

In answer to your question, I will tell you a little story: In the southern part of the country, when the space was open and when there were still people to share things with, I lived in a farmhouse with my grandmother. Often I would step outside and onto the road beside my grandmother's cottage to greet the shepherds returning with their sheep to the village. Grandmother had a fine house just outside the village, near the main road. One day I strode along the road and may have wandered off too far. I came across a policeman who did not recognize me. But I am my grandmother's grandson and I have lived in the village my whole life, I told the policeman. The question I should have asked was, who are you?

Following my question, the policeman asks if he can take me home. At this point, he believes that I am lost. The road is near my grandmother's cottage outside a village. I feel the anger and indignation swell inside me. My grandmother was one of the finest people the village had ever known.

And if this is to be a story set in contemporary times, and if this is ever to amount to anything at all, there has to be a connection with what is going on in the world today. I look at my watch and I realize that winding it is a mistake. I have to live exclusively in the past if I am to excel today—dig some fine old gems out of my suitcase.

But I may have answered irresponsibly. The policeman took me by the hand and carried me all the way back to my grandmother's cottage. I am reminded of the famous ghost story of the hunter, I believe it's a hunter, who returns home after having been missing for some significant length of time. There is a great front window that opens directly to the living room of the family house, and when the hunter finally returns home, he steps into the house through the big front window.

As an example, I wish to show you my house. It is a beautiful house, set high on a hill, and there are various reasons I live in this house. The house has faulty wiring, and yet we are able to keep lamps lit at night, in the old-fashioned manner. I remember when I first heard the saying that a house divided upon itself will fall. There are crows on the wires outside of my house, and when I was a boy I used to try and talk to them. There are other reasons I live in my house, but these reasons escape me at the moment. And if I were again given the opportunity to lecture on the subject, I would have to affirm that there are many ways of viewing things. I would have to answer the questions and be truthful and admit that all things are political, in the best sense of the word. There are, in fact, no constraints here, and there is nothing more than meaninglessness. The person with half a brain makes the best subject, I'm afraid. Am I forgetting to mention that there was a house nestled at the foot of a beautiful mountain where I spent my summers. Idyllic summers with my grandmother. My grandmother owned a lovely cottage by a lake, not far from a village. It was in this cottage that I learned most of what I still know today, what

I still believe to be true today. It was in this house, sitting by candlelight as my grandmother told me stories, that I became the person I was to become. One day, as I was taking a long and healthful walk along the road near my grandmother's cottage, a policeman suddenly appeared. The policeman, seeing a young boy alone, was immediately concerned for my well-being. The policeman took me by the hand and asked me my name and where I'd come from. I'd grown up in the village, and this exchange with the policeman came as an almost complete surprise. After all, I was one of the sons of the village, later to become a relatively prominent figure. Fascinated by these mountain paths, I spent the better part of my youth walking and reflecting on the stories my grandmother told me. It was a kind of education. The best education of all, perhaps. My grandmother's stories during the evening and then my repeating them to myself over and over again on my walks during the day.

Of course, the explanation is, thus far, insufficient. Let me explain. There were stars in the sky, or black marks. There was never enough in the way of vague answers to the more complicated questions. And when he dreamed. It was important for him to remember that physical exercise was merely a way of keeping his body fit, healthy, and trim. He'd tried to keep a written record of his dreams, a sort of dream journal, on more than one occasion. And, as a result, he had enjoyed a fair amount of notoriety up to that point in his life. It was spring and it was raining. The explanation was startling, of course. But what in the world had there ever been for people in the first place? The ground dried rapidly in the morning sun. He'd tried to keep a written record of his dreams, a sort of dream journal, on more than one occasion. Perhaps the answer was his pen. Perhaps he'd needed to purchase a better, or different, style of pen. He had been raised single-handedly by his grandmother. His grandmother lived in a mountain cottage, not far from a lake. The road outside his grandmother's cottage led to the village in one direction and to the edge of the forest in the other direction. He had lived in

the village his whole life. It was summer and he would often take long and healthful walks along the road that ran past his grandmother's house. The road was very pretty. There were plants and trees and shrubs, and, depending on the time of year, a variety of wildflowers. Indeed, the road looked very pretty in the early morning mist. One day, the boy walked farther along the road than he'd ever walked before. His grandmother had forbidden him to enter the forest alone. By now, the boy could see the edge of the forest from where he stood. The boy sat on a hollowed-out log on the roadside and rested. He buried his face in his hands. Suddenly a policeman emerged from the forest. The policeman approached the boy. The policeman asked the boy if he was lost. The policeman asked the boy his name and where he'd come from. At first the boy was relieved, and then he was angry. His grandmother was one of the finest people the village had ever known. He himself would grow up and become a relatively prominent figure. He would, in fact, give the village its first measure of notoriety. How could the policeman not know who he would grow up to become.