeed understand the poor... Don Luis meant that I understand the poor in material things, but when he gave me a "stigmata" of understanding of physical poverty, I "saw" his (Luis') and God's spiritual wealth...

If by church attendance or non-attendance I fail to convey my sense and sensibility (feeling) of God's love, I can only pray that God will (and does) understand that I am "living" love to the very best of my being. Most people think that they only have five senses, or at least that is the number they most talk about. I am deeply concerned that we at least double our sensitivity, moving beyond touch, taste, smell, hearing and sight, to also embrace faith, hope, love, humor and AWE.

I am far more deeply concerned about being evolutionary than revolutionary, but please tell me, "How in Heaven's name (or in Hell's) can we continue to wallow in the stupidity of PC being translated as "politically correct," rather than transcending to planetary consciousness, planetary culture (instead of cultural wars, and wars on hunger, poverty, drugs, crime and whatever else--cannot we say "struggles"). Cannot we have PC mean peace council and peace counsel, and perhaps "the ultimate" PC, personal commitment. All my life, ALL my life, I have been told that I am bright. I am bright, but I do not want to be known for my intelligence, I want to be "known" for my compassion, my caring, my concern, my curiosity and my imagination... Talk about being judgmental: People indicate that because I am bright I cannot expect others to "see" what I see. Caring is not measured in degrees of knowledge, caring is measured in degrees of caring...

When "churches," when "congresses," when "congregations" cannot hear the drummer's chorus that I hear, I cannot amplify that hymn any louder than my silent serenity... It is no fault of my doing that I am tone-deaf and lacking in binocular vision... I am more interested in the silent symphony of surrender and in the insightful sight of my blinded soul. One of my favorite parables is that of Christ healing the blind man. The man in question was not "blind" in the first place, he "saw" in his soul. Christ simply restored his external vision. My spirituality is in my being and no one can judge it, just as I cannot judge another's spirituality. But, I can judge what I "see" as the results of what I may passingly refer to as "a lack of spirituality."

For many years I have been a Quaking Anglican, by which I mean that I treasure many elements of Quakerism and Anglicanism... However, life's journey has granted me the privilege of "knowing" many, many, many other "ways" to faith. I can question the outward and visible signs of what you, or you, or you, or he, or she, or they, "do." I cannot "question" the faith...God blesses me in all the days and nights and daze of my life, and I praise God from whom all blessings flow...and I do mean, all... Let there be peace, and let it begin with me. Even Jeffrey and Jennie Pumpkin O'Lantern come to my home for a Hallowed Even with starry eyes...

Luv, (David Inkey)

September 27, 1996

friends,

Friendship needs no words —it is a loneliness relieved of the anguish of loneliness.

Dag Hammarskjold, MARKINGS

gratitude

GRATITUDE

dear bob,

ah yes..... we suffer on hallowed even.....
no little nor big kidlets come to scare us anymore...
despite two lovely o'lanterns glowing into the darkness of a moonlit night,
there was is something hollow,
like an empty marshmallow without any sweetmess,
except gooey memories.....

november brings us the joy of two of my favorite days.....
ALL SAINTS and ALL SOULS are my brief refuge in the totality,
of LIFENESS and DEATH.....

love, david

i am ever amused that Unicef sanctified me by making me SANTA. John Paul !! tries
so very hard to establish his sanctify and mine was is and ever will be

AMAZING GRACE...

healing

healing

dear mike,

i trust that your silence isn't self-destructive and downgrading..... we are in the less
known echelons of awe.....awe is multidimensional..... back to boston on monday
afternoon for a tuesday catherization, whether that means just angiogram or
moving to angioplasty or even to bypass surgery, we don't know.... henri n has a
wonderful book akin to this dilemma, THE WOUNDED HEALER... i am awakening to
my mortality...

liv, luv, david

friends, amigos, colleagues, amis.....

we are just back from boston, in a 51 hour round trip.. on tuesday we were postponed through the day, i was to be one of the first and they had so many emergencies, i ended up near to last, maybe next to last as far as i could tell...

the medical intervention(s) went very well.....starting with an angiogram, rapidly progressing to a cleaning out (rotter cleaning) of one of the 3 major arteries, the other two were fine...and then an angio bubble and the insertion of a stent... it seems if you don't get a stent these days, your intervention doesn't count...

then i had to be immobile for about 8 hours so as not to hemorrhage (sp)... that was the greatest agony of all..... at midnight i was propped sideways so i could sleep on my right side, the damaged side so as to remain mostly still... at 3am i was awakened to remove the auto blood pressure machine...that had awakened me about every 20 minutes for the pressuring... back to sleep...

and then at 530 the vulture arrived to take blood to check cholesterollllllllllllll...

and back to sleep and awakened at 730 to be weighted and blood pressured... then breakfast didn't come until almost nine... after about 6-7 other people hand INVADED my terrain, including one with a mop, one with fresh ice water... one with a thermometer.... etc... CHAOS, thy name is MODERN MEDICINE.....

I was whooshes yesterday from the dilation medicines, but had no great pain.....today i am just sleep deprived, weary and soon to jump carefully into bed.... in general we were thrilled with the great, great competency we found... and i do like boston...

liv,luv,david

imagination

Dear Friends and friends, acquaintances, even strangers and Strangers...

We the People of the Nation of Imagi
have never been granted direct representation in Planet Earth's
feeble still restrictive effort to rid the world of war
and to establish peace, yet many of our nationals, carrying
passports of member nations have been able since 1945 to work diligently,
directly and determinedly on PEACE...

I became a Charter Member of the United Nations on October 24, 1945,
and in the 1950s I informally collaborated with UNESCO and Unicef in community
development work in Mexico, while working directly with the American Friends
Service Committee. I little suspected then that I would eventually work directly in
UNESCO's employ and would even be named to the BEST JOB IN THE UNITED
NATIONS, the UNESCO Advisor to Unicef... I know that several people in the UN
System have from time to time believed that they had the best job, but I one-
upped them by explaining that although I wasn't my own boss, I kept my bosses
3,000 miles away... For a decade and six months, I exploited magnificently the
educational, cultural, communication and science strengths and some of the
weaknesses of UNESCO and "advised" Unicef on a catalogue of some 14 items...

During that decade, I earned three great titles, SIR David, for exemplary spy-in-
residence double service, United Nations Santa, for distributing Unicef Staff
Association purchased toys to kidlets in a Big Apple children's service organization,
and the supranational designation of THE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER! I
enjoy the designation immensely, but also, I suffer its exclusivity and long, long and
long for the development of everyone becoming a United Nations philosopher...

I am now retired from the everyday in and out duties of UN employ, but I shall
never cease working in peace until my demise when I will fit into that proverbial
terminology, "rest in peace."

On January 1, 1992, I established a Forty Year Peace Plan, to develop schemes and schema to celebrate and commemorate the 3300th Anniversary of The First Known Peace Treaty in Our Human(e) Pilgrimage, the Treaty of Kadesk, the treaty of Ramses II of the Egyptains and Hattusilis of the Hittites, 1269 BC.... We peaceniks of the 21st Century are not bothered by the purists who suggest that there have been several calendar changes in 33 centuries....

I cringe that we are very, very slow in enhancing the lot of many of our fellow humans... We spend hundreds of billions of dollars on warfare and pittances on increased, peacefare... Prophets and philosophers from many eras have suggested better behavior.... Gandhi suggested that we must be the change we wish to see... A man called Mann, a Thomas yet, but not the Doubting Thomas, Thomas Mann said or wrote and said, War is only a cowardly escape from the problems of Peace...

In the current multilogues of peace ... I concur with Don Roberto (see below) in his joyfullness that the United Nations is a special focal point now... From a friendship with the late king of Nepal, His Majesty Birendra Bir Bikram Shah Dev, I learned much peacefullness.... I am profoundly saddened that in his brief years he never acted on my suggestion that he tell the United Nations directly about having established Nepal as a Zone of Peace and that from 1975, with his Coronation declaration till his death in 2001, he "recruited" 116 nations into his Concordance... Would that the Security Council and the General Assembly of the United Nations declare Planet Earth as a Zone of Peace in a Galaxy of Peace and that the resolute acts could carry Birendra's name...

I had my "say" concerning my desire and determination to have The First Planetary Peace Fair in 2031 AD during discussions on **THE WORLD AT A CRITICAL TURNING POINT** at the United Nations on October 22, 27-9, 1998 sponsored by the NGO Committee on Disarmament, in cooperation with the UN Department for Disarmament Affairs and the UN Department of Public Information. I raised my voice specifically in **GLOBAL ACTION TO PREVENT WAR**, a discussion on October 22, with Jonathan Dean and Randall Forsberg on government and grassroots efforts to stop war, genocide, and other forms of deadly conflict.

If you can participate in the 2031 events, please communicate with Kofi Annan, Office of the Secretary General, The United Nations, One UN Plaza, NY, NY 10017... You might also note that we are in the United Nations Decade, 2001-2010, which is yet another reason not to go to war in the Middle East...

peace, david inkey, president of antarctica university

antarctica is the only continent upon which we humans have not "waged" war...
dear inkeylings,

i suppose seeing the atomic blasts from frenchman's flats on cold winter mornings in the desert skies of deep springs college froze sum of my soulfulness sufficiently that i should never need to see additional evidence of the incomprehensible devastation of the atomic era and current legislation concerning yucca mountain and a projected 10,000 years of radiating folly should more than quash my curious concern about a lifespan that might reach from 1931 to the 3300th anniversary of the peace treaty of that pharonic egyptian ramses 2 and hattusilis of the hittities (1269 bc)... todaze nytimes reports on a monument in our neighboring metropolis for the irish spudniks hunger which resounds to current famines in africa.... no AIDS for the unaided...and i, aye, eye, iconize a few idolized peaces of peace, essayed below a current of un wiring....

namaste, david inkey

July 16, 2002

U.N. AFFAIRS

U.N. HEADQUARTERS: Photo Exhibit Of 1945 Atomic Bombings Canceled

U.N. HEADQUARTERS: A Photo Exhibit Of 1945 Atomic Bombings Canceled The United Nations has reportedly cancelled a photo exhibit planned for its New York headquarters about the 1945 atomic bomb attacks on Japan, possibly due to the gruesome nature of some of the photographs.

U.N. officials last Thursday told Hidankyo, an atomic bomb survivors' group, that their photo exhibit, planned for the headquarters' lobby for Sept. 18-Oct. 27 had been cancelled, although it may be rescheduled for another date. The officials said an explanation would be relayed later.

The Japanese daily Asahi Shimbun reports that the group was told in May, during discussions on the proposed exhibit, that gruesome photograph should be avoided, as children would be among those viewing them. The newspaper says a similar exhibit at the Smithsonian Institution's National Air and Space Museum in Washington was cancelled in 1995 amid objections by U.S. veterans' groups.

According to Associate Professor of Literature Lisa Yoneyama of the University of California, San Diego, "This is a frightening form of censorship, especially at a time when the U.S. government has indicated it was preparing a policy of first-strike use of nuclear

weapons." She added, "Any nation will try to conceal aggressive actions on its part, and historical displays of Japanese aggression against Asia have also often caused controversy" (Asahi Shimbun, July 16).

kindness

Dear R,

Ghosts from a pastime. We have been "out of touch" for years... but I just thought I ought to write or right you becuz I expect to be in Boston and Cambridge from late Sunday April 26th till late Monday 27th... The 27th for Cambridge, but no specific plans for the 26th yet...

I shall "forever" be thankful to you for asking me what I am doing in Connecticut, because that Thoreauvian essay I wrote you has given me much pleasure... How have you been and what have u been up to...

Partly from you and partly from further reading, I finally fitted Thoreau into his times...and took from him what I wanted and needed for my times... You repeatedly asserted that Emerson was so much more meaningful to you... I appreciate Emerson,

but there is a nature/nurture component of Thoreau that satisfies me more... Whitman has always been too restless, angry, demanding, or something else for me to really appreciate his contributions... That is said, believing that my lilacs cannot bloom without hymn/him....

I trust that time and circumstance have been kind to you...

All best wishes, David... I have a new email address, raccridge@aol.com

love love,

need

need

great.... a very good commitment.....
in the early 60s, jonathan garst,
the brother of roswell garst
who showed kruschev around the cornfield in iowa,
came to el salvador where i was doing medical anthro
in the faculty of medicine as a visiting prof,

and while i ranted and raved about malnutrition,
jonathan "educated" me to NO NEED FOR HUNGER.....
the title of a book he subsequently wrote.....
Harpers, about 1964.....

jonathan's wife was an emeritus prof of obgyn
and she became the spark that ignited
the salvadoran demographic association,
of which i was a major component....
and from which i went ON to a careerlong commitment
to population studies....etc...

glad your plate is full,
we have about 1.2 billion persons
who probably don't each even have a plate....
and they don't even have enuf water to have water fights

like we had in our childhoods....

inkey.....

optimisim

optimisim

The Julian S. Huxley Visiting Scholar of Humane Rights and Rites

To honor the dedicated service of the great British biologist and humanist, Julian S. Huxley, and to celebrate the 50th Anniversary of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, we have invited David Inkey, the United Nations Philosopher and endeared UN SANTA, to share with us three perspectives on Humane Rights and Rites: HUMAN RIGHTS YESTERDAY, HUMAN RITES TODAY, AND HUMANE RIGHTTES TOMORROW. Inkey, a reformed, or reforming, Harvard anthropologist, pioneer in population awareness, retired but never tiring supranational civil servant, and author of the forthcoming epitomic work on PC:

PC x PC

PLANETARY CULTURE X PERSONAL COMMITMENT

Sir David is the primary Imagineer of the evolving language of unwords and UNWORDS, decyrptifying words which gain post-exponential power by disaggregation... For example, "unaware" becomes UN AWARE, a common, skeptical term such as "unbelievable" enlarges and transforms its very nature to being UN BELIEVABLE... Pathetic, prosaic terms like unfair and unjust become lofty aspirations, meta-goals, planetary crystallization's of UN FAIR and UN JUST... Outcasts of an unwanted fate see, feel and sense,ably are transformed from unwanted beings to UN WANTED... In the circuses of cosmic cloning and clowning and in the practical parading of planetary clownpersonship, Inkey has sought and seeks endlessly the transcendental trust of translation and transcendence, seeing Satan sanitized to become Santa, seeing Evil turned around, straightened, out, to

LIVE... Inkey is our archetype archeologist, muting the scared and scarred and showing us all how to treasure "sacred" places and times... A little bit of a poet, Inkey believes we need to create more visual poems, his favorite being an expression of humane longing summarized in two minute fifth letters of our alphabet, "ee" which he smilingly mumbles into Americanese, "ease." For the very troubled of this life, he concedes that the poem may be pictured in a moderately modified font, "EE," and the utterance becomes "great ease."

Inkey sees KIN in the problems of the KURDS IN NEED, he sees awe in Nature and nurture, discovering that "We grow in Beauty as Beauty grows in us." Inkey is not yet certain whether he is an eternal optimist, or not, but given all the trials, tribulations, triumphs and trumpeting of his service in his terrestrial life, his "life sentence," he is so far, two-thirds thru his centennial, reasonably and romantically assured that he is virtually an incurable optimist... He struggles with the dire, pathetic queries of suffering and abandoned children and refugees, victims of quiet wars and noisy wars, worst of all, victims of apathy...and he longs to live in a culture, a planetary culture, where children will not ask innocent questions, such as Why did you save my life?, for which he has no innocent answers... In this life, Inkey believes passionately that "Love is The Question... Love is The Answer..."

Given his druthers, and taking them when they are not given outrightly to him, Inkey wants to live in a world of cosmic clowns and planetary clowns. He is profoundly suspicious that an essential part of the resolution of the rights and wrongs of Humane Rights and Rites is in the manic, mantric musing he imagined that day he spent in the United Nations Security Council while diplomats were scrutinizing incessant insecurity...

When Philosophers become Clowns

When Clowns become Philosophers..

Then, WE shall indeed be HUMANE BEINGS...

Inkey is an exuberant type, indeed a champion of sorts... Early in Life he was protected by his own Mentor with the invincible excuse of existence. Inkey doesn't protest in the usual fashion, rather he insistently insists: *I am not the champion of lost causes. I am a champion of causes not yet one. We, enthusiastic supporters of Inkey's efforts on our part, have yet to see any cause Inkey has lost...*

QUIXOTE+

Reason

(t) reason

SANTAS' TREASON? WHY JOHNNY IS A NON-BELIEVER!

serenity

serenity

Dear Lil,

Joy, to the World...
Santa's Serenity...
Planetary Pleasure....
Deep Satisfaction...

Thank you so very much for your good call
and the news that Unicef's getting ready for a truly touching,
significant reenactment of Santaing at the Foundling Home...

This will be my TENTH opportunity to BE a santa,
BE the UNITED NATIONS SANTA at the Foundling Home...

AND, IT is one of the most meaningful experiences of the Holiday Season....

I hope that my day stretches long enuf on the Third that I can get by Unicef
House to meet you, either before or after my mtgs in the Secretariat...

Luv, Santa

I appended some of the inspirations SANTA gives ME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
DAVID INKEY'S PROGRAM OF UNITED NATIONS STUDIES: iPUNS! DEC. 19

SANTA'S ELVES = SANTA SELVES SANTA'S VALENTINES SANTA'S IMPOSTORS

I loved Santa when I was a Child. I never got a chance to talk to him except at

time

time

INKEY'S EVEN TIDE

Dear Spiros, I think we both appreciate the preciousness of TIME. So, I have decided to use the little poem, THE DAZE OF OUR LIVES, as an inspiration to write you, for the Jr Journal, on this topic....

(accept or reject it, as you wish.) david

Dear Spiros,

THE DAZE OF OUR LIVES

Would you please explain to me, busy as you are, why it is that the clock still reports that there are 24 hours in a day and the calendar tells me that we have a total of 366 days this year, but TIME is shrinking... TIME used to be big enough that I could fit most of my important needs therein... Now TIME verges even on being stingy and "IT" isn't because daylight is less in this clime in midwinter, nor is "IT" because I am in the regular work force... Retirement gives me the option of deciding what I want to do with much of my TIME, but TIME doesn't generously open up, expand, afford availability, to accommodate all my desires and needs...

All the way through elementary school, high school, college and graduate study, even until I became a "Doctor" of "Philosophy," no "teacher," "educator," "professor," or "academic," could ever explain to me why I and many of my colleagues were always "running out of TIME...." Only as I gradually crept, like a little nine-month child, crept into "MATURITY" did I discover part of the reasoning and unreasoning I needed to know about TIME... When I lived the first year of my life, fortunately one that had the bonus of an "extra day" for a grand total of 366, my elementary calculation was 1 divided by 1. When I got to be a two-yearling toddler, the math

was scary, 1 year divided by 2 equaled 1/2.... The second year went twice as fast as the first... When I got to a golden 50, TIME was running faster than I, and that year was worth only 1/50 of the value of my first one... Enough to justify going off a gold standard...

On Beethoven's Birthday, which also happens to be the memorable date of The Boston Tea Party, and with marvelous coincidence my natal day, I will "terminate" my 68 year and become 69... Entering my 70th year... In English and American counting, we don't get the "number" until we have "finished" IT... In Spanish and Nepali, one gets credit for being active in the larger number... So, on the day after tomorrow, I will BE in my 70th year... Imagine, 70 revolutions around our Sun. And, alas, my 70th YEAR will run through 365 days 70 times faster than did my FIRST YEAR...

Is there little wonder why I am dazed... And with much excuse and insistence upon my wanting to live all the daze of my life, I have even written a little poem to express my content and contention... If you wonder what I how I am going to contend with my CENTENNIAL, I intend to be a Program Coordinator for the 3300 Anniversary of the FIRST PEACE TREATY in our human story (first recorded one), that of Hattusilus of the Hittites and Ramses II of the Egyptians, 1269 BC. (not adjusting for any calendric changes)... $1269+2031 = 3300$...

If TIME and YOU are not running at too accelerated a pace in 2031 A.D., would you also like to be a Program Coordinator for PEACE! We could use some of our daze to run through the Minotaur's Maze in Crete, getting amazement, prior to moving through the trials and trails of the 13th Century B.C. "peacemakers."

peacefully, david inkey
antarcticu@aol.com

I rest assured that your audience appreciates The Antarctic Treaty and the "assurances" of peace on at least one of our seven continents...

THE DAZE OF OUR LIVES...

David Inkey's Programs of United Nations Studies! (PUNSI)

January 6th, 1998

An Almost Modern Self,

When I go to the Land of Oz, I will talk to the Wizard on my second day there and tell him that I am visiting in order to write a book. He will ask me when I arrive
an al(l)most present,able self...

I believe...

I believe we all live in many worlds,
I believe we all live in uncounted private public worlds, timed untimed in worded
unworded whirls, who is accountable?

I live timely, in merged PAST PRESENT PRESENCE FUTURE,

I am an almost present,able self: I grow in BEAUTY as BEAUTY grows in me... while
most beings seek happiness, I create IT. I am no champion of lost causes, I am a
champion of causes not yet won...

david inkey's april fools' 98 ÷unlimited additions÷

DAVID INKEY'S PROGRAM OF UNITED NATIONS STUDIES: iPUNS! OCT. 1,
1996

iPLANETARY CULTURE!

Planetary Culture, the most comprehensive PC ever imagined, *is*
on(c)e, universal and indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

Anon, 4004 BCE

IF

Planet Earth was created on Monday, October 23, 4004 BCE, then, this October 23rd, we may mark THE 6000TH ANNIVERSARY OF CREATION. Though we humans had to wait three more days before we were placed here and given dominion, we may, never-the-less, commence our festivities for all creation, on the 21st, or the 22nd, or the 23rd. I have heard stories piled upon "stories" of creation--as high as the elephant's eye or higher than ten towers of Babel--but only in *one* have I had THE END OF CREATION explicitly explicated with spectacular credibility and durable incredibility, with a clownish clue, a Quixote quip, a trickster's TGIF, "Thank God it's Friday." So, God, Who so loved The World, had the opportunity to rest on Saturday the 27th!

Because

I am the only less than totally serious, self-confident and publicly confessed "reformed Harvard anthropologist" extant and perhaps even more significantly because, thrice anointed, I am THE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER! I enjoy being both the authorized and unauthorized, the official and unofficial public scholar and clown prince of PLANETARY CULTURE! I am daunted and undaunted--using more Imagination than Einstein ever drew up or drew down to establish that "Imagination is more important than Knowledge."--to compose this first known monograph on iPLANETARY CULTURE! ÷UNLIMITED ADDITION÷

IF

monkeys know monkey business, then agile anthropologists ought to be able to take poles as well as reach goals: (This is how I found my totem and lost my modem!) Many, many years ago, I found a totem, a spectacular post in Washington, but for more time than Rip Van Winkle had in his siesta, I neglected any de-ciphering, I being "too busy" with other tasks, exuding *epic ethics* for and from *education, ecology, equity, peace, prosperity, population planning, participation, imagination, integrity, international and interspecies cooperation, culture, and creativity*. Just, only, and finally, this year--forty years after I "set sail" on my formal, graduate "education" in social anthropology--first on the banks of The Thames and then on The Charles--I feel sufficiently free from the political constraints, public cynicism, planetary carelessness, even the public callousness, that I have assessed and reassessed. With my peace counsel, our peace councils, all planetary consciousness and yearned for planetary civics--and ultimately--the ultimate PC--personal commitment, I pronounce that, indeed, I am tired of all the tribes of anthropology, archeology, linguistics, ethnography, ethnology and whatever and whoever else, fighting, struggling, discoursing, disturbing, distributing, aggressing and digressing on their disagreements. I want *us* to concur that we have too many cultural wars, wars of virtually every description. And I want to find anthropologists studying peace profits and peace prophets...

I

have been an "anthropologist" almost all my life, for good or ill--but I believe it was for good, my parents having introduced me into The Nez Perce Nation when I was a tender 4 years young. In all the three score years since, I have been perhaps as committed to peace as was the great, 19th Century Nez Perce leader, Chief Joseph.

Thus, I wish today, October 1, 1996 CE, well into my sixty-fifth year, to declare myself as the foremost anthropologist of PLANETARY CULTURE! I do not want to believe that I am the first anthropologist thereof, but I have found no records of any others. I appeal to the entire profession of anthropology and to all professions, of faith and of skepticism, to help me document the creation and evolution of PLANETARY CULTURE!

JUST

just for a moment and for many moments and for many long lapses of time and temper, let us read again or read for the first time the inscription of the Washington Totem. It appeared in what year at what time, I know not. It "carried" an October title. I trust that you enjoy and enjoy this as much as I do:

SIX DAYS IN OCTOBER

I

do not know whether I have been struggling with the idea and ideal of PLANETARY CULTURE since I was just four years young or whether my academic and non-scholastic efforts are only the product of forty seasons and unseasonable doubts, debits and deductions... When I entered The Enlightenment, when I traveled through the magnificent minds of several seventeenth and eighteenth century scholars, I glowed with glory, I jumped with joy, for the humane evolution of humane rights....endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit and capture and freedom of happiness.

perhaps, just perhaps, without field notes, it has been too many years since I studied that period of the humane experience known as "The Enlightenment" for me to remember much--if one counts and measures our forgetting by year-short spans... Whatever way we member and forget and fore-get...I remember the courage-cowardice of the philosopher Condorcet, who took his own life to cheat the guillotine, penning beforehand: "[H]uman perfectibility is in reality infinite, [and] the progress of this perfectibility, henceforth independent of any power that might wish to stop it, has no other limit than the duration of the globe upon which nature has placed us." (Emphasis added.) Most notably, he observed ideas and ideals, that we may extract from the cauldron of wars and relativism:

What a picture of the human race, freed from its chains, removed from the empire of chance as from that of the enemies of its progress, and advancing with a firm and

sure step on the pathway of truth, of virtue, and of happiness, is presented to the philosopher to console him for the errors, the crimes, and the injustices with which the earth is still soiled, and of which he is often the victim!

Condorcet,

Diderot, and Voltaire taught that if freedom is a universal right only the enlightened could be said to be free. Condorcet observed:

Even when freedom is respected in form and preserved in the book of law, does not the prosperity of all still demand that everyone be capable of recognizing those who are competent to maintain it? And if man, out of ignorance, depends on another to decide matters of public concern, can he really call himself free?

The period from 1600 to 1950 is a time of enormous discovery in science and great evolution in global understanding, yet strangely or not strangely given the "magic" of science, people gained "faith" in science and lost faith in what had come to be called "civilization." In the 19th and 20th Centuries, hundreds and then thousands of anthropologists ventured into numerous societies and "eventually," related to the events, determined to report on each society as a distinct culture. Rapidly, culture became so multicultural that "diversity" became a mantra and cultural relativism, a catechism. A curious example of the gap or discrepancy between science "science" and human and humane culture "cultures is shown in a proclamation of the most exclusive, elite entity in the Republic of France. In 1985 the *College de France* elaborated as a prime principle among ten, for the academic institutions of that nation:

The unity of science and the plurality of cultures. A carefully fashioned system of education must be able to integrate the universalism inherent in scientific thought with the relativism of the social sciences, that is, with disciplines among people and to the ways people live, think and feel.

I

was in France when this proposal was made, but fortunately or unfortunately, I was unaware of this "crime" against PLANETARY CULTURE! (Was IT for naught that Jonathan made me a Charter Member of The Planetary Crimes Commission in 1966?) I was dutifully determined, through the usually good and unusually good offices of UNESCO, to promote basic humane rights and rites as I understand the rites, rights and wrongs of humane rights. I am an ardent, indeed, fiery advocate of the Universal

Declaration of Human(e) Rights (1948) and have spent many years and much yearning that every child be a wanted child and that equity become central in all policy correctness of PLANETARY CULTURE! UNICEF even made me an earlier contributor to THE CONVENTION ON THE RIGHTS OF THE CHILD, years before such thinking was conventional. I believe that as I "embark" upon the third third of my planetary pilgrimage, as I attempt to march magically--using my own drummers--toward my centenary celebration, I am an apostle of Thoreau and Tolstoy, two of the principal moralists of the 19th Century and of Gandhi and Martin Luther King, cultural revolutionaries of the 20th.

ANTHROPOLOGY

in the 19th Century became a highly disciplined, descriptive discipline and seldom have its adherents subscribed to any values or vectors that anthropology should be a revolutionary, philosophical endeavor to fulfill the dreams of great religious and social visionaries in various societies through the recorded ages of the humanizing quest. We have perhaps limited ourselves to cataloguing the sensitivity of five physical senses, sight, touch, taste, hearing, and smell and have been senseless in the realms of faith, hope, love, humor and awe...

I am a student of life and death and liveness, liveness being the relation of all beings one to another... I propose and am using all of the imagination and knowledge I can assemble, like in a planetary puzzle contest, to co-create PLANETARY CULTURE, making anthropology a much more enthralling endeavor! In all the contemporary critiques of culture and custom I know--more than my peace marches, my "interracial" sit-ins, my dollars and sense contributions to various "causes," and my dealing with and learning from disabilities--the workds of Maria Eliou challenge my sensibilities, sense abilities:

The women's movement cuts across not only countries and regimes, social classes and parties, but other social movements as well. Essentially subversive, since it tends towards the overthrow of the existing male-dominated order, it is fundamentally creative in the sense that it proposes to join with other movements in a creative quest for the development of tomorrow's societies.

¿GLOBAL CULTURE?

TODAY is The 432nd Anniversary of April Fool's Day and herewith we have a magnificent opportunity to consider the nature, creation and creativity of Global Culture. First, however, I am happily obliged to express my boundless pleasure to be here with you all in the sacred precincts of **THE SOCIETY FOR VALUES IN**

Foolishly(?)

whether we are messed up with Inkey and a lot of printers' ink or whether we are *in key* with INKEY, this is enough foolishness and wisdom for today. Let me warn you that in my next profession, I aspire to be The Clown Prince of Planetary Culture, *A,GIP-C, Angel of Global Identities and Cultural Pluralism*, an activist in the continuing co-creatio of GLOBAL CULTURE! This is in addition to my *pc*, personal commitment, as The Founding President of Antarctic University where all students, faculty and administrators are Optimists, forever looking up! AU IS PRONOUNCED AWE.

