

[White Tape No. 2, which Tom made at my house on the 18th of January, is about miscellaneous topics, and about weight reduction. Tape 2, Side A]

Tom Oh, just a little tidbit because you mentioned the early sixties, and that's right, okay, for Floyd Cramer. The only album that I got in the time, I guess, up to 1967, the only album I got was Floyd Cramer. Isn't that completely out of character of Tom Sawyer? Granted its piano and not violin, but come on, give me a break. What does he play and how does he play it? That was when I was working at Allhart Appliances, and they got demonstrator albums for free, and Dave Allhart had one of the biggest record collections, 33 rpm record collections, in the country. He bought many, many, and he got them through the store, or from the store, and that album played in the store over the PA system. Around that time I got just enough money to buy our first turntable, we didn't have a turntable to go with our stereo-radio. I bought the demonstrator turntable, and it was state of the arts at the time, so it was \$50.

We took the record off that had been played so long in the store. Now I have good memories of the store, but not good enough to want to play that record to remember the store. That's a little paradoxical, anti-characteristic Tom Sawyer type of thing.

Did I really hate violin music? The honest answer is, no I didn't. I didn't allow myself to appreciate that. In other words, are we really lovers at heart inside? Yes we are, and we do a wonderful job of masking it. The statement that the world's a stage and we're the actors? What a terrible script we've given ourselves!

I meant to tell you that on Monday or Tuesday, and again, see why I bring up the 727? This week the 727 has been meaningful to me. I flew in a 737 and a DC 9 to get here. I was thinking, gee I haven't seen any 727s, and the distortion is, a slight imagery, why am I thinking about the 727? They're nice planes, nothing grand, nothing bad, just mediocre. Just like it was a car.

It kept coming up. The 727 was knocking on the door. So then I'm

thinking, 7227? Why am I thinking of 727s? And then I remembered 7/27 and thought that's the time of my father's passing, and then dropped it because I wasn't getting anywhere at all. I didn't, but I meant to tell you that either Monday or Tuesday the thought came that "The 727 does not have a bomb!" I wanted to share that with you. That was a bit of game-playing, perhaps, but with someone like you I don't mind that. I have no hesitation at all in sharing it with you. And then one or two days later you turn the TV on, and perhaps just giggle!

But then back to the confusion. I thought, wait a minute. The 727 had no bomb on it? All right forget my father, it's back to airplanes again. And I'm feeling that there is not an incident in airplanes in this time frame. There is not any. Everything's okay, they're doing their own thing. Wow! I must have got a precognition that isn't going to happen or that I'm not remembering.

And then it turned out, and I know this now, that either yesterday or that which would be reported yesterday, the event would have had to take place at least 12 hours before that, say Tuesday evening. And with all due respect to this guy who's got a lot of problems, a lunatic who has announced that there is a bomb on board the plane. He was on the plane, and struggled and so on. That was a 727. There are a lot of them around but they kind of slip by. Nobody really thinks of a 727 anymore. They are a medium-size plane, similar to a DC 9 or a small 737. The 727 was built and then the 737 was built in answer to that, so it's an older plane. Nice plane.

The 727 has the air scoop up above at the rudder, and they're a minisize compared to the L1011. An L1011 cannot land at Lexington, but 727s can and do.

Sidney When I got home from work last night, you said that you'd been doing other work while you were recording. You said that you had to help out an airplane. And then we got interrupted and did not discuss it beyond that.

Tom I don't remember that. In hindsight right now I'm not remembering. Gee, maybe that slipped out. Something like that I don't or shouldn't brag about.

Sidney You didn't say it like bragging. You just said that you did some work other than recording.

Tom All right, I'm zeroing in on it, but my emphasis was that I was busy with some other things, but it didn't stop me from recording. In other words I was babbling right into the microphone, regardless. I am not remembering the sentence. Oh well. It works out.

There was a TV movie called *Kung Fu*. Well, I'm not into Kung Fu, I appreciate it if it's ritualistic discipline, but to learn Kung Fu and be tough out on the street is wrong. The philosophy is the exact opposite. The movie starred David Carradine, the actor. The movie to me was enjoyable. It wasn't the rough, tough, Rambo type: I know Kung Fu and nobody can beat me up and I can always get away! It was the philosophical aspect of the movie, that humbleness overthrows...

The inner Tom Sawyer, hopefully, would overthrow the outer Tom Sawyer. The physical okay, good, righteous, positive Tom Sawyer, the subconscious Tom Sawyer. This again was back in the sixties, as best I can recall. The quiet, settled, subdued, just going into a room and just being there, knowing that you have to be there, for your energy at least, and then leaving and having nobody in the room knowing that you are there. That's perfect.

The old Tom Sawyer would have arrived on his bicycle, with a red, white, and blue jersey on. And saying, "Hi! How're you doing?" The center of attention! And still okay, affecting other people in other ways. This is leading up to I was so much of me, to somebody's who has never met me, might ask, "Was that a cousin or somebody like that?"

