

Whadda We Gonna Do Wif Ahl Them Azzoles?

LOOKING FORWARD

A Necessary Preamble:

This writing does not take place within a vacuum; there exists a larger very real world into which it is cast, and within which it would hope to traffic; and persuade.

What one yearns for as a solitary entity, something intangible to be sure, but because the yearning exists, we are inclined to believe in its possibility (Contrast Freud statement in *Civ. and Its Disc.*). Solitary because that is where the yearning begins; within oneself. The question arises, 'How common a yearning?'. Is this something learned, or something Natural To Man (however latent appearing)?

And what is that yearning? To be couched in so simple a term as 'PEACE'? Peace further extended to make possible REPOSE. Repose further extended to permit an AWARENESS; that Awareness further extended to expand the possibilities of ones MEDITATIONS; Meditations upon the meaning of LIFE. Life; all inclusive; Birth to Death for all ALL FORMS of Life; ALL INCLUSIVE.

What generates an imperative nature to this preamble arises from the yearning in part; primarily granting it recognition as existing within the human labyrinth. But only in part. If one was to predict his future predicated on his past, the future indeed would appear not to offer much hope of realizing the fruition of the yearning, only in very little measure, perhaps amongst affined dedicated friends. To add more weight to this cautionary prediction, if one enters into the ledger consideration of the historical record (that time preceding ones existence) he can only amplify his disillusionment.

Is it then only an ILLUSION of which we write; a dream sheet? Or is it really possible to overcome the record of the past; more germanely, to overcome fate, human nature, dire prediction? Can we, as a species, and as a from of life, transcend that which comprises us, based upon what we have observed?

A key word: INTENT. What is our Intent? Intent linked to SENSITIVITY. Perhaps Sensitivity to PAIN giving rise to SYMAPTHY (perhaps implying PITY). It is the Terror of Pain for which we might exhibit Pity (Sympathy); stemming from our Sensitivity to what the OTHER feels; knowing empirically, full well, what the Other feels. The INTENT (our Intent) would make provision for this extension of our consciousness.

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The Solitary extended to the Other as an ACT OF COMPASSION. The other becomes us; EQUAL to us. If this were really part of man's nature; part of his make-up; part of his Consciousness, as though he Could Not ACT without extending Equal Consideration to the Other, then he could contravene the Fatalism, the Force of Circumstances, The Inevitability (Of Sigmund in above reference) harbored in and predicated by the record.

This writing could not take place without believing in some of what is implied in this preamble; believing that MAN is capable of doing the different thing; different than what a fatal record shows; Fatal to the belief. If belief must expire on the record, only cynicism and dire prediction can follow.

The tale that unfolds pretends to unmask the inevitable, and not belie the future.

The tale will have to wait; this available space will be used to store bullshit. Notes 5 & 6.

A Messianic Delivery

An obvious concern for us all - the doings of one SADDAM Hussein I cannot agree with George McGovern whom, in the past, I had looked to for some sage advice. He is willing to listen to a madman declare that the price for Kuwait's freedom is Israel's relinquishment of Gaza, and the West Bank, along with Syria's decampment in Lebanon. The killing of Kuwait citizens, the plundering of that nation, and its subsequent annexation have no relationship whatever to the involvements of other nations. George also mentioned the relinquishment of the Golan Heights when Syria has made no effort to make peace with Israel (I do not recall Saddam mentioning the Heights in his demands since he has his own private quarrel with Syria). Question eeeiss: Can you have a discussion with 850 tanks and 500 aeroplanes?

I do agree with George's sentiments regarding the whole region -the so-named Middle East; although, in reality, our interests are selfish ones; that is, ordinarily we would not be conversant with that region in terms of religious philosophy, in cultural practices, and in the general way of life. An Arab driving a Cadillac across the desert to imprecate Allah at the local mosque conjures a peculiar image; like a westerner riding a camel to his Sunday oblation. Albeit people are people, despite their religious and cultural (political) differences.

