



me clune

**Meat
Science
Essays**

REASON

I

A man lies in sunlight on the floor. His eyes are closed. He does a yogic exercise of spontaneous stretching and muscle flexing. His body demands it. All he feels is a large blackness inside of head and body and the pleasure of the exercise. If his eyes were not already closed the pleasure would shut them. He requires a liberty he does not receive in the normal processes of living. He groans, writhes, twists, denies himself nothing that the sinew and tendons and lung and heart request. He has allowed his consciousness to become a blank field. Occasionally a question moves across it. He wonders how long he has been there enacting a primary satisfaction for the muscles. He knows it is not long enough and the question recedes. There is a passage of time but measurement has ceased and there are only the muscles enacting themselves and creating shapes and motions that they have been forbidden in daily life. He throws one leg across the other and rolls his hip — he repeats with the other leg and then with the opposite leg again, over and over. A rhythm is established. He flexes his arms and he growls. He stretches his leg and his arm, and he flexes and growls another sound. He repeats it endlessly. The muscles make variations upon the pattern they create in space. Thoughts and awarenesses flash across the man's dimmed consciousness — then they disappear. The rolling and twisting edge and slide the man's body across the floor. Light from the window floods his face. He feels heat upon his forehead and sees pink-orange through the front of his skull. He is pleased. He realizes it is the sun. He growls at it and continues the flexing and stretch-

ing. He raises up his arms to the sun's heat and feels the warmth on his skin — it seems good and he makes noises at it. He plays in the sun, with eyes still closed, fulfilling the muscle's demands but the sun has awakened consciousness in him. He has shed his human consciousness temporarily but the sun brings back the awareness that he is a being. He feels himself as A MAMMAL! He does not think of himself as MAN but as his weight and size and shape in muscles and organs of sense and consciousness. There is a ball of silence within himself that does not 'judge'; he has touched on it and let himself be what he is when shorn of societal things! He raises up his hands to the sun and with closed eyes sees the blaze of sun colors inside his head. The question of what he is doing pours across his intellect and brings consciousness with it for an instant. He asks himself what he is — he does not know. He is an animal. He is something like . . . Like what? Like a tiger? Like a lion? Yes, he is something like them but he is different. Yes! He knows he is a Man. But he's free of things he must think as a man. The thought — the question — disappears. He has a picture — he sees he is doing what men have done for many thousands of years — falling and praising the sun on their bodies. It is not worship as in a church — it is acknowledgement of the sun. He recognizes it as a power. His intellect returns briefly again. He thinks: 'How normal to admire the sun — the greatest fragment of the universe closest in space. It is the chamber of power from which energy devolves — the plants and creatures welcome its light and live upon the chemical evolutions of light becoming energy . . .' Then he becomes the mammal again and thought disappears. The sun still dazzles his brows. He continues the spontaneous and unsymmetrical exercising but the mammal has become intrigued by light power. In the midst of the stretching he reaches up and tries to part his forehead and the frontal skull. He pulls at it with both hands as if parting a

curtain. He holds his forehead up into the direct light of the sun. He presses and tugs back with thumbs and forefingers to spread the screen that keeps his brain from light. He massages the center of the forehead welcoming light. He sees himself doing it. Then awareness slips back and returns again. The exercising continues and he works more on his forehead.

Something flashes into his mind that he has not thought before. It is not the sun that men praise but the thing it represents — REASON! A sentence crosses his mind like a silver ribbon: YES, LET THERE BE LIGHT FOR THE SAKE OF LIGHT! It is not spreading the skull to let in majesty that matters. The majesty, the *reason*, is already there within, changing and being created. Reason is the liberty of human flesh moving in the universe and it is guided by the melodies of truth and honesty. The intellect has nothing to do with reason except that it furnishes the notes by means of which the melody of reason is played in life. Thinking beings orchestrate their lives as a composer does a sonata so that beauty will lend more liberty to the liberty already taken. Reason is a kind of beauty.