OUR ACCREDITATION RESTS IN PEACE AND
iPLANETARY CULTURE! IS OUR BEST ELECTIVE!

iP C ! by SANTA CLAUS!

We better watch out, we better not cry,

I have come here today, Thursday, June 13, 1996,

It has been said that most people seek happiness.

_____ I create IT.

Fantasy is a marvelous vehicle which frequently transports us more magnificently than my reindeer and sled or other "realities." I never was able to deliver this speech, this fantasy, At Connecticut College because I think that IT was unseasonable for Santa to travel during the summertime in Connecticut. Maybe some skeptics believed this was only a snow job. Whatever the case, I hope we all enjoy IT as much as I enjoined with Curiosity and Imagination to create IT...

Luv, Santa

Universal

universal

peace and sweet dreams
ah...

on another occasion
i will tell you about my perception of three dimensions of PEACE...
inner, communal and universal.....

i'm fairly successful on the first,
life fails me on the second,
and i am a great imagineer of the universal...
conscience makes a hero, occasionally...

get thee to bed... si, oui, yes... with the stroke of 12 midnight...

UNO DE POBRE

vishnu Vishnu
Vishnu is dead, long live Vishnu

wit and wisdom

wit and wisdom

the internal and external worlds collided for me on june 1, 2001...

david inkey

My purpose in writing birendra and david, friends, king and guru -- by david inkey has been, is, and probably ever will be the triplicity of "re-solving" grief, "celebrating" life, and attempting to share some elements of a special, special, special friendship... admitting immediately that all friendships are special....

I have not been a probing student of things Nepalese...partly to keep an innocence in the Shah Dev - David relation... And my many other concerns have "demanded" many days and months and years...

in joy and in sorrow, liv,luv, david

**prefer the folly of passion to the wisdom of indifference.
Anatole France**

Before Time Was Killed!

xing

xing

i went to the woods yesterday and came home with new poemettes... with my delight of autumn, you may wish to whisper to toads or rustle through banks of gold..... david, soon it will be time to rake up summer's "profits..."..... david inkey

ctoat time?

the ides of october 01

...seasoning...thirteen lines...

yearning

the mission of the un

We should give the United Nations the priority
which We, the People(s) deserve.

david inkey, USA -guest contributor

Prefacing, a little story

This is a little story about four people named Everybody, Somebody, Anybody, and Nobody. There was an important job to be done, and Everybody was sure that Somebody would do it. Anybody could have done it, but Nobody did it. Somebody got angry about that, because it was Everybody's job. Everybody thought Anybody could do it, but Nobody realized that

*Everybody wouldn't do it. It ended up that Everybody blamed
Somebody when Nobody did what Anybody could have done!*

by anon

I will relish the day when many have found themselves to be UN Philosophers, and I will not single myself out or be singled out to be the little "the," The United Nations Philosopher! Look to this day because in it are all the dreams and realities of work and joy for celebrating THE UNITED NATIONS!

My essay is not exactly a public advertisement to recruit, but should you be an unidentified UN Philosopher or should you wish to participate in The UN Celebration! Please communicate your interest to Anybody. In one of his greatest moments of confessional genius Somebody, AKA Einstein, said that imagination is more important than knowledge. He did not say that knowledge is not important, with wit and wisdom, he simply said knowledge without imagination simply remains knowledge. Change is a frightening element in the lives of many and it is the spark of vision in the lives of many.

The Briefing Note of the Anniversary Secretariat, for the 50th Anniversary of the UN, seven years ago, closes with the statement that the Organization has the daunting task to "create a measure of world-wide advocacy that has been largely absent throughout the first five decades of the United Nations." Musing on my regrets and joys, then in 1995 and now in 2003, I think that the lack of advocacy is scarcely due to any intentional neglect thereof by dedicated UN Staff. The real culprits are the Cold War warriors who inflicted severe disabilities and restrictions on our international civil servants and of course, we billions of beings, the apathetic. Words cited above about priority and potential are a gentle indictment: Perez de Cuellar's mission, Boutros' booking, then, and Kofi's now can only be fulfilled when we give the United Nations the priority We the People(s) deserve. Will Nobody help? Will Anybody help? Will Somebody help? Help! Everybody!

WHAT DO WE GIVE? OURSELVES!

you express a zest, a zeal... i search for some zanyness, much zanyness
with hope that you have learned or will learn the healing hope of humor....
with the healing hope of humor learned or now being learned, or to be learned,
we express a zest fullness, sum zeal, short of zealotry, very short thereof...
yet, eye, aye, i seek and seed sources of zanyness,

dear eva,

welcome to planet earth, the only planet we know of in this entire universe hospitable to
lifeness, the relationship of all beings one to another... i want you to know i have known
your family for eons and my family is your extended family...

somewhere in the lexicon of life, there is an adage, that birds of a feather flock
together... this little replica bird is gifted to you to help you in mobility... ducks in
general, and this one in particular, will help you adjust to fowl weather even before
you get your first drenching in a rainstorm... never underestimate the ingenuity of
ducks... they can ever teach you to duck from danger, real or imagined...

*and as for this duck coming to be your friend... ornithology is an important subject
around here and all kinds of people will try to introduce you to all kinds of birds... i
am not very knowledgeable in this arena, but my advice is that you start with ducks
as a matter of fact, fiction and principal and principle, i suggest that you start with
a little yellow rubber (i apologize, plastic) duckie... i have known quite a few many
babies and i believe that the best ones, the most imaginative, the happiest, are
those who learned to talk to little yellow, rubber-plastic duckies before they had to
communicate with big, old, demanding, less gentle people... you will have your own
story to tell, but meantime, if i can help you with any clues, know that i am here to
help you in any way i can... i am amused that this little yellow duckie wants to
befriend you and to teach you a little about being for the birds...be patient and
listen to duckie's silence. things were simpler, safer and more serene when i was a
little child. bon courage! (you will probably need it...)*

with luv from a persistent child neighbor,

david inkey

epiphany, epiphany in birth, in life, in several separations, several unions, in all my sense
including joy and sorrow, wit and wisdom, love, anger, helplessness, helpfulness

Awe...

in childhood, I learned...

now i lay me down to sleep,
i pray the Lord my Soul to keep,
if i should die before i wake
i pray the Lord my Soul to take.

now i pray....

now i lay me down to sleep,
i pray the Lord my Soul to keep,
guide me safely through the night
wake me with the morning light.

death is so very proud, how will we humble ourselves,
when we meet each other...

2006.....

a 75th year....

I am now in my 75th year..... I entered this hallowed space on December 16, 2005, celebrating what we call my 74th birthday, but really we were closing the 74th year and presenting me with the tableau of 366 new days during which I wish to chronicle on a daily basis the events of what has been a very eventful life.

Emerson convinced, persuaded or enticed Thoreau into being a journalist and we have great reason to be thankful for that. Nothing in my life till now has ever given me sufficient reason to be a journalist, nor a diarist, till now...yet I resist IT being a daily task... Now, now that I want to enscope routine, random and reflective elements of all my years into some 300 plus days to complete my account of being THE QUIETEST CLOWN and A PERFECT POET, I will adopt and adapt to the discipline of being a diarist.

Today, father time of 2005 fades into his story and infant 2006 enlivens our curiosity and imagination. Christmas and New Years' have each had their charm(s). Poignant memories of many friends, acquaintances and strangers crowd my thoughts. Joy and sorrow mingle in mysterious manifestations. Awe captures both my wakedness and my dormant spirit. Some friends are surprised that I admit that my spirit is ever dormant. Wit and wisdom will, I trust, accompany curiosity and imagination thru ever moment, movement and meaning of my 75th year and I will write on December 15, 2006 a special birthday wish to put under my pillow, a suggestion of dreams for December 16th, a natal date that I share musically with Beethoven, anthropologically with Margaret Mead and spiritedly with The Boston Tea Party.

I still have many dimensions of my confessions to structure, stress, dress and redress. I have to catalogue what elements I wish to share of a life manual of, by and for David Inkey. Wit without some wisdom is, I believe, a sham, a shame and a shambles. Wisdom without wit is oxymoronic, for thus wisdom would not be wisdom. A light white coat of a New England winter day clothes our thoughts this New Years' and a bright sun lightens our spirits. I harbor myriad thoughts of sorrow for many in 2005, but ever I persist in my passionate optimism that life is good.... If I am wrong in this belief, I will be saddened but not desolate. I will adjust my sombrero, my sarape, my pantelones and my huaraches and once again join my friends Don Quixote and Sanco Panza in the seemingly endless quest for understanding.

I will not have to write many poems this year to maintain my status as A PERFECT POET, but I trust that words will climb into place for me, wherein nature and art will be discernible and indiscernible from one another.

Place, space, face, grace..... each has its own fee...
If i move each, with glee, very free i will be...
If i lose my place, easily i will fall, in disgrace.
If i lack space, might i keep pace...with evil?
The clown's smile isn't to beguile, nor revile...

January 2, 2006

Good bye to UNOville.....

What would happen to UNOville were I to abandon this sacred soil? What will happen to me if I relinquish being First Citizen of UNOville....

January 3, 2008

Time, Weak Daze, Week Days

January 4, 2006

Friends, Acquaintances, Strangers.....

Friendship

In all things grounded and marine,
I find the ship of a friend the most serene...
Amongst the boats and floats, rafts and crafts,
Canoes and kayaks, our ship has a crew of only two...
No captains need us review...

On all the oceans, through all the seas,
On lakes, rivers and plains, even with prairie schooners,
In dry docks and locks, in all weather and uneven whether,
Whatever, whenever, wherever we tether, anchored or adrift,
Cleared or confused, the ship of a friend is the most serene...

david inkey, the UN poet, 41705....

The imaginary friends
I had as a kid dropped me
because their friends thought
I didn't exist. – Aaron Machado

epicurus.....of all the means to insure happiness
throughout the whole of life, by far the most
important is the acquisition of friends.

Langston Hughes

I loved my friend.
he went away from me.
there's nothing more to say.
the poem ends,
soft as it began—
I loved my friend.

{Friends) cherish each other's hopes. They
are kind to each other's dreams. Thoreau

Walter Benjamin

Friendship...does not abolish distance between
human beings but brings that distance to life.

Anais Nin

Each friend represents a world in us, a world
possible not born until they arrive, and it is
only by this meeting that a new world is born.

January 5 2006

QUIETNESS.....gordon allport
un quiet room

January 6, 2006

Ray - the sixty anniversary of his death.....

Win - the thirty-fourth anniversary of his baptism.....

January 7, 2006

Population Education

January 8, 2006

Peace, War, Health, Illness, Dis-ease... Hepatitis, Thyphoid, Lyme Disease,
Silent Heart Attack.....

January 9, 2006

Avian Flu

January 10, 2006

Internetting

January 11, 2006

Mother Courage

January 12, 2006

Learning to be, Peace on Earth

January 13, 2006

Theory of Learning

January 14, 2006

Ignorance, Innocence and Identity

I have poured in, piled in, plastered in, pasted in, many words, ideas, idioms, ideals and items which will have to be explained, extracted, and elaborated upon in subsequent editions of the confessions..... Inkey..... nov 20 06

Abcs, abortion,
care crime cope, culture of peace, col. rivera (see president)
clarence gamble, culture of war
disease, deluge
decency
dying, diversity

env
edgar faure
food, finances - un
gordon allport
garst
Gordon aka john g., epid review
Heresy, health
huxley, julian
hones
hope, health
illness, iraq
john rock
kindness

life, limits to growth
lowell Thomas
life this year as if it were my last....
liveness
living
literature
music
multiculturalism, Barbara way cal pomona
marcel marceau
mexico
martin luther king
Madeline Albright
mary trevelyan and queen's garden party
norman borlaug, nobel laureate
optimism
pop
president rivera
pope paul vi
pope john paul II
plea, pleas, please, play
poetry
problems of life
preying and praying, loewald richard and Sharon
pop ed
quixote
random rational reflective
sancho panza
surety
Schweitzer
streams of words
stuart udall
sir john hunt, climbing everest

selection
trust
teddy kennedy
time in all directions
work, wmd

epicurus.....of all the means to insure happiness throughout the whole of life, by far the most important is the acquisition of friends.

- > > This is a forwarded message. I do NOT know who the author is.
 - > Dr. Robert Muller, former assistant secretary general of the United Nations

WIN
SCOTTSLOW'S

THE
IMAGINEER!

PRACTICE ON WRITING

A LIFE MANUAL

CHAPTER 23!

I should start writing my book at the beginning, but I couldn't write when I began and there are many memories from the beginning that never got registered in my memory, so I think I would like to write my story from where I am now. I start from here, then I can go both backwards and forwards, capturing speculations in both directions.

I want to write about two questions, WHERE AM I? WHAT IN THE WORLD DO I WANT? I do not have to bother with such mundane questions as to who I am, because I think that that will come out clearly as I wander through my imagination and creativity. What does not come out may have good reason not to come out!

WHERE AM I? I am in California.

I am not a native Californian, but I decided that I am a delighted adoptee. I got out of college by various circuitous operations and I now find myself in Silicon Valley working in a computer instillation in a design research program. However, that is only the windowless, physical location of where I am. In the psychic sphere, where I live most of the time, I am not quite sure where I am and that is why I have started to write.

I am blessed with knowing that I am an IMAGINEER.

You don't get to be an Imagineer by going to school, climbing mountains, swimming in oceans, discovering fossils or studying binary asteroids on the Hubble Space Telescope. I believe you have to be born into this world as an Imagineer. Albert Einstein is the only published authority we know of on Imagineers and the only text he gave us on this, his only writing on this we know of is, "Imagination is more important than knowledge."

WHAT IN THE WORLD DO I WANT? I don't want to be sacrilegious, nor to appear sarcastic, but I think the answer to this question is "God only knows!" I know a few of the experiences, beliefs, hopes and dreams that I want, but as I record these it becomes distractingly ever more obvious that I really don't know what I want in specific ways. I have worked with the SETI INSTITUTE (Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence), but my colleagues there and I have not yet identified any extraterrestrials, nor heard their intelligences. While I was an undergraduate major in physics at Rice University I was always thinking that I should develop an independent major in Comparative Planetology, but Rice is too prestigious an institution and so very realistic in most of its endeavors, that my imagination could not fit into the standard rules and rubrics to qualify for CP. (I even imagined that CP would help philosophers, ethicists, anthropologists, sociologists, political scientists, psychologists and many other disciplinarians to resolve or solve or pre-solve their continuing confusion with PC. However, I never found the politically correct department wherein I could "incorporate" my study plan.)

SETI set a cool atmosphere except when we got all steamed up by getting close to hot spots in the Universe. I enjoyed writing science curricula and during a year of being considered "post

doctoral" I had a great time with creativity. During my stay in the institute, we even had trickster footprints of extraterrestrials on the ceiling of the grand foyer. This was about the some time that Clown College or the United States Postal Service lost my application to the clown school and my candidacy was delayed for another year, subsequently to be gently rejected with an invitation to apply again if I ever wish to do so...

Did I want to be a clown? I am not certain, but I know I certainly wanted and still want to follow the Clown's Credo that an actor has to follow the parts written by others while Clowns have to create the own acts. What do I want? I want to understand and enjoy FREEDOM... I want to have the entrepreneurial opportunity to express Meness and to have my Meness appreciated. I am not pursuing avarice, greed, materialism, mendacity, and mediocrity. I am striving for a certain inner joy and external appreciation. Yes, inner joy and external appreciation are what I want in this world and other worlds, including OZ which I visited when I was six years old and where I had the opportunity to be a Clown for an Oz Day. Oz days are entertainingly long and totally unforgettable! (Sometimes, when my sister and I were younger, we even re-created the Land of Oz in the parks of Paris, especially when the buses kept us waiting too long.)

My parents deny it, but I believe that Curious George is my first cousin. After all my Dad has a stuffed toy monkey Mom and he call Jean Louis, so there is at least one acknowledged monkey in the family. They deny kinship to George, though they do agree that I frequently behave like a monkey and may be more into monkey business than human. I also ask my folks to study genealogy to see if we are not closely related to Seuss or if the good doctor was not in attendance at my birth. I was named WIN as something of namesake for my Uncle Win, but my Mom's and Dad's generosity immediately went astray and I chose to use my name as a goal so often that they regretted they hadn't named me PLACE or SHOW. I don't really believe their protestations of regret because they went on to name my one and only sibling (sister) with the label "BETS." So, in our family, though we don't gamble in traditional ways, the progeny are WIN and BETS. Yet, we have learned well the importance of knowing how to lose and our identities are not dependent upon winning all the time.

WHAT IN THE WORLD DO YOU WANT?

WHAT IN THE WORLD DO I WANT?

WHAT IN THE WORLD DO WE WANT?

I want to understand THE NEBULOUS SOMETHING! When I was just four years young my Dad and I composed the Pooh Bear Song, and all of my life, I have had the fallback and fallforward name Pooh Bear. Dad even suggests that had BETS been born a boy, the child would have run the risk of being named Christian Robinson, to play on names, to steal without stealing Christopher Robin's label. Well, you can see from my journal that I have not had a normal childhood. I think that The Nebulous Something might have lived in the fossil cave I discovered in my backyard when I was just two, but maybe the NS was a character in EL LOBO FERROZ (The Big Bad Wolf) that Jaime was reading to me, in Spanish, and I have misidentified the goblins of my cave with the ghosts of Jaime's elaborated stories.

WHAT DID I LEARN AT SETI? I learned not enough, not enough about entrepreneurs, not enough about other scientists, not enough about other planets and stars and black holes and blue holes, yellow ones, and red ones and whatever else hued holes the find some day. I did learn that I do like creativity, which someday or some night I will have to define. There was not enough of "making things happen," and I did not learn what those things were even suspected to be or what they might have been...

So, I escaped from Rice and studied at Stanford to complete my Rice degree. When I left high school it did not seem that I would have had any chance to get into Stanford and now I am accepted for a designing degree in a Master's program. I would like to be a Master of Something and maybe such an M.S. would even help me describe the Nebulous Something. Do you suppose we are talking about the same "something."

If I haven't found the Nebulous Something yet, and I don't know how will I ever know if what I am looking at, seeking and attempting to discover or create is really, truly and timely the special NS I am waiting for, wanting, wondering about.

CHAPTER 22!

Last year, my two most notable pursuits were creating an egg tosser and imagining myself as a Cosmic Clown conveniently coursing my way through Ringling Brothers' Clown College. I don't have much to say about my egg-tossing machine because it only operated on terrestrial tosses, controlled by a pendulum. My partners and I were not imaginative enough to build a stove into the machine to end up with practically a perpetual motion omelet organizer. Perhaps, when I work on my M.S., I can ask the professors for permission to clown my way through cooking or cook my way through Clowning.

What I liked most about the application to Clown College, translated in option code, was:

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and the least was questions about when was the last time I cried and why, how do I believe I would be a good clown, and explain about when you first thought you would like to be a clown.

CHAPTER 21!

My parents are old enough that they had to be twenty-one years old before they were legally adults, but my generation was quicker on the calendar and we became adults, legally, when we became eighteen years young.

When I was twenty-one, though I was legally adult from eighteen, I still felt fairly young in many ways, and marvelous mature in others. . My parents enjoy me so much and I enjoy them so much that I enjoy the freedom to confide in them on many topics and they have confidence and confidences in me.

When I was twenty-one, I decided it was time to write my own series about the life and times of CURIOUS GEORGE, but before doing so I contacted Mrs. Ray to determine whether my Imaginary George could appear as the Ray's GEORGE has happily shown himself for many years. Mrs. Ray never answered my letters, but her publishers told me that they were not interested in hearing about George having had any other adventures after Mr. and Mrs. Ray had told the stories George had confided in them. Thus, my writing career lost some of its character. Yet, I do have a marvelous story about George saving teleballoon technology at the South Pole and his becoming the first South Pole Santa.

When I was twenty-one, I also decided that Dr. Seuss should get out of some of his books and get on board to be more playful with aspiring young readers. I proposed that the game of Monopoly should not monopolize the real estate world and THE WORLD OF SEUSSOLOGY would picture THE CAT IN THE HAT, THE LORAX, THE GRINCH and a double-dozen more of our literary friends on a playing field where bookshelves of library loans, purchases and borrowings would ignite the imagination of inquisitive children of all ages. Mrs. Seuss did not want to come on board and another Nebulous Something in my workshop never saw production.

CHAPTER @ 20!

When I was twenty, I tried to discover more strings in DNA, but the lab where I worked only gave me mucky, mucky moss, mud and musk. That was the summer I discovered I certainly did not want to be a biology laboratory investigator.

A little entrepreneurship and some sailing skill I had learned in SEA SEMESTER landed me a job at sea, or partly at sea. I transferred to a geology lab in Houston and had the glorious opportunity to help extract sediment cores on the floor of the Gulf of Mexico, which we subsequently compared in stratigraphy with Antarctic cores. HA! I thought maybe my Eagle Scout Dream of getting to Antarctica was getting closer, but in essence, the mud was as thick on the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico as on the floor of the Ross Ice Shelf. Martian Science and Technology studies in the dry valleys of Antarctica did not provide an excuse or an invitation for me to journey to the "bottom of the world" and I still long to collect meteorites down there, to soar with skua, to ponder with penguins, and to oscillate between the Ozone and Oz.

CHAPTER 19!

WE THE PEOPLES OF THE UNITED NATIONS ought to have the opportunity to share our beliefs and practices with our fellow beings. Because I had learned at an early age the importance of drug education, in my nineteenth year I was able to get an internship with UNICEF to work on healthy life styles for youth. HEALTHY might be a nebulous state for most of the world's people, but I had the opportunity to collect and evaluate for Unicef seven large boxes of documents, books, pamphlets, posters, project proposals and reports, and records and films on drug education, adolescent fertility, family planning and sex education, and general healthy life-styles. The work went so well I was able to participate in a subsequent interagency and non-governmental organization seminar on the subject and subsequently I was honored by being named World Scout Bureau Deputy Representative to the United Nations! The title fits into some pocket, corner, or category of the great Nebulous Something, but we should not be overly excited by titles and talk.

The rest of the year, I was a dutiful student at Rice University, except for one venturesome swim with garfish in the Atchafalaya River with members of the ROC, Rock Outdoor Club. However, that is a story my Dad, who knew the vagaries of the gar and Atchafalaya in his younger years, wants to embargo.

CHAPTER 18!

I was a great mechanic at the age of eighteen. Although I had almost gotten crushed by a hovercraft when I was five in the marvelous Channel port of Calais, I had never desisted from the idea of someday creating my own, little, practical or impractical hover craft. Eugene and I had the opportunity to manufacture a lawnmower-powered hovercraft in Physics in our senior year of high school. In retrospect, I believe that our hovercraft was indeed part of THE LESS NEBULOUS SOMETHING, it was the opportunity to remain close to one of our surface references and to rise above gravid gravity.

CHAPTER 17!

When I was seventeen years young, I learned the important lesson of knowing how to win to lose. The Boy Scouts of America and the National Science Foundation "gave" me the opportunity to concretize something of the Nebulous Something, by putting into an application my creativity and

imagination about being their Antarctic Scout for a semester. I had to be nominated by my local council for the opportunity and only about 120 Scouts nationally were admitted. I was optimistic beyond any one else's consideration and I became first alternate in the selection... The Antarctic Scout was more mature than I, already in college and I did not cry, but I felt like doing so...

All my policy courses allowed me to express Antarctic longings and all my science courses had a little physics warp toward colder temperatures and southern latitudes.

I am still trying to find an opportunity to be the South Pole Santa, while meanwhile my Fathered has with little effort and great luck become The United Nations Santa. We are both in pursuit of Nebulous Somethings in our studies of Gaia and of comparative planetology. We have Gaia Hypothesis to explain the Earth as a total system and we have Gaia Culture to describe the unity of human(e) needs and the accretion of global understanding, though we still seem to have tribal souls and to behave along most uncivil wars in our so-called civil wars.

I will get to Antarctica some day and I hope that with the knowledge I gain there linked to my imagination of international scientific and social research, I will be able to create games and stories of THE ANTARCTIC CHALLENGE.

CHAPTER 16!

It didn't start nor end when I was sixteen, but at sixteen I planned an international drug education project which launched two libraries for Scouts in Greenwich, Connecticut and Kathmandu, Nepal, and two public exhibitions of educational materials, as well as a national World Drug Awareness Day parade in Kathmandu with a thousand school children and Boy and Girl Scouts, followed by a national teacher training seminar for three hundred and the creation of the first drug awareness merit badge.

I have been half way around the world twice, and I am a member of The Explorers Club, hoping someday to circumnavigate the whole globe... The explorations of time, space, mind and matter are my fields and the nature of ability and disability are my bailiwicks.

It was not for the dramatic topic I worked on to become a soaring Eagle Scout, it was for overcoming many of the obstacles of being learning disabled, that I was awarded the Smiles Award as Outstanding Learning Disabled Student in Connecticut, years ago.

CHAPTER 15!

When I was fifteen I needed to improve my Spanish so my Nepali friends took me to Guatemala for two weeks of intense language immersion, which they also were doing. However, since I was as curious as CURIOUS GEORGE, I also had to climb volcanoes and visit ancient Mayan gods and temples. I will never be a very good student of comparative religions, but I will always be a dedicated, indeed determined, student of paleoarcheology. Though ancient builders understood less about cement and concrete than we do, they were concrete in defining marvelous Nebulous

Some things in their lives and works! When I got home from that experience I tried to win the Greenwich Point sand castle contest in my age category, but no judges were sufficiently impressed with my rendition of Tikal to give me a prize! The beachcombers, for the most part, did not even appreciate classic compositions outside of the so-called Western Heritage. Guatemala is pretty far west of European longitudes...

Now, we live in such open systems that we do not know how to conserve so readily as did the Mayans. We always or almost invariably believe that we simply have to explore, explore and explore, to discover, discover, discover, to create, create, create, and we forget how to evaluate what we should cherish of the past, what we should protect in the present, and what we should invent in the future.

CHAPTER 14!

I climbed my first mountain in the Swiss Alps when I was two and my Mother and I were waiting for my sister to be born. I had special Migro boots and I became an expert at rock climbing, scrambling over boulders that were unbelievably bigger than I and with my magnifying glass I became an Alpine botanist. If we had not been afraid of my losing my Southern accent we might have remained in Switzerland, but the chances of chance returned us home to North Carolina and I helped Bets learn to speak American.

But, mountains have gotten Time out of its march here... I am supposed to be referring to being fourteen. When I was fourteen, I was a good and venturesome Scout and I traveled to New Mexico to climb at Philmont. If my folks had known how quickly and completely I would convert to being a Westerner, they probably would never have let me go to our national Scout camp.

When I was fourteen I told the Private Secretary of The King of Nepal about the importance of drug education and two years later I offered to the Kingdom of Nepal the creative excuse and project plan whereby Nepal and I celebrated the First World Drug Awareness Day. I had thirty hours of Nepali language immersion, at three dollars an hour, and I learned so much I was able to address briefly the national teacher training seminar. I never cease to be amazed at how many creative opportunities can develop in one's life if one follows one of life's better mottoes, BE PREPARED. This motto which the Scouts have made their own served me so well that when I was just sixteen, and six feet tall with a clean and well-pressed uniform, I was chosen to carry the American flag in the 350th Anniversary Parade of the Town of Greenwich. I do not recall that there was anything nebulous about this...but it was a cold January 1st, 1990.

When I was fourteen, I also went away to school because my local school was more interested in schooling me than educating me, and 'they' could not protect me from bullies. Away, I learned arts and crafts I never would have mastered at home because the opportunities were not available: And, there is nothing nebulous about pastels and throwing pots. In the years since fourteen, I

have thrown more pots than I have painted pictures, and I have a certain mastery with mud which I will use in other master's design.

CHAPTER 13!

We might suspect some bad luck this year if we are superstitious about numbers, but we aren't and when I was thirteen I mastered math, science, language, social studies and I tried to structure ice sails, igloos and snow people. Sugaring from our maple trees allowed us to sweeten our springtime. Camping in Vermont collected our consciousness. Reading wrecked my rest. It was not an especially good year, my learning disabilities were multiplying without mercy and I couldn't concentrate my talents, because we had not yet begun to define them adequately.

The best thing, idea, understanding I discovered this year was what I best like about myself: I like to learn. This realization defined a decade of determination and even now at twenty-three, when I get bored, occasionally, I see that I am not really bored, I am simply and not so simply lacking focus. When I rest and "recover" I move on to the next query and quest--and I admit that boredom is only a temporary visitor.

Somewhere I should say something about my Impro Acting, my Bogman Behavior, my simple joy in camping, cooking, skiing, camping, hiking, swimming, teaching, developing curricula, learning and learning and learning. In my early childhood I drove my parents and teachers to linguistic distraction and they finally created a word to describe my questioning, before I asked a question they would ask: Is it a W'if? If it were a W'if, a 'what if' question I had to wait until a convenient time to ask my personal question. If it were not a w'if it was a general interest question.

CHAPTER! @12!!!!

National scandals may wear names like Watergate and white gate and no gate, but for me national success, modest though it was, will always be in the name white water. My Godfather took me to Pennsylvania to learn white water canoeing and before we all could sneeze under water I went twice to the Quaker State and then was invited to my native North Carolina to participate in the national senior and junior white water competitions. Well, I was 26th of 26th among the seniors and 6th of 6th in the juniors, but I competed and completed the courses. Opportunity and option have not given me much space in white water, but I continue a dozen years later to be a good canoeist and a pleased recreational white water participant. Confidence came from my reading the physics of water striking and flowing past rocks and roots. I believe even the Eskimos would like my skill in doing Eskimo rolls.