Madmen do arise amongst the throng; madmen must be restrained. I do not wish to diminish the importance of what George is saying and implying. We (all of us) could play a more constructive role in the mid-

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east. We could create forums wherein Israel (over whom it is presumed we have some influence) and the Arab nations discuss the resolution to the nexus of Palestinian(ism). A band of disenfranchised people wander the backalleys (backdunes) of the desert. Israel's removal would not abate the Arab world's restlessness. Israel is merely a focus; the Arab World has demonstrated it is not particularly interested in the disenfranchised wandering buggers (only in so much that they continue to harass Israel). In reality they are no more their brother's keeper than we are in the Christian West. Iran, Iraq, Syria, and even Egypt have proven to be belligerents; not to mention the more outlandish Libya. If it was not for the oil, obviously a reality that does involve all of us; if it were not for that fact alone, the Arab world would be a non-entity in world affairs. A mass of hungry and thirsty mankind hidden behind desert windstorms and veils, buried up to their morass in a stringent religious and cultural darkness (somehow trying very hard to avoid, yet succumbing in many ways toward, the emulation of the West).

Yes!, it is vital to our interests that the region does not emerge into a force that controls and dictates what happens on the rest of the planet. World Order is part of our heightened consciousness; World Order is in everyone's interest. Whether World Order can be perceived in terms of a Brotherhood may not be possible, for those very religious and cultural (political) differences (no one has a monopoly on what the freedom of thought will produce in the individual mind). We may have to settle for a World Order wherein some Nations will be required to suffer the dictates of others under the aegis of the United Nations. On a Planet where a burgeoning population strains the resources of the integument, we are all liable to suffer under some admonition.

SADDAM must be put in his place. Kuwait is not negotiable. UN Res.

The Arabs are in a better position to solve the nexus (The Palestinian Question) than Israel or the West. As an interjected probe into all of our brother's keeper piety, or lack thereof, whereof Ethiopia? Whereof South Africa? And so on?!

I suspect if all the Arabs (Moslems) got together they could settle Israel's hash in fairly short order, although plowing into a hornet's nest. Then what would the Arabs do for entertainment; certainly not visit the mosque. They could try to allay their own social ills, and their own tendency to feud amongst themselves, not unlike other nations whose mutual interests would appear to be more binding than their odd preferments and other idiosyncrasies. I think of Northern Ireland; I think Of Yugoslavia, Of Rumania, Of Hungary; where two-leggedness appears as regional affectedness. I'll forego mentioning those problems inherent to the North American Continent, which suffer as much if not more approbation because of their hypocritical projection upon the remaining planetary social order. And the Soviet UNION has proven to be a hard

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case. (Given enough time, and good will, Gorbachev might work through some of the hard parts.)

These local imbroglios harbor such potential for sowing planetary discord; we must find a swift manner in which to defuse and resolve them. After all is said and done, the business of conducting our daily lives; the obtaining of a livelihood, the maintenance of health, protection from the elements, tasks us enough. We are 'graced' when we are able to find the time to celebrate life, to partake of its amenities, its ordinary joys. By the same token the ordinary sorrows ought be enough for all, without being forced to suffer the aggressions and inconsideratenesses of one's fellow? man.

Don't misunderstand me; I think I know what motivates George. He believes lives are at stake in a deadly game; if you want to save lives you have to play the game. Besides you cannot reason with a madman. Appeasement! Buying time, waiting for him to err; waiting for his affected judgment to turn in our favor. The question is; has appeasement ever worked as a strategy? In SADDAM's Bedlam, George is a welcome ally; hail well met bedfellow (chamberperson). A natural balance between one who takes lives and one who saves them.

If George happened to be a Kuwaitie, or had happened to be an apprehended guest in that land, being told, "I'll set you free if.." one would be wearing another hat to bed. The initial intent of the madman was to gobble; not to negotiate for the West Bank, The Gaza Strip, and Lebanon. So one becomes an opportunist, even in a losing situation. The best defense is a good offense (offensive behavior).

All three of us are in a losing situation: SADDAM, George and I. SADDAM gets attention by holding the world at gunpoint; George gets interviewed on PBS as some kind of Mid-East exspurt; and I seize upon another opportunity in order to demonstrate the uselessness of the word being uttered by a nonentity (non-celebrity) (*tabula rasa*).

The World Stinks. Most Celebrities advocate some kind of deodorant for bad smells. Bomb Saddam with Deodorant; Of All The Nerve Gas.