The glorious man walking proudly and straightly with shining brows and clean movements — the reasoning man — is not the great thing we picture because of the way he strides or the gestures he makes. Those are outer signs of something physical that is a part of him! If he speaks of 'abstract reason' with beauty and eloquence it is because he already knows reason and may speak in a metaphor or abstraction. He realizes the outer universe is a reflector of his reason!

The wrist may be a sign of reason. There is a certain squareness to my wrist that I study. When I see the wrist become thin and gain a particular angularity I know that I have begun to lose my power of reason. Reason sometimes is nothing more than honesty — the honesty of admissions. The constant making of admissions is one of the forms of honesty. I have noted

that when my wrist begins to lose its solidity I become less honest. I have let myself lose some of my youth. Youth is the connection with the universe. The universe is my mother when I am young and may still return to her. Then I am still reasonable.

→ To a child his mother is Reason — she is what is true and solid. He moves into the world and begins to establish connections. When he is puzzled or frightened he returns to the warmth and breast. Gradually he goes more into the universe and less and less to his mother. The universe gradually becomes his mother — but the universe is what is real to his senses. There is a certain state of his flesh by means of which he relates to reality — and it has nothing to do with his age.

In some men it might be the thinness of their wrists that they use to judge reasonableness. What the physical signs are do not matter as much as their acknowledgement.

Chance and luck are a part of all endeavor. A creature hurt repeatedly by circumstance and chance has less possibility of returning to the universe for his renewal and warmth — he may be cut down in the midst of a farflung action. Such an unlucky man must look to others who have still kept their reason where he has lost, or been cut off from his. But reason comes from within and not from without. It has become a part of the body.

It is the opposition of action to action that is reason. The Greeks said ARISTON METRON — 'moderation is best'. How did they manifest their belief in *ariston metron*? It meant, if we judge by actions, that they went from one extreme to the other — from drunkenness and narcotic exuberance and stupor to sheer meditation, and they found *themselves* in the balance of the possibilities! The middle course is *not* moderation! But the totality of actions that are made in many directions creates moderation, and also beauty, and REASON. Reason is not a narrow course but is ebullience and depression

and the states of feeling, and the gestures and the actions that lie between. The man who makes many actions carries them with him in his body and builds his own reason within himself. He takes risks.

No possibility is false — not as long as the admissions come in truthfully through the senses regarding what is there — and why the man sensing it is breathing. In the light of reason everything is to be tested. Man has created the chance of time and space in the image of his eyes, ears and nose. He must be able to slip free of even the images of his creation or they will bind him . . . All states are desirable and there is a physical reason that is his guide through them. Reason is freedom.

CHANCE! Science says that reality is a series of statistically variable events — and that we react to them with good sense allowing for their predictable totality. Most living beings would never dream the possibility that circumstances might be otherwise than the flow of change.

Sometimes we see possibilities rushing towards us. We watch with open eyes as events come nearer. We sidestep or bring other possibilities into concurrence with the arrival of oncoming events. At the highest pitch of reason WE CREATE EVENT through synthesis of events that we determine and bring into being.

The creative act of reason is a thing done because the human being is overflowing and acts in the manner of a plant, or a star, or animal and procreates itself. The argument that these created events are made because of cause and effect sequences leading to them is wrong. Events that lie in the past need not have to do with the end result of a new creative act or thought put into motion.

The absurdity of Astrology that views stars and planets as inanimate objects controlling our destiny does not negate the possibility that someday we will discover the signs of a super-astrology (*an astrology without rules except for the sense of*

beauty) by means of which we will be able in some way to actually feel a relationship of stars and nebulae with our bodies.

Reason is the revolt of the senses against regulations that dull them. The man on the floor allowing his muscles to exercise in answer to an involuntary demand is reasoning. We move among cliffs and icebergs of chance events coming at us. But at the same time we set forth events to meet the forthcoming ones and pick and choose in the ground we inhabit in the present. Sidestepping oncoming events can be just as purposeful an act of reason as any other.