CHAPTER 11!

There is something magic about being eleven, it is the first time since one when the numerals match... When I was eleven I had a good friend named Francesco from Rome and I helped him in his English because I remembered how much trouble I had had in French when I was younger. Francesco and I learned to fight a lot, but basically we got along quite well with each other when others did not understand our horizons.

I had problems about horizons. I believe that outlines were as real as horizons and my Dad didn't like to play science games with me when I could out-manuever him in abstract design. When I went to Europe to see Francesco he was supposed to climb Vesuvius and Olympus with me, but his grandmother died and consequently he wasn't available to go climbing. Thus, I am the only person I know who has climbed both of the principal mountains of the classic world and communed with the Roman and Greek gods and goddesses in their abodes. Though they and I were up in the clouds, we did not feel that the situation was incomprehensibly nebulous. Something special was going on.

Some people use CHAPTER ELEVEN to declare bankruptcy, but I used it to play football with the COS COB CRUSHERS. When a neighbor kid asked me whether I could play football, I told Dylan that my Dad wouldn't let me. Dylan said, "Ask him anyway." I asked Dad and he said, don't ask me to play but if you are crazy enough that you want to play and break your bones and tear your muscles, it is o.k. with me. Just don't complain to me afterwards. Well, that was my ticket to football. I wasn't a great player but I enjoyed it and it gave me a sense of a team sport more than basketball, because when I was ten and tried to be on a basketball team, the team wouldn't really let me play. I wasn't any good at landing baskets...

CHAPTER TEN!

From ten back to six I am using my imagination more than my memory. I became a Boy Scout when I was eleven, so at ten I must still have been a Cub Scout and that was when I was initiated into..... Later, I became a member of The Order of The Arrow. When I was nine, and ten and eleven, I was mildly addicted to television so my parents had to ration my programming and each week I selected ten hours of good programming. Things like electric hour, odyssey and nova, and similar straights became me electronic classroom. Had there been more, good science programs my parents would have let me watch more, because we all realized that I was learning more from good television that from bad or inadequate classroom experiences. I was a good student, but I frequently was having troubles on the playground. I had to work a lot to compensate for parts of my learning disability and we did not yet have a computer for me. When I got a computer when I was just fourteen, I conquered a large part of my writing problems and I produced a twenty-three-

page paper on Kenya for African History and for English. Kenya was a long way away and I have never gotten there, but it was not something nebulous.

I spent the third, fourth and fifth grades in Montessori, and that was a great inquiry experience for me, but my friend Erin and I really had the class and teacher almost all for ourselves and the others did not much enjoy the M Methods. Whenever I got in trouble Dad would resort to Spanish and say, "Cuidado," meaning "watch out." Bets and I ended up believing that "cuidado" was the most important word in the Spanish language, only to learn that it was simply Dad's best word of warning.

Fortunately, just before my tenth birthday, we moved to Connecticut and started living on Racc Ridge, named after the Raccoon in our backyard. We found a two hundred year old vegetable barn that had become a house seventy years earlier and we had the Mianus River in our backyard, in the shape of a fifty-three acre pond for swimming, boating and ice frolics. It was as real as Tom Sawyer's and Huck Finn's Missouri and, for me, it took little time to adjust from playing in the sand pile under the Eiffel Tower in Paris, to being my own Captain Courageous, or Master of the Goodship Nebulous Something. That was not the name of our little sunfish sailboat at that time, that is a name I simply add on now years later.

CHAPTERS NINE AND EIGHT!!

When one is only nine or only eight one still believes in giants and pirates and all sorts of other marvelous and malevolent beings that adults later insist on children getting rid of. In our sunroom-dining room, we have a small trap door to the small basement where we have a little storage space and our furnace. Dad always contended that that trap door was his gate to the pirate prison and that he kept 'down there' all the pirates he caught on the Mianus River. We never saw the pirates because before we could hear them stirring in the cellar, Dad shipped them out to sea. Nevertheless, we enjoyed pirate stories on the one side of things and outside we heard Geoffrey stories, about how Geoffrey gives us all the good weather we need, how he polishes sunbeams and paints rainbows and sunsets and clouds, and how he helps Dad always find parking places even in the most difficult, crowded traffic conditions.

We lived in a state of wonder and had endless art supplies and craft materials that Mom got for us to express some of our creativity and imagination. One of the special beauties of childhood is that in that marvelous land one does not have to learn the difference between the imaginary and the supposed real. Our stories crossed back and forth between the two worlds and OZ was just as close to us as the Cos Cob Mall or mill pond.

The Christmas I was nine was a very warm time and Dad had told some of our friends to come over for the swim of the century... Well, Christmas Day, I made Bets and Dad swim with me, the air was in the sixties but the water was in the forties... And that is the last time Dad has swum in the wintertime, but we had the

swim of the century and we have photographs that Mom wisely took... She was too wise to join us in our folly. She likes us and loves us but she doesn't always go along with all our fantasies.

When I was eight I wanted to be a UNICEF BOX for Halloween, so we got a cardboard box bigger than me and a great quantity of orange and black crepe paper to cover the outside walls of my new house. Then, instead of a front and back door, we pasted on marvelous trick or treat for Unicef posters and I was a great success in the neighborhood. I even made a special trip to Unicef and years later when I was back there as a summer intern on healthy life-styles for youth, my incredibility and credibility were already established. I was still working on the motto, Be Prepared!

CHAPTER SEVEN!

Some of my favorite childhood stories date from when I was seven. I especially liked THE ACORN MAN and every autumn I still make acorn people to join the company of my memorable friends of years and years long gone. When I was seven I was also becoming an accomplished chef and my Mom and Dad still remember with special joy and appreciation my first pizzas. Over the years I have become equally accomplished in making omelets and I give great joy to people as a surprise chef. Mom and Dad enjoy breakfast in bed when I am at home and tell me that I snuggle just as marvelously now as I did through all of first childhood. And there is nothing of the Nebulous Something in their appreciation.

CHAPTERS SIX, FIVE, AND FOUR!

It isn't really standard writing practice to make three chapters run together or amble along here like I am doing, but life takes different turns at different ages, and six, five and four in my growing up all happened in a special packaging. Just before I was four years old I went to France on the Queen Elizabeth, because going by boat was a better deal for my family and me than going by air, and I got to swim in the marvelous salt water indoors pool while Bets was taking her naps. Bets and I had special mess in FIRST CLASS--at kids' mess-- because we made such a mess in the tourist dinning hall at breakfast and lunch that Mom and Dad needed at least one meal a day apart from us, to maintain their equilibrium on the high seas and their sanity... I think that the

sanity was the bigger argument. I had a couple of hours a day in the nursery and I had a nap also... Anyway, we had a great voyage and I still remember the special toys in the nursery and the great internal waves in the pool as the ship swayed from side to side. Bets got her first haircut on the QEII. The cabin steward did not appreciate my spilling Bets' baby powder on the carpet and Mom thought the fruit machines were for getting extra snacks until she discovered that they were slot machines for high seas gambling!

In Paris I had my fourth birthday in the Parc d'Acclimataccion, park of acclimation, and I still am teased about my joy of getting a little match-box toy Paris Garbage Truck as a gift. I gleefully shouted, "All my life I wanted a Paris garbage truck for my fourth birthday." As long as I can preserve that kind of perspective on giving and receiving, I know I shall remain young and that I shall not have to draw too many pictures of The Nebulous Something. There are early childhood lessons that become lifelong treasures and we all believe that this is one of them.

CHAPTER THREE!

For Christmas, when I was three, I got a cardboard house about the size of a card table, but taller, and I was so overawed that my parents still imitate my gasps of joy when I entered the family room in North Carolina and saw my house, never doubting for an instant for whom it was intended: OHHH, OHHHHHH, OHHHHHHHHH!!!! Maybe I had some cloudy thoughts as to how I could be so fortunate to own this new house, but I never was the least bit nebulous in my approach and appreciation.

I had a tractor and trailer that I used to ride around the kitchen, family room and dining room and carry my mail from my Grandmother. I had a sand pile where I could create the greatest castles, moats, fields, cities, and playgrounds that a two or three year old has ever designed. It was years before I saw Frank Lloyd Wright's Falling Waters, but Frank and I operated on the same physical and imagination principles and he would have hired me immediately with no age discrimination if he had known of my availability.

Bets was enough smaller and younger that we did not get in each other's ways, but I let it be known from the time she came to live with us that she was something of an intrusion. It took me about a dozen years to discover that we are best friends. If you don't have a BETS in your life, you should invent one. One day I suggest to Mom that perhaps Bets could be our Snow White to pick up my toys. Mom got so mad that she delivered me to my Dad's office, told on me and said, "Take care of your son!" Dad and I had to pick up the toys I had scattered that day, and then I became a bit more careful in my play. I got back into my Mom's good graces by giving her the first tomatoes of the season and saying, in child charm, "Happy Summer Day." Dad liked the statement so much that he plants tomatoes every year so that the first harvest can be called "Happy Summer Day." We are romantics in this family.

However, in order to cure some of the romanticism, I have to wrestle my Dad in the River so that he will not interminably complain that he is going to miss me when I leave. By making him just a little less comfortable with my visits he has a least one thing to be glad of when I leave. My Mom

is much more reasonable on things like this, she understands comings and goings a lot better. Bets likes to come and go, but she makes a personal nest everywhere she goes.

CHAPTERS TWO AND ONE!

From ages zero through two, I really don't remember anything and have to rely on Nebulous Somethings from my Mom and Dad and some of their friends. Anyone who has been through a venturesome childhood knows how unreliable those sources can be, so I shall not say much here about the beginnings of my life.

I was pampered in pampers as well as in all the other treatments. In order to get into the swim of things with me, Mom and Dad gave me the water baby treatment and I was a submarine swimmer, distance swimmer, at the age of seven months. I could swim five meters, but I could not come up for air without assistance, so I learned to frown at an early age. The frowns have mostly washed off, but the swimming skill has always been treasured and now I glory in playing a lot of water polo. BETS did not take to water the way I did, and only learned to swim about the time she was four, but she is really good and stylish now and she shows no loss for not having started to float as early as I did.

My parents taught me self-reliance shortly after I was one, when I could climb out of my crib and get my own peanut butter from a low shelf in the kitchen. From the beginning, I was an early riser and Dad gave me 5 AM philosophy classes while Mom recuperated from the demands of a very demanding child.

I don't know exactly what things I would order differently in my life if I were given the opportunity to reorder, but I suspect that I would not order differently my curiosity, knowledge and intelligence. Kindness is also one of my treasured qualities and I think that when I asked what do I want in the world, I must reply:

I WANT THE WORLD!

AND I WANT THE WORLD

TO WANT ME,

AAAS Call for Ideals: The Grandest Challenge for Planetary Health?

The People Count!

By David Inkey

The ideal of Lifeness, Lifeness being the relation of all beings one to another, is "health." We humans, sometimes humanely, address "health for all," as the World Health Organization declared so recently as 1979, Health For All in the 21st Century - HOME. Sometime in the last fifty years many of us in the supranational arena discontinued the erroneous distinction betwixt "developing" and "developed nations," disease respects no borders of outdated "sovereignty," so we must direct thoughts and address actions to planetary caring, care-taking carefulness. Eons ago a Brit described for us the fallacies of THE TWO CULTURES, or was c.p only giving us a snow job... yet many persist in looking for scientific and technological fixes when many of our problems are caused by cultural culprits neglecting techs we possess. Aesthetic aggression cleaned up the stench and causes of stench in many cities long before we had "a germ theory of disease." Health improved. I need not catalogue our deficits to advance social sciences hand in hand with physical and biological sciences and technology. Better archivists have done that and, for recency, I suggest, working with insight, without risk of oversight, recommending a good broker, Jean Francois Rischard, tallyman of 20 global problems and 20 years to work thereupon. See his HIGH NOON.

My purpose in claiming that The People Count! is to challenge medicine, science, politics, economy, government(s), non governmental organizations, international governmental organizations, and primarily WE THE PEOPLE(S) that the people count... Whether this is census or censure remains to be seen, revealed, reckoned. Do we move 2, 4, 6, 8 in less than a century... I was sentenced to life in 1931 when we numbered some 2 billion humans. When I attempt to control the global warming of 90 candles on my "birth cake," do we collectively want a load of some 8 billion people on Spaceship Earth, one-third of whom are worse off than in steerage? Billy Gates is offering us \$200 million as bait to snare The Grand Challenges. If 6 billion others each offered 10 cents, contributing \$600 million, not the more valuable Euro, we would have \$800 m ...A sum of \$800 m gives us only 40 cents per capita to spend on the "prevention" of having to accommodate 2 billion more beings on an already stressed spaceship. I have worked with some of the poorest peoples on Earth, the Otomi in Mexico's Valle de Mezquital. In the Royal Palace of the Kingdom

of Nepal, I have dined and discussed the most crucial issues of peace, education, and population with my friend and former student, the late Birendra. The challenge is identical in hovel and palace and is the same in the abortion patient in El Salvador's National Maternity Hospital in 1961 or with the AIDS orphans of East Africa... We have failed to use our wit, wits and wisdom to educate our fellow being to awareness of options and we fail to create the social and scientific systems that echo the works of two of my greatest mentors, Jonathan Garst, NO NEED FOR HUNGER, and Clarence Gamble, EVERY CHILD A WANTED CHILD.

Years ago, by a curious and creative, extremely challenging series of events, I forewent the desired goal of earning an M. PH. in the HSPH, to venture to Central America as a Rockefeller supported Visiting Professor of Social Anthropology in El Salvador's Facultad de Medicina, risking arrival in San Salvador a fractured week after the ill-fated events of the Bay of Pigs, only to everyone's surprise, including my own, to within some six months becoming an avid advocate of family planning and to being a central agent of some considerable intelligence in the formation of the Salvadoran Demographic Association. Garst (of agricultural innovation fame with his brother Roswell and former VP Henry Wallace) and Jonathan's bride of some six months, Dr. Gertrude Garst Jones, closest friend of the not long deceased first Mrs. J. Garst, fortuitously an Emeritus Stanford Med Professor of Gynecology, abetted my every effort of anthro-agility around the politics of a sovereign nation firmly bound with The Vatican by a Concordat and of numerous grim reapers harvesting some 20% of all pregnancies with "criminal" abortion... Was the criminality in the Government and Church, not providing contraceptive knowledge and availability to contraceptives, or was it in the usually impoverished women and the unwanted fetuses...

Global philanthropist, Dr. Gamble, heir to multimillions of soap chips, Crest, Crisco and other products, provided us with IUDs, intrauterine contraceptive devices. Clarence took me on as an amiable hireling, Associate Director of the Pathfinder Fund in 1964, when my contract in El Salvador had finished... I returned to my first urbane love, Boston, and became a most knowledgeable contraceptive anthro-apologist prior to the entry of the sovereign USA into "the field" of international family planning... Clarence G, Frank Notestein, JDR, III and I had "a field day" in planetary concern, our pc preceding personal computers, prior to Billy Gates' dropping out of Harvard, and before W's father, George launched political correctness. Both Georges hide from abortion rights... Within two short years, Clarence was dying, the five Gamble children, all redheads such as I, were not going

to appoint me Director of the Pathfinder Fund, cuz "daddy was a medico, we need a medico," I probably was too young for the position, anyway... And I was tired of the Medical and Demographic Monopolies that dominated international and "domestic" family planning... I needed new terrain... After being welcomed by medicos in both UCLA and YALE for very interesting jobs, and being turned down by the anthropogs who would have had to approve my appointment in joint endeavors, I landed in the Harvard Graduate School of Education to transmute some "population control" Ford money to POPULATION EDUCATION... A new era developed in education... I pioneered pop ed, I directed the first and only national pop ed workshop in the USA with collaborationists of Planned Parenthood of Maryland, the Population Reference Bureau, and the Carolina Population Center. Further, Mditcs co-opted me to work on the planning of the First National Congress on Optimum Population and Environment, COPE, 1970. Then, in 1975 I went to UNESCO Headquarters in Paris to work diligently on pop ed in further international, supranational, indeed planetary perspective...

1981 brought me "home" to America to occupy what I then considered and still consider the most enviable assignment in the UN System, I was for a decade, until retirement, UNESCO Advisor to Unicef ("Convention" for some unknown reason Caps all of UNESCO and only the U in Unicef.) By 1993 when there was a world conference on population education, there were 100 nations doing some or much pop ed. In 1966 there had been none, a few were doing some sex ed or some family life ed. Sadly, the last decade has been a period of serious attrition in environmental ed and in pop ed. In 2002, I awakened anew to the still rapid nature of human pop growth. Rischard, in a masterful book entitled HIGH NOON, indicates that we will probably increase our numbers from the 6 billion humans of 1999 to an estimated 8 billion by 2020. Wanting to avoid that "risk" from Rischard, I recreated a bandwagon and am working diligently on a project named THE PEOPLE COUNT! Your space text limitations preclude my including it in this text.

I believe that the greatest health challenge yesterday, now, and tomorrow is people. Gamble's biography is EVERY CHILD A WANTED CHILD. When Margaret Sanger recruited Clarence to family planning the challenge was EVERY CHILD, A WANTED CHILD and now in our new millennium, the challenge yet is EVERY CHILD, A WANTED CHILD, and from that EVERY PERSON, A WANTED PERSON, not wanted for racial profiling, nor for terrorism, for humaneness... Human dignity is on oft-repeated phrase, I wish we would increase the option and with wit and wisdom and eee every time we consider the human condition, to be the humane condition.

Recently, when Yankee Yale was advertising for a socio-anthropologist to work on theory of the human condition, I discovered to my googling horror that no anthropologist had registered with Google on the "humane condition." Now, I am alone and lonely in this consideration. (Google these words, david inkey "humane condition." For an abbreviated version of my 54-page text.) I instructed the late Birendra of Nepal in population education, and prior to his becoming king he had, with Mahendra's permission reorganized public education in the Kingdom of Nepal. I introduced pop ed in 1972 to eight southern nations of Africa, with the WCOTP, World Confederation of Organizations of the Teaching Profession, I helped draft, with two population colleagues the TEACHERS PLAN OF ACTION for the NGO Teachers at the 1974 World Population Conference.

In summary, I know I have failed the Global Challenge of The People Count, that is, a count for what I would want all to count, count on humane dignity. The compelling task is A HEALTHY PLANET...

Enjoy the ride...

Awe, absurdity, attendance, absence, abortion,
care, curiosity, culture, crime, custom, circumstance,
cope culture of peace culture of war
decency disease diversity
deluge dying env
food finances un
garst clarence gamble. epid review gordon
hope health huxley
illness john rock
kindness
life well lived living literature
music
plea play poetry problems of life
preying and praying loewald richard and Sharon
multiculturalism, Barbara way cal pomona
pop ed
sure Schweitzer
streams of words

heresy health
iraq
limits to growth
Lowell Thomas
life this year as if it were my last....
marcel marceau mexico martin luther king Madeline Albright mary trevelyan and queen's garden
party
Norman borlaug
col. rivera (see president)
pop president rivera pope paul vi
pope john paul II
selection trust teddy kennedy stuart udall
sir john hunt, climbing everest
time in all directions
work wmd

Feb. 1852. I have a common-place book for facts and another for poetry, but I find it difficult always to preserve the vague distinction which I had in my mind, for the most interesting and beautiful facts are so much the more poetry and that is their success. They are *translated* from earth to heaven. I see that if my facts were sufficiently vital and significant, --perhaps transmuted more into the substance of the human mind, --I should need but one book of poetry to contain them all.

Henry D T.....

12...

confessions
of
a
reformed
~~harvard~~
anthropologist?

of, by and for
David Inkey

(don't tire of this page, it will be celebrated.)

table of highest contentment



confessions of a reformed harvard anthropologist....



the clown's compost



pc, by david inkey



pc, we are global citizens



an almost perfect self - present, able self



nobility



four of the five courses

8

9

10. the real and the unreal

11, dear dot, icc

12. the real problem

13, david inkey resume

1.....

confessions of a reformed harvard anthropologist... harvarditis...

I wonder, as I wander in the low ways, mid ways and high weighs of lifeness, evenly and unevenly, as I regularly and irregularly encounter the deaths of multiple and individual beings, as ever, early or late, I calculate and miscalculate the absurdity, importance, insignificance and significance, the sanity, insanity and zanyness of myriads and millions of encounters, and in the first analysis, in a supposed final analysis, yes, probably in every analytical, typical, atypical, ordinary and unique event...I conclude at the beginning and in the ending, my life is has been extraordinary...

As a kidlet in idaho, somewhere betwixt my second and fourth year as an earthling, my earliest memories are were may always be of watching fishlets in our neighbors' small concrete pond, riding in their goat cart, visiting their invalid grandmother who kept a flocklet of canaries in the glassed-in front porch and possessing the treasured wooly furry fond stuffed rabbit grandma Schnaebel had crafted for me, about half as big as I was... good fortune did not daunt me at four when I was introduced into the nez perce nation and gained the first vibes and of Harvard, those halls and haphazard challenges... like Thoreau, I learned that Harvard has many of the branches of learning, but lacks many roots and square roots.... Ideas and ideals, I had to trim, uproot, ponder and sometimes replant grafts, graft, tubers and tumors, frequently confused...

Now, dear self selves, dear readers, alienated and appreciated critics, I have exposed a thousand leaves of learning in my humane condition... my confessions are that I ever wished wish that Harvard would be more magical, more manageable, more merging... in 1983 when my friend and former student, shah dev, answered president bok's question of what had been the nepali crown prince's e at Harvard... his reply, "we didn't learn to ask the right questions..." my beloved spouse kicked me in the "right" shin as if I were the most culpable of the fledging monarch's mentors...

My confessions are that I shall ever be gratified that I was grafted into a part of the Harvard community and that I had the gratifying and grueling experience of being both student and professor there, but I shall be ever more grateful that Harvard did not capture me longer, that lack of continuing support liberated me, to grow away, to cure myself of harvarditis, and free of academentia, to glow quixotically into three un roles, SIR david (for spy in residence), the United Nations philosopher, and the UN santa, all before I "retired" from international "civil" service to become exponentially a supernationalist planetary citizen with great personal commitment, pcs enuf. I became the first citizen of UNOville, president of AWE (a.u., antarctica university), the UN poet, and most compassionately and quite passionately "the quietest clown."

If you ever meet a kidlet from Idaho, left handed, cross-eyed with glasses, tone deaf, lacking traditional "depth perception," bright, curious, and imaginative, please be kind to him because though he has brown eyes and saint-exupery's little prince has blue eyes, know that david inkey also sees more with his heart than with his eyes and that he, too, has need of a friend.

Peacefully, david inkey

2.

Explain confessions

the clown's compost... 1,666 digressive words, 1,333 ingressive words, one in balance, with no deficit for don quixote and sancho panza... love, david inkey...

i start from new premises, though i continue to occupy many ancient ones, i resist moving from the state of awe and the nation of imagi, though I know **both can be taxing to refugees** who seek sanctuary with me. i am trying to peace together all my thoughts, words, worlds, prayers, my writing, into a composite, a compost that generates newest insights.... i don't know if it will work , but i want to be a modern or an almost modern factual quixote living a dream of the possible, not of the impossible it matters little if my text ever gets printed, i write mostly for myself. confessionally, while i share unstintingly...

many of my friends have been as quizotic as i and struggle in praxis and paradigm to capture the power of wind, sand and stars, to be governors of gratitude and generosity as sancho was a faithfull friend through the madness of his knight... we may reject impossible dreams, forever fervently fixing our occasionally forceful and frequently feeble feats to foster more fast faster fellowship, friendship, and good fortune.

i met Quixote and Panza in my youth in the sometime solitude and sometimes loneliness of the desert mountains cradling happy valley in el dorado, the failed republic of california... ever so quickly i longed for the title of "don" and i set off to the villages of mexico to learn the language of my 16th century friends... with the enthusiasm of my youthfulness, i briefly typed those two types into an essay which i storied away to resurrect 40 revolutions later...

PC I would share.....

REALISM is a word that truly troubles me....
more since I met Henry Kissinger
almost 40 years ago...
¿the worst "realist"
of our times??

we should want a paper of about 25-30 minutes duration that would help us formulate a program which would do justice to global education and involve us in a dialogue that would give us access to resources for reflection and action. hope this helps... bobo

pc

we are global citizens, with tribal souls... piet hein, 1960

we are planetary citizens, with universal soul.... david inkey 2002

DON QUIXOTE⁺

If DON QUIXOTE is the world's comic masterpiece, it is the clearest explanation of what

an almost present,able self...

I believe...

I believe we all live in many worlds,

I believe we all live in uncounted private public worlds,

timed untimed, in worded unworded whirls, who is accountable?

I live timely, in merged PAST PRESENT PRESENCE FUTURE,

Clockwise, eye, aye, I spin down and up and down again, round, square, triangular,
conic, comic cosmic seismic, whoever, ever, called any clock wise? what is countable?

I wander through worlds... a solitary SOUL, not tragically alone... sometimes I travel in the
loving company of guardian angels, sometimes I simply pause in a spectacular serenity with
ageless ghosts from the all ages...sharing LIFENESS,

We humanes, we ghosts and we too few angels--WE people worlds of inestimable AWE,
anguish and absurdity, we struggle in little spheres of belief, BEAUTY, banality and boredom,
we squander CREATIVITY, compassion, and crassness, we slyly seek devotion, desire, and
doubt, we wantonly waste enthusiasm, energy and education, we fail with faith, fear and
frivolity, we tenderly try to invest goodness, greed and grace, and, all too unconsciously, oft
barely conscious, we court and dismiss HUMOR, health, hatred and happiness, Myopically,
with perfect irises and imperfect nerves, we review, view and preview IMAGINATION,
ignorance and insight, we confuse JOY, jealousy and justice, we scarcely observe kindness,
knowledge and kneeling,

We blunder in LOVE, loneliness and lust, our mathematics are askew in meaning, meanness and
mirth, we neglect needs, nurture and nobility, we oppress OPTIMISM, opposition and
opportunity,

We pursue pessimism, poverty and PROMISE, with seeming cowardice, we quit query and
quest and claim only quarreling, we arrest rest and relief, only to free rancor, we bear
stupidity and stubbornness, and bury SERENDIPITY, without resolve, we trust terror and
timidity more than the test of TRUTH(S), we avoid union, universalism, and usefulness, we
claim and disclaim visions instead of VISION, we prize vice more highly than advice, we
surrender vivacity and vitality, we lose WONDER while we worry and gain weariness,

In lost childness, we find x-haustion, and x-actitude where we abandoned XCITEMENT, Wit and
wisdom drown in yearninge, long surrendered youthfulness weakened zeal and unxcercized
ZANYNESSS,

I am an almost present,able self:

I grow in BEAUTY as BEAUTY grows in me...
while most beings seek happiness, I create IT.

I am not THE champion of lost causes,
I am a champion of causes not yet won...

april fools/ 5031 ÷unlimited additions÷

nobility.....

s and YEARNING, zealotry enslaves our

after visiting oz, i returned to the state of awe in my adopted nation of imagi and composted the highly celebrated opus, three daze in oz: yesterday, today and tomorrow, for which I will gain many noble prizes, such as chemistry, physics, economics, literature with special mention that this was the most illustrious prize ever given in this category and peace, with comparable complementation, complimentation... the sole prize i didn't gain was that for math..... the judges were incompetents in factoring... ..

in 2004 the peace prize was awarded to a magnificent environmentalist... wangari is a noble name and equity generally is missing is the conventional peace prizing pricing... so, I garnered none of the dynamism and dynamite awards this round, but in 2005*, the 60th anniversary of my organization, we the people of the UN...

*, occasionally, I do get aligned.....

thus, again, i resort to the best resort, being the quietest clown in the heliopause, to be the most renowned cosmic comic ever sentenced to life and death on this lively planet earth....

soonest, in the generosity of peons, peasants and proletarians i earned respect and retrospect and was dubbed don, don david, a david who never battles windmills, who never kills giants, not even one giolath, and who ever prizes a poetic sense, whether the communication be prose or poetry. i can as easily write a poem to prose as draw a poem without words...

FOUR COURSES

four of the five courses i would want to teach are: (1)PEACE; (2) LEARNING TO BE (following the UNESCO text on this topic); (3) THE UN SYSTEM, PLANETARY CULTURE AND PERSONAL COMMITMENT; (4) EQUITY. The fifth course is my greatest challenge and i am only beginning to get it downed into cybersync and synthesis. It is (5) A PERFECT POET....

For peace, i would use UNESCO's superb publication, PEACE ON EARTH as a point of many departures.....It is a compilation of almost 3300 years of searching for peace, commencing with the Treaty of Kadesh.....1269 BC....

For Learning To Be..... herein early in these 1,001 pages I have given a synopsis...

for the UN system as PC.....i have many items..... but my APE 1011.....is a crib sheet.. 1011 is eleanor roosevelt's birthday...

I warn in my 2004 UPDATE.... the following was written in 2002... I have only added a comma that was missing and renewed the googles, some of which wouldn't open for me today... the old google frequency numbers remain unchanged, though i see google populations on some of these items have eploded!

enjoy, learn and question, david inkey...

Dear Colleagues, Past, Present and Future,

Happy Birthday, Eleanor Roosevelt, 1884-1962
Impunity,beyond the pale.....

A PERFECT POET....a perfect poet is a celebratory peace piece of life on planet earth.....i am constructing my synthesis of "it" during this 400th Anniversary Year

of Cervantes' DON QUIXOTE....but i have been working upon this since i first read DON QUIXOTE when i was a youthful adult of 21.....

the real and the unreal
and the reel captivates

Imagination with Curiosity.
circles and squares
and all other geometrics

finally finalize the constitution
of the nation of exam. 2 too often

alphabetize for writing,
riteing, and righting?
this enchanted, enhanced
report.