The latest PBS Celebrity gathering unveiled two Nobles (Fried Man and Samuel Son), one other ignoble MITHoreau, and yon banker (Roth Man I think); all allll, hear me ye otherwise knowen as EEEconomists (mists). Its not so much what they said, as what they were there for. When The Mad Man gobbled Kuwait, natch the price of ERL jumped a double, especially in Texas. But also everywhere there was an opportunity; Kuwaities misfortune is another mans fortune; anyway, at the pump, Greed had set in in anticipation; a salivation had arisen amongst the whatever the market will bear folks until we were caveat emptier of pocket, lighter therefore to travel on foot rather than by other expensive means of transportation. Anyway much of this was

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reflected in ERL, but also in other financial institutions; the big sell off, perhaps to reinvest in what might soon become a war dividend (natch after people's was gettin used to thuh peace dividend). The Mists were not in total agreement; a couple thought the conomy could take it, while others felt the conomy could not take it. The coulds thought war was not in any bodys interest, whereas the could not thought war or peace hadn't made much difference to the conomy, but that war over there might break the fissuring bank.

If they had asked me I woulda tole em to bomb em with deodorant. But acoarse I aint no sellibriety, so they don't wont hear nuttin wot I'se have tuh say.

They're gonna hear it though aint they. Even if its in the next century and theys all daid; me too. If that aint a cryin' shame. Next Century; hayll thar aint gonna be none; tha SADDAM MADMAN ZZZ gonna erupt agin, maybe the next time all over the place, tearin everythin up like a wild pig. Nope OINK gonna be no next century. Everybodys headed for after rapture. After all this brief sojourn is meant only as a wretched little side trip.

UN Wrestlesolution 69 makes it pretty clear that war profiteering during the Mid-East crisis is A.O.K. - you know why HUH?, you know why!; 'cause they didn't even mention war profiteering; and 'cause Bush George is into ERL, an' he asked his frayend Dee Quayare if'n he kood fine a way uv' prolongin things unteel the market sorta settled up on ERL. Thats how Iraq bailed out Teyhah (That's mestizo for Texas), in case you wanted to know.

Somebody told me I would have nothing to write about if'n these guys would quit behaving like assholes; if I recall that were E.M. Cioran (he was the guy with the delicate mind that was always enlightening us about the divagations of us vagabonds.) We's a bunch of nomads, without porpoise. An' most everything wee do is contrary to are nature; i.e. we are really selfish brutal animals underneath; but somehow we got the scruples disease; or an infection of morality; therefore we are always writing our epitaph, .. er .. History; 'cause in fact we have never lived, only recorded our continuing failures. What we need to do is ferget History and begin to live like the rest of the creatures on the planet; returning to a State Of Nature (Noble Savages and all that). Only One Country - Earth Nature, obedient to Natural Law; We begin by chasing Prometheus outta heah, and burn the Ole TESTYMINT (and that dad-blamed new one; and the standard american revision).

Humor is worth evry cent you pay for it; but every body who is capable of laughing has a cash-flow problem. So I've gotta carry most of these yuks on the cuff. RCWD tries to laugh for free.

A sorta celebrity was brought aboard the PBS wagon train in the likes of Barbara Jordan; who wondered just what was 'our way of life'

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(defending) that was being threatened by MADMAN Hussein; she wanted some definitions. Of course Bush cant get into that one at this time. An they had another lady from Collarader who answered a question as though she were talking to her constituents rather than to the issue. PBS outta know that you aint goin tuh git answers, but rather political speeches; any way she got off'n the unanimity with the president and other congressional members kick pretty quick when the opportunity came along (Punt is the word).

Yesterday the madman let wimen and children go although he said when war comes his wimen and children would not be spared; so he's a good guy after all; WOULDN'T YOU SAY? Actually I think he raising the threshold for getting his own balls shot off (this is not a time for colorless language).

The five sided boys probably could use Ollie now, if'n he wasn't so preoccupied doing community service; its a good time to be doing community service; for the community is bound to be sorely neglected in this doozie over in the GULF (I can't imagine what kind of service he might perform; perhaps recycling shredding computer paper [with an humble contrite demeanor]). If Ollie's got any cash left after those lawyers got through wit him he oughta invest in the five sided gone; theys revisin their game plan upwards faster than the ERL profiteers. So Oily could really make a killin if he had some money. I wonder what Fawn, Donna, and Jessica are doing with their new-found riches. You already know I do not have much to say today.

