

1985

In 1985 I was the CEO of a start up company attempting to grind out a compiler in the ADA language: As I was CEO I had hundreds of hours a week free: I sat all day: Everyday: With absolutely nothing to do: One day a friend of mine: Janice Spampinato: Gave me a 1 foot by 2 foot by 3 foot valise: It had a few gizmos and a 4 by 6 inch screen on the left front: She told me it was a computer: We had a 32 inch Mitsubishi TV for demos and promos and deimos and phobos in my office. Then: My friend: Mark Zielinski: Hooked my computer up to the TV: I purchased a copy of Microsoft Word around the corner at 800 Software: Mark installed it on my computer and ran an 80 foot cable to our \$4,000 HP Laser Printer with a Tms Rmn Cartridge which was also attached to our \$8,000 80286 IBM AT PC: With a 10 MB hard disk: I turned on the computer: I sat staring at the screen waiting for it to do something. It was a black screen with a white border: It had some words at the bottom: It didn't do anything: I realized: This is why everyone says it's no good: I started to type with two fingers: I realized: Same old shit: I have to do all the work: But: I'm going to have to do something in the day time now and when I'm old: This plus watering my Pen Ching may give me enough to do: At one of our meetings I asked if anyone had notes of what they heard me say at our meetings in the last 12 years: Many gave me many notes: It was a paper pile 2 feet high. There wasn't a thing I said in any of them. I went through them and tried to change them into what I remembered having whispered: Spoken: Sung: Yelled: Suddenly: La Rouchfoucauld's Maxims: Dostoyevsky's Diary of a Writer: Somerset Maugham's Larry Razor's Edge's slim volume: All flashed in my mind: My Self started to pour out Maxims like the falls Niagara on mucho Viagra: I called these remembrance of air past: Gentles all: Your pardon: The Breath Garden:

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