

Oracles

Previous postings from the Wm. Thomas Sherman Info Page 2024.



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## TENETS

- \* Nothing is, or is as it is, unless someone says and judges it to be so. Who then is (or who is it we say is) the judge, including the final judge?
- \* If we ever experienced a problem anywhere, it came about, in some degree, due to certain wrong assumptions, either co-present with, or just prior to the given problem's actually taking place.
- \* Unless you believe in God, the One, and or the infinite, every assumption is contingent.
- \* PROCESS (or if you prefer spirit, or activity) PRECEDES IMAGE. Image may, to some extent, (and sometimes almost perfectly) represent process. But process is always superior to and always more real than image. If process precedes image this might suggest also that mind precedes matter and energy.
- \* Everything we believe, or say we know, is based on a *factual* or *value* judgment. Both kinds of judgment always entail the other to some extent, and nothing can be known or exists for us without them.
- \* No fact or purported fact is true or false without someone to assert and believe it to be such. If an assertion or claim is deemed true or false then, and we are thorough, we should ask who is it that says so (or has said so), and what criteria are (were) they using? There is no such thing as "faceless" truth or reality -- at least none we are capable of knowing.
- \* You can't escape reason. If you aren't rational yourself, someone else will be rational for you; nor do their intentions toward you need to be friendly or benevolent.
- \* *Every* point of view and opinion has its truth to it -- even the most abhorrent and unacceptable to us. This said, we are naturally inclined to assume that some opinions have much greater truth to them than others. Even so, what little truth there is in any point of view must, at least at some juncture, and certainly with respect to issues of heated controversy, be justly and reasonably respected. Why? Because we would not be honest (and therefore not truthful) if we didn't.
- \* *Ultimately*, and when all is said and done, thought without heart is nothing.
- \* Most, if not all, of society's very worst problems arise from (certain) spirit people and those who listen to them -- whether the former comes in the shape of "God," angel, devil or what have you. It is these people who are most the source and cause of real unhappiness. If then you chance to have contact with such, while having (one assumes) overcome their lures, deceptions, and pretenses of benevolence and higher knowledge, I recommend that this (i.e., "unhappiness" or "unhappiness itself") is what you call them. Blame *them* for (most) everything wrong; for it is it is *they* who have been and are the ruin of everyone and everything (that is, if anyone is or could be said to be so.)

### Mottos:

*"When you can face me, I'll consider taking you seriously."*

*"Millions for defense; not one cent for tribute!"*

*"The whole of the city is at the mercy of a gang of criminals, led by a man who calls himself the Kid. And I'm the only one who can find him for you."*

*Note.* The "oracles" are given, top to the bottom of the text, in order from the most recent to the very earliest entry (just as originally presented at [gunjones.com](http://gunjones.com)); the very first you see below then is the last entered at the website, while the very first entered for the year is given as the last item in this text.

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[Posted on Face Book]

(I think of Elihu Hubbard Smith's deistic death, circa 1798, when I hear this, circa 1792.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=C4nazch9qe4>

["Mozart Requiem Rex Tremendae (Karajan)"]

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LXXXI: Sonnet 60

Evil by custom, as by nature frail,
I am so wearied with the long disgrace,
That much I dread my fainting in the race
Should let the original enemy prevail.
Once an Eternal Friend, that heard my cries,
Came to my rescue, glorious in his might,
Arm'd with all-conquering love, then took his flight,
That I in vain pursued Him with my eyes.
But his dear words, yet sounding, sweetly say,
"O ye that faint with travel, see the way!
Hopeless of other refuge, come to me."
What grace, what kindness, or what destiny
Will give me wings, as the fair-feather'd dove,
To raise me hence and seek rest above?
~ Petrarch (1304-1374)

:Taken from "Petrarch: Selected Sonnets, Odes and Letters" (1966), Thomas G. Bergin, Editor.

