

## CHAPTER FOUR

### PSEUDO

"Later, when I was working on my master's degree at night, thinking I would be a novelist, I'd think about things and whether they belonged in The Discussion, in the land of word, the unending debate, the never ending story within the great books of literature. The things I thought about were missing. Could I provide them? Add to the richness, the variety of the ecology of that most precious conversation. Slowly, taking zillions of infinitesimally tiny steps and the occasional leap away from the status quo, I became aware that the conversation I was imagining myself joining, was almost entirely made up of male voices. I was hardly the most likely candidate under any set of criteria to be included in an exclusive discussion. Satire, paradox, universe shattering analyses are considered beyond the range of the feminine mind.

"Women are storytellers, yes, perhaps the greatest ever known, but the hallowed hall of myth and philosophy, this is a fort, a male only zone, women are kept in an intellectual ghetto. The intellectual world wants to think itself macho, powerful, dire and dangerous, footballer lit. Women were not tough enough to make the final cut. I couldn't believe that people believed this nonsense, I fought and made myself unpopular. I talked about the great women suicides, the great women novelists, the singular Jane Austen hadn't she entered in? Hadn't the George's, English and French? What about Simone? What about Frankenstein? Shelley's image has rocked our civilization for a century. What about EBB? It dawned on me that, no matter how intensely these women's words, conversations, understandings made themselves felt in their own time, they had been effectively marginalized by history. However important when they were written, women's words lost the long term audience to the subversion of the male interpretation of literature and language.

"Men's writing is universal. Women's writing is for women. Men are people. Women are women. Men's writing is eternal. Women's writing is ephemeral. Feminists don't help either when they go on and on about how men can never understand them. I know that I don't have the strength of a Joshua. There was no way my trumpet was going to blow those walls down. So I quit. I got my master's but I resisted when they asked me to get my Ph.D.

*"Sex is more interesting than thought in your philosophies, and more true. Sex is a better teacher than all your professors chanting, raving, lecturing, bewareing. I cannot spare you the time of my passing, I am in a rush to find my true love. Intellectual diddling is a stimulus I've been indulging in for far too long. I can't remember what I'm like, who I am, what I think or feel. I am an intellect addict, I admit it, I like the high of a clear abstract soaring through my brain, I dig the connections between concepts but none of this helps me understand myself, I feel like a cartoon, a characature stranded on an immense iceberg floating out to sea, the center of myself asleep somewhere in the ballast of*

*the ship that got lost looking for me. I am bobbing some where in the distance. I can barely see myself through the mist. It's cold. My life force is shutting down., separating*

**"To save my life, to find my life, I was going to have to do something drastic. Certainly from this position, no writing, good or bad, was possible, much less writing universal enough to enter into the conversation I wished to participate in. There were women braver, or better positioned in their internal landscapes, to be heard. Whether or not their stories will be handed down, will stand the test of time, will be recalled when the entire conversation is replayed remains to be known.**

**"We vote with our lives. We live day by day the way we think right, in a way we hope will make this human world a better place. The results of this vote, which we all participate in, whether we are aware of it or not, won't be known til long after the voters are dead. It takes a long time to collate, tabulate and confirm billions of brain waves and life forces. A thousand years from now the conversations we have, the resistance of women in the darkness to the murderous silence pressing in around us, perhaps these conversations will win enough votes, the silence will fall back, the resisters will then be able to use our lives to be creative, instead of barely maintaining the precarious balance of self validation in the midst of the prevailing winds, howling their insults, crassly devouring our attention, poisoning our children with lies about what life is really about.**

**"You never know. We could be wiped out wholly, this could be the last conversation of its kind. A dinosaur discussion going extinct as we speak, perishing into the ashes of televised mutant ideas, pseudo speak, political correctness, fascist back rage lashing, bigotry and silence, the taut word telegrams of fear, the polite sweet phrases of emptiness pursuing its objects, the complex phraseologies of insults, the fashionable forms of popular opinions, the references, the pleadings, a tidal wave of language emerging from the comforts of confusion and despair, overwhelming the precious precision of individual minds coming to terms with themselves and each other in the concrete context of individualized identity and consciousness of purpose. The icebergs are melting, the water rising, all the time."**