

Let's expand a little on the phrase of the chpt 3 going like "We of course wish we could talk directly to more people than take humanities in some college but (probably) the present book will first be heard of in some lecture hall and only later, through also some hearers there, will be heard of as something posted on a free-of-charge-downloading site we keep (the one mentioned in the index at the beginning of this book). For some notes on this fact see Chapter 3's appendix)...":

What I must not omit including in this chapter, is some context I had also including the academic bigshots to whom I wrote to tell of the existence of that site and to send excerpts related to their work and interests so that they could tell themselves, their colleagues and their students about it, and who never answered a word or at most said they would answer "after next week's midterm"* . Since, of course, they are not going to hit upon it anywhere , the context selected will include information more meaningful than the above. I wish to them to receive one day an e-mail like the one I received , after the reading of my farcitrilogy, from a "student" of mine, a Greek poet who is a pharmacist not in Glossa but in another equally small village**.

Since it was in English, like the farcitrilogy itself, I include it on the next page with no intervention from me and, after it, I answer it through a photo of mine (that photo too was taken on that school excursion mentioned in p. 70 of ch 2a; "ASTRA" appearing at the base of the picture was a bouzouki joint of the night life of the island of Rhodes where we teachers escorted our students to).

Also, I should, of course, include a dedication or address to the golden boys etc that orchestrate the crises, i.e. the geniuses with no ability to work on what the real , e.g. Penrose type, geniuses are working on and no motivation to educate and enjoy themselves and others with any real products of civilization.

Since to the golden boys that can survive in social Darwinism just because real smart people and real lovers of life and real fighters have better interests to think about, better lives to live, and worthier enemies to fight, since to those half minds, half bodies and half guns all non half persons can only address their contempt and can only hope that contempt will produce some developments than can wipe them through making obsolescence work quickly on their half example and thus making them extinct through mere premature obsolescence and irrelevance to real life's course, OK, since I believe all that, let me, after the page with my photo answering "my student", ...

OK, let me express my deepest contempt to them NOT through writing them another contempt song , like the one in pages 18, 19, 20 of chpt 2a that I and Bill wrote to Bush and gang, BUT through repeating THAT song , not a new one, so as to indicate they're not even worthy of more than half contempt. My photo at the top of that song is not even addressed to Bush but is a joke that a friend of me made throwing on me his hat as he was returning from vacations so many years ago that I still had the age that Bill Rights, the DJ of "Mount Bushmore" would have if he had a daughter in the kindergarten.

*An attitude antipodal to this, towards people writing letters to them, I have personally witnessed from people like Noam Chomsky, Russell Jacoby, Roger Penrose (and, long earlier, from Cornelius Castoriades, Konrad Lorenz, now long dead). It's interesting, by way of being hilarious, to mention what happened with Penrose: He politely answered that he was very busy but since his friend Mumford had such interests too, which he ignored, he would do read the material. I replied to him that Mumford was a universalist OK, but this did not include mathematics as far as I knew, so either it was not the same Mumford or he was putting me on. Very politely again he said that Mumford did exist and he was, if I remember correctly, an algebraic topologist (and I think I saw his name among the recent recipients of the Shaw prize for mathematics among the names of Arnold, Fadeev, Chern,...as I was looking under this year's recipients Christodoulou and Hamilton, the admiration to the former being one of the reasons of so many physics & mathematics degrees as starting points for my generation's youths (see "chpt 2b's acknowledgments")...Anyway Penrose's answer proves, in an unintended way, the point that youths would do read someone, e.g. Mumford, if people like Penrose they trusted in e.g. math did, since Penrose would do read him if he was the other Mumford, the one he trusted in e.g. math.

Nikos Georgopoulos, pharmacist, poet, translator, creative reader/writer, free thinker...One discussion we had was on the age-old question of whether the world will be better if rulers become philosophers or philosophers become rulers* and on whether it is now relevant only if repeated in the form of asking whether thinkers can learn how to also act and activists learn how to also think. Clearly, such discussions of "teacher" with this friend of mine, rare but long and deep, have been very formative for the aim presented in chapter 3, and I thank him deeply both for their inspiring content and for their emotional support.