5,000,000,000 (adjust as required) Assholes; that's a lot of toilet paper. Imagine a tolet paper crisis if you will. Imagine having to learn to walk again. Instead they invented the SUV so you could take it all with you.

I missed last night's news on PBS, (as well as Inspector Morse), but the night before they hadda guy from France who yousta write for Le Monde, and now served as something like the Franco Ambassador to Turkey. He thot that Saddam otta get his pretty quick, and with lots of humiliation, so he don't get no more notions. The commenter thot if Saddams little ploy is permitted to linger he will emerge as some kind of hero to the Arab woild 'cause he foild the foist woild. Can't hep it, thots the way dey tink. SO !!.

To The Rear: Harch! Imagine learning to have walk again. If you will, imagine a crisis of toilet paper. That's a lotta t.p.. Assholes: numbering FIVE BILLION !!!(adjust as needed)

Everyone ought ot have access to toilet paper. Freedom of toilet paper. Now there's something 850 tanks and 500 aeroplanes could see to; instead of the monopolization of ERL. If Ollie had to do community soivice, Saddam should hafta too; he could become the first emirate

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facilitator of toilet paper for the whole world. He would be filling a big gap (void) completely overlooked in the affairs of hominid kind. Uselessness.

You believe I am wasting my talents on crap. Perhaps. I have become more cynical with time. I cannot extol the virtues of loneliness. That is, I might conceive of poetry if mankind had taken the creation seriously. Instead mankind has revolved about its viscera. The headier parts of its enterprise has not availed the species. One is abandoned to his bitterness; or disenchantment, if you will. There is no other abode; and this one is overcrowded; mostly with cheap sentiment (not poetry). The creation has gone begging. So many instinctively hope, or wish for an afterlife based on something not experienced on this planet (without realizing of course that in a spiritual world one must leave the body behind, which means of course, all sensation will cease). The promised land of candy and ice cream cannot exist. I say 'instinctively' because within each one of us we somehow sense that we ain't gonna find what we are looking for on this planet - LOVE. The social environment

is not conducive; it is infertile; overused; cloying hominidity. The more homidity, the more disgust we all feel; the truth of the maxim bears down upon us: "Familiarity breeds contempt". Anything but the familiarity of love. Why is it we feel disgust? The more to reflect ourselves; the proven case; that we truly cannot rise above this visceral limitation; that we all sink to the bottom - quite naturally; such is our gravity.

I do not deny the existence of high-mindedness. There are many germinal states that exist; of improbable possibilities. All germinal states appear to atrophy early on; unfit for survival in the rougher hominid climate.

Certain irrefutable truths become part of our knowledge through the exigencies of experience; the imperatives of repetition. Performance reveals the beast, and betrays the sentiment (the rhetoric, the lip service; the temporizing; the so-called lesson). This in itself is not the cause of the bitterness. Knowledge could hardly be responsible for the facts it harbors, or the realities that are incorporated under its purview. The bitterness arises through inculcations (essentially untruths) layed upon us when impressionable and INNOCENT. Larvae; larval thoughts, larval reminiscences. It was implanted thus from the TEXT - from the mouth of an Inculcator; whose Assumption we had no rightful presumption (for the lack of a better) to question. Infused into the lesson was the EXPECTATION. When one's experience did not confirm the hypothesis, one initially doubted his experience; he might have even become psychologically warped by doubt; becoming withdrawn, schizoid, even schizophrenic, and possibly catatonic; or sought JESUS. If one believed his experience (which could include his own rationalizations) as valid, then he might suffer equally a number of other sociological ills; ostracism; accused of a lack of patriotism; accused

