The Bettys were busy producing “How to BAP” manuals for BAD Party rallies. Indebted to Fluxus scores, they assembled redemptive tasks on notecards, copping a few from Ono and Brecht. Occupied with the concept of doing it from the middle they splayed in all directions.

Bob, as often the case, was riding another vector. When young he, like many hippies and lefties of his gen, read the Suzuki’s, D.T and Shunryu. John Cage famously helped make D.T.’s translations popular among artists. Shunryu was too severe for Bob’s tempestuous lifestyle but he was struck by the very first sentence in Zen Mind, Beginner’s Mind:

> Beginner’s mind – “In the beginner’s mind there are many possibilities, but in the expert’s there are few.”

Some small thoughts stick with one a lifetime and this was another one of those ideas Bob could never shake. Perhaps because it tapped a tendency so affectively. Perhaps it was a validation of amateurism he required to continue continuing. It’s not that he sucked at closure per se though admittedly, he did. He wasn’t even sure if he could distinguish a being in the middle from a beginning. Ontogenetic force is not exactly straightforward.
He was careful not to let this simple statement redress his many unfortunate leaps into unknown territory. His near drownings in tsunami turbulence. His stupid questions. His stammering answers. But it gave him some solace over the years when he met this thought with good meditative posture and breathing. He was down with beginner’s mind even as it zigzagged its way to a detour.

He remembered sharing the studio with Cyan Betty on a rainy Saturday some time ago. He recalled their obtuse chitchat. An argument over grammatical articles. Over “as” and “thes.” How to think of Red’s singular adventure as “a life?” CB stated with muted conviction: “So Deleuze is the culprit behind le milieu, the becoming of the middle that’s been so influential. He’s the guy proposing, at his mortal end mind you, the Zed shape of the French nose, the zigzag of the fly’s flight path, the zzz of Zen as a way to think/feel.” “Yeah?” Bob responded dully. “But he fell, or jumped, didn’t he? Straight down.” “Uh, yeah, right” CB answered, adding, “But surely he immanently transcended.”