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...For they have no knowledge of anything except the earth, and they estimate good and evil things by the perception and pleasure of the body alone. And as they judge of religion according to its pleasure, so also they arrange the acts of their whole life. And since they have turned away once for all from the contemplation of the heaven, and have made that heavenly faculty the slave of the body, they give the reins to their lusts, as though they were about to bear away pleasure with themselves, which they hasten to enjoy at every moment; whereas the soul ought to employ the service of the body, and not the body to make use of the service of the soul. The same men judge riches to be the greatest good. And if they cannot obtain them by good practices, they endeavour to obtain them by evil practices; they deceive, they carry off by violence, they plunder, they lie in wait, they deny on oath; in short, they have no consideration or regard for anything, if only they can glitter with gold, and shine conspicuous with plate, with jewels, and with garments, can spend riches upon their greedy appetite, and always walk attended with crowds of slaves through the people compelled to give way. Thus devoting themselves to the service of pleasures, they extinguish the force and vigour of the mind; and when they especially think that they are alive, they are hastening with the greatest precipitation to death. For, as we showed in the second book, the soul is concerned with heaven, the body with the earth. They who neglect the goods of the soul, and seek those of the body, are engaged with darkness and death, which belong to the earth and to the body, because life and light are from heaven; and they who are without this, by serving the body, are far removed from the understanding of divine things. The same blindness everywhere oppresses the wretched men; for as they know not who is the true God, so they know not what constitutes true worship.

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book VI, ch. 1\)](#)

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[Posted on Face Book]

Which scene serves as a reminder that sometimes in political, military, and other circumstances of controversy that the one actually at fault is a third party few or no one ever thinks of blaming.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=e5waL5OMD1w>

["scene from "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break" (1941) with W.C. Fields" -- with Fields, gentlemanly British "old duffer," and large eastern European? fellow (with "circus" pants); on an airliner together]

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[Posted on Face Book]

(Music for a nice quiet evening.)

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dlsKnovRnVo>

["Ethelbert Nevin: Un Giorno in Venezia (A Day in Venice), Op.25" -- for piano, Phillip Sear pianist]

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LINES FROM AN IMAGINARY STAGE PLAY
(characters to be assigned at a later date.)

I went to the store and saw something on the shelf. It so happened I didn't need it. I didn't want it. I didn't buy it. Now the seller of that product, it turns out and to my no little dismay and surprise, has declared all-out, open/covert war on me and my loved ones for persecuting and willfully insulting him.

Bad, that's not the half of it. They're such a strain upon creation, why it's a wonder they even exist.

You can't blame me. Hyde did it.

[a crowd of voices within: "Death to the Ghoul! Down with the Ghoul!..."]

A: Hey, wait a minute, wait a minute, I thought you liked the ghoul...

B: Well, we did, surely. But not any more...

A: Cannot? What do you mean you cannot?

B: But I can't mind my own business.

A: Why?

B: I don't know how!

A: I didn't snitch! I'm no snitch!

B: You snitched, you snitcher!

A: How so "saint" Tiffany?

B: Well, you can see for yourself, can't you, they've had her martyred.

A: Martyred?

B: By promoting her, of course, as one of theirs.

A: There is I tell you! There is!

B: Oh, really Mr. Sherman, why you're just imagining things....there's no Mr. Magician...

A: I am *not* imagining things! There is a Mr. Magician! There is a Mr. Magician!...(boo hoo, boo hoo)

A: Why then did you become birds?

B: Quite frankly, because it made absolutely no sense at all being dinosaurs.

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[Posted on Face Book]

...some musical catch-up

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NZGSJZBoUIE>

["Theme For An Imaginary Western" - studio version Jack Bruce]

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Whatever, therefore, wicked princes plan against us, God Himself permits to be done. And yet most unjust persecutors, to whom the name of God was a subject of reproach and mockery, must not think that they will escape with impunity, because they have been, as it were, the ministers of His indignation against us. For they will be punished with the judgment of God, who, having received power, have abused it to an inhuman degree, and have even insulted God in their arrogance, and placed His eternal name beneath their feet, to be impiously and wickedly trampled upon. On this account He promises that He will quickly take vengeance upon them, and exterminate the evil monsters from the earth. But He also, although He is accustomed to avenge the persecutions of His people even in the present world, commands us, however, to await patiently that day of heavenly judgment, in which He Himself will honour or punish every man according to his deserts. Therefore let not the souls of the sacrilegious expect that those whom they thus trample upon will be despised and unavenged. Those ravenous and voracious wolves who have tormented just and innocent souls, without the commission of any crimes, will surely meet with their reward. Only let us labour, that nothing else in us may be punished by men but righteousness alone: let us strive with all our power that we may at once deserve at the hands of God the avenging of our suffering and a reward.

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book V, ch. 24\)](#)

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They do not therefore rage against us on this account, because their gods are not worshipped by us, but because the truth is on our side, which (as it has been said most truly) produces hatred. What, then, shall we think, but that they are ignorant of what they suffer? For they act with a blind and unreasonable fury, which we see, but of which they are ignorant. For it is not the men themselves who persecute, for they have no cause of anger against the innocent; but those contaminated and abandoned spirits by whom the truth is both known and hated insinuate themselves into their minds, and goad them in their ignorance to fury...