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of fanaticism; accused of some mental pathology. One might even doubt something that was not validated through experience; something that did not bear up under logical scrutiny; but even more tenuous, that did not register with that innate self that measures all things; ones inner clearing house based on an intuition that even defies reason and logic, as well as all other methods of proof, demonstration, lesson, revelation etc.. All too easily embittered? The inculcator does not insinuate bitterness. Wherefrom thus? An inculcator might or might not insinuate bitterness; what might happen is the failure in the inculcator to respond to a question, using its implicit prerogative to judge the question (as out of context, or not relevant to the lesson) perhaps saying time does not permit the discussion of irrelevancies. The plausibility of the Time factor would rest in the credibility of the teacher. Very few teachers would pass that plausibility test, for one knows instinctively that time is not so much of essence as that of the imperative need to have a lingering doubt put to rest - the element of time serving the needs of the questioner more than that of the answerer. In short, for the inculcator not to respond constitutes error # 1. For the teacher to invoke specified but undefined powers (the TEXT) as the ultimate arbiter of the lesson constitutes error # 2. All other denials by the teacher of the impressionable innocent create more errors. These do not necessarily lead to bitterness; as long as one understands that ignorance and prejudice are part of the substance of all inculcators. One may arrive at such a judgment through fiat (a conviction that arises from a sheer repetition of the fact). Why any one should have EXPECTATIONS is more germane to the question. If one did not have expectations, might he not avoid the bitterness (which arises naturally enough from the unripened fruit of expectation). How many of us are able to perceive the end result of our expectations? How do expectations become a part of the lesson; is there anything explicit in the lesson that encourages a particular view with respect to it?

One does not set out to refute mathematics. One does not set out to refute the alphabet (perhaps one does quarrel with the attempts at rigidity with regard to legibility of the alphabet [not because he does not believe in the message, but because he cannot mark like everyone else]). Assuming the alphabet, one does not set out to refute the arrangement of letters that pretend to serve as a tool of communication (one may quarrel with the meaning inherent to the language, or its lacks with regard to its omissions [not providing enough words to describe all things]). Ordinarily one does not set out to refute the written (or oral) record of events, unless there be conflicting reports found in that record.

To put some of this into perspective; when the expert is trundled out for our greater enlightenment, what are our expectations? I'll let you answer the question. We may arrive at an enhanced bitterness; that is the expert may confirm us in our sour disposition, because his or

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her similar disposition, affirming ours, may be reflected in his words (assuming we are no longer impressionable). The expert may be prevaricating in the same manner as the original inculcators; therefore it goes without saying our response is liable to be negative; that is, our expectations will be frustrated to such a degree as to instill a bitterness. Remember, much of our knowledge arises from our experience, much of our experience may stem from our intuition; the combination of these with our reliance upon them throughout time may easily assay untruth, (which is the same as half-truth); thus constituting a denial of our expectations. Betrayal by one's fellow man is a common experience.). The expert, in essence, becomes only a liar; not even an expert liar, because we can easily detect his insincerity; he is therefore not an expert; only a person who is presented to us because he lies (which is the same as providing rhetoric, lip service, temporizing; etc.; concealing the real truth; whitewashing etc.). (Who is writing the script; the jargon [red tape] [legal terminology] that arises which pretends to avoid war: interdiction, intervention, blockade, guest {hostage} Resolution 660?

Lies isolate us from the truth. We become isolated from what ought to be revealed. We feel comfort in the truth. In untruth we feel discomfort. Our inherent isolation becomes intensified by untruth (with which we have become uncomfortable); the discomfort arises because our survival becomes threatened; that is, we cannot tolerate untruth as a basis for survival; we sense this intuitively and know it instinctively (and affirm it intuitively?). While in truth we are isolated in our envelope of skin; therein confined for the duration, we nonetheless seem to desire companionship, proximity to others. If all the others are liars we tend to withdraw from their presence, becoming isolated; and perhaps lonely. There are many ramifications to loneliness. (As there are ramifications to 850 tanks and 500 aeroplanes). The Merchants Of Death are busy as are the ERL wells in Teyhah.

Holyword's John Larkin proposes a new script: LOVE IN THE DESERT

The hero is a General who saves Kuwait Afterrapeture, and rides off into the Saudi Desert in a beater of a Cadillac - General Strangelove amidst a swale of sand and veil. In real life; we shall see.

One of the PBS intervieweeeee repeatedly mentioned the Silver Bullet; his peculiar Lone Ranger metaphor was meant to apply some magical mystical remedy for all of life's altercations. Why not a Gold Oblation.

Pan. Pan. Pan.

Pardan my skepticism, my inveterate mockery.

We do need a script writer with a message.

More on the GOLF crisis (This is a bit of a time lapse).