=====

dear dot, copied to jo and jim

glad u appreciate the ICC item re blair and bush....

ne of the least understood aspects of my life is how a thin apt wall between two converted townhouses in backbay boston separated me from kissinger when he was head of the cia at harvard, center for intl affairs, later named cfia..... after macnamara left defense, and went to the world bank, where he was ELOQUENT and ACTIVE on intl population problems, i met his daughter kathy thru friends in the conservation fdn...and in the summer of 69 i tried to match make cathy with a friend of mine... fortunately for all concerned, i was unsuccessful.....

how in the world can i, the kidlet from idaho, have come so close to POWER and WAR CRIMES..... and THEY haven't the slightest inkling that they have committed crimes against humanity..... ah.....the mythstories of life.... love, david

DAVID INKEY

=====addressss

THE LEARNING CONTINUUM, Cos Cob, CT

International Consultation, Mexico

Establishing studies and programs on "Peace, Ecology, and Development in Latin America," with the International Association of University Presidents. June 1994-present.

Programs of Planetary Culture Creating university, college and community, continuing education seminars, surveys and challenges for the UN Decade on Human(e) Rights Education.

January 1, 1995 through December 31, 2031

UNITED NATIONS

UNESCO Adviser to UNICEF, New York, NY. Monitored programs of Inter-agency Cooperation related to UNESCO mandates on education, disability, substance abuse, status of women and girls, early childhood and peace education; and represented UNESCO's New York Liaison Office as Senior Education Officer. July 1981-December 1991.

Program Officer, UNESCO, Paris, France. Worked in the Education and Social Science Sectors of UNESCO Headquarters, related to both global and national population issues. June 1975-June 1981.

ACADEMIC, AGENCIES, AND FOUNDATION EXPERIENCE:

ILO, WHO, FAO, UNESCO and The Population Reference Bureau. International Consultant on family planning and population issues. 1969-1975.

The Carolina Population Center and University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, NC. Senior Research Associate and Lecturer in Education and Anthropology. 1969-1972.

Harvard Graduate School of Education, Cambridge, MA Lecturer and Research Associate in the Center for Studies in Education and Development--pioneering population education in Latin America with Ford Foundation support. 1966-1969.

Associate Director of the Pathfinder Fund, Boston, Ma. Population programming, 1964-1966.

Faculty of Medicine of the University of El Salvador, San Salvador, El Salvador Visiting Professor of Social Anthropology, funded by the Rockefeller and De Sola Foundations. 1961-1964.

EDUCATION

Harvard University, Cambridge, MA Ph.D. 1964. Social Relations - Social Anthropology, Danforth Fellow. Organization of American States and Mexican Government Fellowships for fieldwork.

The London School of Economics, London, England, 1956-1957 Research Fellow in African Studies, with National Science Foundation and Woodrow Wilson Fellowships.

University of Oregon, Eugene, Summer 1956. Social Science Research Council Grantee, Study on Friendship Values.

University of Missouri/Kansas City, MO B.A. June 1956 **Major:** Sociology, **Minor:** Education
Deep Springs College, Deep Springs, CA 1951-1953 non-traditional, twoyear, liberal arts education.
Oklahoma A&M, Stillwater, Okla. Fall Semester 1950, liberal arts and education.

PRINCIPAL WRITINGS

Proletarian Perspectives: An Anthropology of Industry, Harvard, Ph.D. 1964.

Population Education: Problems and Perspectives, International Bureau of Education (UNESCO),
Bulletin 193.

1974.

The Voyage of the GIP-C, gip-c being galapagos interspecies peace conference, privately circulated.
1991.

I was a Kinder Garden Drop Out!, a study of lifelong education. 1997.

birendra and david, friends... king and guru, (A Memorial to His Majesty Birendra of Nepal)

December 2001

The United Nations Philosopher!, an autobiographical treatise on Celebrating The UN. Oct. 02

SPECIAL INTERESTS

The theme EPIC ETHICS, "epic" being ecology, equity, education, peace, population, poverty, participation, Imagination, identity, international (and interspecies) cooperation, creativity and culture. 1992-present 1102

I was an academic activist before I became a UN population education anthropologist, more concerned with the development of educational activities than with the scholastic record thereof... From sometime in the 1970s or 1980s until now (2002), I had forgotten the following:

WCOTP Organizes Teachers and Population Meeting

WCOTP (World Confederation of Organizations of the Teaching Profession) organized a "Teachers and Population" meeting, held on August 29th (1974) at part of the Population Tribune. The meeting considered and unanimously adopted The Teachers Plan of Action, drafted by Mr. Eric Franklin (India), Dr. Noel David Inkey (USA) and Mr. Jairo Palacio (Colombia). All three serve as WCOTP Consultants on Population Education.

Over 60 persons attended the meeting, making it the largest special interest group meeting of the Tribune. 18 representatives of teachers' organizations—members of WCOTP— were among the participants. Participants expressed the view that they derived great satisfaction from the meeting, because it issued a workable plan of action.

Names and addresses of the participants (from Liberia, Philippines, U.S.A, U.K., Switzerland, India, Canada, Romania, Yugoslavia, Indonesia, Thailand, Sweden, Upper Volta, Malaysia, Italy, Nigeria, Turkey, Jamaica and Botswana) are available on request to WCOTP.

Publications and other major writings, 1961-1974

"Educacion y Cambios Sociales." EPACTA (monthly paper), No. 41. San Salvador, El Salvador: Department of Preventive Medicine, University of El Salvador Medical School, May 1961.

"Crimen y Castigo." EPACTA. No. 42. June 1961.

"Tom Cooley y la Solidaridad Humana." EPACTA No. 43. July 1961.

"Suicidio en El Salvador." EPACTA. No. 49. January 1962.

"Auge de la Antropologia Social en CentroAmerica." EPACTA, No. 78. June 1964.

With Rodriguez, Aida, and Vasquez, Ernesto. "Estudio del Aborto Provocado y Confesado en El Salvador." Memoria: X Congreso Medico CentroAmericano, Congreso LatinoAmericano de Anatomia Patologica, 1-6 Diciembre 1963. El Salvador: Imprenta Nacional, 1964, pp. 151-158.

Proletarian Perspectives: An Anthropology of Industry. Ph. D. Thesis. Cambridge, Ma. Department of Social Relations, Harvard University, 1964.

"La Llamada 'Explosion Demografica.'" EPACTA. No. 63. March 1965.

"El Salvador Frente a la 'Explosion Demografica.'" EPACTA, No. 70, October 1965.

"As Healthy as a Peasant." In PEASANTS IN THE MODERN WORLD, Edited by Philip Bock. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1969.

With McArthur, David, and Taylor, Daniel, THE TIME IS NOW: POPULATION EDUCATION. A commentary and annotated bibliography prepared at the Harvard Graduate School of Education, May 1969, but now available from ERIC, Social Science.

Toward a Population Education. A brochure prepared for the World Health Assembly, July 1969. Boston: The Pathfinder Fund, July 1969. (Several thousand copies of this brochure were distributed and this item probably became the single most significant contribution to the early definition and diffusion of population education.)

"Taking Action - Review of What Is Being Done." Proceedings of the Population Workshop on Who Shall Live and How? Control Over Birth and Death and the Quality of Life. April 21-23. 1971. Charlotte, North Carolina: Institute for Urban Studies and Community Service, The University of North Carolina at Charlotte, 1971, pp. 93-96.

"The Multidisciplinary Approach: How Can It Best Be Handled?" Proceedings of the National Conference on Population Education. November 1971. Washington, D.C.: Population Reference Bureau, Inc., 1972, pp. 79-84.

"The Role of Education in National Development: The Population Variable." World Confederation of Organizations of the Teaching Profession: Southern Africa Regional Conference on Teacher Organizations and National Development. Swaziland. Final Report. 1972. Merges, Switzerland: World Confederation of Organizations of the Teaching Profession, 1972, pp. 43-60.

"The First Five-Year Plan for Population Education." Proceedings of the Fifth National Conference on Population/Family Planning Library and Information Services, Chapel Hill. North Carolina. May 4-5. 1972. Chapel Hill: Carolina Population Center, The University of North Carolina, 1972, pp. 75-94.

IA REFORMED(?) HARVARD ANTHROPOLOGIST!

¿ an almost modern man...

Sticks and stones may break my bones,
but names will never harm me!

Anon

I have most advisedly been described, much to my amusement, amazement and advancement, beyond the most wild, winsome, wittiest and wisest bounds and bonds of my pleasure, and (curiously, comically, courageously,) stridently-strikingly to the inner core of my usually concealed consternation, as "a reformed Harvard anthropologist..." My greatest Transcendent mentor, Thoreau, inadequately but advertently asserts that most men (people) live lives of quiet desperation... I have greater problems with that simplistic summary of Life than I can explain today... Suffice it that I say, here, today, that many (most?) of us who profess, pretend and perform, professorially, live in such an academented world, that is not at all amazing, IT is just a trifle extra-ordinary, that this career pattern nomination, this prosaic proclamation, occurred in my 64th year on Earth, 32 years after I had earned, or otherwise had had conferred upon me, a doctorate in social? anthropology from the summitry of academic, imperial pridefulness. Forty years ago, only forty solar revolutions past, I was quite delited and daunted when I gained admission to the Harvard Graduate School of Arts and Sciences and a giddy group of us adopted a credo of self-explanation and public, degrading expiation, "What respect can we have for Harvard if we were admitted?" As TIME passed and most of us moved toward our ultimate academic degree goals, we changed our chant, "What respect can we have for Harvard if we get our doctorates?" Was it "graduation" or "commencement," or both and something else besides, on that beautiful day in June when we grasped a paltry piece of parchment, a rich or poor exchange for tortured and triumphant years of pathetic and passionate patience and impatience... Our parting patois beyond the gaited gated commencement "theatre" was "What respect can we have for Harvard if it ever offers us a job..." Harvard high and mighty hoped to harness us as loyal alums, hinting "We now welcome you into the company of educated men."

When I was but a teasing toddler of two, my Mother tautly taught me a Quixotic Question to fill the text of A LIFE MANUAL... OF, BY(E) AND FOR(E) DAVID INKEY... "*What in the World do you want now?*" I wanted to understand Life... I want to understand Life... Curiously and imaginatively, I believed or that I believed that I could utilize the arts and artifices of anthropology to gain humane understanding, though my mentors and would-be mentors all spelled, somewhat dyslexically, "human" without any ease... eeeeeeeeeeeee's.....

I was going to be an Africanist because *there* there seemed to me to be some promise that the second half of the 20th Century would be a great era for post-colonial achievement on that Dark Continent of the 19th Century.... Fortune played other cards for me and I became something more of a Latin Americanist, not to my regret but always to my unfulfilled longing of wonderment of how different I would be had I spent as much time in Africa as I labored, enjoyed and gave in Latin America... Harvard did not teach me to ask questions of PC! Harvard was perhaps so occupied with being Harvard, that one professor was more concerned with seeing ancient values in Chiapas than contemporary change, another was more fixated on "need for achievement" than need for comprehension, another was quantifying more than qualifying... I left Harvard to teach in a small, poverty-stricken, rich, vibrant country in Central America...and in just, only, scarcely six months of being in El Salvador, I was to "discover" that population concerns are one of the pre-dominant themes of the 20th Century... Instead of learning to explain custom and constraints in culture, I had the opportunity to learn such iconological issues as, "Why did you save my Life?" I learned to counter the conventions of aid from the colossus of the North, and during the First Development Decade, I learned to be response-able to "development for what..." I learned ecology eons before our first Earth Day Celebrations... An emeritus professor of epidemiology (from Harvard) taught me that term, text and trust...

I have had a patchy "career," and I am sometimes saddened to think that I never earned, archived, nor achieved many of the academic dreams I spent nights and days and daze with when I was chronologically in an even more tender age... Yet, yet, yet, I am profoundly pleased, to the furthest stretches of my Being, that I am still, yet, just, ever and always, an *academic activist*... It does not embarrass me that I never got on a tenure track, it does not please me that the Academy is at war with itself, trying and very trying...to configure in and figure out what should be done with tenure... I frequently wonder whether "tenure" is not some permutation of indentured servanthood. Occasionally, but rarely, I like to refer to

myself as a or The United Nations Anthropologist....but the UN has never, to my knowing, been accepted in the canon of cultures, as a "legitimate" field of study. Culture and cultures is another "problem" which, I believe, anthropology has not yet solved, nor resolved... In good stead, I now wear the grand and grandiose title, THE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER!

Now, as I enter what is probably the last third of my terrestrial time, I speculate, inquire, imagine that the arts (and sciences) of anthropology would be well served by a transcendental, triumphant post-tribal testament of PC! PLANETARY CULTURE would be the greatest humane discovery of our feeble two million years of human "being...." We would trash such tacky twaddle as Political Correctness and find Planetary Consciousness, mixed with cosmic clowning and the totally engaging, ultimate PC, Personal Commitment...

I think that my Mother must have asked me the question, "What in the World do YOU want?" about as many times as I have ever been able to count... In my sixth summer when I was in bed for three days with the worst sunburn any redhead should ever suffer, I decided to count to ten thousand, by tens. (It took many years to learn to count by the power of ten.) My Mother--may she rest in Peace as fully as she worked for Peace--may have tried to keep count of how many times she repeated her best question, but I suspect that even she lost the tally about the time I was testing my account-ability of ten to the fourth, before I knew much about power and powers... I suppose that I have been asked this question with more different tones of voice than most people can even imagine. I used to have very simple answers and my unassuming, undemanding needs were easily met with pop corn, or an extra story--I loved to have my Mother read me stories beyond my own literary skills, or to take me to a movie, to give me an extra piece of fudge, homemade fudge, the only kind we new in those eras, and to treat me to ice cream and other sundries. Then, through the years, the question was expressed with certain exasperation and my replies were sometimes considered quite unreasonable. Finally, I discovered a global answer. That was when I discovered what a good friend Imagination has been during my entire life.

I did not choose to come to Planet Earth. The great French Jesuit anthropologist, Pierre, said so long ago that it seems only yesterday, "We are not human beings seeking a spiritual experience, we are spiritual beings seeking a human experience." I would prefer that Monsieur Pierre Teilhard de Chardin had been less wobbly in his spelling, that he could assert the "humane." I came to Earth on a cold winter

night, naked, hungry, speechless, homeless. In the Cosmos, I was before all and after all quite content so far and fully as I can remember, member and premember, to being something of a Cosmic Clown. Yet, I was painfully brought into this life in a condition of limited responses, in a state of infinite innocence, fully dependent, helpless, proverbially "wet behind the ears," all wet and slimed, and perennially blinded by fellow humans' inhumanity one to another. Through years of tutelage, I have been rigorously both dragged and driven from dependence to be independent, only, just, ultimately, to learn that interdependence is the favored state! On a pilgrim's voyage to the Enchanted Isles, in mysteries beyond my-stories, puzzlingly in an hour-story of our stories, I have learned Lifeness, lifeness being the relation of all beings one to another. All histories have only been versions of his story. All of herstories have been rarely expressed, yea, often muted or not yet written. Ourstory is only, just, scarcely pre-dawning. Our birth and death certificates proclaim, as if they are diplomas:

... **When philosophers become clowns**

...

... **And when clowns become philosophers** ...

... **We shall indeed be humane beings** ...

All my life I have wanted to be a child when I grow up. Would it help me (us) understand anthropology and me if I confessed to becoming an anthropologist at the advanced age of four years young, when my parents introduced me into the Nez Perce Nation. Perhaps, it is just make believe. When I use all of my Imagination, I can be the Clown Prince of Planetary Culture. Long, long ago, about as late as yesterday and as early as tomorrow, and far, far away, about as close and gentle as the waves of the heliopause and as distant and lost as my cradle, extremely early on the morning of the Sixteenth of December in The Year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirty One of Our Common Era, my monitors declared that I fully possessed all five of my senses... "They" were so unschooled in the sense and nonsense of censuses and censure that they little realized how many senses I need to create Planetary Culture. Why couldn't they know that I would need both common and uncommon sense? What have they done with the senses of faith, fun and foolishness, despair, pain and hope, Love and lust, wit and witness and wit-less-ness, wisdom, humor, grief, joy, play, punnery, prudence, art and awkwardness, worship, service, childness, Lifeness and Awe.... I want it said of me, *iHE LIVED!* Yes, I am A REFORMED HARVARD ANTHROPOLOGIST... What in the World do I want, now? I have modest wishes, I want a world with three dimensions, of Peace... Inner, Communal, Universal...

David Inkey's ÷unlimited additions÷

DAVIDS' QUANDARIES

...David Inkey's deliberations...

PC, PLANETARY CULTURE AND
PC, PERSONAL COMMITMENT...

or,

DISCIPLINARY DILEMMAS
IN AND OF ANTHROPOLOGY

Notes for Anthropology 2001... Antarctica University, A Success-No Failure Course, Unlimited Credit, Unrestricted Registration. Sir David Inkey, The Julian S. Huxley Professor of Epic Ethics, Planetary Consciousness and Personal Commitment, The Learning Center (TLC). AU is AWE...

We are the pioneers of a new world ordering, which, as visionaries, we may see as Planetary Culture.

Through ages of struggling for simple survival we have reached an age of struggle for complex survival.

Myself, 2001

The Gaia Principle has been discovered and developed by many, but, I believe--with deepest regret--that I am the first explorer of Planetary Culture. I am the first to apologize that the word Gaia is Greek to me, and I never studied Greek. I would have preferred to have a name for this new culture--this global culture--transcending all our pasts, but globalization is getting a tarnished name even before we know much about it. Ergo, ipso facto, de jure, I opt for two PC units, planetary culture and personal commitment, both transcending some political, economic, social, gender, racial, educational, and species prejudices of us human being and embracing all sentient beings. PCulture intends--if culture can "intend"--to be suprahumane.

Before I was a kinder garden drop out, I was introduced to or into the Nez Perce "Nation" where my parents and other ancestors were great friends. In marvelous childhood, I became an innocent of anthropology. When we, my family, migrated to the Yakima Valley, my intertribal experiences increased and I was given leave to participate in Yakima and Intertribal Pow-Wows in The Sunnyside Park. We never discovered whether The Park was a sacred ground of other eras, but there, my brothers and I were welcomed as afternoon playmates of children of many "nations." With the Nez Perce, Yakima and related tribes, I joined united nations before "the Allies" fought World War II and "inaugurated" what they we call The UN. A pacific culture of childhood was defeated by adult militants... I have struggled for 70 Revolutions around our morning star to establish planetary concordance.

Those ages ago are long past, but the experiences, I believe, set the clocks and stages for me to explore and for me to have the sense of freedom and worth to affirm all the diversity I found beyond the familiar. My friend Thoreau later taught me that he believed most men (people) lead lives of quiet desperation. I never really learned the lesson in that form: I find more people than I care to count live lives of quiet resignation or afflictive apathy... Then, from my chivalrous fellow explorer, Don Quixote, I learned that life is richest when filled with dreams, even when filled with absurdly improbable dreams. He never taught me that any dreams are "impossible." Life is richer yet when one can help others fill their dreams. The Don prepared me well for many ideological windmills and impressed upon me the importance of the title "Don" which I soon enuf earned in a marvelous chivalrous nation, where tomorrow is

not just "man~ana." Einstein taught me late in life one of the most precious of lessons, that "Imagination is more important than Knowledge." Albert never for a moment suggested that Knowledge is not important, he saw that Knowledge only becomes useful when empowered by Imagination. When I met Sir Julian (Huxley) in the University of London he instructed me in many programs of epic ethics and policy studies (peeps), almost two decades before I joined UNESCO in Paris. Would that I had taken United Nations lessons from him so early so that I would have had his fresh insights on UNESCO. Instead, Sir Raymond (Firth) showed me dramatically the importance of myth, magic and mercy. And Sir Raymond taught me so many other things about professing without being unduly professorial. London was a marvelous experience.

How do we journey from childhood memories of "anthropology," untutored in the pedagogy of field methods, and from the academic constraints of classic anthropology, to become participants in the PLANETARY CULTURE? For anthropology, Sir Edward Burnett Tylor introduced the term culture late in the 19th Century and defined it in his book PRIMITIVE CULTURE (1871) as "that complex whole which includes knowledge, belief, art, morals, law, custom, and any other capabilities and habits acquired by man as a member of society." I was long past being doctored in anthropology and well beyond the first decade of my international civil service in the UN System before it occurred to me that the United Nations is the emergence of a new cultural system. As soon as I began to think along these lines I immediately ran into and stumbled over semantic troubles, because I did not want a system organizing an order or an order organizing a system. I did not like to call it "new" because the human experience is supposedly continuity from "more" to "less" primitive times. Who calls modern warfare less primitive?

What are we to do about culture in the world today? Are we to become "grumpy" because professionals and non-professionals from other disciplines are borrowing our ideas about culture? How are we to explain enormous diversity, with linguists listing some 6,170 languages? How can we make the world safe for and from ethnicity as one of our ethnicologists asks? How should we run counter to predominant currents in anthropology, to ask questions about how--from "within" our own culture--we can study global culture and conclude that we are participants in the evolution of a new culture which must de jure and de facto be transhumane, transcendental and interspecial? I turned to imagination, image and observation. I concluded most tentatively that in the UN System we

currently have most or all of the elements we would want in a planetary culture, and rather than float between the predominant water and lesser land areas of Earth, I concluded that Planetary Culture was (is) my best locus, though, for reasons of pc, we will encompass Planetary Culture and Personal Commitment.

I ask your indulgence as we look at the current structures and functions of the UN System and we challenge and redefine parts and particples thereof, in order to embrace all the elements we deem both necessary and desirable for IMAGINEERING (Einstein again!) the culture in which we would find our greatest fullness of being. We are pioneers of a new world ordering, which we may scarcely see in our lifetimes. Through ages of struggling for simple survival we have reached an age of struggle for complex survival.

And what has happened to anthropology?

We hear from the upper echelons of the establishment, in the most august pow-wows of the American Anthropological Association, that tribe members are worried about "Cultural Anthropology Without Anthropologists?" My problem is deeper, I worry that my fellow anthropologists are not overjoyed that comparative literature, and art history, borrowed anthropological concepts..." With or without punning, I would declare that traditional anthropology was already ossified when I embarked upon my doctoral studies in the mid-1950s. I went first to the London School of Economics and Political Sciences to study British Social Anthropology and then because the National Science Foundation would not give me a second year there, I repatriated and entered Harvard's soon to be defunct Department of Social Relations for interdisciplinary work in clinical psychology, social psychology, sociology and social anthropology--rather than study all the physical anthropology, archeology, linguistics, etc., required in "classic" anthro. I did not want to work in that marvelous warehouse of cultural baggage, The Peabody Museum. Rather, I went there for diversion...

We borrowed freely from many, with no shame and no sense that we had to give disciplinary attributions. Now, a very proficient Southern professor indicates "The concept of exchange does not apply easily to these appropriations." I personally am delighted that "the intellectual capital of anthropology has been appropriated without acknowledgement." I did not see any of the patent rights, I thought that the intellectual and spiritual capital

belonged on the Commons (after the thinking of Garrett Hardin of Santa Barbara and triage fame), though the theory and practice of Garrett's lifeboat ethics condemns me to an early drowning. The Huxley Papers are at Rice, so I should suggest that the Southern anthropologist critic might see first hand the non-imperialist appropriation of Sir Julian's erudition.

I was a non-combatant in the brief, childish, fortunately scarcely recorded, racist, childhood, Rubber Gun War of The Sunnyside Park and I have "never again" fought in any wars--having declared myself an anthropologist of peace when my Nisei playmates were thrown into internment because they were "yellow" and I was (am) "white." Consequently, I have no military credentials to assess or access, or both, what the highly academic and frequently academized Chronicle of Higher Education reports as "the cultural-studies-vs-anthropological turf war" now waging in academia. However, I am a master in conflict resolution and was unofficially knighted for my double-duty espionage in the UNESCO and UNICEF. ("Sir" David is explained as Spy-In-Residence.) For my First Principle, I propose that "culture" is no longer a monopoly-asset of anthropology. The Fine Arts never thought culture belonged to anyone beyond artists. Second, I would suggest that we evolve from our taxonomic stage of tribalistic studies (whether it is 6,170 brands or more or less) and examine Lifeness, lifeness being the relation of all beings one to another. We enjoy pure and applied math, pure and applied physics, and we expect philosophy to be theoretical and applicable. Should we expect less in the study of ourselves? Theoretically we belong to the human race, then somehow or other we fragment... Third, I would appreciate it most humanely, as a supranational iconologist and as a student of epic ethics, where epic is an acronymy for ecology, peace, international cooperation and equity, education, poverty, participation, population and imagination, identity, culture and creativity, if the fields of anthro could develop beyond the descriptive, analytical and theoretical of human behavior to be the artistic, scientific and humanitarian study of what eons ago was classified as home sapiens, with nomenclature update to include inclusive language and query about "wisdom."

Anthropologists suffering some degree of cultural defeat are described as grumpy. When I left academia more than a score of years ago I ventured upon the terrain of applied anthropology in the UN System. I have learned from thousands of globalizers that "culture" is neither an intellectual preserve of any one discipline nor is it the medium of barter. The most tragic and the most

amusing--depending upon one's degree of attachment/detachment--comment in The Chrono--is: "Time and time again during the dialogue about the field's future, as elsewhere at the meeting, anthropologists expressed dismay that the currently trendy culture studies had stolen their thunder." Thunder is simply a distant noise in the sky and I do not think we should worry at all about anyone stealing thunder. Thunder is not even worth stealing! We should be far more concerned who is hurt by lightning and what we can learn from the interpretations of both thunder and lightning... A lot of hocus-pocus surrounds thunder and lightning and we should be more interested in understanding the uses thereof than the ownership!

I have distanced myself from the main currents and flyways of anthropology, but I read enough to know that most in my cohort never achieve inter-disciplinarity and too, too few bother to listen to "voices" in the United Nations that declared 1988-97 as the World Decade for Cultural Development--with UNESCO (the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization) as lead agency. (How many have ever read the new tribal treaties: The UN Charter or the UNESCO Constitution?)

The Chrono reports that a far-West sociologist, "chastised anthropology for its fascination with the exotic and criticized anthropologist for knowing more about voodoo practices in the Caribbean than they do about 'the voodoo economics practiced at the World Bank.'" Let us become familiars of poverty, hopelessness, hunger, ignorance, abuse, illness and other inhuman conditions. I contend that we need to study xenophilia instead of concentrating predominantly on xenophobia. I find too often that my anthro colleagues are so profoundly enculturated to their discipline that they respond, almost instinctively to something different, as "That isn't anthro." My work in population education and family planning was described by some as "gimmick psychology," rather than development anthro. I was lucky to get my doctorate from Harvard and for almost 40 years I have enjoyed the real and the spurious prestige that that institution gave me, though I have to apologize that, in the Commencement Ceremony a spokesMAN for Harvard 1964 said, "We now welcome you into the company of educated men." I have not played by many of the academic rules and I did not practice all the rituals, but I have done some very interesting work in international and supranational development, education, equity, population, all in the name of anthropology without disciplinary territoriality. When people who thought themselves "real doctors"

questioned whether I was a real doctor, I replied that they were physicians and they and I were all doctors. Further, I either said or insinuated that in medical anthropology, I knew more medicine and health than many physicians, and that I frequently got better patient response in treatments than they who thought being an M.D. was a guarantee to dispensing good medicine. Our problems with culture are not so very different from the semantic confusion between health and medicine.

Cultural Anthropology Without Anthropologists? I think I would rephrase the case to Planetary Culture Anthropological Challenge! On the eve of celebrating the 50 Anniversary of the founding of the UN which I wrote about as The UN Celebration! 1945-1995, I could find no anthropologists studying this new institution. A little later, soon, between the third Tuesday in September and the 24th of October, 2031, we are going to celebrate the 3300th Anniversary of the Peace Accords of Ramses II of the Egyptians and Hattusilis of the Hittites--the first known peace treaty in human his-tory, 1269 B.C. Where are my colleagues on anthropological peace studies? Still behaving archaeologically, digging trenches, acting like gravediggers? My contention is that we need anthropological analysis of how much the UN System has accomplished in health (including the eradication of smallpox and the near elimination of polio) and in summoning its member states to the first UN Conference dedicated specially to one disease, AIDS... 2001... What have traditional societies done with their smallpox gods and goddesses? And, we need to learn about the UN in education (working for education for all), in population and family planning, in work, in culture, in food and agriculture, in world meteorology, in atomic energy, in solar energy, in windpower, in humane power, in intellectual property, in gender equity, in justice, communication, in substance abuse, in peacekeeping, in humane rights, in trade and tariffs, in the arts, decolonialization, oceanography, in cultural heritage, in philosophy, publishing, or especially in publishing.

One of my saddest days in anthropology was, and even of all the years of my plus-anthropology, was the day I passed my doctoral oral orals, happy as I was to "pass," I was quickly chastised to "be" what I heard as "traditional," because one of my professors said, "David, you didn't do quite so well in general anthropology, but you will get it when you teach an introductory course--but you did very well in your special topics." I was, needless to say, very polite but internally dismayed, knowing that I would never pay intellectual

ransom to be particularistic in the way that so many professors want. Subsequently, I taught "social and cultural factors of health," in the Faculty of Medicine of the University of El Salvador--starting a week after the Bay of Pigs invasions. After a foundation stint in international population and family planning, I was recruited to the Harvard Graduate School of Education to pioneer on population education and to teach "cultural constraints in educational development." I never even taught any materials at less than a "advanced" level, though my terms and terminology might have been, are, ever elemental, primary... My "academic" efforts ended in cross-appointed and cross-purposed Anthropology and Education in Chapel Hill, about the time of the mid '70s gas crises. What am I trying to say, and what I am saying, is that I want anthropology to do field work analysis of "cultural constraints in anthropological development." I want us to learn more from analysis of culture than we are learning. I want to belong to a maturing discipline. Repeatedly anthropologists ask me how they can have more impact on the social, economic and political development programs of governments and international organizations and I reply that they can only do so by joining the process. This is not surrendering scholarship, status or self—This is in thought, word and deed, anthropology, policy analysis and politics.