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book V, ch. 22\)](#)

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MORNING PHILOSOPHY

Yes, she is a nice, pretty girl, and yes I suppose a superstar is like a super hero, and people like the idea of a nice, pretty girl being a super hero. But while we might grant her having a good singing voice, there is fairly nothing in all this rest except that she is a nice girl who is pretty.

Worldly modernism, pretending to be scientific (indeed the most scientific), analyzes and makes light of everything, including God and all of Nature, with critical scrutiny, while ignoring the devil and evil, or else giving the latter their approval. And who are "the devil and evil?" These are criminal spirit persons who presume that God should have to answer to them, and indeed set themselves up as his rival. (And so and as always, WHEN then will criminal spirit people be openly addressed rationally, objectively, scientifically?)

Both materialistic socialism and communism invariably imply and assume a group epistemology or way of interpreting reality, and which brooks little or no disagreement.

The term "cool," properly speaking, implies happiness; which latter implies being "duly" moral. But THEY (ah hem) have no realistic conception of happiness; since they are not duly moral. So when they need a translation of cool, they use "great" instead as the equivalent. But great by no means necessarily means "cool," i.e., because one can be great without being happy; whereas, cool, again properly speaking, implies happiness; which, again, in turn, implies being (duly) moral. (And obviously one can be thought of as great without necessarily being moral.)

What is the hidden and untold message of the Wicker Man story? Namely, what ended up happening to Lord Ghoul and friends. So that the very thing he would shame me with (alienation from him) becomes my relief, consolation, and honor.

Though God permits a certain act, it does not then follow that the act is justified or endorsed by God.
Later Note. Inasmuch as unjust persecutors have the choice to martyr or not martyr a given someone, that choice, by definition, cannot be deemed an act of necessity, divine or otherwise. It only then, and perhaps, becomes necessity for a victim to suffer martyrdom AFTER the said persecutor has, as a matter of free will, CHOSEN to subject them to it.

Not only the produce and bounty of Nature, but many are the Gifts God has given us through people's faith, caring, moral virtue (including honesty and above-board fairness), rational intelligence, and innumerable and beneficial skills; which in turn have their source in and are acquired from Him.

When is a city not its own city? When it is bought out in a hostile take over by organized crime.

Yes, I most certainly agree. If there were no torturers, there would be no torture.

Indeed, how can liars, cheaters and those against honest and fair competition be in a position to wisely judge or hand out honors?

A society, without right religion being fundamentally, morally and honestly at its center, is at best and invariably a totalitarian regime or else a disguised state of anarchy.

[TWIMC] I WOULD talk to you, but THEY won't permit it.

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A few years back, I spoke here about and recommended some of the old comic books available online and that can be downloaded and read on laptops and or e-readers, such as Kindle Fire 10. As mentioned at that time, my most favorite of the genre are the "Classics Illustrated" (or as commonly referred to "Classic Comics") of Gilberton Publications (1942-1967). These previously have been for free online, but (insofar as I know) some genius came up with the great idea of yanking them (unfortunately.) But if you don't have these, you can still obtain them in the original paper format or on CD/DVD on ebay, and well worth the buying.

For old comics for free, the best place I know of is Comic Book + at:

<https://comicbookplus.com/>

I especially enjoy the supernatural related comics there, such as "Adventures into the Unknown," and there are several others. Not always, but occasionally these contain some very clever and imaginative elements, plot conceptions, ideas and that, at least with a little (or more) modification and adjustment, would make excellent bases for written short stories (i.e., in non-illustrated, non-pictorial prose.)

Recently then, I collected a few of these that I thought among the best, and put them together in a single .cbr file. For any possibly interested, you can download the same at:

[https://drive.google.com/file/d/1pMgQRY\\_rRgjdrN8rE3gAltPnHlIB9bYv/view?usp=sharing](https://drive.google.com/file/d/1pMgQRY_rRgjdrN8rE3gAltPnHlIB9bYv/view?usp=sharing)

If you don't already have a comic book reader program, one worth recommending is CDisplay; to be had at:

<https://www.cdisplayex.com/>

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File Contents (in more proper issue and chronological order):

- \* Adventures into the Unknown, Fall Issue 1948, "The Living Ghost"
- \* Adventures into the Unknown, Dec-Jan 1948, "Out of the Unknown"
- \* Adventures into the Unknown, Oct-Nov 1950, "A Night in Black Knoll"
- \* Forbidden Worlds, Jan-Feb. 1951-52, "House of Horror"
- \* Out of the Night, Sept. 1953, "The Spectral Bride"

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[Posted on Face Book]

I heard Anton Dvorak's "Humoresque" on KING FM 98.1 this morning, but mistakenly thought it was Ethelbert Nevin's "Narcissus." I stand corrected.

