



Apple Blossom Computer Club  
A registered Apple/Macintosh User Group



Jul '09  
still only  
**\$2.00**

The

**ROSE**



**BYTER**

**Next Meeting**

**Jul 16, 7 PM**

**American Legion Hall  
406 SE Oak Ave**

**Agenda**

1. Meeting starts at 7 P.M.
2. Intro's of members and guests
3. Old business
4. New biz
5. Program: currently unknown
6. Questions & (maybe)Answers

**UpgrayDD**

**by Jim McClellan**  
**<mcclellan@charter.net>**

Recently I upgraded my iG5 computer hard drive so I could have 10.3, 10.4 and 10.5 OS each in its own partition. I arranged to get it from Walt, so I asked him via iChat before I made the change what I could do to make things easier/better. I saved what we said and I thought I'd share it with you.

Walt: It's hard to say what would help you make things "easier/better" as that is largely a personal issue. Not everyone thinks alike. My approaches don't often work well for others, I've noticed. If there's any one thing that is useful to keeping the files from being "a mess," it's to have a clear idea of how files were intended to be arranged in the first place. OS 9 users had "bad habits" that don't serve them as well on OS X as they once did.

Jim: Normally, I keep two icons for  
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**MAD HOPE  
OR HYPERKULTUREMIA?**

**by Dave Archer <dave@davearcher.com>**

Once upon a time, in Nagoya, Japan, while touring Tokagawa Castle, an amazing museum housing the finest of antiquities, I passed through a dim hallway into a new viewing room to become riveted upon a singular art piece, so perfect, so attractive, it simply stopped time for me.

A three tiered food box painted: Plum Blossom Design, Maki-e lacquer, Edo Period, 17th Century, no larger than a foot square, and for me that day, exact center of the known Universe. Strange too, considering Maki-e lacquer pieces were produced for the general market, not as great works of art. Yet, this box transcended mediocrity with finesse

to render the term "general" obsolete. Every bloom more perfect than the one next to it. The lacquer Master's brushwork stunned me with it's strong design, yet highly "controlled" sense of poetic understatement, a lightness in every part including the near black background, a visual literature perhaps, bowing to realism, yet coming from somewhere deep the realm of artistic alchemy. Salvador Dali would have loved this box.

I believe we all know this feeling at times. And we know how using words to share an ineffable experience with friends usually goes. How does one express in words, steam coming from

**Japanese plum blossoms in full flower**



a psychic tea kettle, then almost instantly disappearing? Where is the language larder and word-stuff for in-between? Perhaps in Russian, Spanish, Yiddish, Chinese. Surely, knowing twelve languages would help. Or knowing my own language better ... much better. English does have the words; surely, it does. Words out of use. Well, by me, for sure. Please then, forgive my waning vocabulary.

Observing this box, studying it's complex simplicity if you will, somehow, my sense of "ordi- **2 -->**

The **Apple Blossom Computer Club** (ABCC) is an Apple Computer Inc., registered Macintosh and Apple ][ family user group. The ABCC publishes *The RoseByter* newsletter monthly which is posted to each paid up member and reciprocating user groups. ABCC participates in user group newsletter content exchange. The ABCC also maintains a WWW site at:

<http://www.abccmug.org>

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Gonroku Matsuda / Japanese master of lacquer painting

**<-1 HYPERKULTUREMIA?** described his experience with the phenomenon **2** during his 1817 visit to Florence, Italy.

nary” passing time shifted into a place more akin to expanding time. This experience had graced my life before, at rare times. I knew to go with it. It may be what American Indians mean when they describe time as a circle, especially, as a hoop: expanding. That sure sounds and feels right at least.

Here’s the mushy part. This humble work of art simply filled me with hope. Mad hope. Like a child might express. I drank it in. That hyper-sense perhaps, parents and artist/creators know best, as it comes with the job description. It’s universal in all cultures during all times. We almost always KNOW when it is “happening.” We push it away, or promptly “forget” it’s joy, and go back to sleep. Creators and parents feel it at times with flashes of worry, running to an almost paranoid angst. I believe now, at 68, that at it’s highest, this time-warp experience is one sort of conscious love, one that, if we are worthy, settles in the bones of us right-brained Elders. A bit of wisdom in the face of: roses, thorns, roses, thorns. Wizard worry however, never wins in the end, it’s just part of the mixture. I read this piece to painter friend Steve Leyba. He told me he had heard of something called Stendhal’s Syndrome, and perhaps that explains my “art experience.” Steve said I probably had a touch of “Hyperkulturemia.”