ERLs back up again, headed for 50.00 a barrel according to the ERL MINISTER of Iraq. The S&Ls are headed for a bailout at the ALAMO. The New York Market is Down. George and Michael are headed for a summit

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at Hecksinki. George, Jimmy, and Lon Chaney are out hunting up some bucks to pay for the legalized part of the 'blockade'. Maggie and Mitterand will help some more; Germany will send help; Japan sent a shipload of pickups and a bag of yen. The Saudis obviously will throw something into the pot along with the Kuwaities. Eygypt may be forgiven its war material debt; Israel who is broke would like some kind of dispensation - the Foreign Minister of Is. claims he's with us, 'ut remember we did everything on our own over here'- Good Luck! The US will send the USSR assistance to aid its economy (laughter in the background). Lets see, China wants to send humanitarian aid to Iraq as does India (to its Indians). I haven't heard what Panama, Nicaragua and Granada will do to help the cause.

We imagine (we) have some kind of world support, even some Arab support in all of this ERL endeavor; we shall see.

George says if the blockhead don't work, we'll keep other options open; YUMMY late night TV. (Viewer [skewer] discretion advised -evisceration may prove offensive).

I don't know that the world of man deserves any better than it gets. RCWD deserves better because she has a good heart; I mean she's for all the right things (some of which are still left).

It hasn't been made very clear how Armageddon is supposed to arrive. The Dinosaurs are gone. 5 BILLION *adjust as need) of us'ns hasn't made it a better place, nor have the social arrangements changed for the better; so what the hell, where are we?

Let's suppose its all a big conspiracy, suckering the US away from its own shores, stringing them out, like they did to The Persians, The Greeks, the Romans, The Mongolians, The Swedes, The Norviks, Danes, Teutons, Saxonorms, Lionhearts, the British, The Germans, The Italians, The Dutch, The Spanish, The Portugueses The Frenchies, The Russians; well doesn't it follow?

Hell, Dogs get along better'n we do. Coarse they been around longer and don't have as much at stake. I mean, dog society is kept pretty simple. Human society is a gawdawful nightmare; more like a nightstallion. Where we all headed? You cant tell me, can yuh? Oh, sure, you can concoct something within that feeble little encephalon; and sure enough we are all headed for hell as a consequence; even RCWD who wouldn't hurt a, well, maybe a fly, or a spider, and mosquitoes, who show little mercy toward her, but except for the man-

eating monsters, she wouldn't hurt a proverbial creature, or the planet, but she's goin' to HELL anyway because she belongs to the hominid disease which inflicts sado-masochistically HELL on itself, each other, all forms, the planet, etcetera until even HELL wont have it; so there is a worse place than HELL after all, and we have one foot in it (naw, both).

Makin' it a better place, my foot (naw, both); No! HELL

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!!, ya dummy!!! A better HELL on earth you couldn't devise than turning 5 Billion of those hominids loose in the galaxy.

The Golf Crisis - A Bogey Man.

The AAArabs may not like us Westerners, but they will sell us thar ERL, an' they will not be thankful to us for paying the inflated price for it, an' for unifying all the OPECKERS into the inflated price. They'll sure TANK Saddam; but can you imagine an AAArab thankin anybuddy.

Can one human life be that much different than any other? I believe not; its all hopeless then.

Remember the basic tenet: One Man Shall Not Have Dominion Over The Other.

Remember the Second also: Any social order (or government) that does not account the Least is deemed a failure. (known loosely as: The Doctrine Of The Least.

Looking Forward: perhaps subconsciously this title became the inevitable result of Looking Backward. It is difficult to be original, after all the centuries, along with the Malthusian number; and if you happen upon such a circumstance, there are thousands of exploiters who will convert your originality into a cliché, or a pass,. I had chosen Looking Forward quite innocently, as a natural reaction to the backward look. The future represents an escape; as though we did not have any messes to clean up; as though an infinite territory existed before us (as they imagine nowadays in Brazil - or as they had imagined in the early days of the American frontier); as though we could easily abandon the bad parts of ourselves.