We should not be overly dismayed by the current disciplinary dilemma: Medicine is in a similar "mess" and no one has yet met the physician who can heal himself or herself of the most grievous maladies. The Southerner is correct in one or several senses of his observation: "The concept of exchange does not apply easily to these appropriations." I think he means that anthropologists think they did not get a fair deal--and on this I would judge him right and wrong, correct descriptively and incorrect analytically. If he means that anthropologists in a broader exchange network are providing valuable insights and policy suggestions and that we (they) are not receiving acknowledgement of our (their) contributions, then he and others may have to go to the planning table and enter into collaboration with colleagues of other disciplines. Anthropology and psychology, both, have learned much about both competition and cooperation. Cooperation engenders cooperation, the other--the opposite.IF...
.....

Let us conclude with a dozen Quixotic Quizotics:

- (1) When are anthropologists going to discover that the 20th Century was indeed the health century when humans quadrupled from approximately 1.5 billion at entry to some 6.0 in December 1999?
- (2) When are anthropologists going to engage in cultural economics analyzing the supposition of Thomas Mann, that "War is only a cowardly

escape from the problems of Peace?" (3) When are anthropologists going to create cultural justice institutes or cultural crimes commissions to indict the rich and educated for failing to share as little as forty million dollars worth of iodine (five cents per capita for some 800 million people) to prevent thyroid and goiter problems? (4) When are anthropologists going to indicate from all their agricultural, nutritional and land tenure studies that Jonathan Garst's contention of the 1960s, NO NEED FOR HUNGER, is a principal of cultural cooperation and a precondition to peacemaking. I prefer that we perceive our common needs as the prime elements of planetary culture and that our multiple responses are internal cultural variations. (6) When will we evolve from studies of cultural identity and global process to cultural processes and global identity? (7) When will we develop analysis of birth prevention practices comparable to the studies of sexual practices and initiation and fertility rites? (8) When will we consider it a professional responsibility to facilitate sustainable development practices rather than holding to what frequently appears as traditional professional non-interventionist observer study? (9) When will we develop multi- and inter-disciplinary programs of cultural studies and participate therein cooperatively rather than competitively? (10) When will we learn that both the exotic and the familiar are essential elements in understanding the differences and similarities of some 6,170 cultures in our lexicon? (11) When will anthropologists create systems of cultural analysis, which engender an appreciation of alternate futures? (I know that there is some work on this at present, but I have not been able to identify the streams sufficiently to appreciate that it is making any difference in the training of anthropologists?) (12) When will we be less grumpy about our weaknesses? (13) When will we revise our Platonian criticism of monarchial philosophy, "When Philosophers become Kings and Kings become Philosophers..." to imagine cosmic comedy, "When Philosophers become Clowns and when Clowns become Philosophers.... Then, indeed, in deed, we shall become humane."

We in anthropology are very good at documenting the visions reported to us in exotic cultural settings, but we become quite deranged trying to distinguish between vision and visions, in general. In closing with a "new" opening, I want to emphasize my perception, a gauche et a droite, on the left and on the right...

Our first dilemma is "We lack Vision."

Our first dilemma is "We lack Vision."

DEAR EDITORS!!!!!!"THE REAL PROBLEM"

As suggested by Michael Ignatieff, "The real problem is that the U.N. that F.D.R. helped create never worked as he intended. What passes for an 'international community' is run by a Security Council that is a museum piece of 1945 vintage."

I live in Awe, in the Nation of Imagi, but I have been a Charter Member of the United Nations since October 24, 1945 when I enthusiastically aligned myself with "We the Peoples" of the United Nations... and I believe Mike has missed the real problems...

A more immediate problem is that the NYT Magazine cover of September 6, 2003, proclaims A MESS OF INTERVENTION, Peacekeeping. Pre-emption. Liberation. Revenge. When should we send in the troops?" by Michael Ignatieff and on page 38 Mike's message is "Why Are We in Iraq? (And Liberia? And Afghanistan?) by Michael Ignatieff. We read recently about some havoc at Harvard, but is communication betwixt the NYT and Imperial Harvard cross-wired that testimony can be exchanged or not be exchanged following some entitlement...

I would have us all explore further and see that the real problem is, the real and imagined problems are, that we know little about the evolution of the pre-Atomic Bomb era creation, The United Nations System and I would suggest puns, programs of united nations studies...as a discourse, a course, and re-source... I would be an avid revisionist, I am an avid revisionist, We the People, not we the peoples...

Peace, david inkey_...UNESCO Advisor to Unicef, retired

I am now in my 75th year..... I entered this hallowed space on December 16, 2005, celebrating what we call my 74th birthday, but really we were closing the 74th year and presenting me with the tableau of 366 new days during which I wish to chronicle on a daily basis the events of what has been a very eventful life.

Emerson convinced, persuaded or enticed Thoreau into being a journalist and we have great reason to be thankful for that. Nothing in my life till now has ever given me sufficient reason to be a journalist, nor a diarist, till now....yet I resist IT being a daily task... Now, now that I want to enscope routine, random and reflective elements of all my years into some 300 plus days to complete my account of being THE QUIETEST CLOWN and A PERFECT POET, I will adopt and adapt to the discipline of being a diarist.

Today, father time of 2005 fades into his story and infant 2006 enlivens our curiosity and imagination. Christmas and New Years' have each had their charm(s). Poignant memories of many friends, acquaintances and strangers crowd my thoughts. Joy and sorrow mingle in mysterious manifestations. Awe captures both my wakedness and my dormant spirit. Some friends are surprised that I admit that my spirit is ever dormant.

Wit and wisdom will, I trust, accompany curiosity and imagination thru ever moment, movement and meaning of my 75th year and I will write on December 15, 2006 a special birthday wish to put under my pillow, a suggestion of dreams for December 16th, a natal date that I share musically with Beethoven, anthropologically with Margaret Mead and spiritedly with The Boston Tea Party.

I still have many dimensions of my confessions to structure, stress, dress and redress. I have to catalogue what elements I wish to share of a life manual of, by and for david inkey. Wit without some wisdom is, I believe, a sham, a shame and a shambles. Wisdom without wit is oxymoronic, for thus wisdom would not be wisdom. A light white coat of a New England winter day clothes our thoughts this New Years' and a bright sun lightens our spirits. I harbor myriad thoughts of sorrow for many in 2005, but ever I persist in my passionate optimism that life is good..... If I am wrong in this belief, I will be saddened but not desolate. I will adjust my sombrero, my sarape, my pantelones and my huaraches and once again join my

friends Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in the seemingly endless quest for understanding.

I will not have to write many poems this year to maintain my status as A PERFECT POET, but I trust that words will climb into place for me, wherein nature and art will be discernible and indiscernible from one another.

Place, space, face, grace..... each has its own fee...
If i move each, with glee, very free i will be...
If i lose my place, easily i will fall, in disgrace.
If i lack space, might i keep pace...with evil?
The clown's smile isn't to beguile, nor revile...

January 2, 2006

Good bye to UNOville.....

What would happen to UNOville were I to abandon this sacred soil? What will happen to me if I relinquish being First Citizen of UNOville....

January 3, 2008

Time, Weak Daze, Week Days

January 4, 2006

Friends, Acquaintances, Strangers.....

Friendship

In all things grounded and marine,
I find the ship of a friend the most serene...
Amongst the boats and floats, rafts and crafts,
Canoes and kayaks, our ship has a crew of only two...
No captains need us review...

On all the oceans, through all the seas,
On lakes, rivers and plains, even with prairie schooners,
In dry docks and locks, in all weather and uneven whether,
Whatever, whenever, wherever we tether, anchored or adrift,
Cleared or confused, the ship of a friend is the most serene...

David Inkey, the UN poet, 41705....

January 5 2006

QUIETNESS.....gordon allport

un quiet room

January 6, 2006

Ray - the sixty anniversary of his death.....

Win - the thirty-fourth anniversary of his baptism.....

January 7, 2006

Population Education

January 8, 2006

Peace, War, Health, Illness, Dis-ease... Hepatitis, Thyphoid, Lyme
Disease, Silent Heart Attack.....

January 9, 2006

Avian Flu

January 10, 2006

Internetting

January 11, 2006

Mother Courage

January 12, 2006

Learning to be, Peace on Earth

January 13, 2006

Theory of Learning

January 14, 2006

Ignorance, Innocence and Identity

Abcs

abortion,

care crime cope

culture of peace

culture of war

decency

disease deluge

dying

diversity

env

food

Clarence gamble

garst

Gordon epid review

Huxley

john rock

hones

hope

health

illness

kindness

life well lived

living
literature
music
multiculturalism, Barbara way cal pomona
plea play
poetry
problems of life
preying and praying loewald richard and Sharon
pop ed
surety
Schweitzer
streams of words
finances un
heresy
health
iraq
limits to growth
Lowell Thomas
life this year as if it were my last.....
marcel marceau
mexico
martin luther king
Madeline Albright
mary trevelyan and queen's garden party
Norman borlaug
col. rivera (see president)
pop
president rivera
pope paul vi
pope john paul II
stuart udall
sir john hunt, climbing everest
selection
trust
teddy kennedy
time in all directions
work
wmd

I have poured in, piled in, plastered in, pasted in, many words, ideas, idioms, ideals and items which will have to be explained, extracted, and elaborated upon in subsequent editions of the confessions..... Inkey..... nov 20 06

I have poured in, piled in, plastered in, pasted in, many words, ideas, idioms, ideals and items which will have to be explained, extracted, and elaborated upon in subsequent editions of the confessions..... Inkey..... nov 20 06

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A telling anecdote revealed the experience of a Senegalese farmer on an exchange programme in France. Discussing his impressions as he prepared to leave, the visitor concluded, to his host's astonishment "You know I feel sorry for you. Yes, I mean it. During my time here, no one has ever come to visit you. You have never gone to visit friends. You say you are a Christian, but I have never seen you pray. You have no time to sit down for a meal, but just eat a sandwich on your tractor. You work all the time, to pay back the bank. Life is not like that in my country. I do feel sorry for you." It was felt that "development" should surely not be equated with indebtedness.

from UNICEF/1988/NGO/1, English, page 14....

THIRTEEN.....the answer mark.....

Reality is not fixed, it is mutable. We can only approach reality if we do not pretend to define it once and for all. The partial verities proposed by a novel are a bulwark against dogmatic impositions. Considered politically feeble and unimportant, why are writers then persecuted by totalitarian regimes as if they really mattered? This contradiction reveals the deeper nature of the political in literature. The reference is to the polis, the city, the evolving but constant community of citizens, not to the autoritas, the passing powers, essentially temporary but pridefully believing themselves eternal. Carlos Fuentes

the answer mark.....

i am not the champion of lost causes,
i am a champion of causes not yet won.

i celebrate the answer mark for all the help it has given me to see a good course for many actions in my life..... its stellar appearance is an inspiration, its radiance is immeasurable, its magnitude is immutable... i will ever be thankful to all of those who have helped me to be a champion of all the causes i have embraced. though i am unable to name all of those friends and protagonists. a part of me regrets that i am incapable of recalling all the circumstances wherein they helped me, and the remainder of me is grateful for forgetfulness... it is in this particular condition that i compose the remaining 101 pages of my poesis as a perfect poet and i contritely confess what may be seen as proverbial sins of commission and omission.

the community of curiosity, the state of awe, the nation of imagi have been more than tolerant, they have been encouraging... in these fellowships, i have prospered in mind, body and spirit. i followed Don Quixote in adventure, with Sancho Panza, but I did not let the sublime tragedy of their lives drive me nor lead me to similar tragedy, dreaming impossible dreams...

Thoreau subtly invaded a part of my conscience when I was troubled by the barbarity of war and somehow or other pointed me on a path of conscientious objection, while simultaneously he taught me curious, cautious suspicion of institutions claiming to have all the brances of knowledge without the roots.

Without making me a naturalist nor a biologist, he and others creatively abetted my curiosity about nature. Fortunately, Samuel Clements AKA Mark Twain taught me the importance of dualism. Sam's sorrows and Mark's almost incessant sarcasm are were troublesome to my optimistic demeanor, but simultaneously important to my learning of essentials in thought, word and deed. Tommy Jefferson is the human rights pioneer of American life for me, yet his tragic inability to apply his grand thoughts to daily life and national polity scar our relationship, despite his similar complexion and red hair, our comparable periods of residence in france and other similarities... My near contemporary, my friend and former student, His Majesty Birendra Bir Bikram Shad Dev, shared a great sense of peace with me, implemented shared educational values in one of the economically most deprived nations of our world and laughed with me at many of our human foibles.

As for me, I am virtually an incurable optimist as I have asserted and testified repeatedly in some 900 pages of this incomparable text... I am fascinated at how I have benefited from so many magical moments in almost 75 years of wondering and wandering in more than 60 nations.

I might have been a noisy clown had I attended clown college or had I attempted earlier to indentify myself as a clown. It is, I believe, my great, good fortune that I was rather late in life introduced to the idea that I had long been a clown, because by definition, I had created my own roles while many actors around me played out roles scripted by others. Similarly, I behaved as a magician in all of my international civil service in the United Nations, before I discovered Lourdes Arzipe's masterful definition of the role of magicians in the new international relations order. She explains the challenge of working in the UN System as follows:

Someone once said that the United Nations is a dream managed by bureaucrats. I would correct that by saying hat it has become a bureaucracy managed by dreamers. Certainly you have to be a dreamer to work in the United Nations with conviction. It is only if you have this sense of mission that you can withstand the constant battering by governments who are afraid that the United Nations will become a world government. So in the end, someone who works in the United Nations has to be a magician of ideas, because working for the United Nations is like working for a government in which all the political parties are in power at the same time. You have to be a magician of ideas in order to try and find that particular idea around which you can build the greatest consensus. (Cited by Thomas G. Weiss et al in UN VOICES, 2005....pp 342-343.....)

=====

1931 lifeness begins
1941 at 10 I lost childhood
1951 reowned eduction at 20 mental hosp work..... gained adut
1961 el Salvador won respect
1971 parenthood
1981 won the linkages of the UN
1991 faced troisieme age
2001 suffered severe grief
2011 octegenarian

Academic questions, academic answers....

i wrote this in nov 2001....to TP

Over the years when antagonists and protagonists have teased and taunted me with academic questions, I have replied: Yes, isn't it marvelous that we have some people and some institutions separate from the main courses of events allowed and encouraged to analyze some of the most serious questions we ask ourselves and are asked? (My euphoria is explosive, like lovely fireworks at the royal wedding in Nepal in 1970 or like those on the Mall in our nation's capital on July 4, 1953, when I worked on movie house integration (a decade before our King marched there and a dozen years before we marched together in Boston!) However, the euphoria fades faster than the fiery display of ignited powder cools, because I sadly recognize that most of the people I have known asking and answering academic questions somewhere early in the academicosis mislay or lose, or mortgage or sell, or kill or banish their sense of awe. I know more people who have lost the friendship of that early companion of childhood, Imagination, than I know who have themselves become Imagineers. The greatest tragedy is not losing childhood, it is losing the childlike qualities that gave give us a sense of being imaginative, creative, artistic, poetic, musical, etc. The confusion comes in part from believing teachers who tell us that we are not very artistic and from our stopping to try. We are carefully taught to conform, not very differently from how we are taught to hate...

Childness.....

Before I was a kinder garden drop out, I was introduced to or into the Nez Perce "Nation" where my parents and other ancestors were great friends. In marvelous **childness**, I became an innocent of anthropology. When we, my family, migrated to the Yakima Valley, my intertribal experiences increased and I was given leave to participate in Yakima and Intertribal Pow-Wows in The Sunnyside Park. We never discovered whether The Park was a sacred ground of other eras, but there, my brothers and I were welcomed as afternoon playmates of children of many "nations." With the Nez Perce, Yakima and related tribes, I joined united nations before "the Allies" fought World War II and "inaugurated" what they we call The UN. A pacific culture of childhood was defeated by adult militants... I have struggled for 70 Revolutions around our morning star to establish planetary concordance.

Those ages ago are long past, but the experiences, I believe, set the clocks and stages for me to explore and for me to have the sense of freedom and worth to affirm all the diversity I found beyond the familiar. My friend Thoreau later taught me that he believed most men (people) lead lives of quiet desperation. I never really learned the lesson in that form: I find more people than I care to count live lives of quiet resignation or afflictive apathy... Then, from my chivalrous fellow explorer, Don Quixote, I learned that life is richest when filled with dreams, even when filled with absurdly improbable dreams. He never taught me that any dreams are "impossible." Life is richer yet when one can help others fill their dreams. The Don prepared me well for many ideological windmills and impressed upon me the importance of the title "Don" which I soon enuf earned in a marvelous chivalrous nation, where tomorrow is not just "man~ana." Einstein taught me late in life one of the most precious of lessons, that "Imagination is more important than Knowledge." Albert never for a moment suggested that Knowledge is not important, he saw that Knowledge only becomes useful when empowered by Imagination. When I met Sir Julian (Huxley) in the University of London he instructed me in many programs of epic ethics and policy studies (peeps), almost two decades before I joined UNESCO in Paris. Would that I had taken United Nations lessons from him so early so that I would have had his fresh insights on UNESCO. Instead, Sir Raymond (Firth) showed me dramatically the importance of myth, magic and mercy. And Sir Raymond taught me so many other things about professing without being unduly professorial. London was a marvelous experience. How do we journey from childhood memories of "anthropology," untutored in the pedagogy of field methods, and from the academic constraints of classic anthropology, to become participants in the PLANETARY CULTURE?

{i put no age limits of childness..... my harvard friend max once describe me as childlike without being childish..... later, i learned the term childness.... that is what the geeks and geezers thing is all about and i am still wondering where that book disappeared, but i believe it will reappear....love, dad}

dear ben,

<http://216.239.37.100/search?q=cache:XxwJX3R8BMUC:www.ralphbunchecentenary.org/++%22ralph+bunche+centenary%22&hl=en&ie=UTF-8>

i didn't mean to accuse you of being the cause of the scandal...the scandalous fact that you do not have more educational institutions on the roster for the Ralph Bunche Centenary belongs to us all... Where is Claremont ...emeritus prexy john maguire was a roommate of MLK eons ago and now works diligently on humane race relations. Where is the collect and collection of institutions of SVHE, the Society for Values in Higher Education. Where is the roster of IAUP, the International Association of University Presidents..... the assoc of independent colleges, the aclu, the acs, the ssrc, the major foundations..... the american anthro association... otto klineberg is probably rolling over in his proverbial grave... where are the huck finn scholars..... cannot the good offices of UNU be utilized to focus the RBC into a UN EVENT.... Shouldn't there be an individual support category for the directors of UNESCO, Unicef, undp, who, fao, etc.....IF the orgs themselves cannot do subscription without full action of their executive boards and general conferences.... where are spellman, morehouse, fiske, shaw..... oberlin, antioch, where are the national woodrow wilson fellows.....except perchance individually saying something.....

ben, what i am saying and thinking, every time my heart, mind, soul and spirit wander into and out of the Ralph Bunche Park, is.....the RB Centenary is a great event.... where is the op ed page in the NYT, in the WPost, in the StLouie Dispatch, etc.....

the prexy of the Society for Values in Higher Education is in Calvin College....where is calvin college..... where is the College of the Atlantic, Colby, Bates, Bowdoin, Randolph Macon, FSU, LSU and LSE, OXFORD, TOKIO, MADRAS, TRIBHUWAN, LAHORE, u of mexico, guadalajara, Guatemala, el Salvador, costa rica, Honduras, belize, Toronto, mcgill, chile, Uruguay, Paraguay, even little Bolivia, panama, with or without the big dig.... The university of the west indies...

RAMAPO College HAS 50 PLUS NATIONALITIES..... WHERE IS KOFI'S USA UNDERGRAD ALMA MATER... WHERE IS LEHMAN WHERE THE FIRST SECURITY COUNCIL MTGS WERE HELD... WHERE IS ECKERD AND WHY ISN'T DEEP SPRINGS ON THE LIST.....two institutions where I identified some interesting educational ownership.....

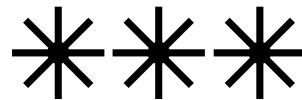
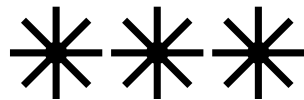
why, when, where, how, whence... earlham, swathmore, swathless..... haverford.... the absence of these institutions should have us QUAKING..... And where might we list Washington U, Georgetown, and American University.... Even those two freshwater colleges-universities Cornell and Chicago are missing in action..... Middlebury, UNC and UT are missing.....UVA slid onto the list even though Tommy Jefferson wasn't the most avid equal rites and rights advocate.... Lincoln University might be interested in applying..... Hope College could give us some hope.... Where are the Wesleyans, Can Rice come up krisp..... SMU might join the troops, though I couldn't apply there in the early 60s because I couldn't go along with there policies of discrimination then.... Carlton and St. Olaf's have always impressed me as good institutions, though I have never set feet in either... Micklejohn's, one of the heroes of the U of Wisconsin and of the founding of UNESCO would be saddened not to see UW inscribed. American U in Beirut would perchance lend something other than name.... Miami University and U of Miami might give geography lessons as well as tolerance.... The Royal Academy wouldn't have to sign up, but we could recruit LEEDS, BIRMINGHAM, EDINBURGH, CAMBRIDGE, OXFORD, OXBRIE---if the semanticists would help..... Queen's College, Christ's Church, Bailliol (sp)... etc.

Surely, goodness and justice would be served if Soros would help us with the colleges and universities he has been assisting... Gates might open a few gates for us..... Rockefeller University might lean in on the several R foundation-fund-and fellows to garner a few more ballots.... I know that the USSR doesn't give us the clout it used to, but some Slavics and non-Slavics should be able to identify a few score institutions for us... A Greek high school friend of mine might be recruited to list the classic institutes in Greece.... I could retrace my Tito-time jaunt through Yugoslavia to identify the several colleges and universities of the Balkans....Not all of them would balk at being invited into Ralph's bunch.... And the University of Swaziland and Botswana and Berlin....

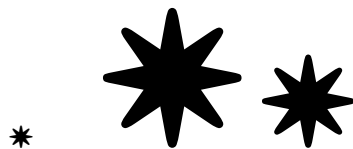
I haven't warned you that my next book is titled **I WAS A COLLEGE DROP OUT!** One of the many, many, many great sorrows of my life is that I cannot learn all I would learn... I dropped out of college once upon a time because college was not yet, then, usually and unusually asking itself or me the questions I needed to ask..... I subsequently returned to college and university because I discovered that colleges and universities were asking a few of the questions I was asking and/or I needed to ask... All of that was before I "earned" my doctorate from the Kremlin on the Charles and got my first university job in the as yet then not wartorn republic of el

salvador... soon enuf, or almost soon enuf, i was back at harvard, briefly on the faculty of the ed school, positioned to invent population education... one of the educational revolutions of the 20th century....

THEN.....ah.....ahhhhhhhhhhh. I invented the answer markan asterisk has only 6 rays.....the answer mark has 8...



* * *



For a truce, let us not consider this a list of shame for the lapses, let us consider this an HONORS LIST.....toward which thousands and thousands of institutions will gravitate soonest...

- Academic Council on the UN System
- African Studies Association
- American Political Science Association
- American Society of International Law
- Association for Diplomatic Studies and Training
- Association of Black American Ambassadors
- International Political Science Association
- International Studies Association
- Middle East Studies Association of North America
- National Council for Black Studies

Public Policy Organizations

- Africa Society on the National Summit on Africa
- American Library Association
- Dag Hammarskjöld Foundation (Sweden)
- Council on Foreign Relations

Facing History and Ourselves - National Foundation
Foreign Policy Association
International Peace Academy
National Association for the Advancement of Colored People
National Urban League
New York Public Library
Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture
Phelps Stokes Fund
United Nations Association - Australia
United Nations Association - Greater Boston Area
United Nations Association - United Kingdom
United Nations Association - USA

Please remain literate..... read on.....

Educational Institutions

American Academy of Diplomacy
American University, *School of International Service*
Atlanta University Center
Boston University
Brooklyn College
Brown University, *Watson Institute for International Studies*
City University of New York
City University of New York, *Graduate Center, Ralph Bunche Institute for International Studies*
Colgate University, *Peace Studies Program*
Columbia University, *Center on International Organization*
Federal University of Bahia (Brazil)
Graduate Institute of International Studies (Switzerland)
Howard University, *Ralph Bunche International Affairs Center*
International Institute of Social Studies (Netherlands)
International House
New School University, *World Policy Institute*
Northwestern University
Ohio State University
Pearson Peacekeeping Center (Canada)
Seton Hall University, *School of Diplomacy and International Relations*
Syracuse University, *Global Affairs Institute and the Program on the Analysis and Resolution of Conflicts*
Tufts University, *Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy*
United Nations University (Japan)

University of California at Berkeley, *African American Studies Department*
University of California at Los Angeles, *Social Sciences Division,*
College of Letters and Sciences

University of Denver, *Graduate School of International Studies*

University of Glasgow (Scotland)

University of Manitoba (Canada)

University of Maryland, *Afro-American Studies Program*

University of Notre Dame

University of South Caroline, *Institute of International Studies*

University of Virginia, *Miller Center of Public Affairs*

Wayne State University, *Center for Peace & Conflict Studies*

Witwatersrand University (South Africa)

BEN..... I would certainly like to have Antarctica University, AU (pronounced AWE) on the RB Centenary... We have not humane, human nor interspecies discrimination.... The current pair of penguins who serve as student body presidents wears black and white together and "shows her and his colors" fairly...

ANTARCTICA UNIVERSITY

ANTARCTICA UNIVERSITY IS!

While time grants a little delay,

While time grants a little delay,
I seize my moment, to pray...

While skeptics thunder,
While thieves plunder,
While critics blunder,
Fools break thoughts asunder,
With the famous music man,
"You pile up enough tomorrows
And you'll find you've collected
Nothing but a lot of empty yesterdays."

I wonder...
Most of my yesterdays seemed quite full,
Before tomorrows' daze dawns...
In all of the challenging emptiness of our tomorrows,
I would chime the rime of peace, increase, and release...

I seize my moment, to pray...
May we live each day, soulfully, so fully...
 That no yesterdays are ever empty...
May we dream such wonder-filled tomorrows,
 That all our daze, thick clouded or bright,
Be blessed with great delight...

While time grants a little delay,
I seize my moment, to pray... and to play...

121403

Notes from Unoville

"Welcome to the UN. It's your world."

Check [Welcome to the UN. It's your world.](#)

A man is wise with the wisdom of his time only,
and ignorant with its ignorance.

Thoreau

I find this welcome as terror filled as the wrongly applied "s" to "We the Peoples," which I believe should be "we the people," unifying, not collectivizing. It is erroneous as the misplaced "s" in Santa's Elves that I ever see and hear as our Santa Selves with whom I am ever engaged in common struggle for unity, understanding, and Peace. Even on the UN Website I am confused as to why UNANS project to "your" instead of injecting to "our."

I am the first and only citizen of Unoville, of that ever imagined, never realized capital of the United Nations Organization. In 1946, there was a terrible environmental conflict which Greentowners believe that they won, a few of the residents where Unoville was to be still remember defeating the fledging UN in "The Battle of Unoville," probably the least reported struggle in the struggle for our common future. In March 1946 a poor turnout of voters in Greentown voted with three to one odds in favor on not establishing UNOVILLE in Fairfield County, in the Constitution State! A few oral histories record this story of NIMBY versus YIMBY, not in my backyard, yes in my backyard... The Greentown term is "back country."

I joined the United Nations on October 24, 1945, as a Charter Member, inclusive in "We the Peoples of The United Nations," though I would have preferred the preambling to have declared me and some almost two and a half billion other Planetary Citizens to be "we the people," suggesting unity, not collectivization. I was a likeable, learning youth, sophomoric, in my 14th solar revolution. Now, I am a slowly aging youth in my 71st cycling, ever

enthralled with Lifeness, lifeness being the relation of all beings one to another. I have been and am yet a dutiful child, preschool mother's aide and househelper, shoeshine boy, yardworker, soda jerk, lifeguard, camper, clerk, cleric, consumer, work camper, dairyman, labor commissioner, mechanic, beekeeper, book-keeper, teacher, truant, professor, and truant professor, anthropologist, unreformed and reformed, philanthropist, educator, family planner, civil servant, knight, guru, spy-in-residence, writer, editor, prophet, philosopher, consultant, clown and poet.

Now, as I draw, trace, time and test my thoughts on The United Nations, I should provide clues as to how all curious and imaginative souls can be United Nations philosophers, planet clowns, program coordinators in AWE (a.u. being Antarctica University, the highest center for learning in the living universe, insofar as we know wit and wisdom.)

I want three dimensions of peace, inner, communal and universal. My peace does not preclude conflict, forever, for ever so long as there is curiosity and imagination, there will be conflict. And we shall work on conflict resolution. I hope and pray that this opus arouses much verbal, prosaic and poetic debate and development. If it does not do so, I shall have failed once again in my efforts to define, develop and "be" THE UNITED NATIONS' FILOSOPHER!

I count all our failures, to learn courage to fail and hope for Peace:

I collect PCs the way some people collect stamps, coins, books, beliefs, seashells, rocks and reasons... With some wit and some wisdom, I have wondered and wandered thru 57 cycles of the United Nations as ourstory... Let me close by sharing a summary PC experience I drafted for an organization called The Society for Values in Higher Education... I have been a member of this entity for 40 years and have noisily injected my interests, valuations and values to our deliberations... This past august August I was asked to give a prepare a little paper... I find in what I said and wrote for those colleagues, I would like to share in global equations of equity, effort and ease... Share 6,000,000,000 to One, and One to 6,000,000,000 humane beings.