If there is a still higher reason it must be the result of a higher view. Any high view of reality must be a result of the most truthful sights. It could not be the end result of a system attempting to relate life and occurrences to a major pattern formulated from contemporary hopes and ideals.

The man in the sunlight is allowing his muscles to exist more truthfully for what they are. Suddenly in the light of the sun the concept of another reason flashes upon him.

There must be ideals to give strength to courage. But to systematize ideals merely because they are helpful or seem to have a kind of poetics is a trap. There is always a greater beauty possible beyond the boundary of a closed system of thought and feeling. We should leap for it. Poetics does not create beauty but poetry does! Poetry is not a system but is real events spoken of, or happening, in sounds. Poetry is an act of reason at its highest most farflung pitch — and is a demonstration of freedom.

It is the desk, the table, stool, and tree, and glass of water, and our emotions moving upon them that are the actualities of reason. The man exercising on the floor has the most immediate contact of muscle and skin cell to floor and sunlight and commits the basic act of reason. He has momentarily disavowed all modes of thought and forms of seeing. Reason is touch of

reality among an infinitude of fantasy possibilities. Choosing the real creates the real when it is done with the senses of the body.

Liberty with the universe springs from the real physical body but it cannot be done well with a bad instrument. *To understand and enlarge their possibilities of reason men enact the most seemingly grotesque and incomprehensible actions.* THESE ACTIONS HAVE BROUGHT THEM INTO CLOSER CONTACT WITH PHYSICAL BEAUTY though it may or may not fit the preconceptions held as popular ideas of their times.

The man on the floor might be the beginning of a Christ or a Buddha or a Faraday. He has allowed himself to be the unthinking creature and the beginning of reason comes to him. He lets himself exist in the world of darkness before there is reason and reason flashes into it. The demarcation between a reasonable and an unreasonable act rests on whether the thing that causes the action exists in actuality or not — it is a matter of creating among possibilities.

II

What comes straight in through the senses and combines with imagination without distortion is the concrete reality on which reason is based. The drunkenness of a man at a banquet who will, the next day, spend time in thought and exercise is not the same drunkenness as the man who is drunk one day and the next and the next . . . Though even that in view of the chances of life, is conceivably a reasonable act. There must be joy and pleasure in reason! If there is not pleasure in life then there will be less energy and less energy in life is less life. When 'reason' is a strait jacket it is an evasion of what is truly reason.

Logic is a system to increase the strength of the most fearful

members of society and it gives them an overweening lever on the thoughts of the less fearful. Reason is a revolt from the projections of the unreal that are cast upon the world. Logic is an unreal projection and has no relationship to reason. We live in a sequence of happenings that is sheer beauty — except when we distort it.

Obsessive concern for the correctness of details is not Reason. The recognition of the reality of event is Reason. The man rolling on the floor does not count the floor boards with the skin of his arms nor estimate the number of light beams falling upon him. He feels the heat of light and the hardness of floor and the multitudinous events of reality in which he moves. In society he sees the events in his milieu and also the events he sidesteps and sets into motion. These are physical things in time and space and he recognizes their relationships. REASON IS NOT THE DEMARCATION OF A NARROW TRAIL OF LOGIC. NO MAN IS HUMANLY ABOVE THE VARIATIONS OF CHANCE OR WOULD WILLFULLY BLIND HIMSELF TO THE SPONTANEOUS HAPPENINGS AND CHANGES OF BEAUTIES SURROUNDING HIM AND OCCURRING WITHIN HIMSELF. REASON IS THE ASSUMPTION OF THE POSSIBILITIES IN THE DRAMA. Besides moving among events the man of reason must move along with him as many sights as he can accept and make a part of his reasoning. The man of reason, though his eyes be looking either inward or outward, is a cyclone of what he has known, felt, and seen. He does not deny those things to fit laws of Platonism and logic.

Reason does not need to give offense or point to itself. The man of reason is not in error when he is accused of misjudgment — he is keeping alive a natural process in his body! Reason takes into account the naturalness of others and honors them.

