

# PHILOSOPHIC FLIGHTS OF POETIC FANCY



John O'Loughlin

# **PHILOSOPHIC FLIGHTS OF POETIC FANCY**

A Substantive Collection of Revised and Reformatted  
Weblogs by

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Of Centretruths Digital Media

CDM Philosophy

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# CONTENTS

## *WEBLOGS 1 – 10*

My Rock Music Impossible  
Who or What is My Brother?  
    Art of the Sky  
    Nature of the Sky  
    Human Beings?  
My Philosophical Use of the terms 'Primal'  
and 'Supreme' in Gender Context  
    Existentialist Dismay  
    Opposing Tyranny  
Liberty from Autocratic Tyranny  
    Clouds

## *WEBLOGS 11 – 20*

    God in Heaven  
    Literary Apologia  
Distinguishing Global Music from Western and/or  
    Eastern Music  
    Women and Children  
    Poetic vis-à-vis Philosophic Thought  
More Poetic Philosopher than Philosophic Poet  
    Hope and Fear in Elemental Perspective  
    Concrete Basis of War  
    Witness to a Heaving Sky  
    Nature at War with Itself

*WEBLOGS 21 – 30*

Celestial Dichotomies  
Clouds Reflecting Icebergs  
An Analogical Take on Hoods and Umbrellas  
War and Peace as Alpha and Omega  
Fancies and Observations  
Artist and People  
Sky and Clouds  
A Typical English Day  
A Typical English Summer  
An Honourable Atheism

*WEBLOGS 31 – 40*

Behind or Beyond the Sky?  
Imaginative Perception of Cloud Predation  
Body-building debases the Mind  
Worldly Success  
The Weaker Sex?  
Hammer and Anvil  
Suffering for One's Art  
The Presumption of Beauty  
Their Euphemistic Jungle  
The Beatles and the Rolling Stones

*WEBLOGS 41 – 50*

On the Slide

Man's Creation  
The so-called 'Fall of Man' is really the 'Fall of Woman'  
Musical Politics  
Panic in the Trees  
Declining into Night  
Devil's Work  
Solace of Dreams  
The Prying Eyes of Stars  
I achieve Heaven by rejecting Hell

*WEBLOGS 51 – 60*

The Last Laugh  
One of those Perfect Days  
The Nature of Gender Struggles in a Dialectical World  
Gender Contrasts in Devolutionary  
and Evolutionary Perspective  
Orange and Green  
Lies  
Living in a kind of Limbo  
Unbalanced  
Superlatives and Comparatives  
German in Perspective

*WEBLOGS 61 – 70*

World War Two Leaders and/or Rulers  
Confession  
Bar Talk

Fighting the 'True Fight'  
Iron Maiden  
The Lie of God  
What is Life?  
How I Write  
The Republic of Ireland  
Seasons and pseudo-Seasons in Axial Perspective

*WEBLOGS 71 – 80*

I'm a Blogger, not a Logger  
Thinkers and Writers  
Success and Failure in Class Perspective  
Charm of the Country  
An Apparent Contradiction in Terms  
The Basic Cause of my Intellectual Genius  
Flattery  
A Lesson in History  
The Unseen Artist  
Multitude and Solitude in Antithetical Perspective

*WEBLOGS 81 – 90*

Lost in the Cloud  
Erroneous Partialities of the Judeo-Christian Tradition  
Stupid Songs  
Freedom  
Michael Schenker  
Nothing Novel about Novels

The Enemy of Truth  
When Evil is not Recognized  
The Nature of Classical Music  
The Symphonic Status of Brahms

*WEBLOGS 91 – 93*

Young and Old in Opposite Directions  
The Jewish God  
Jesus Christ Superstar?

BIOGRAPHICAL FOOTNOTE

## *WEBLOGS 1 – 10*

### MY ROCK MUSIC IMPOSSIBLES

WHITESNAKE: Despite some good music, this band is so lyrically obsessed by sex and love and women as to be, for me, insufferable. I like one or two of their songs, but that's about it. This is commercial rock at or near its worst, and I always end-up cringing when I make the mistake of listening to them.

THIN LIZZY: Hate the name, which references a female of, presumably, slender build. Used to like a number of their songs, but these days I would simply feel embarrass-ed listening to them. So I don't.