To Reiterate:

"Somebody told me I would have nothing to write about if'n these guys would quit behaving like assholes; if I recall that were E.M. Cioran (he was the guy with the delicate mind that was always enlightening us about the divagations of us vagabonds.) We's a bunch of nomads, without porpoise. An' most everything wee do is contrary to are nature; i.e. we are really selfish brutal animals underneath; but somehow we got the scruples disease; or an infection of morality; therefore we are always writing our epitaph, .. er .. History; 'cause in fact we have never lived, only recorded our continuing failures. What we need to do is ferget History and begin to live like the rest of the creatures on the planet; returning to a State Of Nature (Noble Savages and all that). Only One Country - Earth Nature, obedient to Natural Law; We begin by chasing Prometheus outta heah, and burn the Ole TESTYMINT (and that dad-blamed new one; and the standard american revision); an' us males git to grab any Female we take likin' to, cave-man style..

Humor is worth every cent you pay for it; but every body who is capable of laughing has a cash-flow problem. So I've gotta carry most of these yuks on the cuff. RCWD tries to laugh for free."

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I do not have access to the 'hot line'; so I am past, before I have become an event. Events occur as though I did not exist; I am expected to respond to events as though I had existed. In other words I am part of a mass audience that fleetingly acquiesces with my mouth wide open. Only circumstance prevents my evisceration by an Exocet missile. As a non-event my evisceration would soon be lost amongst the next order of eviscerations. It is a brutal fact that I am powerless to effect my own state of non-eventness. Standing quietly in a 'Those who stand and wait also serve' sense would most effectively be carried out in an underground bunker, capable of withstanding the errant blast (Big Bang).

I have attempted to avail you of my knowledge, my perspicacity, my judgment through submitting my offerings to the mucky-mucks in the publishing business; but they are interested in bucks, not in knowledge, perspicacity or judgment. Even those who profess to be interested in these things selfishly horde the notoriety; not allowing others in - That's you Susie! (I have as much to say as you do! whether you like it or not.)

Some of us are tuned to the song of the spheres. There is a song whether we are able or not to hear it. It is not in my purview to know whether or not all of those who would desire to hear the refrains could do so by merely willing such audition to happen. The point is: if you listen to the refrain, you will begin to understand that our species is largely out of tune with the harmonies; not so much in a dissonant way as in a cacophonous way. Malthusian Doctrine only hinted at the consequences of number. Merely 'outrunning the means of subsistence' is only the beginning; it is what the survivalist mentality will do that harbors the greatest consequence. This consequence might force an evolutionary alteration in our method of operation IF we had the necessary time for such changes to take place (..er.. millennia). The number increases exponentially, whereas the evolutionary process plods along at an adventitious and indifferent rate.

The auditory part of this harmonizing with the music of the spheres exists as a metaphor. Despite this figurative projection, there does exist a 'sense of things' to which some of us respond. In our acuity (our awareness - the thing that happens in our gray matter not so much as a property of sensation, but as a property of what it is the gray matter does to ordinate the sensation passing through it), we begin to suspect an order to the Universe - which cannot be violated; that is, an order exists with which we must harmonize in order to effectively survive. We arrive at this conclusion innately, intuitively, instinctively - with some awareness of its significance. We do not know for sure what will be the consequences of a certain act, but (especially) as our experience (a careful observance of the resultants) accrues it becomes a limiting factor, moderating our actions; perhaps as an 'intelligent', 'informed' adaptation.

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We may realize that our survival does not depend upon certain actions; that is, actions that tend only toward serving visceral insecurities (desires for satiation). Otherwise known as SUBLIMATION; or self-

control; that is, we allay the insecurity; we intercept it in the grey matter, interposing something else that may not grant immediate satisfaction, but that does assure, through the hypothecations of the intellect. Somehow the intellect becomes a trusted servant (presumably, if this argument is carried too far many organic expressions of rebellion become manifest; which is to say we must also become aware of the needs of the viscera (real needs; not imaginary ones). This latter is obviously the extension of Freudian juxtapositions.