Hum, could be, Wikipedia:

**Stendhal syndrome:** Hyperkulturemia, or Florence syndrome, is a psychosomatic illness that causes rapid heartbeat, dizziness, confusion and even hallucinations when an individual is exposed to art, usually when the art is particularly beautiful or a large amount of art is in a single place. The term can also be used to describe a similar reaction to a surfeit of choice in other circumstances, e.g. when confronted with immense beauty in the natural world.

It is named after the famous 19th century French author Stendhal who

Although there are many descriptions of people becoming dizzy and fainting while taking in Florentine art, especially at the Uffizi, dating from the early 19th century on, the syndrome was only named in 1979, when it was described by Italian psychiatrist Graziella Magherini, who observed and described more than 100 similar cases among tourists and visitors in Florence. The syndrome was first diagnosed in 1982.

I can buy that. Because “Stendhaling” before this masterpiece I felt as protective as a guard dog. As I do with my children and grandchildren, I wanted these exquisite plum blossoms to live happy lives for a very long time. Never to be stolen from the museum, marred, or wronged by any criminal. But to thrive, bringing hope to artists and parents, and everyone, everywhere. All this was coming in flashes.

My Nagoya experience is clear to remember because the sense of altered time, delivered quite a psychic shock, and I am tuned to remember psychic shocks, especially in the way of art and esthetics.

Depression ruled. I should have been happy, enjoying Nagoya, a class-A city where American artists are treated as nothing less than Kings, not to mention Queens. Instead, I’d been off my game for months. Now I was fighting hard at just doing my job with any amount of grace I could muster, that is, appearing at various openings of my works — signing autographs and smiling for photos, yeech. My long time agent Linda Rieger had dragged me out of the hotel that day, insisting we “see the Golden Dolphins,” atop the Tokagawa Museum, working overtime to prod me into feeling better. Bless her heart, it worked. She roped me at breakfast, then led my donkey (me riding backwards) to the right place at the **3 -->**

## <—HYPERKULTUREMIA?

right time, insisting we “see” something while in Nagoya. With heavy hooves I clomped into a cab beside my art witch. With Linda bubbling away as usual, thinking more of others than herself, humor in everything. I’m thinking, ah yes, the Tokagawa Museum gold-en...dol..phins. Ooooo. Nowhere I’d rather be headed except back to bed. The same head of course, intent on Shop Stewarding an endless (so to speak) butt-necklace of negativity.

Forty minutes later, quite unexpectedly, in a few rare moments, in a well lighted place for art, one humble piece not only picked up my chin, it filled my dark spirit with glowing plum blossoms. You know, I think we humans must have a “hope” gene in our DNA. It’s always there, a chubby little bugger whispering, “pssst! .... over there ... over there.”

I think we build museums to create spaces for these very experiences to arise spontaneously, away from the hubbub of hypnotic life. To keep hope alive. The human way. Peel the onion, there it is. The jewel in the eye of the lotus. As a professional artist I know this: the painter who decorated the box in Plum Blossoms would have viewed his finished work in the same museum manner I viewed it that day. On a revolving work-stand perhaps, in good light. The finished box would have been singled out for inspection, both esthetic and physical, with the same theatrical view as the museum case, by both master and apprentice. Then off it would go into the “general market,” aka: 1650’s Walmart.

Edo Period, over three hundred years old yet so alive in the moment I could fairly smell the blossoms. The curator had of course, presented Madame Box in her very own pristine showcase, don’t be ridiculous. He may also have done the lights. Thank you Mr. Kinki. When all else has failed, I have found hope in art. That is what I am saying.