***(which Mumford considers as already answered since America was populated by people leaving Europe behind to go apply somewhere some philosophical plans for the betterment of mankind, and the revolution of '17 took place to apply the philosophical theories of Marx and Lenin, and in both cases the heavy baggage of ignorance of the past and lack of insight of how the human condition has been shaped, being still carried on, led to terrible violence, i.e. to the genocide of the natives and to the Gulags for the dissidents)

Where's the man who could tell an ocean in words; unfathomed. Where's the mind to contain in its re-enactment an eye-view of the whole, stellar-in-human, perennial farcitragedy? Is there perhaps someone, somewhere, not a whizkid but a whizripe, employing to this end, from an observatory hideout, the oldest means of homo sapiens? Namely: Intuition, conception, logic, and despite deluvial frustration never giving up, undeluded, delving.

What's more, eager to bestow on readers counsel, to propagate enlightenment through enlightening while enlighting-alighting and while teaching; teaching ways of thinking of his and of his teachers; and teaching "ways of creative reading that are ways of creative writing while one reads, and ways of creative writing that are ways of creative reading while one writes"; and, last but not least, teaching how when inspiring in one's readers ways to share with their friends the passionate interests one's characters share with each other, a writer can avoid the frustration of living in an age that shares no passion of his.

Got the hunch? We've got the man.

Behind personae-masks he speaks, enwrapped in song, enticing-entwining merit, fall, expectation and history. In epic, Trojan horse. In vision, reconstituting realities. In curled and exploding dimensions.

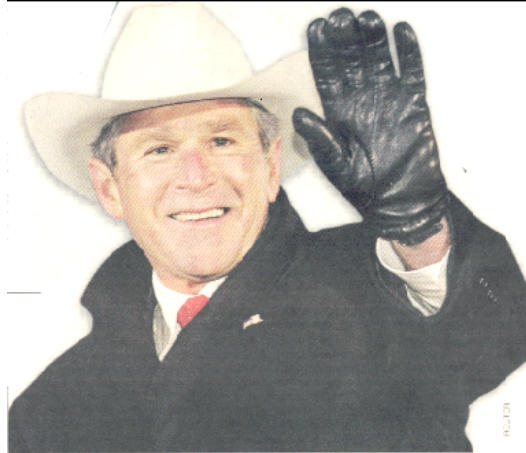
In deafening eloquent matrix silence of Neruda's verses, rehabilitating, amorphous in conscientious streamers. In kaleidoscope mineshafts of undepleted anima mundi depository.

How could we thank you? (I mean in a way which, if it becomes part of your pages, will make it possible to know if this answer was e.g. part of the book's monologs that were really dialogs and not part of the book's dialogs that were really monologs, and whether I myself am a real character outside the book answering you and not a fictional character and persona that is part of your book's monolog)*

OK, how could **I** thank this friend? Answer: By realizing that authors would cut their right hand to have one book review, or even a total result of them, reaching up to such a poem about their book...

*The reference to monologs and dialogs concerns both the material we saw in this book and the material in another that can be googled with *Long monologs in short dialog*





Armchair Cowboy
Body language of conscientious contemptor
versus

Armchair Cowboy
Body language of the (non obscure) object of his satire
versus

ENDURING CONTEMPT
VERSUS
“ENDURING FREEDOM”

(Sung in the melody of “If you’re happy and you know it clap your hands”)

If your president’s an idiot show contempt
If your president’s an asshole show contempt
If you meet his present voters
or non-voters but supporters
and they still cheer and respect him
show contempt.

If you don’t think God buys bullshit show contempt
If you don’t think God blessed smart bombs show contempt
Wheth’r you think you’ll live forever
or you play Godless and clever

crap is crap and gangs are gangs
and show contempt.

If you don't think Halliburton and its man
vicious Cheney vice's roy and president
have some power in the absence
of your votes then to this nonsense
show as real citizens
your real contempt.

If you see that zero, Rumsfeld, show contempt
If you hear his senseless blabber show contempt
Although he's a real danger
and he plays no Stewart Granger
you just give him no importance
just contempt.