Here then is THAT.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IDPIuV-wOvE>

["Nevin Narcissus (Victor Concert Orchestra, 1928)"]

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[Posted at the Lee's Legion page on Face Book]

#### TOBIAS SMOLLETT'S PREDICTION

The following is taken from *Smollett: His Life and a Selection from His Writings* (1867), pp. 218-221, by Robert Chambers. Although some scholars question whether Tobias Smollett actually wrote it, one argument for example being that the original letter does not exist; the style of speaking, on the other hand, is not unlike that author's, including his characteristically summarizing broad and wide-ranging topics in one fell swoop. That said, we admittedly don't know for sure of its being his. Yet even if written by someone else in 1795, the observations contained here are frequently no little remarkable and occasionally even prophetic for that year.

For a .pdf download of this same, see:

[https://drive.google.com/file/d/1KK6XzDLik6xc1XfydiSRfGSg\\_TCb-6v4/view?usp=sharing](https://drive.google.com/file/d/1KK6XzDLik6xc1XfydiSRfGSg_TCb-6v4/view?usp=sharing)

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Therefore, let those who destroy their own souls and the souls of others learn what an inextinguishable crime they commit; in the first place, because they cause their own death by serving most abandoned demons, whom God has condemned to everlasting punishments; in the next place, because they do not permit God to be worshipped by others, but endeavour to turn men aside to deadly rites, and strive with the greatest diligence that no life may be without injury on earth, which looks to heaven with its condition secured. What else shall I call them but miserable men, who obey the instigations of their own plunderers, whom they think to be gods? Of whom they neither know the condition, nor origin, nor names, nor nature; but, clinging to the persuasion of the people, they willingly err, and favour their own folly. And if you should ask them the grounds of their persuasion, they can assign none, but have recourse to the judgment of their ancestors, saying that they were wise, that they approved them, that they knew what was best; and thus they deprive themselves of all power of perception: they bid adieu to reason, while they place confidence in the errors of others. Thus, involved in ignorance of all things, they neither know themselves nor their gods. And would to heaven that they had been willing to err by themselves, and to be unwise by themselves! But they hurry away others also to be companions of their evil, as though they were about to derive comfort from the destruction of many. But this very ignorance causes them to be so cruel in persecuting the wise; and they pretend that they are promoting their welfare, that they wish to recall them to a good mind.

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book V, ch. 20\)](#)

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[Posted on Face Book]

The rodeo comes to town, circa 1912.

Watch how a dog wandering the streets reacts at :17 seconds in (bottom middle right of screen).

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=j91c7gTjDmY>

["The War Bonnet Round-Up (1912) Independent Film Exchange [excerpts]"]

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[Posted on Face Book]

See: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=I_lvaS6Omr0

["Bobby Darin - More (Audio)"]

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Though, therefore, in lowliness of mind we are on an equality, the free with slaves, and the rich with the poor, nevertheless in the sight of God we are distinguished by virtue. And every one is more elevated in proportion to his greater justice. For if it is justice for a man to put himself on a level even with those of lower rank, although he excels in this very thing, that he made himself equal to his inferiors; yet if he has conducted himself not only as an equal, but even as an inferior, he will plainly obtain a much higher rank of dignity in the judgment of God. For assuredly, since all things in this temporal life are frail and liable to decay, men both prefer themselves to others, and contend about dignity; than which nothing is more foul, nothing more arrogant, nothing more removed from the conduct of a wise man: for these earthly things are altogether opposed to heavenly things. For as the wisdom of men is the greatest foolishness with God, and foolishness is (as I have shown) the greatest wisdom; so he is low and abject in the sight of God who shall have been conspicuous and elevated on earth. For, not to mention that these present earthly goods to which great honour is paid are contrary to virtue, and enervate the vigour of the mind, what nobility, I pray, can be so firm, what resources, what power, since God is able to make kings themselves even lower than the lowest? And therefore God has consulted our interest in placing this in particular among the divine precepts: "He that exalts himself shall be abased; and he that humbles himself shall be exalted." And the wholesomeness of this precept teaches that he who shall simply place himself on a level with other men, and carry himself with humility, is esteemed excellent and illustrious in the sight of God. For the sentiment is not false which is brought forward in Euripides to this effect:—

"The things which are here considered evil are esteemed good in heaven."

