



Marc Isaac Porter

Endless Series 1077-1100

1077

Yes, I was invited to go to a meeting of the Black Panthers back in 1970 or so. I studied the deaths of Fred Hampton and Mark Clark in Chicago. I wrote a high school paper about what happened to them. The high school principal was furious. It fueled my curiosity greatly. Why was he raging like this? This must be something worth investigating. When I finally got to the main campus of Bowling Green State University (after one very fun and important year at Firelands College) I hung around the man who distributed a publication of the Panthers. I read one of Huey P. Newton's books and found it informative.

1078

Some very thin people with a very high metabolism rate can eat a huge amount of food and never gain an ounce.

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Some things, which I like to say, are not polite. Would they hurt someone? Am I a contradiction as a human being when I protest a just cause using satyagraha? Now I can see a reporter stand up, eager to grab the story. "You have hurt people, sir? You are admitting that you have hurt people? Who what where and when? Whom did you hurt and when did you hurt them?" The other reporters are gentle with the newcomer. The other reporters all know that I play these vicious games with them, intimating that I have done something wrong, and then clamming up as soon as ... Anyway, I am sure that we were talking about something else.

1080

The enlightened view in some parts of the world is that there is no such thing as sin or the devil. Both the notion of sin and the idea of their being a devil is ancient and judgmental. Each behavior is seen both in the view and context of the rest of one's life, and in the context of the circumstances of that moment. Behavior is a range or gamut of possible behaviors.

1081

I am sitting on the concrete in front of the group home. There have been many chairs around here over the last 108 months when I have lived at a series of peculiar group homes. Like many large objects such as windows, washing machines, glass tables, and tarps, chairs have been broken one by one. When men fight, it can be horrendous.

1082

Nothing - I mean *the word nothing* - gives folks a lot of difficulties. To make matters worse, American Zen uses the word nothingness. Not the best word to have chosen, but then, in all fairness, *there is no word in English that makes Zen grow like bamboo in your mind*. By the way, there is no word in Japanese or Chinese for this either. Zen, like life, is finally ineffable. Of course, lots of people are going to tell you otherwise. Some folks use the word emptiness; this word is only slightly better. The term everything/nothing - in my opinion - helps a little bit.

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You can see that I am psychologically disheveled. You can see it, can you not? I cannot make it any more obvious.

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I am angry and I certainly cannot write a story or anything else. According to some set of rules, no other words should be living in this piece, whose original name was lost in a large fire, in a tsunami, in a convenience store robbery.

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Would you like some soup? These new soup cans have a tab on the top. You do not need a can opener. You simply put your finger in the tab and pull and the top comes right off. Pretty slick, huh?

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If you could go from here to there much faster, would that help? Would that improve the quality of life? The answer is probably yes and no. Certainly, on the surface, it seems it would and that hundreds of thousands of inventions over the years would improve the quality of life. Does it improve the quality of life? It changes lives. It speeds life up, exponentially. And it appears to make life better. We are so very convinced that life is getting better that we work like hell to keep up, and even speed up the pace of change. We salivate for change.

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A man was crawling through a small space in a dromedary camel, aka an Arabian camel. When a man is crawling, let no other man tear him asunder. Where are the women in this story?

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Today is Monday, October 24, 2016. 11:38 am. Earlier I was trying to say something about an HBO TV show entitled *Westworld*. This show does a lot of things well. One thing that it does is that, at about 36 minutes into the pilot, the characters hint at a much larger story arc than the one we have seen so far. Hinting at a larger story arc does a lot to cement the viewer's devotion to the story.

Story 1089

Being polite, gracious, kind, and considerate is sometimes a bad dream. Somehow, in some odd way, I learned how to be kind and considerate, in a very artificial way. I learned it artificially. What does that mean? I do not know how to describe what it means. I can only use the words that are available to me and then hope that some sliver of what I am trying to say does get across. Underneath—at least some of the time underneath it all—I am angry, furious really. I do not know why. Maybe it is the abuse, maybe it is the endless abuse.

1090

The world is changing so very fast. Here is one unusual example. There is discussion lately, just in a small way so far, that people should not look at each other. You think I am joking. I will attempt to provide some documentation. So let's start with what I just said. When - and to what extent - one person can look at another? Where will this lead in decades to come? Perhaps

people will react less and less with other humans. Instead, they will interact with what used to be called artificial or virtual reality. Artificial reality will come to dominate the human experience. Human experience as we used to know it—for example, someone walking in the woods—will become a small percentage of anyone's life experience, and the way "walking in the woods" is regarded will also change. At one time it might have been said that "walking the woods" was somehow a better or more important experience than virtual reality. That distinction will nearly vanish.

1091

Why does anyone steal? And why does anyone give money away freely of their own free will? Walking in the dark, in the early morning hours, a man walks toward me, and I change my pathway. There are people. Sometimes we call them normal people. But I am sure that we should not generalize about people. Yet we want to refer to them in conversation, and how does one do that—refer to them in conversation—if we have no way to refer to them.?

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In my mind, I was very distressed. In the real world, everything was proper, nothing was out of place.

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This is what it feels like. One should certainly not be comfortable enough to write a short story unless of course all committees, stakeholders, gatekeepers, algorithms, and such have been thoroughly checked and the requisite and required approvals have been obtained. The McDonalds McDouble is about what is possible. Or as my father was fond of saying: Just leave the food there; when they get hungry enough, they will eat.