In the fifties, we had junior high, and high school art classes, with good instructors. I was lucky that way. I had no idea about how to become an artist, yet I could not stop making art. Like Perseus, I carried a burnin’ daylight torch for painting, right into the stinking face of Gorgon Medusa (using a mirrored shield of course), the many headed monster also known as: Major DOUBT. A completely cockeyed view. Because, looking back over 60 years of art making, living the artist’s life has been, and still is, a wild ride. An absorbing, curiously satisfying pleasure, filled with: Major DOUBT. Bear with me. The overwhelming hope of my High School years, was simply of getting away from my home town. Escaping abuse to paint and draw. I was, “Whatever happened to the boy who liked to draw? Remember him?” I did not know these things then as I do in retrospect.

Looking back, I was driven by personal demons into serial creating, what Safeway would call: The Healthy Choice.

In the 60’s, my North Beach teacher, Rick Barton – rest his New York soul – gave us a lot of hope preaching: CRAFT everyday of his life, through his blaring Bronx bullhorn, to us San Francisco painter-pupae. We hated him. We loved him. Barton was our Sergeant Bilkohemian. “Where’s your work? What are you working on? It’s called WORK because ART is your JOB m-----r!,” Barton bellowed, like the Tarus he was.

Who of our 1961’s school of, pan-handling pranksters, piteous poets, dharma-queens, and California pottery wino’s – save Rick Barton, Harold LaVigne and Byron Hunt – really knew art? Rick Barton, our “teacher,” (a designation he railed against), was in fact, nothing but. A bootcamp painting Master without a shred of mercy. Give me twenty five psychic pushups maggot! When our group walked any street, Barton called out, “a Chinese General always marches behind his

Army!” And he did.

That and, “The Academy is dead gentlemen! We are the only m.....rs left!”

And later, “Let’s make our own book of paintings and call it: My Father Is A Whale and sell it ourselves?”

And we did. Like a flock of little Red Hens.

In scientific English: great painter, Harold LaVigne DID all the publishing work, partly because Harold did work ... literally ... at St. Francis Hospital, in the mental ward, therefore fully understood how we potential ear-cutters would probably not do much of anything except cough up a picture, along with some cold germs for the book, or, perhaps, work the stapler and actually fasten the pages into the covers.

Which we did. Staple. “My Father Is A Whale,” sold at City Lights bookstore for years. I have no idea what Rick’s title meant. Once however, in the mid-60’s, on Sandoz Laboratory LSD direct from Albert Hoffman in England, I realized, YES, indeed: my father IS a whale. Then, forgot why. It’s hard to make notes while receiv-

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**Myself (L) and Rick Barton in Mexico City (circa 1964) at Villa Guadalupe Church with our sketchbooks, out for a day of working from life**

# Water Blogged Wump

Any trace of organization in these paragraphs is entirely coincidental

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## Paranoid Delusions

“Nano” stuff is all the rage these days. That’s apparently put some strain on the notion of genetically engineering bacteria to build little stuff for us. It seems that to really go “nano” with biologically constructed materials, you need to use viruses. No, not computer viruses, ie. software that infects computer after computer as they communicate. No, these are real, dyed-in-the-wool viruses directly related to the things like the common cold – they infect cells such as bacteria like maggots devouring 100 pounds of road kill. On the other hand, **the viruses may well be computer designed.** Researchers at MIT (Massachusetts Institute of Technology) are making lithium ion battery anode material with carbon nanotubes that the viruses “wire up.” The result is an extremely thin lithium ion phosphate plus silver battery that can literally be “stamped out” and performs like a regular lithium ion battery.

It is amazing the degree to which we’re willing to butcher our language. Were such behavior the exclusive provenance of “Valley girls” or “turf lords” I suppose I would care much less; maybe not at all. But such is not the case. **Almost all of us are guilty of contributing to the creation of Murkin.** Sadly, those amongst us who should be doing it the least are not at all immune. I’m speaking of scientists and professional communicators. While the typical scientist may be characterized as someone who dislikes the “soft subject” of language