The man on the floor does not give offense except to those

who fear what he experiences. Fearful ones can always find a criminal name to apply to any act. The man who looks to his own body for signs of reason or lack of reason must generally not speak of it. Those who have gone insane or had spiritual cataclysms and illuminations of tenderness or fear are often pursuing Reason — Society does not like to hear of it for the reasoners have gone too far. Yet when those men deliberately pursue REASON Society must accept the discoveries into the balance of possible societal acts — the meaning of the word Reason becomes broadened by the extremes that men enact. At this point REASON becomes physical acts. All men are men of reason and they are unaware of it because of a silence that has become a tenet. All that happens to a man is reality.

The man of reason is the one who denies the smallest possible number of things that have occurred in his existence . . . Yet he has the power, when he needs it, to cancel out what memories and personal past happenings would prevent him from achieving a goal. He is capable of analyzing sequences of events to a fine state and through internal revolutions — even to the mutation of the nerves of his body through chemicals and intense emotion — adapt himself for as long as necessary to a planned and changing pattern of creations that finally arrive at the fulfillment of an ideal. The most brilliant reasoners have been able to allow for a high degree of chance. Reason is a physical process felt kinesthetically by the body.

How can Reason be separated from the meat — except temporarily by an act of will? All that is experienced, without being twisted into the shape of preconceptions, is REASON. The energetic acceptance of life is one of the shapes of understanding and is Reason. The ability to simultaneously choose and guide one's self amongst acts is an amplification of Reason. Living constantly in a preconceived and straitened pattern of life is not Reason . . . it has no balance. *Ariston metron* must mean the ability to hold everything at once and acknowledge

it all as true and still keep it viable and flexible. Men who do this are called *lucky*. Surely it is LUCK! There may be a genetic basis to luck with causations so minute and biochemical that we shall not unravel them for a hundred years. *Chance* and *Luck* are joys and virtues in a lovely game and drama.

If the man on the floor should vomit from his release of tension and to clear and purify his senses (as an extension of his motions) it is an act of reason. Reason is not a part of temporal manners.

Reason is the ability to shed the knowledge of being a man — like the man on the floor does — and to exist in the universe as a living and free part. There must be the knowledge of what the body is — the image it makes in matter and energy — and the entities that comprise it. Reason is a shedding of the mundane view and its restrictions.

Reasoning deals with stark reality in any shape that it may exist, but the 'human aspect' is sheerest veneer in the huger meaning of what a human being is. There is a greater mass of loves and structurings and emotions and hopes. Reason does not bow to the veneer but is as impetuous and calculated as love is. The thin layer constantly acknowledged on the face of human activities is devoid of human and animal meaning *except for what lies beneath it and the reality of events that it encompasses . . .* Reason works among events and gesture and reality. The man on the floor is partly in that place. The man of reason occupies both the real physical world and the world of manners simultaneously and without contradiction. They are complementary for him and no distinction is necessary. He devotes himself to honesty and the necessity of constant admissions. It is the confrontation of the world in all of its shapes that is reason.

The man on the floor stretching leg over leg snarls the mammal sounds in the sunlight — he twists his body to exert the sleeping muscles and he groans. It is impossible to believe that

there are 'levels of existence' — a kind of modern psychological folklore — but there ARE secret hopes and desires and always have been. The man twisting the muscles of spine and crushing his shoulders against the boards of the floor is acknowledging them.

The context of an act of reason and the goals of reason may make Reason illogical! Logic demands that the passage of cause & effect fit a preconception. The man making rhythms with his body in space relates himself to all constructions of physical matter in the universe . . . His physical act is a portrayal of his belief that matter is spirit and that meat is the container. Boughs of the evergreens moving in the wind relate to him in Reason. The laughter of the onlooker is a relationship of reason. The man needs no logic, but stretching his leg and twisting the muscles of his arm in pleasure creates reason. The pearl gleaming on flesh in the light is an act of reason!