YES: Jon Anderson, that romantic, sun-obsessed false prophet with a high-pitched voice that occasionally resembles a histrionic female, never quite male, somewhat boyish and even effeminate. Given a choice between Coverdale and Anderson, I think I'd opt for the former, even given my aforementioned reservations regarding Whitesnake. Quite apart from some other factors unrelated to Anderson, like pretentious disjointed music, a definite No to Yes.

NEIL YOUNG: Another of those rock musicians with a womanish voice that can sound a little too high-pitched at times, Neil Young nevertheless has an evident genius



for complex guitar harmonies and precise tonalities that doesn't prevent much of his music from being grossly overblown in concert (though that may well be a kind of protest against the constraints of studio recordings). All in all, one of the more pronounced long-haired rock sons-of-bitches who never or rarely lets-up on the romantic front – a devotee of frigging love! Oh, for a bit of Stephen Stills angst!

ROGER WATERS: Politically pompous and lyrically pretentious English rock musician who, despite his musical limitations and limited vocal range, has produced, with *The Wall*, probably the best rock opera since the Who's *Tommy*. But his musical eccentricities are, at times, too contrived to sound particularly interesting, and I hate it when he goes into vocal overdrive.

THE WHO: Despite their ridiculous name, The Who have always delivered above-average rock music that owes much to the genius of Pete Townshend, their electrifying guitarist and occasional keyboardist. Roger Daltry has a strong voice and an ability to handle original sophisticated lyrics that are not afraid of colloquialisms and is clearly a different kettle of rock fish from singers like David Coverdale and Robert Plant, altogether more manly and vocally rich. But The Who? What a name! It seems to fall short of actually being the name of a band, like Them and, who was it? ah yes, The 4 of Us, or something to that effect.

ROBERT PLANT: Always struck me as being a bit too effeminate and rather sold, like Jon Anderson, on the sun and love and romance generally. Just another rock sonofabitch whose high-pitched screeching does not preclude a lyrical and vocal sensitivity when he elects to escape from the straitjacket of Hard Rock and the Blues pretensions – virtually an English disease – of his early career.

THE NICE: Another band with a stupid name but, in their case, a really great sound, at least until David O'List left and they continued as a three-piece, a bit like The Doors post-Morrison. And look what happened to them! I can't say The Nice fared worse, but I expect Keith Emerson felt relieved when they broke up and he formed Emerson Lake and Palmer – a band with a name you can't argue with, even if their music sometimes sucks.

THE POLICE: Could never take a band seriously that had a name like that – so straight and unhippy-like as to be uncool from a freak standpoint. But then Sting is something of a freakish contrast, isn't it? Though not the kind of freakishness I could relate to and, despite some fine music from him, the name has never got the better of the music for me, but has always been a stumbling block to taking it seriously.

U2: Most of what was said above would be applicable to this in many ways excellent band who are just a bit too romantically over-the-top for my celibate taste.

FRANK ZAPPA: Probably the most ridiculous man in rock music after Captain Beefheart, Zappa's genius for the bizarre takes one to places no guitar or song had ever gone to before, which is probably just as well since most of them are the kind of places you wouldn't want to go to in the first place. Zappa's ridiculousness is on a par with Salvador Dali, whose so-called surreal art proved that being ridiculous and a genius were not necessarily incompatible; quite the contrary, pushed beyond a certain point genius becomes ridiculous, which is to say, meaninglessly absurd. Probably it would be truer to say that such men as Dali and Zappa, not to mention Warhol and Beefheart (Van Vliet), had a genius for the ridiculous, which some might interpret as a ridiculous order of genius. However, that which is ridiculous does not enhance music or art so much as debase it and render it ... subject to ridicule. Art that is not motivated by service of a higher cause or ideal soon cannibalistically self-destructs, thereby becoming ridiculous. This is the fate, inevitably, of art-for-art's-sake and Zappa, almost uniquely among rock musicians, has one foot in bourgeois decadence and the other in proletarian barbarism, neither 'fish nor fowl' but an amalgam of so-called 'classical' and rock that gives to his music an air of 'wolf-in-sheep's-clothing' that only contributes to its inherent absurdity from a rock standpoint. Zappa is ridiculous precisely because he subverts rock from the standpoint of classical decadence and thus detracts from its true nature as an expression of proletarian barbarity coupled, in pseudo-impressive terms, to pseudo-

philistinism, of which the song genre is the perfect illustration, if one can speak of perfection in relation to such an artistically imperfect medium.