compared to their “hard science,” it doesn’t take very long for them to realize that, if they wish to be taken seriously by their peers, they must communicate rationally and meaningfully. What brought on this little tirade? Naturally, it’s that old bugaboo, the television. I’m watching a presentation on “Nat Geo” (I guess that should be a clue that Murkin might be spoken there) about geothermal energy. Both the narrator and a number of interviewees spoke repeatedly of geothermal energy as “renewable.” I suppose we, or some future species of intelligent environment modifying creature, might one day be able to “renew” the energy inside the planet. But without such a process that steals energy from some other source and transfers it to the planet’s core, geothermal energy is not renewable. It’s merely a very large source relative to our current requirements. In fact, at one point in the program the narrator said, “Geothermal resources don’t last forever.” No kidding. Welcome to the laws of thermodynamics. Even my description of how to make geothermal energy “renewable” is bogus. It, too, is merely a means of depleting some other energy source. But that’s not what the narrator was talking about when he pointed out geothermal energy doesn’t last forever. He was referring to the fact that extracting energy from the earth changes the earth. Basically it cools it down. In addition, the heat and pressure involved are just what the doctor ordered for a chemical reactor – the very nature of the earth is changed. While we’re all too happy with the idea that we can develop large scale use of geothermal energy, we don’t seem to be thinking much about what the effect of that energy extraction may be.

“Pristiq” is “proven to treat depression.” Wow! That’s really great. Especially because listening to their Pristiq commercial will definitely depress

you if you weren’t already depressed. If you were, well ... your next of kin have my sympathies. Besides, **you can treat a malady in almost any way you’d care to.** Perhaps bashing yourself in the head with a rock would change your depression into either unconsciousness or livid self loathing for adding pain and a lump to your skull to your life. Or, maybe this treatment would result in a real cure for your depression ... permanently. Still, considering all the caveats the advertisement warns you about, a bash in the skull with a rock might be safer on the average. But that’s another subject and I suspect the proper double-blind regimen of clinical trials to ascertain the efficacy of rock bashing the skull as a treatment for depression have not been made. Therein lies the real issue. It’s not that one can treat a malady with something that’s important – it’s obvious that one can treat a malady in any possible manner – it’s clearly easily proven. What’s important is the efficacy of the treatment. That’s not necessarily so easy to prove. I’d posit that, from the mathematician’s perspective, it’s nearly impossible. So “proof” is just the wrong concept to apply to the efficacy of pharmaceuticals at treating maladies.

Technology is a wonderful thing. As a little research into the last century and a half of electromagnetic flim-flam will easily suggest, technology is also something that most people know almost nothing about, making them easy prey for charlatans. All one needs is a box that has some lights and a switch. That and some outrageous claims of doing things that work like magic. **In the modern world, this is accompanied by television “info-mercials” that almost invariably sell you one for \$19.95 plus S&H ...** but if you act right now you’ll get two ... that’s two units for that already low, 5 -->

## <--Water Blogged Wump

low price. In addition, it's now almost a requirement to have a web site to parrot the TV. Such is the case for Riddex Plus™, a gizmo that supposedly will rid "up to" one floor of your house of all manner of small pests simply by plugging it into an outlet and pushing the ON button, which, of course, turns on the ON light and flashes the pulse light periodically. Supposedly, this device produces some humanly undetectable environmental condition that drives insects and rodents from your house. Believe it or not, I'm not skeptical about the fact that the box probably does do something. It might even be something that small creatures are prone to avoid. For example, it might produce a very high electrical frequency in the house wiring that's chosen to be tuned to the size of small creatures. I've actually designed a dog anti-attack device that was sold for a while. It even worked. It basically produced a very loud sound at a frequency that humans normally can't hear but dogs can. The usual reaction of a dog when this thing was fired at them was to run away if possible. However, some of the delivery people who used them found that dogs got used to it. Worse, some dogs responded not with a flight instinct but rather an attack instinct. FWIW, I warned the person wanting this thing that it would likely have these problems. Assuming that Riddex Plus™ has any sort of effect at all (something I suspect it does not), the creatures that live near you will very likely quickly adapt to whatever it is. But I could be wrong. If you happen to use Riddex Plus™, how about writing me a note and telling me what your experience with it has been like?