I am attempting to peel to 'extra cheese' off of the wrapper. One certainly does need to be uplifting for one's friends. So that one's friends can have a better life. We need to be there for each other. This story—just to make sure that we completely ruin everything—is about sin. There are very few people, outside of the extreme right-wing, that want to speak of such a thing these days. The concept of sin, much like a lemon ripening on a lemon tree, has quietly gotten ripe enough to fall to the ground and to rot. It is not only discarded. The discarding of it is an unpleasant experience, an experience that no one wants.

1095

At every level of society, for most people, *nearly every word out of every mouth is a lie*. But this is just the beginning. Humans have been lying and deceptive for quite a long time, possibly for all time. The level of deception is exceptionally ingrained, ubiquitous, and uncorrectable. Many philosophers over the ages must have addressed this matter. To make matters worse, for every thought that someone shares, there is another person, usually a white guy : the current demon of all genders, races, etc. Usually, it is some white guy who just got his Ph.D. He wants to show the entire crowd online or if it is still possible a group of humans meeting in person. He wants to make a name for himself; reasonableness, courteousness, respect; saying please be damned! He starts making his case and he goes on for weeks and weeks, until everyone has not just gone home, but has moved out of their home into another city.

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Most of what I have said is lackluster, trite, and mundane. These are not stories. This is me attempting to survive.

1097

This spot, this group home —and this is deadly true— with four people living in each of four bedrooms and two to three people in the living room (it is their bedroom, a fifth bedroom) creating a loss of the in-house common space. It's more like New York's Grand Central Station, certainly, on any given night or day. Just now, I have temporarily escaped. I am at the Food Court of one of the largest shopping malls on this side of the world. Someday, I will get you some statistics. Did I not mention getting you some stats in a previous section of this rambling device; get you some stats and leave them here for you in a group of footnotes? My computer is working terribly. Now, finally, it decided to open, to let me use it. This time of year, namely Christmas, all bets are off. This year I have decided there must have been some hugely dark event that happened during my very early years; otherwise, what has colored this time of the year so abysmally for me.

Usually, in a very short piece of fiction such as this, I would mention some plant or animal that has nothing to do with the storyline, or might, for confusion, have a lot to do with the storyline. But alas the world we now live in is quite confusing.

I used to misspell words, also, for literary effect; but, alas, there is no one left outside of the Ivy League who remembers how to spell any word whatsoever. The other day I even saw a headline for a poetry website's tweet that was misspelled. Some older people—and I am indeed one— throughout the ages have claimed that the world is going to hell in a handbasket. And the world, just now, from my point of view is certainly no exception. Rather than claim that people are

losing their minds, it is more accurate to say that people are losing the functionality of their minds. Rather than try to figure out something puzzling, one simply says "Ask Google."

1098

My acquaintance, Skinder, works at the concession stand of the train station. This is the kind of place that is unpretentious enough that I feel as though I would be allowed to hang out here. Today is Sunday, and the lady says that Skinder is not working. We are acquaintances even though he speaks no English, as far as I know, though he may speak some English and I am not aware of it. He is always kind to me. When can you say that about a stranger these days, that they were kind to you? The concession stand at the train station might be more than just a concession stand but I have no idea. How would I know? It is small compared to the huge athletic stadiums that heavily populate the Bay Area, i.e. Silicon Valley - one of the richest areas in the entire world. After that last sentence, I am speechless.

1099

At this one moment, I am in a nice place. The street, though narrow and heavily parked with cars, has an abundance of gorgeous trees! How many months has it been since I had even a glimmer of true happiness? At this moment, I miss my grandmothers, some of whom I know so very little about that it is less than nothing at all. My biological grandmother on my mother's side, I have never written about her. I have never attempted to write of her. I cannot imagine who she might have been, or what her habits and traits might have been. Since my mother was from England, I tear-up as I look at a photograph of my mother and her mother, arm-in-arm, looking at the waving Atlantic Ocean. It is the only photo that I have ever seen of this grandmother.

I am at a restaurant, which I found very difficult to find. The bus ride from my house was so long that I lost my way. You will remember that I do not remember my mother, since she passed away when I was two years old. Another grandmother, not my own, is with me at this moment. She passed away years ago. She showed me great kindness, even though I was married to her granddaughter, her only granddaughter. I have a window seat here at Casa Vicky. I know almost nothing about Latinx culture, or Mexican culture. And yet since my first wife was Chicana and since her grandmother lobbed the wonderful phrase, "*Come Eat! Eat!*" across the yard, from the door to the driveway as Anna and I first pulled up from our day's long trip, she was accepting of me, a gringo.

1100

... and what of the birth of Sin? Often Christians say it is the eating of the apple that created the existence of sin. I cannot bring myself to be mad at Eve, the First Woman. And even though most people do not like snakes, I generally like *the idea of snakes* and *snakes as a device in a*

story. What else can I say? I wish Eve had a woman's group to go to after this harrowing event. I wish she could have looked forward to being on *The View*. And now, in 2016, regarding oneself as someone who has engaged in sin is not very popular. People are quickly turned off when sin is mentioned. Wise New Age folks like to point out that the notion of sin is part of the old guard. We should be more productive and look at behavior in another way. It makes people nervous to speak of sin. Nothing more to say about this. Have you ever picked raspberries? I have picked blackberries, but not raspberries. I am not sure what the difference would be.

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