

## **Musings from 8-29-81**

I sat about 15 feet above the water today on Morro Rock and watched the ocean squirm and be restless and beautiful and beat its head against a rock. I watched ceaselessness, repetition and terrifying strength. Each wave is not aware it is going to hit until it hits. It doesn't know how high it will hit until it begins to fall back to the level of constance where it is always deep and wet no matter how bit and how high. Nothing about a wave indicates unity. There is unity in the sea but waves are all different. They are determined by force, pattern, wind, current and none of the above. Waves entertain in a sort of mesmerizing, pointless way. Entertain. Close your mouth. The sand fleas are driving me nuts. Entertain. The pelicans float heavily up and down on the wind. Wow! That was a big one - made a bit wet spot on the rock higher than where I am sitting. Let me entertain you. Who said you are too young to write an autobiography? Make some of it up. Artists who paint for tourists paint one wave. It will never happen again but it has been immortalized - someone will buy it at a garage sale in Fresno in about seven years. "Look George!" Let me entertain you. That same wet spot just got it again from the other side. Can I really be a source of entertainment by beating my head on a rock? Who cares? Turbulence. White water. Deep rocks. Buried. Visible. Constant. Sources of white water turbulence must be constant. Who has the edge? Is it better to be stuck in the same place forever and cause turbulence or to get beat around and be mesmerizing? Beat your head on a rock. Let me entertain you. Who really cares? How high can you go? When am I going to hit? When does it go back down? When it's through going up? It depends on the force. Where is the force? What is the force? Let me entertain you. They are still at it even after I've gone home. Is it still entertainment if no one's watching? Who knows.... but they're still beating their heads against a rock.