I just read about a "new" back-up technology that will save you a huge amount of storage space. It's so "new" that there are only "about 5,700,000" web pages associated with the term used to describe it: de-duplication. Once again, I have a sterling opportunity to display my stupidity because

I think de-duplication is one of the dumbest ideas to come along in quite a while. **De-duplication is a marketer's dream – a lot like The Emperor's New Clothes.** And, because it uses less space, it's just the sort of thing bean counters love – spending less money on stuff. I was suspicious about de-duplication immediately and my researches into what it actually is, both theoretically and as a product, have done little to allay my concerns. Here's the basic idea: during back-up procedures, duplicate data is only copied once to the back up media and references to that data are written in place of the rest of the data. Clearly, the assumption is that the references are much smaller than the data (taken to an extreme, one could count the incidence of one's and zero's on the system being backed up, choosing to write a description of the locations of the lesser of the two ... and, of course, the value of the bit chosen). Apple's Time Machine technology is a mild form of de-duplication since it only maintains one copy of a file that doesn't change in time. I refer to it as "mild" because I believe that if you change even a single bit in a file, the whole file is backed up once again. But to the real de-duplication mogul, this is a horrible waste of space. Much "better" to just back-up some tiny hunk of the file to maintain the change ... and, of course, the necessary data to link the hunk into the original. Try to imagine what sort of rat's nest of linkages is required to operate such a system after month's of operation on a single system with a 500 GB hard disk to back up. Now, imagine that the thing you're backing up is just as reliable as the thing you're backing up to. If the back-up store drops some data, how does it get unraveled? Would you rather try recovering what you could from a simple file with "a hole" in it or would rather try to figure out what was damaged by having "a hole" in the linkage data? The only real hedge against loosing data is redundant storage. While one copy is, by far, better

than no copies, it is the very minimum improvement in the likelihood of data recovery in the event of primary loss. There is a yet another issue here, as well. In order for a system to determine what has changed and what hasn't, it must run some sort of comparison of all the data on the system with all the data on the back-up. Even when this is done with some form of "hash codes," it's still necessary to read through all the primary data and do some form of machination on it. This is generally less time consuming than copying the data would be since copying usually requires two revolutions of the drive to write the data and then verify that it's correct. But it may well use quite a bit more power, as computing the sorts of hash codes typically used is processor intensive business, whereas copying data from one drive to another involves using the processor very little.

The History Channel recently ran a two hour program about **the mysterious connections between Freemasonry and the American revolution** – something they do from time to time. At every turn, some Mason was apparently the prime mover behind something or other. Here's what I don't understand: why is any of this considered the slightest bit mysterious? I'm not a Mason but I've been led to understand that a primary philosophy of Masonry was being educated in the nature of reality. Another is the notion of "brotherhood": from which the notion of holding meetings amongst Masons is a pretty obvious conclusion. Put another way, they were an organization of relatively intelligent individuals who communicated with one another. I think we refer to such things these days as "cells" of "terrorists" ... at least when they're focused on destroying what the founding "terrorists" ... er, "fathers" wrought.

The "leaders" of our nation are planning to "make the Internet

## <--Water Blogged Wump

secure.” what ever that means. I take it to mean that legislation will likely be created by a bunch of nitwits who don’t know what they’re legislating about, but they will vote for all those “good,” politically correct clauses that get written into the tangled mess of crap they call “a bill.” No doubt this is a good choice of mnemonic for such literature: we end up having it stop in our mail boxes and have to pay for it. Sounds like a bill to me. Here’s what I suspect is likely. **The object is to “make the Internet secure” despite the hideous choices people make** in how to use it. In other words, the intent is protect us from ourselves at least as much as it is to protect us from malicious acts of others. Frankly, I don’t see any way to do anything of the sort without destroying almost all of what makes the Internet worth mucking about with in the first place. Let there be no mistake about it: you are about to be bombarded with some of the most outrageous lies about “attacks” via the Internet that one can imagine. Why will they be lies? Mostly because the people telling them know so little about the technology they assume their audience is at least as ignorant. Sadly, I fear they are not statistically wrong in their assumption. I am routinely asked about “hacking” and “breaking into systems” by people who’s most detailed knowledge of these sorts of things is what they see on TV. Good example: NCIS. They routinely muck with every bit of technical equipment on the planet surreptitiously, instantly decrypting crypto-text, writing complex algorithms with a few keystrokes that run in a twinkling despite having to paw through terabytes of data located behind several layers of firewalls on highly sensitive systems. There’s a word for this: shampoo\*. Shampoo is just what we need as the basis for making the laws of the land.