In popular culture, pc signifies personal computer and politically correct... Most of the 6 billion beings I refer to have no access to information

technology, almost one-sixth of us are illiterate, please share our wit and wisdom to create Planetary Culture and Personal Commitment...

PC,

prefacing

i would share the epiphanies of being, and of becoming, a philosopher, even ever of my

SVHE requested: we should want a paper of about 25-30 minutes duration that would help us formulate a program which would do justice to global education and involve us in a dialogue that would give us access to resources for reflection and action. hope this helps...

bobo

pc

we are global citizens, with tribal souls... piet hein, 1960
we are planetary citizens, with universal soul.... david inkey 2002

i am now 70 years young in et, earth time... fifty revolutions ago i was cultivate minds

THE UN's 100th ANNIVERSARY unwords & UN WORDS!

unaware
unbelievable

UN ++++++++
UN BELIEVABLE!

Dedication, determination, desire, destiny...

This work and this play is dedicated to all who helped me on my journey through time, through all my yesterdays, all my todaze, and all my tomorrows. I am ever thankful to the remembered and the forgotten names, friends and protagonists, who helped me understand many elements of Lifeness and allowed me to help them and theirs. Our unity gives me a sense of self and other for which I am ever grateful. There are many unwords which I have not scripted as unwords, words or UN WORDS. This does not mean that I have failed to weave mindings thereof. I invite all of us to live all the daze of our lives and to never forget that we are temporary fellow passengers, all stewards and custodians, on a magnificent, fragile spaceship. Each and every generation of us needs remember, premember and member that we are pioneers... Pioneers with different sounds, scripts and schedules challenged in all of our senses to wit and wisdom.

If we cannot find in the pages and spaces of cybering the United Nations Website replies to our curiosity and imagination for being United Philosophers we will have to explore other circles of serenity...Wasn't it another poet who told us, there is nothing so wise as a circle. Rainer Maria Rilke.

Recalling Henry David's philosophic challenge I uttered and wrote earlier, know that no small part of the wit and wisdom I have found, have had fun with, have grieved and now own, is real and ideal: We are the pioneers of a new world ordering which we may see as the Planetary Culture. Through ages of struggling for simple survival we have reached an age of struggle for complex survival.

namaste, david inkey

poem of life ----- a lifetime, lifeline composition.....

violets ----- an early botanical love, sunnyside, washington, 1936

shoe shines - a penny a pair in my early childhood, polishing dad's suitcase was a dime!

play in the park - an immeasure-able endowment the joys of which linger still.....

black boy at denny blaine—early racism.....recurrent inhumanity...

nisei—benny and an American holocaust? a permanent penance.....

Indians - my earliest anthropology... even before i heard of ishi....
sandy, the shetland pony... a great challenge to my autonomy
country cousins - at 5 1/2 i was already "urbanized?"
farm life ----- an enormous element of my education
ice cream -- billy testa's friendship and saturday ice cream cones
self reliance - a very trying learning curve... a constant twist....
spoiled by uncles - the glory of extended family for a 5 yr-un.....
first grade crying----early indignation.....laundering my spirit...
second grade delight, tadpoles, toadstools and tempting tasks....
3rd grade penmanship—cruel and virtually inhumane treatment..
4th grade California maps—compulsive conformity, cuzzed cartography
miss harris..... art class music—the end of my artistic innovation...
mrs. Holt..... navajos cactus, a lesson in miseducation from a Texan...
5th grade miss lee, yes mamcivil war and war between the states
6th grade roman history, food supply.....pop art, spelling words
7th first aid class..... copying the consitituion, adolescent freedoms
8th all "a"grades and unfair grading in science, a golden wedding anniversary
9.....civics ----or brainwashing? a lifelong lessons of ineptness.....
10 soda jerk...anabelle ...miss cruikshank, bright, entry to "learning"
11th latin and julius caesar... roaming in roman(tic) revelry....
12.....mrs wilson and constraints' pop quiz, crisis in a crucible....

oamc okla—mass education, military misfitting and myths of meinging
deep springs—educational ownershp...labor commissionering, mccarthyism
george burke---a high school challenge and buddy, interpreter and ally...
mary doylea (roman)catholic education and the spartan, school paper
valedictorianessay..... an elegy to knowledge, before i found wisdom...

english essay at OAMC ---the roommate's thievry.....
barn doors at deep springs...an essay to cure clichés....
pulbic speaking—a frightening feat on one's feet
war and peace in 10 days - a literary leap...

kofi, bellamy-unicef, grant-unicef, perez de cuellar, waldheim,
tom pickering, andy young, mohan sainju, torres bodet, julian Huxley,
harry truman, queen elizabeth, teddy kennedy and others.....

gordon allport, david mcclelland, brunner and murray, talcott parsons and freid
bales,
vogt and anthro at harvard or applied robert redfield ...primitive world, oscar
lewis and culture of poverty, five families, raymond firth, isaac shapera, lucy mair

medical anthropology, preliminary challenges of lifeness.....

sir keith murray, UK university grants commission, the tate and natl galleries...

and lunch at the atheneum, the mayor of Paddington—mr. pickwick, etc..

sam karimi from kenya, necker disables from haiti

ed duckles med anthro and el salvador

jane in mexico, another jane in paris

doris turner, integration in mexico

martin smolin, a great lesson in judaism

tony barclay, after the empire brit

tony olmstead, quaking philadelphia

frank barry, ernesto schieffelbein

russ Henderson, frank skip thomas

jim driver, neil haworth

jane king. alexander king, club of rome

raymond Rodriguez, french unesco bureaucracy

carmen negrin, post franco spain

dan taylor, yaks, yetis, everest ever in earnest...

cory reider, the universe of ideas and people

ron reider and cultural constraints in educational development

john gordon, friend, mentor, epidemiologist, catalyst

jonathan garst, a superb champion of causes yet to be won....

clarence gamble, master of motivation, every child a wanted child

bernard berelson, buddy in international family planning

frank notestein, the epitome of the demography establishment

john rock, a magnificent old man, co-developer of "the pill," friend

mr. greiss, a practical patrician landlord

joe kahl, an instigator in industrial social change in latin america

OAS, organization of american states, one of two benefactors for my anthro...

mexican govt scholarsip, my other benefactor for thesis work....

torres bodet, mexican minister of ed, unesco director general, my host in mexico

estaban torres, usa ambassador to unesco..... member of the usa congress..

john fobes, deputy director of unesco in the 70s.....friend and mentor

jock, john malcolm forbes, a workcamp buddy in mexico

mabel ingrams, a great lady, a fine public health servant, a great friend
leah levine, a child's rights pioeer, ;ondon antislavery society,
mary trevelyan, my finest mentor and guide in ;ondon, 1956-57
margaret read, anthro- friend of mary trevelyan, pioneer in med anthro.
cora dubois, a giant in harvard anthro, a clever innovator, a help to students
rene dubois, an environmental pioneer
john hope franklin, a great humane being and integrationist
wally nelson, my congress of racial equality, CORE, guide in wdc, 1953
martin luther king, my marching partner in boston, 1966.....
john maguire, a friend of mlk, and a great academic
james laney, another great academic.....a friend of andy young....
bishop jackson and black episcopal priests in louisiana, 1940s
harry the cub scout, winslow, arizona, 1942....
jim in plaquemine, my buddy in learning and "trouble making" 1943
marion and tim, archie,, marvin larry, marilyn -south dakota relative
donna belle, sharon, englands..... other important relatives..
Saint Exupery..... true woodruff.....brigitte tancock, ernesto vasquez
macnamara, a hero on population issues, a coward? on peacemaking
kissenger, a neighbor in boston....1960s
jeff sacks, an international dynamo...

john rock, a tragic victim of vaticanology...
john d rockeller.....du pont, cadbury, ingram morgan—pop personalities
jonathan garst, my champion of championing.....
san quentin, a prison visit in 1953....
sunnyside jail... jailed by my mother in the 1930s

japanese and chinese in calif markets, economic anthro...
black electrician in plaquemine, sparking diversity
wilbert maid, more lessons in humaneness
2 blakck kids—trans cultural learning

book list from conn college santa PC essay.....
CORE, unfinished tasks post the emancipation proclamation..
indep mental hosp, lesson in sanity and insanity, summer of 1951...
ELAN, education for living among nations, british columbia, 1952
Pxs, summer employment in sparta, wisconsin.....too military for me..
soda jerk, a wonderful year-long job of my sophomore year of high school

jewish hospital orderly, more medical anthro, two years in Kansas city,54-56.
deep springs work, laundry general labor bees, dairy garage labor comm. etc
El Salvador
Pathfinder
Hgse
Unc
Unemployed - prb. Ilo who, fao, undp
UNESCO
Unesco unicef

Clinicl psych—murray, brunner and mcclleland
Anthro—evon vogt
Med anthro—ben paul
Desc linguistics—paul freidrick
Soc psych---the incomparable allport
Socio—bales
Stat—the magnificent moesteller

Year credit for LSE
Year for orals
May 59, may 60, sept 60- dec 60
Summer 60jan 61-ap 61.....thesis

El salv 61-64
64-66 pathf
66-69 hgse
69-72 unc
oct 72 -june 75 unemployed 2 1/2 years or redeployed, consulting, growing

75-81 paris -thomas jeffereson's paris, ben franklin, giscard, mitterand....
81-91 nyc - genesis and exodus.....
92-2006 15 years..... troisieme age..... writing, niteing and righting humane rights

1 &2 poem	125	125
3 kinder	126- 282	157
4 gipc	283-313	31
5 unp	314-499	186

un role should evolve back to academia.....academented.....
iaup..... mexico peace, ecology and dev.....
georgetown univ conf reformed Harvard anthropologist

6 au 30?
7 bir90 100
8 peace 50
9 drop out 50
10 nyt 50
11 life and death 50
12 confessions 50 380 should be 400
=====

13 the answer mark	101
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GASSED john singer sargeant

Dear Aletha,

Thank you so much for the cards, which arrived before I saw your email...
Thanks for all... Sorry to hear about the wrenching backwardness...and am
pleased that Beanberg was otherwise good to and for you, including the health-
illness of friends... As long as I don't look for publishers, I will have no
rejection slips... Thanks for your accounting...

421 Beacon Street will probably be there for many, many more years... I
should apologize before you get there, Kissinger lived at 419 until Nelson (aka
Rockefeller) did me the favor of taking him to WDC ... We (Henry and I) met
only once and that was probably tooooooo often.....

GASSED...

The cards are treasured, copies of Sargent's painting of GASSED... Getting
them "reminds" me of another Boston story...

My marvelous little old Mass Ave grocer had tickets for Symphony, which occasionally, maybe three times in 5 years, he gave to me... He never would let me pay for them... One time in a late spring early evening my date and I were walking from my apt to Symphony and while crossing a bridge where the superhighway now goes under Mass Ave, an old man staggering along grabbed my arm and I thot I was being mugged... We were in a small, somewhat rundown bar-ridden part of Mass Ave... I was startled and the old man apologized... He said softly he wanted help crossing Mass Ave. I told Karen to wait on the southside of the Avenue and I would walk the old man across... As we crossed the avenue, the septuagenarian explained to me that during daytime hours he could see well enuf, but at dusk and in darkness he couldn't see well enuf to cross streets... The explanation,

"I was gassed in the First World War."

(I spent the rest of that evening and all these many years since wondering how much war costs and how much warcosts are never calculated..... Where are the Peace Dividends, Peace is its own Dividend...)

Luv, INKEY

Child soldiers...a crime against humanity
Just war—an oxymoron propagated by morons.....
Peace is Our Profession --strategic air command logo
Last war of my life -a report from my childhood.....

Accident-----an unexpected opportunity or tragedy.....
Intent-----dedication??? Or malice??????
Purpose-----a schema for success?
Destiny—what we cherish to explain our successes or employ to dismiss failures..

Martin amis - alienation
Margaret atwood agnosticism

Poet laureate..

given the enormous supranational problems of planet earth, i have determined that it is essential for the UNITED NATIONS to have a poet laureate. to alleviate stresses on both the general assembly and the security council, i have usurped the title of UNITED NATIONS POET LAUREATE until such time as UN reform allocates time to create poesis..... love, david inkey

some poets may wish to goggle my POEMS OF A PERFECT POET.

Edward viii medal.....

Hello, David---

The Royalty medalets go out so fast that I quit listing them!! I do have a couple of Edward VIII pieces in stock, I shall look them up and let you know.

The pieces made for the coronation, and the like are the "good" ones, and many were made after his abdication as "commemorative" pieces, those are quite cheap. I shall have a look and let you know.

Cheers, Bill

From: Unpoet@aol.com [mailto:Unpoet@aol.com]

Sent: Saturday, March 12, 2005 5:42 PM

To: copperman@thecoppercorner.com

Cc: Unpoet@aol.com

Subject: copperman, Edward VIII Coronation Medal...1937

dear copperman,

what is the cost/value of your Edward VIII --1937 coronation medal...

sincerely yours, david inkey

no need for hungerjonathan garst

modern art-----a field apart.....

music—the art of the muses.....

physics-----a place for our relatives.....

chemistry-----where ions and fact merge into factions.....

ecology-----home base.....

geology—rocks, blocks and clocks.....

geography-----a study for groundedness

imagination----the nation of imagi, the greatest nation in creation

twain's war prayer-----a benediction

r l Stevenson child's garden of verses—a report card on childness

individualism---a state of grace

atrocities—a guide to guile

prescription of peace -----an essay by me.....lamenting legal lapses....

money-----a mode of exchange.....

taxes-----an enormous system of inequity.....

property -a dilemma

the draft and c.o."s—the greatest VICTORY of my public life?

not dubbed as a knight=====twasn't necessary to be dubbed or duped....

bill cousins for david—the unicefan who knighted me....

the aging academic===== premature paralysis?

academic question non academic quest ----- FOOD for thought

the academic man---- a guide book to wha I have avoided.....

the academic market place ----- an academemented adjustment?

the meaning of work and retirement - havighurst great report.....

way to peace

saint Augustine, Thomas, Aquinas, francis, paul..... unfinished angst....

Shakespeare ---- a master of wit and wisdom.....

Popularity-----a continuous dilemma

Just war.....not just a war, but a sophistry that "just war" is possible!!!

Cruelty in the extreme, don q—why is such cruelty so acclaimed.....
First casualty of war is truth..... and repeatedly

Don q as both curious and comical -----never sufficiently perceptive....
Rogue states-----unmitigated tragedy.....
Nutrition ----I shall ever be hurt that an abundant world allows hunger.....
Natural catastrophe
Man made disasters ----natural disasters could be sufficient for us, why do we need
also to propagate man made catastrophes.....

Slavery-----I wonder when we will compensate for the crimes of slavery...
humpty dumpty -----hd will ever be one of my great mentors.....

alice and the unicorn - I will ever envy alice for having more time with unicorns than
I have had.....

David Inkey's Program of United Nations Studies, PUNS! September 17, 1996

THE FUTURITY, **¿OF ANTHROPOLOGY?**

**Anthropology remains intriguing and creatively diverse, iconoclastic
and breathtaking in sweep and perception, profound in scholarship, yet
it is also integral and even leading in addressing the complex challenges
of a transnational yet grounded humanity.**

James Peacock, 199

I am fortunate to have in hand, in my left hand, a copy of James Peacock's 1995 American Anthropological Association Presidential Address, "The Future of Anthropology." I have read this visionary text with both intense interest and quintessential Quixotic queries... There is, indeed, something auspicious about an association president having the verve and vitality to express "the" future as if he/she could speak for some 11,000 dues paying client-members and uncounted drop outs and opt outs such as myself. Despite my Rip Van Winkle siesta away from the AAA, I have kept my friendship with Jim Peacock and I appreciate the politics of concertization (a UNESCO term) that elevated my friend to the highest office in the

officialdom of anthropology in the United States of America. I find it not at all surprising that Jim's text and testament have had critics and I join their ranks, but my criticism is leveled in respect and revelry.

JP commences with crescendo clarity, "My assumption, perhaps idealistic, is that those who give will ultimately receive. More practically, anthropology must receive what it deserves, not just in funding or jobs, but also in position and respect in society and culture." With those two sentences I believe JP passes sentence on our profession. I left academia because I could neither work nor play effectively and efficiently as an academic anthropologist. For me, anthropology's past was too taxonomic; the present, too cautious, too unimaginative to nourish my curiosity. The future of anthropology is still too insignificant, lacking in signs and cosines. I wish James had declared himself "invariably idealistic." Generously, JP gives us three future scenarios, "*Gotterdammerung*, we go up in flames." Since I like Eliot's poetry better, I suggest that we disappear with a whimper... JP's second try or trial is that we "hang on as living dead." I reject this prospect because I am a Charter Member of The Live Poets' Society and thus I have no patients nor patience with the living dead. Scenario Three in the President's Address is cited above. Would that this were a contemporary reality rather than a not so simple sophisticated speculation... JP believes that to make Scenario Three a reality we must "press outward: mobilize our work and ourselves to make a difference and to make a mark beyond the discipline and beyond the academy." Goodness, gracious ME! I experience recurrent *deja vu*, having departed from academia in 1972 to mobilize population awareness in the UN System...

I will not comment upon JP's sorrows concerning support and non-support of academic anthropology, but I scream with delight that JP cites Thomas Wolfe, that as "Americans worry about our culture--(there is) an opportunity for *us* anthropologists to deploy our wisdom and experience." I challenge JP and his entire cabinet to catalogue for themselves and all of us what is that wisdom and experience and how, when, why and where the wit and wisdom of anthropology will be relevant to prepare our societies and selves for two, perhaps too pervasive, "psychically polarized(?)" PCs, Planetary Culture and Personal Commitment. Upper Class American Society used to number itself as The 400. JP observes that we may be similarly exclusive with only a scant 400 departments or programs of anthropology in the United States. Activation will be in the essence of the challenge. We have perhaps 30 years before the planetary people count reaches 10 billion... so let us act while we have the simpler task of "reaching" just 6 billion fellow beans... While we are "at it" we may help

demographers and medical personnel confused with what they call "the population explosion," to realize that the 20th Century "is" indeed THE HEALTH CENTURY, with our numbers changing from a guesstimate of 1.5 billion in 1900 to a projected 6.3 thousand million for our end of millennium, New Year's Eve, December 31, 1999. (I should also like to know how equitable on gender are our 400... I would like the count to be THE PEOPLE COUNT!)

In what might be, must be, James Peacock's most telling sentence about and sentencing of anthropology, he asserts ... "It is not known to be crucial to society." I like the JUDICIAL PROCESS (a duo JP) that *we* are given a life sentence, not a death sentence. Further on in his treatise, JP reports on a recent Presidential Symposium, which I have not known about, studied, nor reviewed, but which I will. The Whither Report recorded "WE ARE STILL THE INVISIBLE DISCIPLINE." JP would bore me with his *forte* recital of the failings of anthropologists and anthropology, with dismal de-composition of how totemic rewards are usually reserved for soloists, with certain irrelevancies in classic professional behavior, and with glorification of fieldwork, but because I have been long absent from the functions and malfunctions of academic anthropology, I am not bored, I am informed, albeit sadly, by the similitude to what I left twenty-four years ago.

JP creatively waxes Mosaic in a central section of his testament, trying to *unify* the various "tribes" he has served. He gives us a decalogue of suggestions of what *we* anthropologists can do to enhance our visibility and perhaps guarantee credibility... Should *I* suggest guaranteeing visibility and enhancing credibility? He wants us to enrich general understanding of anthropology's understanding of Natural History, Cultural Pre-History and the Humanities. Two, he insists that "Anthropology must move to *shaping* policy." I look up and down, forwards and backwards, to the right, left and center, with all my characteristic, undiluted enthusiasm, to learn about the AAA's Institute for Human Policy. Would that the AAA would challenge the institute to develop humane policy. In "Leadership," President Peacock suggests that anthropologists must amplify their contribution to leading (emphasis added). Concerning "Human Issues," my friend asks, "Can we not effectively be public intellectuals?" JIM, HELP ME! My experience with public intellectuals is that many of them tell us what they think we should do. I prefer the nascent field of public scholars who are participatory students and coworkers in determining what we might do... In his discussion of human issues, JP touches what I believe our primate, prime factor, human rights: IT is a tragic public constraint, another one of my PCs, insufficient awareness of human(e) rights. (Given my druthers, I would give every

person on Earth and in Space a printed or audio copy of THE UNIVERSAL DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS. If every ten of us would each give ten people copies and they in turn would do likewise, we could with 10th10 "reach" 10 billion beings, virtually double our current bean crop... Knowledge of basic humane rights *is*, to me, as essential as the PC, population concept, I have *spent* thirty-five years promulgating, "Every Child, A Wanted Child." Undoubtedly, without any doubt, I am virtually an incurable optimist... It is not for nothing that I claim, 'I am not the achampion of lost causes, I am a champion of causes that have not yet been won.')

For his Fifth Column, JP suggests that we have an arts responsibility to help everybody see everybody, most engagingly.

As a Sixth Sense, James would have us spread our area studies, languages and knowledge of particular places. A Seventh Pillar of Potential Wisdom is our ability in fieldwork. The Eighth Effort is fomenting appreciation of the comparative method. (While I spend hours faulting parts of my anthropological training, I never suffered from under-exposure to "the comparative method.") Late, in ninth place, James eulogizes OPENNESS... He praises vectors that "connect dynamically the polarities which energize our intellectual life and society." Finally, JP pleads for "Synergy between theory and practice." My miserable summary of anthropology, long since I was joyfully introduced into the Nez Perce Nation, when I was a tender four-years young, is that more anthropologists of my acquaintance concern themselves with theory than with practice, while I believe that it is in Practicing Community that we create Planetary Culture.

JP speculates "In focusing outward, do we not risk losing our inner soul, our identity? The greater risk now is excessive focus *inward*." I believe that we lose our soul(s) by not risking, not risking the creation of Planetary Culture. One of our ethnologists recently reported that we have 6,170 cultures and that we have the virtually insuperable task of making the world safe both from and for ethnicity. I would rather be an anthropologist of futurity, contending even unto contentiousness, that we have a very fragmented mosaic of *one culture* which we have neither pieced together, nor peaced together...

WHAT IS THE FUTURE,

¿ OF ANTHROPOLOGY?

I want to believe that anthropology with all the social sciences, sciences, philosophies, and all of religion and skepticism, has a future of planning, programming and practicing love of wit and wisdom. It is no accident that my mentor Henry David taught me how to conduct drum corps and another, Einstein, showed me that Imagination is more important than Knowledge. Never did Albert contend that Knowledge is not important, he simply and not so simply contended that without Imagination we would never know how to employ any Knowledge... One of my contemporary friends graciously describes me as "a reformed Harvard anthropologist." I treasure the appellation because among many virtues this seal of approval weighs in with the cheerful challenge that I should always be reforming from that early formalistic training of theoretical anthropology to own anew some of the ease of my CHILDNESS, the anthropology when most innocently I delighted in the caring, arts, music, dance, food, and *community* of the Nez Perce...

I admire the *polite composure, the purposeful composition*, of James Peacock's testament for the American Anthropological Association. I have fewer clients than he, so I need not be so politically constrained in my suggestions... I want any and all anthropologists and non-anthropologists interested in humane behavior to entertain, examine, and contribute "answers" to some fourteen points that puncture my persona... As soon as I have established contact with the AAA's prospective Institute of Human(e) Policy, I will proclaim my profoundly meaningful meta-anthropologic metamorphosis as S.I.R. DAVID (Spy In Residence, dubbed by UN colleagues for superlative interagency collaborationist work), as THE UN SANTA, and dauntingly and undauntingly as THE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER! No academic position I know of could have rewarded my anthropological service as superbly as did my UN colleagues, appreciating my direct, pragmatic, culturally sensitive, humane works...

Whether we, then or now, could implement Wilson's Fourteen Points or not, is to me now an irrelevant question. Bosnia and her neighbors are a contemporary counter-case in our general inability/ability to effect or permit "self determination of peoples." My Quixotic Quest(ions) come(s) from an important lesson I learned from the ageless Don and his stalwart companion, Sancho, that we must dream all the possible dreams we can imagine:

a. Did traditional sovereignty die on April 5, 1991, when, with Resolution 688, the Security Council of the United Nations authorized international intervention to protect the Kurds in Iraq? Do KURDS IN NEED constitute a new KIN which

anthropologists will study as assiduously as they have structured innumerable other relational paradigms?

b. How should or should not the UN System protect Antarctica as the only peaceful continent on Earth and how can the UN work for eco-responsibility (response-ability) for such a planetary park? What role can A.U. (pronounced "awe")--the nascent Antarctic University play and work on with regard to "protecting" Antarctica from human degradation? How many anthropologists do we wish to have work and play in Antarctica? What role can AU anthropologists create for "the futurity of anthropology" and correlate concerns? (Can I successfully combine the opportunities and obligations of being AU's First President and First Anthropologist and First Filanthropist?)

c. What opportunities for international and interspecies understanding and protection emerge from the June 1992 UNITED NATIONS CONFERENCE ON THE ENVIRONMENT AND DEVELOPMENT (UNCED)? How many anthropologists have ever read our global Magna Carta, THE UNIVERSAL DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS? How many anthropogs and anthropoids have even seen THE CHARTER OF THE UNITED NATIONS? Not all our current totems have been carved on totem poles...

d. How can each of us contribute to equity?

e. Why do so many of our politicians and journalists believe we should have a peace dividend from the greatest war in "his" story, The Cold War, when "his"storically wars have not paid peace dividends? Have any anthropologists studied peace profits and peace prophets in contemporary societies? Do any of our linguists have peace lexicons?

f. What kind of "World" would we like to live in and what kind of work are we willing to do to contribute thereto? Anthropologists have for eons been students of warfare, some ethnographers have recorded welfare, who are the scholars of peacefare? Will it be feasible for 3300 anthropologists to participate in The Planetary Peace Fair of 2031 CE, to celebrate the 3300th Anniversary of the Peace Treaty of Ramses II of the Egyptians and Hattusilis of the Hittites (1269 BCE)? I will be most pleased to guide tours of THE ICONS OF PEACE in the UN and to show the exquisite replica of our first known peace treaty....

g. What kind of world do we have the likelihood of having during the remainder of this century and in the first century of our new millennium? Would it be preferable to return to Bishop Ussher's chronology and begin this year Our Seventh Millennium. According to our 17th Century scholar and divine, Planet Earth was created at 9:00 am on Monday, October 23, 4004 BC.

h. How does each of us contribute to warfare, to peacefare and potentially to THE PEACE FAIR OF 2031 CE? Do you celebrate the third Tuesday of September as International Peace Day? The UN does...

i. If we wanted to, how would we design PEACE CURRICULUM, PC?

j. How do we participate or fail to participate in cultural processes and planetary identity?

k. How do we hinder or promote the Lifeness principles of the 1990 Galapagos Interspecies Peace Conference (GIP-C)? (*Lifeness is the relation of all beings one to another.*)

l. How might we commemorate the 3300th Anniversary of The Peace Treaty of Ramses II and Hattusilis, 1269 BC - 2031 AD, and should the coincidental event of my centenary influence our celebrations?

m. What have *we* learned in anthropology to contribute to conflict resolution? Can we make the world "safe" from humans...

n. How can *we*-as individuals, members of non-governmental organizations and as citizens of member states of the UN, participate in owning the response-ability of being the United Nations. How often must we chant "We The People(s)" and how many times must we lament that "We" are mentioned only once in THE CHARTER?

i14! Fourteen Questions are not meant to replace, place or pre-place "14 Points" of an earlier era. My quest(tions) constitute(s) simply and not so simply my didactic developmentalism. My Quixotic Quirks are a folk doctor's kit and caboodle in which I keep some magical toys, tools and techniques. I use my ANSWER MARK--an eight rayed star--to disguise the frustrations I have frequently with commas, periods, question marks, exclamations, dashes, semi-colons, colons, pluses and minuses... I have a little crystal ball to divine any doubts and to prove to all doubting Janes and

Jameses that I have all my marbles. And I have a purple crayon which I use to emulate Harold's creativity, as reported in HAROLD AND THE PURPLE CRAYON. I honor MAGIC, for MAGIC is, before all, the work, art and artfulness I learned from a troika of ancient wise-guys, The Magi, who taught me that our faults are not in star gazing and supernova....)

* * * *

I should finish with a prologue to epilogue, because it is too early for me to write an epilogue to my futurity of anthropology. Suffice it to note here that in another incarnation, whether that is the "carnal" of meat or, weather permitting, we harvest bountiful botanic booty beauty, "carnations," I wish to become A CLOWN PRINCE OF PLANETARY CULTURE! I will not act as an actor, for actors must play the parts written by others. I will be a clown because clowns create their own roles.

I dream by day and by night: We will form a great circle and as we step or stumble counter-clockwise you will be my leader and as we reverse ourselves, you will follow or fall in my steps... Whoever called the clock wise?

I owe a debt of gratitude to Henry David for giving me the word "futurity." Why don't we ask in the futurity of anthropology how we are to evolve from being human to becoming humane?

--WHAT DID YOU DO TODAY--
i INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY!

The Santa Clauses

From Pole to Pole I do extol,
"There are no subordinate Clauses..."
Though 'tis is a season of much folly,
We have good reason to be jolly...

Happy Hanukah, Merry Christmas, Joyous Kwanzaa...
For Thanksgiving, Harvey dressed his ire, in stylish attire,
Superbly, he exposed blind Justice's naked satire....

Any date, April Fools' or Fourth of July,
I never lie...I cry, I wonder, wonder how and why...
How can we gain equal rights, whoever our mates?