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book V, ch. 16\)](#)

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[Posted at the Lee's Legion page on Face Book]

In posting here this past week the link to *THE PORT FOLIO*, 1802-1827 webpage put together and to be found at:

https://archive.org/details/001-the-port-folio_1802-1827

I did not then mention what a potential gold mine this magazine does or may possess for those willing to do the necessary, and perhaps in many instances laborious, digging. So much depends on and in what one's interests lie; such as with respect to contemporary history (that was then news); cultural and philosophical reflections found in say, humor or poetry or essays; scientific and technological advancements of the time regarding diverse areas of possible inquiry. One thing I myself particularly like when browsing thru these issues is that I find myself taking in the elegant spirit of the 18th and early 19th century as expressed and realized in Dennie and the *Port Folio's* various writers and contributors. In fact, and in its way, the experience is not unlike getting drunk without quite being aware that that is what you are doing: such, at any rate, is the effect steeping oneself in it can have: at least to certain or especially sensitive and reflecting souls.

Just to give you one example: in the *Port Folio* for June 19, 1802 in the "Selected Poetry" section is a poem by hitherto unknown by me Irish author John Cunningham (1729-1773). I will quote this in full, though with the caveat, the poem itself is (many will find) inordinately long for an ode, and its true beauty rather is to be found in individual stanzas, but which you merely need to cherry-pick to get at.

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SELECTED POETRY.

[The muse of Cunningham has sung sweetly, and with no borrowed strain, in pastoral . He has, with rare felicity, blended sentiment with description, in one of the tritest themes of poesy. The ensuing verses, it is believed , were never republished in any American miscellany. They combine moral thoughts, and varied imagery. The picture of the moon, in the sixth stanza, and of the "pendent poppies," in the sixteenth is very charming.]

CONTEMPLATIST, The: A Night Piece

The queen of Contemplation, Night,
Begins her balmy reign;
Advancing in their varied light
Her silver-vested train.

'Tis strange, the many-marshal'd stars,
That ride yon sacred round,
Should keep, among their rapid cars,
A silence so profound!

A kind, a philosophic calm,
The cool creation wears!
And what Day drank of dewy balm,
The gentle Night repairs.

Behind their leafy curtains hid,
The feather'd race how still!
How quiet now the gamesome kid,
That gambol'd round the hill!

The sweets, that bending o'er their banks,
From sultry day declin'd,
Revive in little velvet ranks,
And scent the western wind.

The moon, preceded by the breeze
That bade the clouds retire,
Appears, amongst the tufted trees,
A phoenix-nest on fire.

But soft — the golden glow subsides!
Her chariot mounts on high!
And now, in silver'd pomp, she rides
Pale regent of the sky!

Where Time, upon the wither'd tree
Hath carv'd the moral chair,
I sit, from busy passions free,
And breathe the placid air.

The wither'd tree was once in prime;
Its branches brav'd the sky!
Thus, at the touch of ruthless Time,
Shall youth and vigour die.

I'm lifted to the blue expanse:
It glows serenely gay!
Come, Science, by my side, advance,
We'll search the milky-way.

Let us descend — The daring flight
Fatigues my feeble mind;
And Science, in the maze of light,
Is impotent and blind.

What are those wild, those wandering fires,
That o'er the moorland ran? —
Vapours. — How like the vague desires
That cheat the heart of Man!

But there's a friendly guide! — a flame,
That lambent o'er its bed,
Enlivens, with a gladsome beam,
The hermit's osier shed.

Among the russet shades of night,
It glances from afar!
And darts along the dusk, so bright,
It seems a silver star!

In coverts, (where the few frequent)
If Virtue deigns to dwell,
'Tis thus, the little lamp, Content,
Gives lustre to her cell.

How smooth that rapid river slides,
Progressive to the deep!
The poppies, pendent o'er its sides,
Have charm'd the waves to sleep.

Pleasure's intoxicated sons!
Ye indolent! ye gay!
Reflect — for, as the river runs,
Life wings its trackless way.

That branching grove of dusky green
Conceals the azure sky;
Save where a starry space, between,
Relieves the darken'd eye.