The other night my wife and I got to watch my grandfather, on my father’s

side, on TV. TCM was airing the 1933 film “G Men,” starring James Cagney, in which **my grandfather played Public Enemy Number One. His character’s name was Legget.** His name was Edward Pawley. He played in something like 42 Hollywood films. As a youngster, I seldom saw him, on screen or off. During those rare occasions, the notion that he was even slightly “famous” never entered my head. Perhaps “infamous” would be closer to any such thoughts I’d have had. But slightly famous he managed to be; enough so that someone wrote a book about his life after his death. Curiously, this scenario sets me to thinking about the impermanence of data. Most of us will have little recording our brief passing here and that will very likely vanish much more rapidly than most of us expect. One might think that modern means of data storage will keep us well remembered long into the future. But I’m not so sure. Compare the longevity of certain inks on well made parchment to the longevity of bits on CD-R. Truth be told, we don’t really know how well a CD-R will hold up in time – not that it matters. See, there’s another issue that is even more important: the machines that will read CD-Rs won’t exist in the not too distant future. Whether the bits stand the test of time or not, no one will be able to pay attention to them. In case this sounds like poppycock to you, when did you last see a working eight track tape player? Or, a working turntable that would play a 78 RPM record? Or, a Baudot code paper tape punch/reader? Such things may not entirely vanish from the Earth but they will likely not be easy to access, especially if you want to risk using them. Even today, there are warehouses full of 2400 foot rolls of half inch wide magnetic tape that will self destruct before anyone can get around to transferring the data to some other media. I have a few rolls of the stuff myself ... somewhere.



take shampoo\*sham

## <--HYPERKULTUREMIA?

ing ultimate truths from spirit entities. Anyway, later, no matter how profound they seemed at the time, I realized how most ultimate truths end up sounding like something from The Toilet Reader of World Truisms so I’m fairly certain it doesn’t matter, so to speak. Except as psychic fertilizer. That’s always good.

I remember the hope we got back then from making that little art book. Thank you Rick for pushing the idea to the point of forcing us, physically, mentally, and emotionally, to actually DO something. Thank you for our “marching orders,” and Harold for collecting the art from all us posers, then laying out the project, getting everything photographed professionally, printed beautifully, and distributed. Oh, and thanks for paying for it. Very important.

Our group was up to seven or eight, and more, of us sitting around making new starts in Harold’s living room, or at a table in Fosters Cafeteria at Polk and Sutter, painting, making art together on small paper of course, conversing, Chinese line painting in ink, also, conté crayon, pencil, etc. Bach fugues playing on Harold’s stereo or at Fosters, on Rick’s pocket transistor.

Rick Barton was fond of yarping, “Artists of the world unite! You have nothing to lose but your brushes!” And we didn’t. What? Our shower thongs? Barton always played the role of self-elected “Sisyphus,” attempting to shove any particular boulder of the moment, up whatever argumentative ass he perceived advantageous for finally forcing us all to see how important it is for artists to work together, “like in the old days, when artists had their own Guilds, for moral support, and showing works together, and camaraderie forchrist-sake!” In that sense, Rick was like some absurdist French cowboy herding cats. In our case, cool cats. Funny, frustrating and somewhat futile.

The man was a tough street dreamer though. “Discourse,” he demanded!

“The Socratic Method goddamnit! Let the argument go where it will!” 7 -->

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## <—HYPERKULTUREMIA?

Which is why Ginsberg, Corso, Ferlingetti, and other Beat big-shots avoided Rick. They knew all too well that Barton could never be beaten at Discourse, unless arguing with Harold LaVigne, willing to do just that, follow the argument wherever “it” went, and man, sometimes I wish I had recorded those blabbermouth nights. Always ending with both men gassed, laughing and painting together, even on the same pieces.

Now, if Rick could trick one of us wannabeatniks to the point where we imagined we might play “classical” Harold to his Socrates, then our Master Bastard sank us every time, which was awful. Rick could release these smart-torpedoes that took awhile to cross a table, or room, underwater. Then boom! And you wanted to crawl into the toilet and hide there like that old poster, “Goodbye Cruel World ...” “By the way, to complement his role as Conan the Bastardian, the man was also, literally, a bastard, and damn proud of it thank you. Anytime, anywhere (anyone) uttered the word, Rick answered, “... you called?”