The image that you'll get right there is not brand new, it's not I saw the Light at the end of the tunnel and all of a sudden I started wearing blue sweaters. It's not that. The schizophrenic me, a dual personality. The character (in the movie) in the movie never had to carry a gun. Someone might draw a gun on him and he'd just, minimum requirement, kick it out of their hands. He would not have to wrestle, grab the gun, and shoot them. He would just remove the problem, and then make the philosophical statement, and the job was done. And there's so

much in that, philosophically. No I was not activated or moved by the movie, but I'm recognizing the movie that I did enjoy.

For instance, right now, this was not a revelation but, see that never occurred to me before. So subliminal power of suggestion? I'm not denying that at all. Like the physics stuff. "Well, Tom, you even state that you watch *Nova* programs, that it's one of your favorite programs. Look how long they've been on. Therefore, on a *Nova* program did you see a picture of one Max Planck?" Well, the answer is no, not at all. And that's difficult, at least, for a researcher to need to or wish to believe me that it had nothing to do with that. I have no proof.

The other side of it is, how much did the *Kung Fu* movie affect me? Did I learn anything? I learned that, yes, he has the ability to land a Tom Sawyer right hand hay maker and--job done! But that not only requires dis-ease on the part of the perpetrator that I overtook or overwhelmed, but now I've got a broken finger and I'm righteous and certain people in the crowds think, "Well, you didn't have to do that!" They're hating me or feeling more disgust. And thus creating more dis-ease. And just the better way or the more perfect way, would be to move in, minimum requirement, and leave. And the leave aspect of it is, it's okay to be a hero. But if you are a hero more than three or four times, there's a chance you can become egotistical.

[Recorder was turned off at this point and we took a break. During the break I showed Tom a couple of poems I had written. He read "A Young Soldier Who Died" and then asked me to read it aloud. Then he began making comments about it. I asked that we go back to the study so I could record his comments]

Tom ". . . all elements return from whence they came/ and a soul is joined to eternity." Now if I had written this poem--not to steal your poem or steal the words, but if I had titled your poem, I might have titled it Entropy, knowing that it's a poem about a young soldier who died. You know how a title does not have to be conducive to the content of the poem directly translated, or in good poetry it can have a multitude of meanings.

If he died and if he was not picked up and buried, therefore the bones go into the ocean, and then the ocean. . . And nothing's lost. That's the story part of it. The multitude of meanings. I would probably have titled that Entropy. And then again, the idea (for your explanation), is that the state of the known universe as it currently exists, is entropy. Entropy is parallel or conducive to the general food chain, and that for you to exist you have to take from the sun--do you affect the sun? Yes you do, you absorb some of it--you have to kill and eat plants and animals, They die, you live. You grow up, you die, Juices and stuff like this go into the ocean. Bones dry out, figuratively speaking, and everything gets recycled. Is anything lost? Nothing is lost. It's eternity.

Circles within circles. Boy, I've been stuck with that for the last couple of weeks!

Sidney I have for years been fascinated with that. It appears in many things that I've written. The timeless circle of time. Circles within circles.

Tom Mechanically, we have a circle, and even philosophically a circle. And then that circle moves through time. You hear what I'm saying? That a spiritual circle moves through time. In other words, it is in time, therefore it's been created. Or manifested , or it's you or it's me. And we are moving through time.

When the circle is reabsorbed by the Light it is no longer a circle, it's only Light. To create the circle you are then in time, and it moves through time. Now that I've said that, and you know the spiritual aspect of it, picture visually the circle moving through time, and instead of time you are seeing space.

You're either seeing water, gas, or fluid, or something like that. But then the scientific word comes: hydraulics. Gas, water, fluid, the universe, the spatial universe, is hydraulics. I don't want to confuse you with that word, but anybody who's into hydraulics and quantum physics, they know that that is the fluid universe.

Now if you have a circle, which could be a plant, a spherical object, or denser matter than the space around it, and you either propel it,

push or pull it, have it move through time, space, and you have a circle moving through a fluid. Well, what is the pattern that it gives off? Well, first of all, visually, the pattern is that it moves in a direction. But then if it's through water, it has little whirlpools curling off to the sides. In other words, the backside is a distortion, a chaos, cigarette smoke pattern, back of a steamship going through the water, the solar winds that you can't see, the ebb side of a satellite, a planet. Okay?

The rather uniform, as we usually picture it, of a comet. But within that uniform streamlined long tail there are those chaotic curlicues coming off it. The classical example is the red storm on Jupiter. It is circling the opposite direction of the solar winds or the planetary winds going around it. Like a paradox, it's rolling in the opposite direction. If you have a really good telescope, today, you can see it! It is going through these winds and giving off these perfect curlicues, those little whirlpools. And that's all a cup of coffee. That's entropy.

You can just go round and round and round all of these different things. In the greater scheme of things, it all means the same thing. You can therefore put an equal sign and say therefore it is all meaningless. Nothing matters. It's all an illusion. Now Elaine can't comprehend that, quite yet. I am continuing to say it's all meaningless, it's all an illusion. Yet it is finite, structured, patterned, all within chaos. Patterned state. It is the patterns of the chaotic state of the universe. It is entropy.