## WHO OR WHAT IS MY BROTHER?

Who or what is my brother? Not in the obvious familial sense but in the religious or ideological sense of fellow in the cause of metaphysics, godliness, Heaven, true religion, universality, global transcendence, etc.

Let me be blunt. Only that male who wants to see the female bottled up, boxed in, neutralized (like the proverbial dragon), or otherwise rendered pseudo-metachemically subordinate and in no position to utilize an XX-chromosomal cosh, so to speak, at the male's soulful expense – only he, I repeat, is my brother in this higher sense. The rest, whether fools or fiends, are not 'brother' to me but opponents, directly (as fiends) or indirectly (as fools), of the brotherhood of man or, more correctly, of superman.

Normally men are not brothers because women come between them, making for worldly societies commensurate with mankind in general, which ever wars upon itself under female pressure based in the supernatural necessity of reproduction. But he who is not divided from his fellows by the female is, necessarily, a brother, and can be acknowledged and respected as such.

Therefore I have answered the question: 'Who or what is my brother?' to my metaphysical satisfaction. And my metaphysics, being contemporary, is not cosmic, natural, or human, but superhuman in terms of an orientation favouring the supermasculine at the subordinate expense of the pseudo-superfeminine within a universal context orientated towards cyborgization.

### ART OF THE SKY

He delighted in the abstractions of the sky – its pinks and greys, its clouds and haze set against a pale-blue backdrop, ever changing but slowly, almost imperceptibly, as though by sleight-of-hand, a truly magical spectacle in which man plays no part but which the human mind can contemplate with all the reverential absorption it would normally bestow upon a great canvas dedicated, in suitably impressive vein, to nonrepresentational abstraction.

Was it not the case that abstract art, when true, was really an art of the skies, ethereal and sublimely indifferent to the world of men below. Simply something to contemplate.

## NATURE OF THE SKY

We owe religion to the sky, not to space (the cosmos), which is the fount of science and therefore of fire as opposed to air.

The earth, on the other hand, torn between water and vegetation, is the crucible of both politics and economics.

Space is not beyond the sky but effectively behind it, like an anterior backdrop out of which gradually emerged the world, in both watery and vegetative terms, as preconditions of an airy sky that was the final thrust in natural evolution.

Even now the sky, largely comprised of oxygen, stands above and beyond the earth, and some would claim to see the face of God in sunlight as though in a parallel with candlelight from candle flame. I would not be of that persuasion, though it does appear as though the sky managed, in its airy flowering, to subsume the sun into itself, whether or not this is merely an optical illusion. But that is why the sun is simply 'the sun' and not just another star in the night sky, cosmically removed from the earth as something scientifically anterior rather than religiously posterior to it. One might say that whereas space is supernatural in terms of a kind of superfeminine (fiery) dominion, the sky is supernatural or, more correctly, supernatural, so to speak, in terms of a kind of supermasculine (airy) dominion. For the sky is more psychic than somatic.

Is there nothing, then, beyond the sky that would qualify for some kind of religious or ideological significance?

Assuredly there is, else religion would not be able to transcend Transcendental Meditation but would probably regress, for want of an alternative, to humanistic prayer or to naturalistic sex or to some kind of fundamentalist pipe- or dope-smoking regimen deriving less from clouds (of one kind or another) or rain than from, in all probability, the sun. I fancy that what lies beyond the sky, even though it be set in space, has less to do with the possibility of advanced alien civilizations (though that cannot be discounted) than with satellites and what is, hopefully, an embryonic form of the proverbial ‘Celestial City’ (Bunyan) and ‘Omega Point’ (de Chardin) – namely, the Space Station. For in transcending the earth, man also transcends the sky and heads on out into some kind of antithesis to the Cosmos, utilizing space to an end which may well prove to be more cyborgistic than humanistic and therefore the transcendence, ideologically, of religion as we know it. Not a matter of worship but, rather, of a new order of self-realization that will be more dependent on gaseous properties laced with various nutriments and stimulants than on anything else.