Discourse with the Master of Academia Vinciana? An artist born around 1927 and grew up tough as steel cable as a Dead End Kid, “down on the corner of Toidy-Toid-an-Toid;” who never once attended grammar school, junior high or high school; who never knew his father, his mother “Rosy,” a hooker working the New York docks; raised by an aged grandmother working fourteen hours a day, seven days a week in a hand-scrub laundry, therefore, left completely to his own childhood devices. Which, lucky for American painting, just happened to be the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the New York Public Library, absorbing Classics like some atomic brain-sponge in a Godzilla movie. Well, he did blind the neighborhood bully boy with a railroad torpedo, (hum, torpedoes again). Everyone in the neighborhood said the bully was the worst they’d ever seen. They said bully boy had it coming. Well, except for his family.

**7** No way could I ever “win” an art argument with Rick Barton.

I mean, when people asked his religion he said: “I am a Black Hat Bon Po Schismatic Lama”, because he was a follower of Tibetan Buddhism, of that particular sect. That’s why I listened a lot, took notes, and drew from life what was going on. Being around Rick was like hanging out with a box jellyfish, but a genius box jellyfish.

We sat at Rick’s brogans avoiding tentacles. He stole our gold, silver, pipes, postage, Zippos, Winsor Newton’s, best brushes and pens, sentimental charms, talismans and other trinkets, in that order, and called it “reapportionment”. To go with his metaphorical knives, Barton threw actual knives. Especially one block cutting knife he could flip out of a special brush holder allowing him to send it off straight as a bullet. When Barton lodged that thing in a door next to your head, it had to be pulled out with pliers.

Never hang “too close” to a paranoid-psychotic. That would be my advice. Knowing an older artist like Barton, a scheming puppeteer control freak SOB – if a young artist could hack it, survive it, put up with it, or in some way avoid the worst – you LEARNED much. Because his brilliant side was teeming with art teachings from a Classics trained, (studied with Modern Master, Ozenfant) brilliant painter and true American monk.

Even with half a painter’s brainstem, you LEARN, while living in your own studio. Guys like him are the equivalent of top chefs, screeching at junior cooks. Blazing banshee bullies. They do have heart all right. Three actually. Angry – Brilliant – Angrier. Never a dull moment. We accepted Barton’s abuse because in part from our hunger to learn. And what the hell, in retrospect of say, a week, or month, finally funny. The humor of laughing at our own absurd hopes, actually gave us hope. A ton of artists were influenced by Rick Barton, that’s for sure. He was a consummate performer, ever pleading, “I am not a performing monkey,” loved by socialites, painters, sculptors, writers, musicians. The man had such friends as, Tibetan scholar, E. Evens Wentz and

heiress to the Bissell carpet sweeper fortune, Cynthia. Rick was written up in papers. Collected in the “art section” of the Library of Congress. Published. Loved. Still, a fairly miserable man. We all survived on raw hope really, and one Chinese dinner at a time.

Why all this hope? For what? That one day we might become rich and famous? Have the love and affection of beautiful people? Hang in the creative underground. Hell, we were the creative underground. Stars hung with us. Bob Dylan’s first national tour found him sitting in Harold LaVigne’s bedroom with Ginsberg and the whole crew. Was it really hope for riches, fame, celebrity, the love of brilliant people? Frankly, yes. Not Rick or Harold as much as us, they were older artists, and didn’t care that much. I, on the other hand, wanted to top Picasso. Ha!

But it’s true. Mainly though, we honored the hope that even cursed to live and paint through lifelong careers, unknown like Van Gogh, we would at least enjoy recognition from friends and some sales in “picture” galleries of the day, and actually pay rent on our pee-in-sink hotel rooms. We were not devouring ad angels like Warhol. Beat philosophy of the day abhorred success, unless it came to the artist, (the artist was not to go after it), becoming “recognized,” in ways focused on the work itself, not what were thought of as popular pot-boilers and painting tricks of the day. We were on-the-road art hobos. I went to Mexico almost twenty times from the late 50’s through the 60’s, even holding a job there in San Miguel Allende at the college, running art films.