As much as the body will rebel, even within the latitude of adaptive possibilities, so will the external world within its own set of limitations (not so much rebel as adjust, the former imputing a consciousness, the later a result of obedience to physical forces); without the intervention of man. The interaction of the two, Man, and the world external to him, may operate as two independent agents for a time, but the former's interdependence becomes only too obvious as he is denied access to certain parts of the external world. Since Man has arrived as an evolved and adaptive entity (over what he has determined to be a long period of time), the less he does to disturb that to which he has adapted, it would seem, the better-off would he be (whether or not contravened or whitewashed by theistic projections). Better-off would he be if he locked the gate before the horse assumed his gait. The separation of or conjoining of practicality to morality; which will it be? Resentful of either or both? We are speaking of constraints as a matter of practicality; i.e., it is not practical to disturb that to which and throughinwhich one has evolved. Interposing some obviating prime mover who is interested only in a supplicant's blind desire to survive forever in a non-existent paradise doubtlessly serves some basic anxiety, but sadly-but-truly, exists in a vacuousness; and does not help one whit to achieve harmony (even despite all of Johann Sebastian Bach's musical counterpoint thrown into the balance).

We ambivalently regard the Dinosaur as some kind of depletion of the environment coincident and complicated by some cataclysmic physical change, perhaps inducing some climactic condition unfavorable to the continued existence of a form of life that had existed upon the planet in one form or another for approximately 160,000,000 years. In relation to our own homo erectus status, variously and presumptively gauged somewhere in the neighborhood of 1,000,000, 1/160th part, it might be said we appear as a mere transience. And as a mere transience, we are in the process of creating physical changes more rapidly than an adaptive lead time will permit - therefore -----! Exeunt. In another 1,000,000, Shit Man!; not a chance!

Whadda We Gonna Do Wif Ahl Them Azzoles?

It was quite early in the morning, before the realities had begun to set in; the best time to think and then write, really. The perception was - none of what I had witnessed yesterday had any relevance to today; because, like me, everyone had slept on it, and felt differently today. The humanitarian thing became evident to everyone throughout the night; no more persecutions; the land belonged to everyone; equality is not just an idea; but our first order of business; and so on.

We did not require government; government was an Institution that existed for itself alone; an accident; something we yielded to because we had been persuaded it was in our best interest; which may have been true in the beginning, but which is true no longer. I do not require someone to tell me what to do, or to take things away from me under false pretenses; and to tell me that I must swear to its dogma. It masturbates in front of me; what else can you assign to the charade that appears on the Tube in the name of serving my interests; Lip Service, Temporizing; Patronizing; Condescension; Doubletalk; Claiming Privilege and Knowledge unto itself; and preying upon the Constituent' under privilege, and lack of knowledge (secret facts concerning the dealings of government)? We do not require this exhibition of self-titillation. We always hear about what is in their interest, not what is in our interest. So its time to do away with government - all of it. If those who are in government want to form a corporation on their own time, and set an example for the rest of us let 'em do so, but I am not in favor of paying for their diddling.

Majority Rule: 4,999,999,999 (adjust as needed) Assholes.

A Ship Without A Flag. An Island. Dream Away Fool!

It can hardly be possible that an Island exists that has not been trampled in man's lust for riches or for solitude. Have we thus become Islands unto ourselves? Or does the immensity of the hominid thing force upon us the ever consciousness of that immensity; a cloying disgust with humanity? One supposes it is possible to escape to some place REMOTE where he would not be reminded, where the whop whop whop, the drone, or distant overhead atmospheric penetration of metal birds would not occur - one supposes.

4,999,999,999 (adjust as needed) laughing at the fool.

This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;

And to that well crave a kind of wit.

Quipy bastid, oint'ee?

Let the doors be shut upon him,

that he may play the fool nowhere but in's own house.

Mortal I am, Mortal! What feels these muddles be! *Tanta stultitia mortalium est!*

Hoi! to all the Immortalis. Snowsome Suntagalong.

Sososon Suewag.

Soso Stag.

Whadda We Gonna Do Wif Ahl Them Azzoles?

Sue Sag.

Se Sa.

S.S. New Yawk Dusthole. Affectors Of Taste. Mung Tungs. Wallet Street. Down The Tubes. Down The Sewer (Canal).

Sewer Snagot Snotog Sognat Snotag Stogan Stanog Satgon Sotgan

Sogtan Sagnot; Sue Snot: Sansu Snusa Sasnu Susna Shit

Does Affectd Taste signify also Affected Judgment?

As an act of gratitude we sent our forefather, the monkey, into space before our very own selves!

Sewer Snitrag. 'SNOT. Just metapwhores, not to be interpreted.

Since this SAD episode began ands since the Golf Wah we have learned a lot more about the connection in the Bushes with the House of Suds.