Old Error, thus, with shades impure,
Throws sacred Truth behind:
Yet sometimes, through the deep obscure,
She bursts upon the mind.

Sleep, and her sister Silence reign;
They lock the shepherd's fold:
But hark — I hear a lamb complain,
'Tis lost upon the wold!

To savage herds, that hunt for prey,
An unresisting prize!
For having trod a devious way,
The little rambler dies.

As luckless is the Virgin's lot,
Whom pleasure once misguides;
When hurried from the halcyon cot,
Where Innocence presides — —

The passions, a relentless train!
To tear the victim run:
She seeks the paths of peace in vain,
Is conquer'd — and undone.

How bright the little insects blaze,
Where willows shade the way,
As proud as if their painted rays
Could emulate the day!

'Tis thus, the pigmy sons of power
Advance their vain parade!
Thus, glitter in the darken'd hour,
And like the glow-worms fade!

The soft serenity of night,
Ungentle clouds deform!
The silver host, that shone so bright,
Is hid behind a storm!

The angry elements engage!
An oak, (an ivied bower!)
Repels the rough wind's noisy rage,
And shields me from the shower.

The rancour, thus, of rushing Fate.
I've learnt to render vain:
For whilst Integrity's her seat,
The soul will sit serene.

A raven, from some greedy vault,
Amidst that cloister'd gloom,
Bids me, and 'tis a solemn thought!
Reflect upon the tomb.

The tomb! — The consecrated dome!
The temple rais'd to Peace!
The port, that to its friendly home
Compels the human race!

Yon village, to the moral mind,
A solemn aspect wears;
Where sleep hath lull'd the labour'd hind,
And kill'd his daily cares:

'Tis but the church-yard of the Night;
An emblematic bed!
That offers to the mental sight.
The temporary dead.

From hence, I'll penetrate, in thought,
The grave's unmeasur'd deep;
And tutor'd, hence, be timely taught
To meet my final sleep.

Tis peace — the little chaos past!
The gracious moon restor'd!
A breeze succeeds the frightful blast,
That through the forest roar'd!

The nightingale, a welcome guest!
Renews her gentle strains;
And Hope, just wandering from my breast,
Her wonted seat regains.

Yes — When yon lucid orb is dark,
And darting from on high;
My soul, a more celestial spark,
Shall keep her native sky.

Fann'd by the light — the lenient breeze,
My limbs refreshment find;
And moral rhapsodies, like these,
Give vigour to the mind.

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[Posted on Face book]

As (to be of course expected) time passes....Brook Robinson this past September. Now (as I just learned) Bud Harrelson a little over a week ago. Oh well, we still have Willie Mays. 😊

See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=T\\_Zyh4atvQw](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=T_Zyh4atvQw)

["New York Mets Players Sing "You Gotta Have Heart" on The Ed Sullivan Show"]

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Therefore, since those two fountains of justice are changed, all virtue and all truth are taken away, and justice itself returns to heaven. And on this account the true good was not discovered by philosophers, because they were ignorant both of its origin [i.e., heaven] and effects: which has been revealed to no others but to our people. Some one will say, Are there not among you some poor, and others rich; some servants, and others masters? Is there not some difference between individuals? There is none; nor is there any other cause why we mutually bestow upon each other the name of brethren, except that we believe ourselves to be equal. For since we measure all human things not by the body, but by the spirit, although the condition of bodies is different, yet we have no servants, but we both regard and speak of them as brothers in spirit, in religion as fellow-servants. Riches also do not render men illustrious, except that they are able to make them more conspicuous by good works. For men are rich, not because they possess riches, but because they employ them on works of justice; and they who seem to be poor, on this account are rich, because they are not in want, and desire nothing. ~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book V, ch. 16\)](#)

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*Very briefly* (that is, in passing and before I forget.)

These people, their group, is like an extravagant airplane that has a sports bar, swimming pool, and tennis court, only it can't fly.

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Upon my closer considering them, virtual reality headsets are, in my opinion, extremely dangerous and potentially toxic for the heart and spirit; though as someone who likes certain combat flight simulators, I think something like track IR is ok.

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Although not so much now the huge fan I was back in the day, and allowing for some cutting and trimming, there is no denying the Doors often came out with some most impressive and excellent music. Yet the thing you have to think about when it comes to Jim Morrison himself is this. Whether during and or at the end of the day, was he more slave or more free and independent?