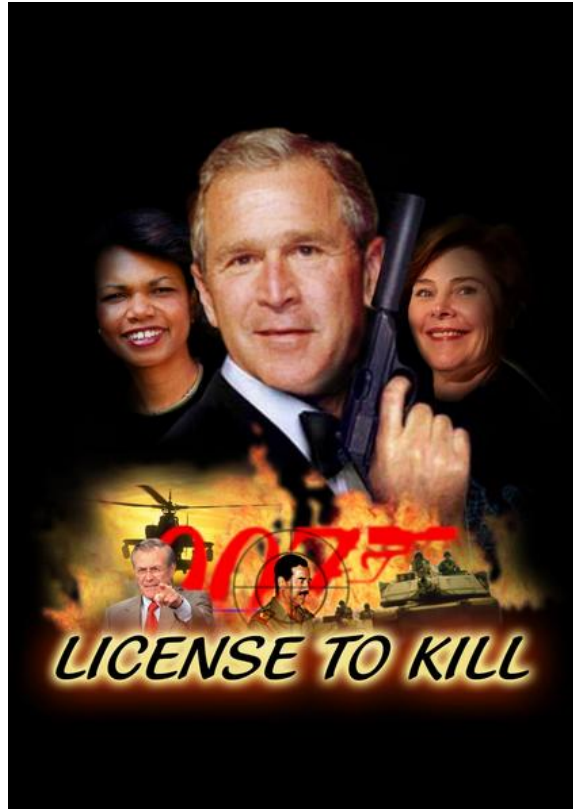
If you honor values that they represent
If you want to see non-liars in their stead
then just give your folks some teaching
to your children give some preaching
by just laughing out loud
your just true contempt.

If you think contempt is powerless in this fight
and you think more drastic measures should be tried
keep in mind that in democracy
it's too hard for the plutocracy
to show contempt for all your votes
if not yet mad.

We all want our leaders to be our ideals
with some cards as ours unlucky in their deals
let them have bad luck in property
not in their mind's mediocrity
and to be ideal
in how they think and feel.

If you really do admire these farts with glam
If you know that in their place you'd be like them
If you like that hay for horses
If you're jealous of your bosses
show yourselves both your own and
our full contempt.

If you think that only fascists may despise
and contempt is not for men loving and wise
if you think it's for inferiors
powerless against superiors
bring to mind the face of
Rumsfeld, Bush and Rice.



Now you see what even wise men do despise
you see power in inferior hearts and minds
Fascists want to impose their own ways
we just speak our mind and always
you can love us or ignore us
or speak back.

So democracy has room for free contempt
Streams of consciousness are free to bring contempt
You're imposing on nobody
if your mind and your whole body
feels and speaks out loud your
just true full contempt.

If from idiots you buy no bullshit and crap
then you're powerful and they'll know if you don't clap
and it's worth to see how funny
attacks like Elmer's on Bugs Bunny
a powerless ass
will try when contempt spreads to more of us.

On the 1st page of the present , last*, part of this book we saw to whom we dedicated the contempt song of the last few pages, or, more precisely, to whom we said they were not even worth a new contempt song etc etc. Needless to say that the same sarcasm we address to the motley opera of buffoons that we Greeks have on our neck as a government and needless to say that I promise (cross my heart hope to die) that at least I, personally, will never ever again ask, even as a joke, any of my thinking American friends “how did you ever allow such a buffoon to enter the White House and govern all you so much smarter than him? Isn’t that a shame?” (Shame it indeed is but for both of us. More seriously, such issues of the type “to mock the mocking bird” were touched in chpt.1, p.60. Also within the “Mount Bushmore” story)

John Alevizos/johnalev@gmail.com

*Last unless our friend N.Biniaris’ response to our request we saw at chpt 3’s end is through something to add at the present context of ours (if not, we’ll only mention here how to google for the appropriate posting)

PS: I forgot to dedicate some piece of irony to academics, both the ones of the 1st page of this chapter and the ones that wonder how they could know that Chomsky is right when he has not a degree in political science but only in linguistics; or at least to the latter since to the former I did dedicate a wish that clearly was only ironic. So: They can be consoled that their ailment also occurs to the best families, in fact *more* than consoled they can be *complimented* that they have some piece of contact with Einsteins, Gödels, Wigners, Oppenheimers, ...for whom one theory has it that Princeton’s “Institute for Advanced Study” was a trap which immobilized their prestige, like Jurassic mosquitos in amber and like Excalibur’s Merlin in glass and like shop-windows’ dressed-up dolls , in order to fabricate a mirage of consent to cold war convincing the public of their times and affecting, for even longer, the widest possible brainscape, both as collective unconscious and as collective conscious.

So we dedicate them the 1st picture of the next file titled “PS in 3 pages”. For the first picture let’s also add, if this is non redundant, that Rumsfeld too passed from Princeton. For the 2nd page’s picture let’s repeat that for the suggestion to read Taric Ali’s eye-opener we thank our friend N.Biniaris. And for the looks of the poet of the lyrics of the cherry-on-the-cake-called-“Europe” type of song of the 3rd page one can just go back to picture 1 and see Schiller across his brotherly friend Beethoven (but I do not know who had the bright idea of considering their “Hymn to Joy” as some kind of Europe’s anthem or at least if he still has it...)