

There is no right or wrong, there is only write.

-Timothy Roe



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Dialectics: A Patience



Why do we write? This is a question that I have thought about for some time. I suppose what I will be expounding on is why do I write? I once set to answer this question after I wrote a book of poems *Jonah: A Memoir from the Belly of the Whale*. This was a work that sort of “wrote itself,” or at least it felt that way. I had been studying many concepts in magic from automatic writing to the idea of being Krishna’s flute, hallow... wind creating sound. This idea had an effect on me and it is “how” I wrote the book of poetry. But, this led me to ask the question later of why do we write, or why did this work “write” me... to “teach” me?

St. Maximus the Confessor, a recluse from c. 580, once asked the same question. His answer was three-fold: we write to teach, we write to remember, or we write to dialogue. I am noting that much of the confusion in people interpreting some writing comes from not knowing how to read dialectical writing. Writing to read to write to read is esoteric.

When someone writes dialectically they are simply exploring various subjects, or reading various texts, and dialoguing with them. There is no final conclusion or analysis, nor is that the intent or purpose of dialectical writing. This view of writing is relational, simply writing as part of a conversation of written texts on various subject matters of interest to, in a way, have a conversation with that linear incarnation of the writer. I suppose this could be called recluse dialogue, though some would just say art.

The hope for this newsletter has always simply been to engage the community in ways that would incite a conversation, a question, or a thought. I cannot say that this is what has become of this newsletter due to the nature of individuals attempting to read what is meant as a conversation, judgmentally, but it has allowed me to be able to get an apocalypse of “how people read.”

In mimesis of many recluse and witches, I will stay within the confines of triskelion reasoning. Some read polemically, finding any thought to agree or disagree with. This is good reading... kind of. Some read to contemplate and converse with. This is better, because it is at least academic. Lastly, some read simply for the sake of reading. This is reading for entertainment, which is also a good use of time and guides us to see story in life.

So, why do we write? I think we write so that we can dialogue with others, maybe ourselves. We write because there are limits to social and public speaking. Writing is like training wheels on a bicycle, intended to train our tongues velocity. In the end, it is simply that writing teaches us to read which teaches us to write how to read.

The Written Word?



When one begins to take their gaze and direct it towards any subject there is the temptation to fly into the past, present, and future of the who, what, when, where, why, and how. So, what are written words, written numbers, and what kind of spell is mankind under? How do we interpret the Quran, Gita, Upanishads, any written text and how should we understand them? Are they meant to be literal, metaphorical, epic poems, moral dissertations, psychological becoming?

When the mind approaches a writing, who, or what, is doing the interpretation for us? The study of interpreting written texts is defined either by exegesis, eisegesis, or hermeneutics. Exegesis studies a text within itself, set culturally, linguistically, and syntactically. Eisegesis studies a text in order to find proofs within to support the current becoming of an individual so they can build their case. The last, hermeneutics, studies a text as a circle within a circle within a circle within a circle... To me, the last seems as if it would be the most evolved way to approach a written text, allowing for it to open over time. Both exegesis and eisegesis presuppose upon the text. One insight that I have had into what are words is that words are subjective in meaning, thus making objective interpretation questionable.

Is a written word symbolic, maybe living? How do we factor in time, when we find texts and read them in our own linear journey? Bawa Mahaiyadeen, Sufi mystic from Philadelphia, in his parable *King Beetle on a Coconut Estate* explores with us, "The Beetle King slammed down his fist: Your flowery description's no better than his! We sent for the Great Light and you bring us this? We didn't ask what it seems like, we asked what it IS! His Majesty's hour at last has drawn nigh! The elegant Queen took her leave from his side, without understanding but without asking why." What insights can we glean from Bawa and what is he trying to say? How then should we respond? Is language describing just one person's experience. Is there such a thing as objective, universal truth, or do truths evolve with us, and what of metaxy, isn't that where we are all dancing?