Harold and Barton followed arguments wherever they “went” on Plato, Socrates, Kant, Nietzsche, Sartre, Baudelaire and others; the same for painting, Chinese, Japanese, European, ancient, Modern. We bearded boys mostly listened. Girls too. Lani Chamberlain for one. And no: Lani did not have a beard. She had pretty girl skin okay, and a strong working artist-presence, with a fine “line” in brush painting. Lani learned Chinese line from Rick’s example. She painted what she

## <-HYPERKULTUREMIA?

saw, using brush and ink. That was our aim. To SEE. Not to paint like Rick, but to enjoy his abundant inspiration, to stay on the path of art, learning to “see deeper,” while working on art night and day.

## <-1 UpgrayDD

the g5 on my laptop when I’m not on a trip. An example of what you just sent, I keep a folder called Attachments on the Macintosh HD icon portion rather than the Jim icon portion. I haven’t the slightest idea why now. I’m sure I had a good reason once! Probably my problem is that I haven’t the slightest idea why I have these two icons. I seem to think Macintosh HD icon includes the applications on the g5 while the Jim icon includes non-application data files.

Walt: Well, you should be able to tell by mounting them and seeing what gets mounted. OTOH, if it ain’t hurtin’ you, why fix it?

Jim: What does mounting mean? Does mounting mean double clicking to open them? This seems like a logical time to organize thing more like the computer was designed to be organized.

Walt: The aliases are for things on the G5. When one double-clicks such a thing, it “mounts” the “mount point” associated with the alias to the drive tree that’s the file system on the laptop. The idea is that you’re “mounting” a “volume.” I harp about language continually in TRB. It would be a great help if people would use language well, calling spades, “spades.” Such things are one of the reasons I try to get people to pay a bit of attention to computing fundamentals. If you have the fundamentals in hand, the subsequent concepts can usually be thought through rationally - at least physically. Unfortunately today many of the people who define derived concepts are illiterate not only with computers but language in general.

Jim: To show my ignorance, with

When I was eighteen, studying with painter Phil Paradise, one day, Phil’s friend, famous sculptor George Pappas, grabbed me by my lapels and yanked me into his fierce Russian face roaring, “So you want to be an artist eh?! Vell, did you VORK today? Did you vork, vork, vork?” Like that.

three operating systems on the g5, how would I transfer data from one to another? I agree that I’m very illiterate with computers and their language. Where can I obtain knowledge that I can understand about them? Is this something that might be done in a series of ABCC regular meetings?

Walt: The partitions of the hard disk will show up on the desktop (assuming you don’t mess with the Finder settings) and you can copy/access files amongst them as you choose. They aren’t cut off from one another. Of course, such freedom can be dangerous. You’ll need to wear a helmet, seat belt and fire proof suit. Sounds like my last previous sentence is critical! If people gave a damn, I’d be happy to try to demonstrate fundamentals. But most people don’t have the patience for that sort of thing. Sadly, there are a lot of layers of concepts on which modern systems are built. Users only mess with the top layer. I suppose if it were fully shielding the lower layers, it would not matter. Such systems have been created but they tend to be very uninteresting to anyone with a brain. Not bad if you just need to do work and nothing else, however.

I think you get the idea of the process I went through to get the new hard drive in my iG5. Also how iChat can be used or even if our members would be interested, how one or more ABCC meetings could be devoted to computer fundamentals. Just one small example, I have noticed in helping various members that each person keeps files in different locations, etc. I’m also very guilty of this, as Walt can attest when I have problems!



The old saw is: artists are crazy. Yea, la, ti, da. Everybody’s crazy. The difference is, since us creator types VORK all the time, we must enjoy our fun on the fly. Hey, nude models ... alone ... you figure it out. This can appear as quite mad from the outside. Actually, it *is* quite mad, but saves a lot of travel expenses.

Vermeer was Rick Barton’s painter God. Our Master reminded us frequently, of the time he painted a “Vermeer” himself, the size of a commemorative stamp, (“until some sideshow queen stole it to exhibit with ‘her’ two-headed baby in a jar”) and how that tiny painting had given him quite a lot of hope.

I know art evokes hope in my heart, and whatever one finds in this world that does that, besides a dog of course, is definitely an equal and unconditionally loving friend. Oh, there’s the evil curse part. But that’s for another piece. I do not know if Barton’s hope inspired him like mine did in Nagoya, Japan, when a hand-created lacquer box decorated in living plum blossoms stopped the world for me. Probably though, it did.

So lissen-up pilgrims, “Vat are you vorking on today!”



## unClassyfieds

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