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There is indeed false and misguided Christianity, and in that sense Nietzsche was right. But, and needless to say, such does not apply to true Christianity and which is necessarily imbued with the Holy Spirit: the spirit of selfless love and honest (rational) truth.

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[Posted at the Lee's Legion page on Face Book]

This past week I have been busy compiling all the issues I could find of Joseph Dennie's (1768-1812) Philadelphia magazine *The Port Folio*; which ran from 1802 to 1827, and have uploaded them to archive.org. I did something like this in past years with the difference being that these are now placed together on one webpage (rather than individual issues on separate archive.org pages); with many new additions we didn't have previously. The main page itself is at:

https://archive.org/details/001-the-port-folio_1802-1827

While for an itemized list of .pdf uploads, see:

https://archive.org/download/001-the-port-folio_1802-1827

ISSUES STILL REMAINING TO BE ADDED ARE:

- * 1802 vol 1
- * 1803 vols 1 & 2
- * 1816 vol 2
- * 1825 vol 2
- * 1826 vol 1
- * 1827 vol 1

If anyone by chance has copies in .pdf of these or know where they can be had, please write me.

For those who don't already know about Dennie, and who in his relatively brief lifespan actively sought to improve American culture in the arts and sciences through his periodical, and that in its earliest years also had a pronouncedly anti-Jeffersonian stance, I did a piece on him a while back, available at: <http://www.gunjones.com/Joseph-Dennie.pdf>

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[Posted on Face Book]

Although you can follow the score (if you care to), nothing otherwise to watch here --- for listening only.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YDk2RUaoEJQ>

["Ravel's "La Valse" - Audio + Sheet Music" - Charles Munch cond, Boston Symphony Orchestra from 1959]

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The title says it all (though pardon the video for playing the song twice.)

Meanwhile, how do you like that? Police just recently found detonation devices by means of which Matthew Perry intended to blow up fellow "Friends" cast members in their cars.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=17-99tX8sjc>

["Steve Reeves is legendary Sandokan" silent clips of Reeves as Sandokan with popular song of that name filling in as sound.]

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...But if God only were worshipped, there would not be dissensions and wars, since men would know that they are the sons of one God; and, therefore, among those who were connected by the sacred and inviolable bond of divine relationship, there would be no plottings, inasmuch as they would know what kind of punishments God prepared for the destroyers of souls, who sees through secret crimes, and even the very thoughts themselves. There would be no frauds or plunderings if they had learned, through the instruction of God, to be content with that which was their own, though little, so that they might prefer solid and eternal things to those which are frail and perishable. There would be no adulteries, and debaucheries, and prostitution of women, if it were known to all, that whatever is sought beyond the desire of procreation is condemned by God. Nor would necessity compel a woman to dishonour her modesty, to

seek for herself a most disgraceful mode of sustenance; since the males also would restrain their lust, and the pious and religious contributions of the rich would succour the destitute. There would not, therefore, as I have said, be these evils on the earth, if there were by common consent a general observance of the law of God, if those things were done by all which our people alone perform. How happy and how golden would be the condition of human affairs, if throughout the world gentleness, and piety, and peace, and innocence, and equity, and temperance, and faith, took up their abode! In short, there would be no need of so many and varying laws to rule men, since the law of God alone would be sufficient for perfect innocence; nor would there be any need of prisons, or the swords of rulers, or the terror of punishments, since the wholesomeness of the divine precepts infused into the breasts of men would of itself instruct them to works of justice. But now men are wicked through ignorance of what is right and good. And this, indeed, Cicero saw; for, discoursing on the subject of the laws, he says: "As the world, with all its parts agreeing with one another, coheres and depends upon one and the same nature, so all men, being naturally confused among themselves, disagree through depravity; nor do they understand that they are related by blood, and that they are all subject to one and the same guardianship: for if this were kept in mind, assuredly men would live the life of gods." Therefore the unjust and impious worship of the gods has introduced all the evils by which mankind in turn destroy one another. For they could not retain their piety, who, as prodigal and rebellious children, had renounced the authority of God, the common parent of all.

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book V, ch. 8\)](#)

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[Posted on Face Book]

While we continue to patiently wait for someone to finally put moviedom out of its LONG lingering death throes, we can always turn to YouTube to catch old and very old films actually worth watching. Now here's one's such, and as well another of those that tells the real truth behind today's headlines. [click "CC" to get the onscreen English translation.]