While I ambled on the Avenue,
Harvey gambled for a curfew...
Erasing a simple apostrophe from his being Santa's elf,
Harvey became a Santa Self,

Thousands of spectators were agog,
I only wanted to visit Harvey's synagogue...
Harvey created a great charade...
Did you see Macy's parade?
Mrs. Santa proclaimed, "I am gay..."
Santa refrained with no dismay, "That is OK..."

From Pole to Pole I do extol,
All our Clauses are main Clauses,
We have no subordinate Clauses...

Harvey Fierstein's Tribute
Best wishes, Santa, 112703

The modern Don Quixote

I picked up a copy of *Don Quixote* recently in, of all places, a chain book store in the airport. I was **really** surprised to find any classic work in a place dedicated to helping travelers just pass the time, so I asked the clerk about it. Apparently it's one of their bestsellers.

Somehow I **think** that *Don Quixote* is selling well to the airplane hordes not just because it's a hell of an entertaining read, which it is, but that the work somehow strikes a chord in post-modern folk's heart. I could take this in a trivial direction, and make jokes about President Bush tilting at windmills, but truthfully I mean something a little more deep than that. Moreover, I find such analogies offensive, mere liberal whistling in the graveyard, given the

uplifting success of the Iraq election. I can't really enjoy lefty jokes when the core of the progressive lexicon is being appropriate, and there are no major Democrats standing up to reclaim concepts like liberty.

No, I really think that Cervantes speaks to _____ for another, more profound reason. His era, before the Enlightenment but after the Renaissance, and smack in the middle of the Inquisition in Spain, is a little like ours. The dominant political order, the dominant worldview, seems corrupt and ineffective. Traditional concepts of morality seem at best not quite adequate to the new world that's emerging. And yet the old order is in no way weaker, if anything it seems at the pinnacle of its power. In this context, Cervantes seems to me immeasurably brave. He not only sense this fundamental disconnect and satirizes it, he heartily laughs at the absurdity of it all. This from a man who spent several years of his life held captive for ransom. May I find the strength to have the same courage to laugh.

Posted by ecologist at 08:04 PM | [Permalink](#) | [Comments \(0\)](#) | [TrackBacks \(0\)](#)

love, a life manual...in 75 chapters or 3/4s of a life manual?

an anthropologist's apology

i apologize... i offer an anthropologist's apology for all anthropologists, an apologia for our arrogance, our banding blather, our classificatory crassness, our demographic demagoguery, our ethnic extremism, our fraternal flatteries, our grievous groupings, our heinous hierarchies, our indigenous indignities, our jingoistic journaling, our kultur kleptomania, our malinowskian manipulations, our nativistic negligence, our oppressive opportunism, our paternalistic pageantry, our quizotic quarreling, our religious ridicule, or studious superbity, our tedious tribalism, our universal unionism, our vicious values, our worrisome wordisms, our xtreme xtatic xternalism, our yahooian, yabbing yawns, and our zolian zest.....

14 words from the edges of time...

before
after
in
outof
no

half
full
over
under
extended
thunder
asunder
wonder

awe

written in "sand" 122103

BOOKMASTER?

antarctica, lonely planet

explore antarctica ...quark expeditions

antarctica ==an encyclopedia from abbott ice shelf to zooplankton

AWE - antarctica university, my foto album

spanish dictionary -the university of chicago

learning to be, the world of education today and tomorrow, UNESCO 1972

peace on earth, UNESCO 1980

learning: the treasure within, -- 28 pages missing

our town, Thornton Wilder ---"Oh, earth, you're too wonderful for anybody to realize you. (she looks toward the stage manager and asks abruptly, through her tears☺ do any human beings ever realize life while they live it?---every, every minute? "

Bread and Wine, a novel by Ignazio Silone, "my favorite pupils?" the old man replied, "those who were not satisfied with what they found in the text-books, the insatiable ones." P19 ---"Pietro Spina was your best friend," he said. "You admired him so much, you might almost have been in love with him. Where is he? What news is there of him? What is he doing?" he asked, with eagerness and affection in his voice. -- 'How should I know? AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?' (emphasis added by inkey) the young officer asked, avoiding Don Benedetto's glance (3 tttt in the text////) ---the p;d ,am was stamdong near the fire[:ace. And the re[:u ,ade jo, gp [a:e/ je a:,pst staggered/ he walked slowly over towards Concettino, took his head between his trembling hands, looked him in the eyes, and said, quietly, almost with tears: "my poor boy, is this the pass to which you have come. You don't know how terrible are the words you have just spoken, the most terrible words in Genesis, and Genesis is a terrible book." ---Concettino looked at him, startled, without understanding. Don Benedetto went on, still more quietly, almost whispering into his ear "and it came to pass, when they were in the field that Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him. And the Lord said unto Cain, where is Abel, thy brother? And he said, I know not, AM I MY BROTHER'S keeper?"--- Don Benedetto walked slowly away from the young officer and sat down in the extreme corner of the room, on a stool beneath the recess in which the little plaster Madonna stood among her colored paper flowers. - "Pietro Spina," said Don Benedetto, "was my favorite pupil. He never knew it, but he was. He was not satisfied with what was in the textboois, he was insatiable, restless, and often undisciplined. but the most severe punishments he received during all his years at school were invariably provoked by his protests at what he believed to be undeserved punishments inflicted upon others.. when he believed himself to be in the right no consideration of expediency could make him hold his peace. ---Don Benedetto searched among the yellow papers for the last school essay written by Pietro Spina.--"listen, this is Spina, he said. "if the prospect of being displayed on altars alter one's death and being prayed to and worshipped by a lot of unknown people, mostly ugly old ladies, were not so unpleasant, I should like to be a saint. I should not like to live according to circumstances, environment and material expediency, but I should like,

ignoring the consequences. In every hour of my life to live and struggle for that which seems to me to be right and good." Fifteen years ago, when I read that confession, don benedetto went on, "though I did not doubt pietro spina's sincerity, I did not know to what extent he might have been carried away by his own rhetoric. At that time he was devoring the lives of the saints. He had lost his parents some years before, and family misfortunes had reinforced his his tendency to meditation." ----thenon page 32 silone writes of liberty and being a free man

The grand inquisitor by Fyodor Dostoevsky..—Ite me only quote the first few lines and leave tt to all readers to discover the magic of fyodor's folio.... "....do you know,alyosha—dn 't laugh! I made a poem about a year ago. If you can wst another ten minutes on me, I'lll tell it to you." ---"you wrote a poem?" --"oh,no, I didn't write it," laughed ivan, "and I've never written two lines of poetry in my life. But I made up this poem in prose and I remembered it. I was carried that is, listener. Why should an author forego evne one listener? smiled ivan. "shall I tell it to you>?: --"I am all attention," said alyosha. -"my poem is called 'the grand inquisitor'; it's a ridiculous thing, but I want to tell it to you."... --- "my story is laid in spain, in Seville, in the most terrible time of the inquisition, when fires were lighted every day to the glory of god, and "in the splendid auto de fe the wicked heretics were burnt"..... (i take liberties with the text, not placing auto de fe in italics.....inkey).....

the bible according to mark twain..... I should place twain's dairy of adam and eve before he bible, but my books are not necessarily stacked in the order of their importance in my life.. also, the wit and wisdom of mark twain should be recorded before the important guide by jjimmy Leonard, making mark twin work in the classroom..

proclamations speeches and messages (1972-1981, 1982-1987, 1988-2997) by His Majesty King Birendra Bir Bikram Shah Dev ----- I cannot declare favorites like don benny did in bread and wine.....see above....but surely my friend and former student shah dev influenced my life in so many ways that his works ===especially what he did for girls education and what he did for peace by declaring in 1975 that the kingdom of nepal should be known as a zone of peace ===demand special note in the evolution of and the confessions of david inkey.. let me place the two volumes of H.M. King Mahendra's proclamations speeches and messages beside the treasures of his son...

we r fortunate that i never met antoine saint-exupery. for had I had that experience I might appreciate his mystical opus, the little prince, a bit less..... my

golden locks match those of tlp and my language is also that of taming and seeing with my heart.....

henry adams wrote for me...and many others.....the education of henry adams and his magical, mont saint michel and chartres..... charters is one of my five favorite foci on spaceship earth..... walden pond is my spiritual and political lot, the grand canyon is my most prized palette, charters is for me the core of a medieval spirituality, and the enchanted isles, the galapagos, are my lifeness studio..... antarctica is transcendent otherness.....

here, let me register a clever text... darwin's orchestra....an almanac of nature in history and the arts..... a daily dose of cultural history—with a natural history twist!... therein,paraclesus is introduced as nature's child and he urges us on September 21, 1541 to recognize, "for it is so ordered that we use but half of man (apology for the male chauvinism, inkey) and all the other creatures, and therefore must explore them further." the orchestra also underlines the importance of December 16, 1773, the boston tea party, celebrated sum 158 years before my birthday.....

this entire work of apology and confession, the fabrication of the life manual of david inkey, of, by and for david inkey would not be possible without acquaintance with clown college.....ringling bros and barnum & bailey's incomparable institution of learning... every "educational" and learning experience should familiarize itself with the application form of the now tragically extinct clown college. one question without peer in any other application i have ever seen is: when was the last time you cried, and why?

here is as good a place as any to slip in mention of the pooh books and their sequel, pooh and the philosophers, in which it is shown that all of western philosophy is merely a preamble to winnie-the-pooh..... this latter work being an expression of the genius and generosity of john tyerman williams, 1995....

the charter of the united nations and statute of the international court of justice commands special attention in the in the learning of david inkey and many of his/my colleagues.....and without any doubt, the UDHR, the universal declaration of human rights is the rosetta stone of our era..... would that it had been more correctly named, the declaration of universal humane rights.....

walden and an entire shelf of thoreauvian Walden transcendentistic liberature weighs heavy in my formation.....and information, confirmation..... here let me list the transcendentalists, an anthology edited by perry miller....1950..... i have yet to discover why the transcendentalist failed to become a more pervasive factor in "american" life and all human life.....and literature.....

not many people of my circle, square, triangle, parallelogram, cube and globe of acquaintance and friendship are familiar with the name and personage of ishi the last yahi... though my father's cousin mary electa was the only person i have ever known who lhad a private lunch with ishi shortly after he emerged from the Paleolithic into early 20th century california life. to "teach" anthropology at berkely, now, moderns can perceive partially the pathos and promise of ishi the last yahi, a documentary history, seen thru the eyes and editing of robert f. heizer and theodora kroeber. cousin mary did not particularly like some of bobby and teddyora's reporting, but so much for long records.....

as i have indicated above, I was born on December 15, 1931, when the human population approximated sum 2 billion beings..... as an undergrad in my junior or senior year at university of kansas city (then a private but extremely egalitarian instution later absorbed into the university of Missouri/ Kansas city) I took only one course in demography--little suspecting that within less that a score of years I would be the prime guru of population awareness and population education..... here is a not premature place to introduce my incomparable UNESCO opus, educational documentation and information...bulletin of the international bureau of education,48th year, no. 193, 4th quarter 1974, population education: problems and perspectives... in 1974 we were approximately 4 billion humans..... in 1999 we lunged to 6 billion..... 'tis calculated or speculated that by 2020 or 2025 we will be 8 billion.....by 2050 we may "level off" at 9 to 10 billion.....en francais, on dit....l'education en matiere de population: problemes et perspectives.....

on a little note, let me list here a lovely little 1972 publication, united nations coloring post cards \$1.00 and here I wish to veer away from academic and academented issues and play with fantasy ...if u wish to join me..... ventured thru the newly updated and expanded class, the dictionary of imaginary places by alberto manguel, editor of a history of reading and Gianni Guadalupi, author of the discovery of the Nile.....read John(NY) Goldthwaite's the natural history of make-believe, a guide to the principal works of Britain, Europe and America.....1996..... Bryan Holme's

enchanted world, pictures to grow up with...and a new treasury of poetry compiled by Neil Philip and illustrated by John Lawrence... I got this obviously more expensive book for only \$9.98//buying it n no small part for Emily Dickinson's poem, I took one draught of life..... I took one draught of life—I'll tell you what I paid—precisely an existence—the market price, they said.===they weighed me, dust by dust—they balanced film with film, they handed me my Being's worth—a single dram of heaven!

musical theatre is a muse..... I shall ever enjoy carousel..... my shelf carries a copy of Grimm's fairy tales..... many of his tales are quite grim..... we should be careful as we use them..... here I also store a store of stories, Charles Panati explains to me quite dramatically, sacred origins of profound things.... close by this tome, I place with some care and delight the falling bodies take to light, William Irving Thompson's mythology, sexuality and the origins of culture.... i keep this book open to page 9 where i ever chime in rhyme with my favorite "egghead," Humpty-Dumpty... Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall, Humpty Dumpty had a great fall, and all the king's horses, and all the king's men couldn't put Humpty together again..... in Nepal, we transmuted this to the king's elephants.....

Jack and the bean-stalk plays an important role in my learning curve..... so i must share with u a special source line on that story....the fairy book..... "it contains 25 classic fairy stories including Cinderella, Beauty and the Beast, Jack and the Beanstalk and Puss in Boots."

Shah Dev's gift to me from Nepal, after his year at Harvard, a lovely little stone studded fierce temple lion guards this shelf of fantasy..... along with my horrifying relic, a fragment of a roof tile from post August 6, 1945, Hiroshima..... i have never had it tested for radioactivity.....

Homer invades and stabilizes the nest shelf with cliff notes on Homer's the Odyssey.... most of my "education" occurred prior to the existence of cliff notes, so I was obliged to unlock the classics without such valuable maps and signposts as these guides....

one of the gr8 Odysseys of the 20th century was Charles Kuralt... ..somewhere in this 230 year young vegetable barn homestead i inhabit there is a book about Charlie's travels, but here I list a book that has onl a fwd by ck...Robert E. Seymour's aging without apology, living the senior years with integrity and faith.... this occupies a place beside a. John Simmons' moral principles and political

obligations....next to civil society at the millennium..... sooner or later, later it shall be, i will cite the MDG... millennium development goals of the united nations..

the heart is a little to the left is a superb, small book by William Sloane Coffin...holding his essays on public morality.....on one of the two occasions i heard wiley willy speak, he told a preppy class of ninth grade graduates to always remember that it in the rat race of life, remember that it is always the second rat who gets the cheese..... no match to Sloane Coffin as a revolutionary, but yet a significant challenge to medicos and health practionners, i have dr. patch admas book, *gesundheit*, "bringing good health to you, the medical system and society through physician service, complementary therapies, humor and joy." ben paul's *health, culture and community*.... a bedrock opus of medical anthro merits mention here.....ben paul enriched my life unmeasurably as my principal advisor on my doctoral thesis.....

from the kremlin on the charles (Harvard) it is easy to plunge to zero...the biography of a dangerous idea...by charles seife..."my" copy of this book has apparently been coopted from my son, cuz the inscription reads, "to win, just because he is win...love, dad...valentines 2000" ---this book traces the history of numbers 30,000 years ago down to the role the zero plays in contemporary cosmological theory. (almost a quote... a truncated quote.....)

one of the most magnificent books in my entire library is warren bennis and robert j. thomas 's *geeks and geezers*..... I wonder how much "pain" mark twain and i would have avoided had we both known this brilliant text early in our learning experiences..... I place this book beside david brooks bobos' in paradise.....the new upper class and how they got there..... david brooks tortures my conscience as much as a chap in wde whose name I cannot at the moment recall..... WILL george will with whom I once had dinner during the Nixon impeachment traumas..... i balance the bobos with Arnold forster and Benjamin r. epstein's danger on the right, the attitudes, personnel and influence of the radical rights and extreme conservatives.. you think this book is the 2006 edition of orwell's 1984.... NO!!!!!! it is copyright 1964....a fourth ediction..... I balance it with Wittgenstein;s culture and value...this book has a marvelous quote from 1929, that, "a good smile refreshes the intellect."- ---- on page 4e, one should note: (1930....i wasn't yet in utero)....."if anyone should think he has solved the problem of life and feel like telling himself that everything is quite easy now, he can see that he is wrong just by recalling that therewas a time when this 'solution' had not been discoveredl but it must have been possible to live

then too and the solution which has now been discovered seems fortuitous in relation to how things were then. and it is the same in the study of logic. if there were a "solution" to the problems of logic (philosophy) we should only need to caution ourselves that there was a time when they had not been solved (and even at that time people must have known how to live and think).. do u suppose Ludwig had me in mind when, in 1931, he wrote..."the delight I take in my thoughts is delight in my own strange life. is this joy of living?" in 1944 we have "thoughts that are at peace. that's what someone who philosophizes yearns for." i think ludwig aids and abets me at ever turn and even when not turning...in 1947 he recorded for me the observation, "perhaps one day this civilization will produce a culture. when that happens there will be a real history of the discoveries of the 18th, the 19th and the 20th centuries, which will be deeply interesting.... i have turned down many many pages of this book....let it suffice that I take one more quote..... for this is the only page on which I have also placed a bookmark....(1948) it 's only by thinking even more crazily than philosophers do that you can solve their problems." i would say our problems..... please google on the treaty of kaesh and join me in the 3300th anniversary of our first known peace treaty... 2031 AD...

only slightly larger in formatting is Stephen toulmin's cosmopolis....this magnificent introduction to modernism notes in the index anthropology, 16th century origin, 28, 20th century revival, 151-152, 188-89....but page 28 doesn't use the origin language when describing the great contribution to "anthro" made by bartolomeo de las casas... the back cover of this coveted book notes.... in the seventeenth century, a vision arose which was to captivate the western imagination for the following three hundred years: the vision of cosmopolis, a society as rationally ordered as the newtonian view of nature. while fueling extraordinary advances in many fields of human endeavor, this vision perpetuated a hidden yet persistent agenda—that human nature and society could be fitted into exact rational categories. with wisdom and wit, Stephen toulmin challenges that agenda and explores the consequences of moving beyond it for our present and future world. (I don't now where nor when I developed for myself the term "wit and wisdom" but upon reexamining cosmopolis, I am glad that I place wit prior to wisdom.....)

this mélange of Ludwig with cosmopolis necessitated my placing diane collinson's book, fifty major philosophers—a reference guideon the title page i have noted in my almost legible lefthandedness scrawl.... we live in a world which, i believe, needs many more philosophers.... we need a revolutionary perspective on ethics, our ethos.

i have never quite yet quite come to terms with the shock therapy of my treasured copy of robert nesbit's the present age—progress and anarchy in modern America...in a sense i think i find nesbit too honest for me... in the first chapter he lays out his well documented case on "the prevalence of war." "of all faces of the present age in American,the military face would almost certainly prove the most astounding t any framers of the constitution, any founders of the republic who came back to inspect their creation on the occasion of the bicentennial. it is ineed an imposing face, the military. well over three hundred billion dollars a year go into its maintenance; it is deployed in several dozen countries around the world. the returned framers would not be surprised to learn that so vast a military has inexorable effects upon the economy, the structure of government, and even the culture of Americans; they had witnessed such effects in Europe from afar, and had not liked what they saw. what would doubtless astonish the framers most, though, is that their precious republic has become an imperial power in the world, much like the great Britain they had hated in the eighteenth century. finally, the framers would almost certainly swoon when they learned that America has been participant in the seventy-five years war that has gone on, rarely punctuated since 1914. and all of this, the framers would sorrowfully find, done under the selfsame structure of governemtn they had themselves built..... (how much would this have to be revised with our gitmo detentions, our secret wiretapping....etc..... yet, this paragraph by nisbet still causes me virtual paralysis vis a vis the exquisite selections of the already cited UNESCO publication, peace on earth, my second favorite UNESCO item capped only by learning to be.....)

alain finkielkraut in translation offers my constricted conscience some respite in his masterful opus, the defeat of the mind....on page 39 in this much marked monograph I read again and again some precious poesis.... "human culture should never be reduced to the sum of each culture. that was why Goethe invited poets, artists, and thinkers to leave the national arena where herder and his disciples wanted to confine them." it is with good fortune that I do not fall into alain's alienation..... he closes his text with the observation: "the life of the mind has quietly moved out of the way, making room for the terrible and pathetic encounter of the fanatic and the zombie... piet hein, a danish poet lightens the spirit with his 1960s line, "we are global citizens, with tribal souls." i attempt to unify the plural of souls into the singlur of soulfulness..... matthew kelty in flute solo offers some solace... "in this sensitive, occasionally off-beat study of his life as a trappist hermit, matthew kelty convinces us that the life of a contemplative monk in the

modern world is filled with whimsy and joy and understanding—and is a valid choice for a man of god."

on the next shelf i have a mélange of messages..... starting from largest to smaller, note the oxford illustrated history of western philosophy.. i own quite a few of these compilations cuz i ever trying to synthesize the diversity of multiple philosophers... .next to this, i home in on living in two cultures, the socio-cultural situation of migrant workers and their families.... "my workers" in my doctoral thesis, proletarian perspective" an anthropology of industry" were not the migrants....the engineers and factory management were the migrants to rural michoacan..... while i am ever pleased with my quasi Marxian use of the label proletarian, i regularly regret that I didn't also find a way to call the thesis "children of the revolution" wherein i would have double-played the mexican revolution and the industrial revolution.....

my florence kluckhohn and fred strodbeck variations in value orientations is a treasure trove of insights, memories and inspiration..... there is a sensitivity in my late friend florence's work that i never found in the works of her greatly more renowned hubby, clyde kluckhohn, though i much treasure my 1960 copy of mirror for man... for some reason(s) long forgotten i haave marked a number of citations, 36 in the 220 page paperback, 1960.... i wish to quote the 19th.... "for all these reasons, the anthropologist will insist upon the stupidity of any policy that emphasizes political or economic factors at the expense of cultural and psychological factors.....and I muse on what I have marked as 36th..... present ignorance and the crudity of social-science methods and theories must not be glossed over. humanity which is gradually abandoning the hope of the kingdom of heaven should resist the blandishments of cheap messiahs preaching an esay achievement of the kingdom of earth over night. anyone who wishes to enter into the magic of anthropological could do much worse that start with kluckhohn's navaho means people..... though I had played with navajo children when i lived in arizona as a ten year old it was only about a decade later that I discovered this wonderful book and had the opportunity to penetrate the navaho reservation in literature and in life.... also, visiting the marvelous arch of rainbow bridge in the northern stretches of the navaho lands.....

another mentor for me in medical anthro was george m. foster..... in 1963 george, a neighbor of my Berkeley friend jonathan garst, was my chauffeur daily to the san francisco sessions of the American anthro association..... foster's work in mexico was about an hour removed from my industrial site.....we had much to share... every

"now and then" I page thru my copy of foster's traditional cultures and the impact of technological change. on page 268 one may observe: the ethic of helping people change their culture includes knowing what culture is, what its characteristics are,, what it means to a ociety, and what its processes of change are." the cultural sensitivity of foster'swork is, for me, in stark contrast to the journalistic friedman account of the lexus and the olive tree..... i find tom to be near brilliant in his analysis of the lexus and strangely, sadly, even tragically incorrect in his assesment of the olive tree... there is a gross, terrible naiveté in the concluding paragraph: a healthy global society is one that can balance the lexus and the olive tree all the time, and there is no better model for this on earth today than America. and that's why I believe so strongly that for globalization to be sustainable American must be at its best—today, tomorrow, all the time. it not only can be, it must be, a beacon for the whole world. let us not squander this precious legacy." a medication to this euphoria is supplied in part by UNESCO in 1994, five year earlier than lexus, in the future of cultures...

currently, i read many articles on the inappropriateness of bolton as the usa ambassador to the united natios.... the current situation does not even vaguely match the eloquent assertion of lexus..... further, usa behavior in UNESCO, documented in hope & folly, the united states 1945-1984 by William prseton, jr et alia...serves as forewarning..... i have yet to find the courage within myself to analyse the agony of being an "american" in the united nations system during the years of the usa non-membership in UNESCO.....not remedied since we rejoined.. --- hear, here, it is appropriate to introduce everyone's united nations, a handbook on the work of the united nations.. the first ediction dutes from 1948, my copy is the tenth edition, dated june 1986..

now I glace at a playbill on porgy and bess.....one of the magic folk operas on American life.. next I restudy Herbert applebaum's perspectives in cultural anthropology, 1987, with a marvelous chapter on a quarter century of American anthropology....in atnthro, as in many other ambiances, i shun hype.... yet in 1988 i did purchase and read riane eisler's the chalice and the blade, our history, our future....it is an important work, but not to the degree that Ashley montagu rated it, "the mos important book since darwin's origin of the species...."Robert Mueller, then chancellor of the united nations university for peace noted "a very important book...opens up the entire question of the value, purpose, and cosmic fufillment of the individual."

my next tome is a book that my son retrieved from the rice university discards... dag hammmarskjold's united nations....this 1970 gem by mark w. zacher captures much of the magic dag gave to the united nations system..... any student of dag's opus markings should also cherish and benefit from this work. i am ever thrilled by the personage of hammmarskjold and his sagacity: "the united nations, like other international organizations , of course reflects only the political realities of the moment. important through organizational arrangements are, they are subordinated in the sense that they do not change realities; what at a given time politically is attainable on one organizational basis is equally attainable on another one. essential difficulties encountered with the united nations are based on realities and not on the specific constitution of the organization." (further, it is reported that: "during hammmarskjold's term as secretary-gemera; frp, 1953-1961 the united nations aid program increased from \$30.6 million to \$93.9 million, and several new forms and programs of aid were initiated.") page 217...

books, books, books..... one might wish that don quixote and/or cervantes would have provided us with an analysis of the library of the errant knight errant..... were they to have devoted the time necessary to that enobling task, we may have avoided much of the dust and disaster of wandering in la mancha... further, we would find ourselves equipped with a moral armour to protect our morale amor.....

with great valor and value, I pursue the ideas and ideals that my fellow travelers have imprinted for me, maps to multiple mirages, myths, musings and mastery of thoughts, word and deed... their endeavors have served me well and facilitated my wandering wondering...

any and every student of, graduate of childhood would do well to study doone and greer williams extensive essay, every child a wanted child, clarence james gamble, m.d. and his work in the birth control movement... few people in all of our human(e) pilgrimage have turned their privileged lives to help other lives as humbly and heroically as did the late clarence gamble... i remain incapable of adequately assessing clarence's and his coteries' contributions to my conviction and labors in the arena of population awareness.

similarly, any clown or aspiring comic would be well made up to examine the make up and mastery of joe mckennon in the circus world, his horse drawn trail, saga of American circus. joe personally gave me a copy of his wonderful, wise account of circusing, little knowing that it would lead me into the aura of becoming the quietest

clown and hopefully launch me into being (or returning to be) a cosmic comic... mckennon observes: THE CIRCUS HAS ALWAYS BEEN A RUTHLESS MISTRESS, DEMANDING FROM HER BEDAZZLED BED FELLOWS BACK-BREAKING , UNSWERING LOYALTY IN RETURN FOR HER OCCASIONAL FAVORS. AS AN UNSATIABLE NYMPHOMANIAC, SHE DRAINS DRY THE LONG LINES OF ADMIRERS AND LOVERS, CASTING THEM ASIDE, ONCE THEIR USEFULNESS TO HER HAS ENDED. A COLD AND UNFEELING MISTRESS, WHO GOES ON HER WAY UNDISTURBED BY THE CLUTCHING HANDS AND BESEECHING CRIES OF THE GREAT AND NOT SO GREATS WHO SHE HAS ROLLED OVER IN HER VORACIOUS ONWARD SEARCH FOR YOUNGER AND MORE POTENT LOVERS.

side by side to joe's evocative chronicling of carnivals and circuses, i keep james b. twitchell chilling, challenging composition, carnival culture. jimmy is provocative and posts many prognoses..... maybe he even evokes some of the reasons why i studied social anthropology, though i am not quite ready to add his excuses to my confessions... on page 272 he observes "for better or worse, American culture is already world culture. certainly one of the unadvertised aspects of the new world order is the dominance of world-wide media and the effacement of culture-specific aesthetic categories like high art." the text ends on page 274 with the observation: "we have been in the global village a short time, and it is an often scar and melancholy place to be. Whatever it becomes, the mass-mediate world is worthy of our impassioned study lest oscar wilde's prediction prove true: 'the brotherhood of man is not a mere poet's dream, it is a most depressing and humiliating reality.'" (I wonder whether wilde linked this thought with thoreau's assertion that "most men lead lives of quiet desperation.")

rather than dangle drastically in dark space on such deliberations, a. bartlett giamatti string us out in a free and ordered space, the real world of the university, by telling us, page 137, "remember that what is real, and really enduring, starts in acts of the disciplined imagination, acts of insight and definition that create and discover a larger design, and that a mind historically informed , and clear in thought and expression, will make such reality and thus redeem whatever simply is, by making what ought to be. For such a mind, summoning the resources of heart and spirit can create that shared life of aspiration and achievement that we call civilization." It is unclear to me what bart would do with the free imagination.... we may have to give giamatti the proverbial benefit of the doubt, for he was a quite successful president of yale university from 1978 to 1986.

i was an inadequate reader until the age of ten... my reading skills were tragically inferior to my raging appetite to learn from the written world... against this weakness my mother was a magnificent mentor. mom read much to me, until the last chapter of marjorie kinnan rawlings ever endearing opus, the yearling... left to search for the yearling in the swamps of florida, my spirit was crushed with flag's demise... and i shall ever taste the terrible salt of my copious tears... there are many sorrows in life and in death, but that of the yearling will ever occupy a sacred space in my being: "he (jody) found himself listening for something. it was the sound of the yearling for which he listened, running around the house or stirring on his moss pallet in the corner of the bedroom. he would never hear him again. he wondered if his mother had thrown dirt over flag's carcass, or if the buzzards had cleaned it. Flag---he did not believe he should ever again love anything, man or woman or his own child, as he had loved the yearling. he would be lonely all his life. But a man took it for his share and went on. -in the beginning of his sleep, he cried out, "Flag!" -It was not his own voice that called. it was a boy's voice. somewhere beyond the sink-hole, past the magnolia, under the live oaks, a boy and a yearling ran side by side, and were gone forever."

some 15 years later, after i had dried those tears many times and washed away their salt from my fair complexion, i met mary trevelyan, the overseas student advisor at the university of london and in multiple ways our souls united in a common humaneness... mary created a goats' club in the university to care for many little lost sheep... an African student had told mary one day that he didn't know what "all we little lost goats would do without you." and mary had to correct his misquote, thus inspired to create a club so that we would learn to take care of one another... one of mary's most treasured works is recorded in her memoir of helping soldiers in ww2, i'll walk beside you.

in a more institutionalized effort, j. f. rischard contributes to understanding our condition as he studies what he considers the 20 major problems for the first 20 years of the 21st century.....this is the most significant development book i have read in the past 5 years.