See: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IQV96\\_is9eQ](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IQV96_is9eQ)

["Vampyr 1932 Carl Theodor Dreyer Sub Eng and Thai HD"]

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...For if the right of defending themselves is given to sacrilegious persons, and to traitors and sorcerers, and if it is lawful for no one to be condemned beforehand, his cause being as yet untried, we do not appear to ask unjustly, that if there shall be any one who shall have fallen upon this subject, if he shall read it, he read it throughout; if he shall hear it, that he put off the forming of an opinion until the end. But I know the obstinacy of men; we shall never succeed in obtaining this. For they fear lest they should be overcome by us, and be compelled at length to yield, truth itself crying out. They interrupt, therefore, and make hindrances, that they may not hear; and close their eyes, that they may not see the light which we present to them. Wherefore they themselves plainly show their distrust in their own abandoned system, since they neither venture to investigate, nor to engage with us, because they know that they are easily overpowered. And therefore, discussion being taken away,

“Wisdom is driven from among them, they have recourse to violence,”

as Ennius says; and because they eagerly endeavour to condemn as guilty those whom they plainly know to be innocent, they are unwilling to be agreed respecting innocence itself; as though, in truth, it were a greater injustice to have condemned innocence, when proved to be such, than unheard. But, as I said, they are afraid lest, if they should hear, they should be unable to condemn.

And therefore they torture, put to death, and banish the worshippers of the Most High God, that is, the righteous; nor are they, who so vehemently hate, themselves able to assign the causes of their hatred. Because they are themselves in error, they are angry with those who follow the path of truth; and when they are able to correct themselves, they greatly increase their errors by cruel deeds, they are stained with the blood of the innocent, and they tear away with violence souls dedicated to God from the lacerated bodies. Such are the men with whom we now endeavour to engage and to dispute: these are the men whom we would lead away from a foolish persuasion to the truth, men who would more readily drink blood than imbibe the words of the righteous...

And on this account I wished to connect wisdom with religion, that that vain system may not at all injure the studious; so that now the knowledge of literature may not only be of no injury to religion and righteousness, but may even be of the greatest profit, if he who has learned it should be more instructed in virtues and wiser in truth.

~ Lactantius (c. 250–c. 325), [Divine Institutes \(Book V, ch. 1\)](#)

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Some may find this of interest: a series of interviews (and more) with Marianne Foyster.

See: <http://www.borlevrectory.com/willnotdie/ghosts5.htm>

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[Posted on Face Book]

For all the jivin' Jacks and Jills out there.

(My own mother was about 15 years old at the time this movie came out.)

See: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z6_YIOUnN24

["Peggy Ryan in Rare Tap Solo" - from "Here Come the Co-eds" (1945)]

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*SOME (RANDOM) THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR*

The foremost tragedy of life is that the vainly proud murder happiness and honest truth in order than they may sit in a position of eminent and governing power. The second is only knowing too late whatever it was that needed to be done to prevent this.

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When the world scorns true happiness, take happiness for your own; for it is yours as long as you are devoted and loyal to faith, courage, charity and honest truth.

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One can't sustain fear for all that long, anymore than say, and for example, one can sustain an appetite for a certain kind of food. Sooner or later (and depending to some extent on your disposition), and like most anything else, it gets old, and loses its power over you.

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As often as not, the more ordinary pains (as opposed to violent injuries or illnesses) we suffer in the course of life are merely the result of compound fatigue; so that the more injuries or defects there are that incapacitate us, the more tiring and therefore painful it is to do anything, including live.

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Because some one appropriates an identity (as, for instance, happens with religious or professional expertise of some kind), whether legitimately or otherwise, it by no means follows that they are its best representatives or expositors.

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The more one is given to breaking the rules, most especially fundamental rules of honest rational thought and morality, the more confused a person will most certainly become.

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If the soul is immortal, then honor among thieves is at best only a temporary state of things.

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The mind, no matter how brilliant, is not unlike a flashlight and that can only illuminate so much of what goes on around us; whether past or present. And if anyone seems more bright than they truly are, this is owing to a relative measure based on the persons, whether present or remembered, that they can be compared to. God alone can comprehend or digest totality.

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[Posted on Face Book]

Nice performance, but the surprise combination of Lesley Gore and this Michel Legrand hit made me laugh.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zkqKhxgYhSU>

["Lesley Gore I Will Wait for You" - Hullabaloo 1966, Umbrellas of Cherbourg theme]

One more time...!

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wdtWQUA3pR0>

["Come On" -- Chuck Berry, original version]

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[or621]