TLM == THE LIFE MANUAL OF DAVID INKEY, of, by, and for david inkey....

I am not the champion of lost causes,

I am a champion of causes not yet one!

I live in the State of Awe, in the Nation of Imagi, ever in the Community of Curiosity, even on a Lane named Creativity. Through all of life's journey, from one side of Eternity until I return to Eternity, I am caught in the Web of Time. Herein, I have found many friends and a considerable number of kind colleagues, yet the strangers and aliens seem to far outnumber the close allies and no census gives me consensus on the magnitude of the population of Awe..... One of my special mentors, who frequently wandered thru Awe in his lifetime, tragically never found the capital of Imagi. Rather, he despaired with words, a brief line, for which I have never quite found the forgiveness I would grant him.... Henry contended atypically, "Most men (read people? Or, did he exempt women?) lead lives of quiet desperation."

I wander and wonder thru many byways, along many paths, streets, roads and highways in my terrestrial journey and yesterday I retraced half a century's lanes... I revisited the United Nations Secretariat to celebrate and mourn two-thirds of my travel on Spaceship Earth. In early September of 1956, on my way to England to undertake graduate studies in the London School of Economics and Political Sciences, I toured the United Nations Secretariat and had an unforgettable interview with Miss Lucille Griffin, Head of UN Housekeeping, to brief her on the current events of her early UN secretary, my older of two sisters-in law and Angela's family, to brief Miss G on my own interests in medical anthropology and the World Health Organization, and to be informed as to how my interests might mesh with the UN's. After 45 precious minutes, Miss G told me that I had an appointment on the 22nd Floor of the UN Secretariat to be brief on the work of WHO..... Twice within the first five minutes with Miss G, her secretary came into the office to tell Miss G that she had phone calls from people who expected her to reply immediately. Lucille instructed her secretary to tell "them" that she was in a conference that was more important..

When my buddy Martin and I left the Secretariat, Martin told me that I had just "wasted" almost two hours of the world's time. Somewhat taken abock by Martin's indiscretion, I replied, "I will pay it back."

On September 21, 2006, fifty years and some days later from that grand event of my first visit to the UN Secretariat, I synthesized within my MEINGNESS, many

elements of some almost two-thirds of my life..... Mystically, my meandering of one day, International Day of Peace's 25th Anniversary, expanded into my autobiography and simultaneously shrank into one brief day of daze... (I had in 1953 and 1954 had extensive rapport and participation in field activities of UNESCO, the American Friends Service Committee and the Government of the Republic of Mexico's work and of Unicef's well-digging projects in Mexico, so my debut and my reconciliation are framed in a larger map that a few international acres in midtown Manhattan. One Manhattan project gives us all the (t)error of nuclear terrorism and another "Manhattan" project projects us into the enormous quest of "We the People(s)" to fulfillllllll the eloquent quest for peace of the UN Charter.)

So, while Thoreau's undocumented assertion of despair haunts many and remains unresolved in my comprehension, my, David Inkey's quest moves thru time immemorial... In my experience, Midtown Manhattan has never been such a policed state..... Hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of NY policepeople "guarded" our supposed "security" against unknown "terrorists."

My day, Thursday September 21, 2006, was a revelry of remembrance, a carnival of communication, a renewal of relationships, and a further exploration of the peaces of peace..... Several old friends were thrilled to see me, to relate to my their current activities and to query me on my questions and answers.... I refrained from telling any about the Answer Mark.....they can learn about it in this opus..... Several new "acquaintances" were thrilled to here the tale of how I became the UN santa, the UN philosopher and the UN poet, not to overemphasize my response,abilities as SIR (spy in residence) David.

Of course, I used every opportunity to share perspectives on pastimes, presentpresents and futurity..... At the end of the day, I most MOST IMPRESSED by how much spontaneous wit and wisdom I had shared.... Most of the associates I reencounterd were not smiling, were quite unsmiling but not dour when I saw them before they spied me... Upon seeing me, the smiles that broke forth were more than sufficient recompense to me for the energy invested in leaving bucolic Connecticut of a day in Manhattan mayhem.....

Early in the day I visited the UN Bookstore and bought two items..... a 2007 diary into which I intend to scribble, scrawl and subscribe some special thought each doy of the next year.....and a booklet on everyday apects of the UN.....a \$5 reminder of what the world's supranational system suggests we might be, are, and have

been...these small purchases serve as an immediate reminder to me how much the past 60 years of the United Nations have influenced THE LIFE MANUAL OF DAVID INKEY.

I am not the champion of lost causes,

I am a champion of causes not yet one!

I have learned relatively easily and at great expense of days, weeks, months and years, that a personal heroism is essential in the achievement of creating a life manual.... Multiple authors will pretend to be "authorities" on life management and will provide preposterous pretenses and prescriptions for personal management, contending that their prescriptions are appropriate palliatives for the entire populace or some large proportion thereof. Differently, oh, how differently, I have learned that a life manual is more a confession of personal courtesy... it is a contexted text which may easily be contested, but it is, when presented with piety and pardon, an accurate account of accounting, aspiration, askance, acceptance, acceleration, acumen, authenticity, acknowledgement... the thousand and one pages I have assembled in this opus are a confession that it has taken me almost 75 solar revolutions to acquire some accuracy in my assessment of selfhood.....

It matters little to me how few or how many ever read my account, what does matter to me is that all who wander thru these penseses, wonder each for herself/himself how David's dilemmas, determinations, destinations, detours, delights and doubts coalesce into adding up to the grand sum of being, being a perfect poet.....

My day in the UN showed me how much we neglect education and how we capitalize EDUCATION too frequently at the expense of "learning. It showed me how tragically we fail to meet health needs, emphasizing disease..... Peter briefed me beautifully on the recent AIDS Conference in Toronto and I conveyed regards to Stephen L. K and I commiserated on infant and early childhood deaths and I reminded him of my availability to work with Unicef should that fund find feasibility in addressing the warning it promoted in 1993 and which it has failed to address.....

J reminded me how much work ever remains undone on micronutrients and I reiterated my journeys thru the labyrinths of IDD, iodine deficiency disease..... C

clasped my conscience with care, care for the clowning concern I had exhibited for 14 years as the UN santa..... I counseled her to my curious contentment of being SANTA EMERITUS..... My land mines experts were not available..... my girls' education cohort were complaining about the costs of war on schools..... my urban child friends updated for me the dilemmas of street children..... the child soldiers contingent correctly complained about conscription, kidnapping and killing... the trainers told me that population education was not tallied into their tours..... the lovely E updated me on children's rights and we commiserated on Haiti..... a delightful C questioned me on the pros and concerns of his continued service in the UN vis a vis the conditions and consequences (theoretical ones at this juncture) of his returning to serve in his government as that little monarchy democratizes.....

I used to list 14 areas of concerns as my major juggling act.. today I cannot recount to u, nor to myself what were the specific elements... yet, I know, knew and will ever anticipate knowing that while many query the value of the UN System, I used my time of service as an International Civil Servant, in devout "servanthood" of encompassing civility and supranational intensity.....

What is the life manual OF, BY and FOR David Inkey, TLM is tlc shared, tender loving care and the learning curve.... TLM is a boastfull bash of beauty, benevolence and belief bundled into 1,001 pages to respond to the quizotic quest of a 15th-16th Century hidalgo who never breathe literal air, never ate humane foods, never created a personal family, and most tragically never became his own hero..... Don Quixote and his magnificently companionable friend Sancho Panza are frequent heroes of literature and tragedians of life..... They never wrote their own manuals... Cervantes was, is and long into the future may be the repository and expositorian of astounding adventures, both in his own life and in that of his creations, Q and SP, but C, Q and SP are all three tragic comedians, for not having learned that no dream is impossible..... all dreams are possible..... the fault lies not in our stars, our astronomy and our astrology.....the fault truths in our confessions and our persistent inability to translate the dreamscapes of our lives into our daily "realities."

Once again let me refer to lovely Emily in OUR TOWN..... lovely young Emily alerting us to live fully every moment of our lives. And whether or not we learn from Emily's learning, let us not cross of our ultimate bridging without reference to Wilder's lyrics of love..... I offer myself and any and all readers of this URL, my eulogy to Gloria.....

GLORIA.....

"El viernes 20 de julio de 1714, al mediodía, el más bello puente del Perú se rompió y precipitó al abismo a cinco viajeros". Clásico de la literatura norteamericana, el libro, que fue premio Pulitzer en 1928, volvió a ocupar la primera plana de la actualidad tras los atentados del 11 de septiembre. El primer ministro británico Tony Blair citó unas líneas de la obra en el homenaje a las víctimas en Nueva York: "Existe el reino de los vivos y el reino de los muertos, y el puente entre ellos es el amor".

On Friday, the 20th of July 1714, at midday, the most beautiful bridge of Peru broke and precipitated to the abyss five travelers. A classic of North American literature, Thornton Wilder's THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY, that won a Pulitzer Prize in 1928, returned to occupy the front page of news in the events of the 11th of September 2001. The British Prime Minister, Tony Blair cited some lines of the work in homage to the victims in New York. "There is a land of the living and a land of the dead, and the bridge is love, the only survival, the only meaning."

Last night, before I prepared these brief words, I thought I would tell how I was Gloria's Spanish teacher and Gloria was mine. I thought I would recount how many, many kinds of flowers we exchanged, and I thought I would say something about how the two of us laughed and cried about the trials and tribulations of our lives among innumerable human foibles... The love that surrounded Gloria in life and now in death inspired me to remember my first acquaintance with the bridge of love...

Whether I quote from the May 9, 2003 edition of La Prensa of Panama, or I remember these words from having read Wilder's book some fifty years ago, matters not at all. In lifeness, the relation of all beings one to another, hallowed morning.....

tomorrow's days awaken resurrection,
ever, the daze of *sabado de gloria*...

halloween 2003

sabado de gloria will ever be gloria's daze

In pax nobiscum, in peace be with us, I now turn away from recording past and present elements of the life manual of david inkey, directing my time, thoughts, and

talents to preparing the celebration as well as the commemoration of the 3300th anniversary of the treaty of kadesh, in 2031 a.d., that first known peace treat on the humane tableau, that tablet of testimony signed by ramses 2 of the Egyptians and hattusilus of the Hittites, presumably in 1269 b.c. (not granting any accommodations for calendars changes).

Peace, david inkey

=====

dear jim,

i am profoundly embarrassed, the poem FRIENDSHIP which i wrote for u didn't get into the inkey poeisis book... it is now in this opus. it is, so far, the only poem missing so far as i know...this "shame" sent me looking to find a UN FRIENDSHIP DAY, which doesn't seem to exist...but Mrs. Annan coopted the U.S. Friendship Day to celebrate it as a UN DAY in 2004... ah,what progress....an event created in 1935 when i was 3 1/2 progresses to the UN in 69 years... and POOH gets into the act... Win's nickname is Pooh Bear, so i am sharing with him this pacific missile....

peace, david

22 september 2006

UNITED NATIONS OBSERVES FRIENDSHIP DAY

New York, August 4 (MPA)

The United Nations observed Friendship Day yesterday by holding a concert for children on the outdoor plaza on the grounds of its Headquarters in New York.

The event was hosted by Nane Annan, wife of Secretary-General Kofi Annan, with the participation of various actors and stars.

Performers sang in front of a colourful backdrop: the Global Pooh Friendship Flag, which is made up of winning entries in an art contest sponsored by Disney. Each of the winners, who ranged in age from 4 to 75 years old and came from Australia, Japan, Mexico and the United States, received a trip to New York City with his or her best friend including a visit to the United

Nations. Friendship Day is an outgrowth of National Friendship Day, established by the United States Congress in 1935.

Last year on this day at Headquarters, Mrs. Annan presented Winnie the Pooh with the honorary title, "Ambassador of Friendship." The event was co-sponsored by the Department of Public Information (DPI) and Disney Consumer Products, a division of Disney Enterprises, Inc.

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Dear David;

It's been several days now since I looked at my e-Mail and guess what. I've gotten two or three responses to your poem "Help me to Sew Life's Quilt!"

This is more responses than I have ever gotten from any of these "friends" in years. They are a group of people I've known for years and coresponded at Christmas by snail mail, people we visit when we go to the West coast. Or they are people in my church. (I think I sent the poem to every person on my list which may be about 50). I am just astounded!

I think it's a special poem too. I'm so happy that it has also touched the heart of some who are impressed enough to reply!

Best Wishes, Aletha

<< honest truth >>

dear michael, your meditation.... A RITUAL of SACRED ENCOUNTER,,,,, embraces many beautiful phrases..... but as with wor(l)ds of wor(ld)s and with nowhere being now here and LIVE reversed to EVIL.....we stumble betwist truth and the oxymoron u write, "honest truth..." as if some devilish "soul" holds before us or pushes us with a dishonest TRUTH...

peace, david

Help me to sew life's quilt...

Forwarded Message:

Subj: Re: bmichael, Re: A Non-Conceptual Interlude...Tuesday gatherings

Date: Monday, March 15, 2004 4:08:42 AM

From: bmichael@neteze.com

To: Antarcticu@aol.com

60. ousted by king.....

Dear NYT Editor,

David Rhode's article, "Ousted by King, Nepal Premier Asks for Support," NYT

2 pages.....Gordon klopf letter....

3 pages.....peace in bosnia.....

Peace in our time..... 10 pages

One, three, and thirteen sided circles.....

inside, outside, upside, downside....

“In a highly unstable world where one of the main driving forces seems to be economic and social innovation, imagination and creativity must undoubtedly be accorded a special place.” UNESCO

What are your dreams?

My dreams are poetic prayers...

My dreams are to pregnant promises...

My dreams are a playground, a work field...

Dreams are wit and wisdom weighting Time.

Dreams are avid anticipants of Reality.

Dreams are the building stuff of Being.

Bentley desires:

As a successful applicant, you will be a seasoned scholar with an extensive publication record in some aspect of international studies—such as a regional specialization in the Middle East or Latin America. The specific discipline is open. The position requires a willingness and ability to work across departmental and disciplinary lines to bring intellectual and pedagogical coherence and integrity to the international endeavor at

the college. Administrative experience in higher education is preferred. A letter of application should include initial ideas on how a department of international studies might work successfully with other academic departments, with a Center for Languages and International Collaboration, and with programs such as Study Abroad.

We live in a world of considerable incoherence where emotional and intellectual coherence are difficult to achieve and to maintain unless one engages in considerable avoidance, or denial. Collectivist societies regularly limit the rights of the individual, while open societies frequently emphasize individual rights almost to the point of something anarchic and simultaneously fail to develop and promote communal rights, such as total freedom from hunger, universal access to education, humane dignity, and comprehensive health attention.

Our educational institutions usually reward stringent disciplinary allegiance and productivity over interdisciplinary programming and publication.

I am ever amused with by the three special titles I earned in the United Nations, they are superior to any of my writings: SIR DAVID (SIR being the acronym for Spy In Residence), being knighted for highly effective interagency collaboration; THE UNITED NATIONS PHILOSOPHER, a title granted for my pensive and passionate analysis and performance in many sections of the UN System; and The United Nations Santa, an honorific if iffy designation from the Nation of Imagi, a nominative honor for my service both to the troubled children in the New York Foundling Home with gifts from the Unicef Staff Association and to pleased parents and children in the Unicef Staff.

As Spy In Residence, I worked as a trilingual (English, Spanish and French) interpreter of education for all, early childhood care and education, literacy, primary education, peace education, girls education, health education, population education, disability, drug education, children in especially difficult circumstances, GOBI (growth monitoring, oral rehydration, breast feeding, and immunization), workers education, refugees and displaced persons, water, ecology, human (humane) rites and rights, rights of the child, equity, AIDS, nutrition, child labor, and general program planning.

Leland Miles, Emeritus President of the International Association of University Presidents, in a letter in 1994 to the Dean of Sarah Lawrence College gave me

one of the greatest compliments I have ever had for my international work...MMMMMM

Cory Rieder, now Executive Director of The Hartford Foundation in New York compliments my teaching at Harvard... Dan Taylor underlines the effectiveness of my seminal synthesis in learning groups...

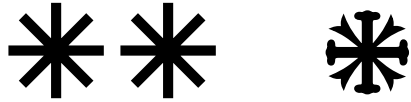
When Cory first said I live in a world of ideas and people, I took silent offense that she had not said and then written people and ideas but when I reflected upon her categorical analysis, I agreed... The world of ideas entralls me. I work and play with people, with considerable satisfaction and not infrequent disappointment. Yet, I am an incurable optimist or virtually an incurable optimist about the humane condition...

Clarence Gamble, the Founding President of The Pathfinder Fund illustrated magnificently in his life his belief, "Every Child, A Wanted Child." Working with Clarence clarified for me my deep commitment to the belief, "Every Being, A Wanted Being."

These 8 rayed stars are answer marks, our newest form of punctuation...

Re Bentley's desire to have some ideas on how a department of international (or supranational) studies can work successfully with nonacademic and academic entities, I would affirm that we share the same universe and university (college)... We would be obliged to describe our dreams and plan, plan, plan how we might awaken their existence-reality. If we are hirelings of the students and the students own their "education," "their learning," then we will need to be morally and intellectually dutiful to meeting their needs. We will not be taskmasters, we will be mentors.

My administrative experience in higher education is probably less than you are seeking, but my administrative, planning, and program development experiences in multiple local, national, regional and multinational settings are numerous...



* * *

I would ask that we meet for perhaps a two day sequence of four sessions of three hours each to discuss dreams, current realities, program prospects, known problems, possible anticipated problems and personal and institutional goals... We would thus be able to share paradigms and praxis.

¿A perfect dream? 3 pages.....

dear wilkenfeld, watch out for dreamers..... peace, david inkey,

i just received this letter this morning.....related to some googling i did last year re a peace position in Hamilton College.....

Dear Mr. Inkey -

I am sitting outside at a cafe in Kigali, Rwanda, sorting through months of e-mails. I just discovered your amazing letter, apparently from months ago, buried deep within my junk-mail bin, apparently exiled there by a hypervigilant spam-filter.

Your letter couldn't have come at a better time for me. I am truly awed, inspired and humbled by the truth, courage, kindness, beauty and purpose with which you have lived your life and continue to do so. That you found my CV and made the choice to write to me is a wonder to me and truly a blessing.

I have been struggling to find a way to make myself of the greatest service in this world. Money isn't important to me. Neither is fame or even recognition. I just want, so strongly, to give what I can as best as I can in service of others. I have been so blessed in life, given so many opportunities by pure chance of birth. There are so many people so much more deserving than I. I believe, having been given such a wonderful blessing, that it is my duty to do what I can, as small as it may be, to bring blessings and joy to those around me. It's hard though, much harder than I ever expected - not because the life of service is difficult (it is, but also

wonderfully enjoyable and deeply rewarding) but because it so difficult to first identify where and how I might be of the greatest service and then to convince the individuals or organization involved that I can truly make a worthwhile contribution. I know very clearly that if just given the chance I could offer so much. I don't even need to be paid, I just want to be contributing. I've been living in Uganda for the last month, staying with Ugandan friends with whom I did my masters degree. There is so much that needs doing in Uganda and so much that I know I could help with, but it seems nearly impossible to get in touch with the right people to get started. I'm very interested in human rights, refugee issues, humanitarian issues, education and peacebuilding..... really any area that allows me to help in the peacebuilding process, whether it be on a large scale or with a single person. I've applied for a number of jobs on-line, principally with the IRC and Mercy Corps, but I've not heard back. They generally have 5 to 10 years of experience, experience which I simply don't have and can't acquire without being given the opportunity to do so. I'm also very interested in the work of the ICRC, Amnesty, Oxfam, UNHCR, UNESCO, UNICEF, and Action Aid, among others. I've written to their worldwide headquarters inquiring for local contact information so that I could find out more about the work going on in Uganda and volunteer my services, but I haven't heard back from any of them. It's very frustrating to know that I have skills to offer, knowledge and experience to share, and a real passion for helping however I can, regardless of the personal sacrifices involved, but not even be able to get my foot in the door on a volunteer basis.

Part of the challenge for me is that I have no mentor, no guide and teacher to show me how this is done. Nobody in my family has ever been involved in this sort of work. I am the oldest of all my siblings and all my cousins as well. Every step is a first step for me. Despite the frustrations, this journey is one of amazing joy and discovery, side beside with the tremendous sadness that I can't help but feel as I see the suffering in this world. The greatest frustration for me is wanting so strongly to be of service and feeling like I am not contributing what I could and what I want to. Time spent without being of service feels like time wasted.

I know this is a long, long letter and a lot to think about.... but you did ask me what my dreams are. Nobody has ever asked me what my dreams are. They've asked me who I am, what I am and what I want to be, but they've never asked me what I dream of. I dream of so many things, but most of all I dream of doing some good in this world, being of service through peacebuilding, promotion of human rights, relieving suffering and helping others to empower themselves to do likewise. I know

this dream could manifest itself in many different ways and believe me, as soon as I find a way to begin to make this dream come true I am going to do so with all my heart, soul, mind and body. At the moment I am in Rwanda, soon to return to Uganda. I plan to be here as long as it takes. I'm interested in working anywhere in the world, but my heart is really in Africa at the moment and I think I should see this vision through.

There you have it.... my hopes and dreams, along with a healthy dose of questions and wondering/wandering. So now , what are your hopes and dreams?

In peace,
Chris

seven hungry male souls

*

once,
just once,
upon a time.
not only 4 our time,
with many a yes, oui, si,
for all time, in all places,
through the ages and pages,

O F

don quixote , squire sancho panza,

thomas jefferson, david thoreau
mr. samuel mark twain clements,
birendra bir bikram shah dev...

o,

and david inkey, esquire,
the UN poet:

=====

—seven hungry souls in life and death succession—
with the exception that david inkey has not yet met his own, particular death
--once upon a time convened, converged, emerged from separate stances,
shrouds and human crowds, into a grand salon, late one day,
in an even-ing of exchange. seated round a well-rounded,
fully circumferenced table, they set out as much
as they were able, to feast upon a main course,
well done, prepared collectively, reflectively,
of the humane condition. from rarest vitals...
each chef contributed his own chef d'oeuvre
don q presented chivalry par excellence,
humble sancho p did suggest with glee
good governance. then ever working
not to offend, brilliant tommy j—
though with slaves he did play—
professedly blessed é equality?
henry t did most quite simply
make his eloquent plea,
simplicity,,,
sammy c packed a whammy,
in clouds of smoke he spoke,
monologues of good humor,
birendra did to peace appeal
and a good education reveal.
last but not least, in anglais, francais, spanglish,
and american, inkey did as david does, display integrity, with loud, proud and profound apologies here
for male predominance?

Seven lovely feminine souls

*

**

a grand
grandmother
and a mother ever
are the grandestest,
While a wife much

M E

doth withstandeth...

Then, a daughter

aahh

fills the quad.

Oooo

oooo

Mrs. Finch, she
never was a grinch,
In London, Mary T.
did allow me to tarry.

While with Glory

I was never sorry.

Mmmmmmmmm

Zzzzzz zzzzzz

Zzzzzz zzzzzz

Zzzzzz zzzzzz

Zzzzzz zzzzzz

zz Zzzzzz zzzzzzZ

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Next Steps of, by and for David Inkey

**We are the pioneers of a new world ordering, which,
as visionaries, we may see as Planetary Culture.**

**Through ages of struggling for simple survival we
have reached an age of struggle for complex survival.**

December15, 2006

I confess,

when i give the gift of Self to Life...
Life in return does full fill Me,
with Namaste...

tomorrow... manana... au demain...
I feel no need there to borrow,
that is another dream...

alternative ending, why quarrel with another dream?

david inkey,

a perfect poet in key,

inky, in an imperfect book,

EPILOGUE

I will ever be thankful for the encyclopedia of experiences that I have had in just 75 years, the great number of colleagues and friends who have enriched my life in uncounted ways and the diversity of domains I have been privileged to explore. In retrospect, I will even express appreciation for the protagonists...

Childhood years, especially those when I had a park in my backyard, were so rich, that I never met any imaginary friends. So, Aaron Machod's amusing quip does not apply to me. Parenting provided a quite different opportunity for me to explore fresh imaginations.

The imaginary friends I had as a kid dropped me
because their Friends thought I didn't exist.

Aaron

and one question reply i suppose... love's ocette with answer marks.....

*

lorenzo,
¿would you
be a perfect poet?
u r 16 and very keen!
would u be a perfect poet?
ever shyly, u decline, replying,
quite politely, i am too young.
u r 23, caught betwixt fear

0 0

^

==

*

and
gr8 cheer,
even though
eezily, aye see ur
antic is quite romantic.
taking a chance, poetry u
could enhance? *** ¿would u
be a perfect poet? ...u confess,
glad fully, i can try, but probably
in sorrow we will cry,. ¿now u r 46,
¿suffering in a dismal fix? i fain would
ask or explain--before u seize words and
complain--i query wood u Bee a perfect poet?
to ur great credi, i c u now do edit much prose,
then u tell me that.... instead of writing prose,
¿just maybe? yes ¿maybe u could wiggle ur toes?
¿meditate and mediate, all woes? ¿redeem all foes?
and, in a final sum, ¿play self in an angelic pose?
resumen, just may B, u could twist turn'd words?
kneeling==altering==and altering "time," to emit.
remit, ¿quit? turning edit to some higher tide,
beside reversing e-vil to "live." then, u sigh,
give me a chance, two, three, four i will try,
before I dye, die or lie, what is the score?
i would join thee, our thesis. poesis,
* making meaning, ¿meinging? each
bean being poetic? lorenzo, u & i,
yes, oui, si, yes, we see, we can
B perfect poets well feet noted.

thanksgiving eve 2006.....i had intended to work diligently on this 1,001 page opus thru december 15th of this year and to "give" the document to me and a few friends on dec 16th...the ?????? anniversary of beethoven's birth, the ???? anniversary of the boston tea party, and the more recent anniversaries of fellow margaret mead's birthday and mine.... i have yet to decide how greatly i wish to denounce the fame of don quixote—his being something of a "fraud" for never having breathed though he has lived thru the lives of many humans in the past 401 years of his livelihood...

i have failed to determine how thoroughly i must further denounce war and how artistically i will dedicate the next quarter century to fashioning the 3300th anniversary of the treaty of kadash..... i will be especially busy for the remaining years of this first decade of the new millennium to properly expound the importance of the United Nations decade on a culture of peace....while criticizing the full label given this auspicious entry to the 21st century of our common era... all the spaces and repetitions in this work are intentional.....unlike Thoreau, I have found time to both write and live the poesis of my life.....

know and celebrate with me, that all the daze of my life i will calmly, collectedly quizotically and charitably claim, i am not the champion of lost causes, i am a champion of causes that have not yet been won.....

peace, david inkey

page 1002.....why end on an uneven number? 1,001.....

*   a kidlet from Idaho ...

9/11 1993 terror and the UN

terrorism in one of its starkest forms

"Please let us have our tour!" by david inkey

Melissa Wells tells us that

"The UN is seen as everybody's home.

It belongs to the world. It is very sad to have to take these measures (to suspend and then curtail tours of U.N. Headquarters)."

I see terrorism stalking our streets and parks.

Homelessness--terrorism in one of its starkest forms--occupies the Ralph Bunche Peace Park at 43rd Street and U.N. Plaza, directly across the street from "everybody's home."

Last Sunday as I prepared to give a special UN Tour, I visited this park and reflected sadly on the silent terrorism of our neglect of the poor, sick, homeless in our midst while we address our fears to noisier threats of terrorism.

On Saturday, September 11, 1993, I had read in the New York Times a tragic article entitled "UN to Suspend and Then Curtail Tours of Headquarters."

The next day I directed a tour for the Annual Conference of the Commission on Arms Control Education of the International Association of University Presidents and the United Nations, held this year at the State University of New York College at Old Westbury and the UN, Friday through Sunday.

Somehow we remain unaware of many problems in our midst instead of becoming UN AWARE. We speculate on the unbelievable more often than we embrace the UN BELIEVABLE.

I know we find it easier to remain unconscious than to be UNCONSCIOUS. Years ago the great refugee Thomas Mann cautioned us that "War is only a cowardly escape from the problems of peace."

Through eons we have not yet learned the lesson he tried to teach us.

Further, we fail to see the words and works of unfair
can be transformed into UN Fair,
and unjust to UN Just.
Unkind may be retyped to become UN Kind.

Closing the United Nations to tours will,
I believe, only delay our long human humane pilgrimage
from warfare to peacefare and to celebration of The Great Peace Fair.

Only, just, simply 3262 years ago, in 1269 BC, Ramses II of the Egyptians
and Hattusilis III of the Hittites accorded the first known peace treaty
in human history.

Here is a preview of my next work:

an incurable optimist,

the ~~education~~ of david inkey

(mostly) by david inkey

i am an optimist, i am virtually an incurable optimist,
and if there is a cure to optimism, i probably don't want it. surely, if the cure to
my optimism were to be "become a pessimist," i would decline the cure... i would
challenge the system! i would rather be that cursed optimist than that cured
pessimist...

ADD.....

Aristotle poetics