

Notes 3

NOTES: #3

VERCINGETORIX:

In the second year of High School Latin; i.e., the first year of the second year of Latin (who ever heard of anyone rematriculating in a Latin Class he had failed [i.e., in a remote hick village of barbarian U.S.A.]?). I was engaged in the retaking of an anachronism. If you had been my father who was born into the last days of the Austro-Hungarian Habsburg Empire you would not regard the study of Latin as anything but vital to your prospects, even though the Status Quo in the AHHE was a stratified, hierarchal affair. Knowledge of Latin made of one a ready gardener, or bird watcher, zoo-ologist, or conversant in anatomical parts; and prepared one to recite certain verses, and parts of the Mass verbatim Latinim. If you were an Eyetalatina, or a Franko-Gaul, a Spaneard, or a Britonian, the root of your spake was found therein. Somehow this all relates to Vercingetorix, since he became the object of study as part of Caesar's doings; he who spread Latin.

I missed the first six weeks of Latin II. With my brain and 'get-up-and-go', I suffered under a dire handicap with regard to getting the message in any language. Besides I was more interested in Marie Scali (oddly Latin sounding); so I missed a lot of what was being said by Rosie McKean, of the aforementioned Gallic Chieftian. I suspected he had something to do with our present civilization. He was a General; sometimes Generals become Presidents, Premiers, Emperors, and Fiats. If I had offered such generalization in my New York State Regents examination (written in a little Blue Covered Note Book) it is no wonder I flunked. Rosie had provided a simple solution for filling in the gaps in translation; when one came to an untranslatable passage he was instructed to say or write "something or other". Latin sentences almost invariably placed the verb at the end of the sentence. Nouns were full of cases like Nominative, Possessive, Ablative, Dative and Objective (I was a hard case). In translating some fast moving action between Vercingetorix and Caesar I might translate, "*Caesar* 'something or other' without (*sine*) 'something or other', and (*et*) 'something or other' toward (*ad*) 'something or other' *Vercingetorix*, verb.

It was Marie Scali's fault. Marie looked a little like Shirley Temple at one of her stages of growth, or one of her growth stages. She wound up as a Black adviser to Ronnie and George (oops, awful pun) (not Marie, Shoylie). Marie was a chesty creature (I do not know why this fascination with chests, but there it is). Sometimes demure, but often with projection; one is supposed to blush when he looks, or secret the looks in some manner. Marie always buttoned up pretty tight so there was little danger of exposure to the roving eye. (Some women are loose up front,

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and complain when a roving eye fires a direct glance at pertinent suspensions [there are a lot of hang-ups in this area of sight-seeing]). Marie was proper. She was also a round-faced pretty - without character, rather proud and stiff, seldom given to frivolity. She would have been one rose amongst many, appearing in the bud with much promise; in the end, while in full flower, undistinguished, like most of us.

Marie cheerlead. Cart Bates (he basketballed) and I (I did little, or little did) wrote her joint notes. Later, when I was wrasling Myron, his brother, and got him in my famous scissors grip causing him to howl, Cart bashed me one in the kisser (its easier to hit a man when he's down). No more joint notes to Marie. I don't know what Cart got to do with Marie, but during the Senior Trip to Are Capital, I walked all the way to the top of George's Big Thing with Marie; that's the time I got sweaty hands holding hers. Then she went down the elevator with Leo, and off into the sunset with him (Leo basketballed, footballed, and baseballed; and milked cows; he was also a Catholic like Marie). So Shirley became a Black, and Marie a McEnroe.

Vercingetorix lost out, as, in the end, I did with Marie. But in my second assault I faired better (in Latin II). It wasn't necessary to use a sledgehammer the second timem even though I still didn't learn anything in particular. (Marie had passed on her first try.)

I am still possessed by this Latin hangover, as I am by many things that happened to me when young and impressionable. I am able to perceive the roots and derivation of much of my own spake, and often I discover certain Latin idioms or expressions more to the point in their brevity (although I tend to be longwinded - according to the last literary agent contacted, my prose is untight - something he did not like) than the wordier and less explicit anglicizations.

Vercingetorix, by the way, if you are still with me (sorry about Shirley and Marie; somehow their diversion is just as relevant to me as Vercingetorix), was a valiant fellow; a Gaul who could not prevail against Caesar (not Sid Caesar), Julius (not Orange Julius), but Julius Caesar of Rome (not Caesar Romero); that is, he could not prevail against Caesar's Armies (I do not know if they ever engaged in a 'sudden death' encounter for all the marbles).

Vercingetorix was eventually strangled in the dungeons after being allowed (being ordered to) 'grace the triumph' (everyone I read on the subject [in English] uses the same expression 'grace the triumph' [somewhere there is a tomeite (a virus) inserting the expression in every reference to Caesar] as a scholarly plagiarism of convenience, for the lack of a better expression); 'grace the triumph' of Caesar's (oh what the hell) triumphal march through Rome, celebrating the conquest of Gaul, the defeat of Ptolmey, a victory over Pharnaces, and the overthrow of Juba; a conquest of, a defeat of, a victory over, and an overthrow of,

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were all celebrated much to the chagrin of Vercingetorix, who apparently took the end like a man, or like a Gaul.

Earlier, in Latin II, I believed Vercingetorix was one of Jason's Argonauts. Christ, no wonder teachers have fits. Marie Scali doesn't have the faintest notion of how much irreparable harm her presence caused my intellectual pursuits.

I doubt there is a Vercingetorix Museum, even in France (defeat doesn't inspire museums, especially in France). You will variously find Vercingetorix between Vercalli and Verd Antique, or Vera Cruz and Verdaguer. Sometimes he is merely thrown in with the Gauls. Doesn't it just ____ Yuh?

Beg 8/86

Concerning ones dubious 'right to know'.

Sundry speculations with regard to The Dominion Of The One Over The Other. Understood as Vassalation.

During the annual picnic to which I had assumed some tacit invitation, for old times sake, I had inquired of my former employer if the Von Pimpnel at Princeton was any relation to him. He replied that he was his brother, or that they were brothers; from the way he answered, I could not tell who was whose brother. I could not tell a helluva lot from what followed in the subsequent conversation.

This former employer is the same one, who during a conversation with me, would often treat me like a candy machine whenever anyone of more importance came along, that is, he would suddenly interrupt, or discontinue, or sever his dialogue with me in order to become engaged in a conversation of consequence. One does not idle his time with peons and myrmidons. I would suddenly Kafkaesky metamorphose into a candy machine.

I had mentioned that I had seen this brother on the tube; wisely, conversationally engaged with Roughwood. Those responsible for persuading him to appear on the mostly non-commercial evening News program, wanted him to say something significant regarding Arms Negotiations with the Bad Guys. Often the controllers of the flow of information, those nominally in charge of our 'right to know', these particular ones anyway, rather differently than the major networks who always give you the impression they have access to the inner sanctums of government bureaucracy, they turn to the ivy-covered campus arcadias (crucibles of knowledge) of Harvoid, M.I.T., Cal.Tech., Stanford, Princeton, and of course, Georgetown (named after the father of our cuntree, George III). From these purported sources of enlightenment where doth reside many a contributor to our national defense or knowledgeable consultant in the affairs of men, or erudite expert in the policies and mind set of the enemy, they hope to glean some pertinence

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to pass on to and generally inform the public (The People) in their 'right to know'; and, Holy Christ!, on a daily basis. (Idle or Dull? - your guess). McLearer and Kneel featuring Roughwood and Gaulhunter.

Lest I stray too far from matters of import, let me return to another metamorphoses. This brother Von Pimpernel, my former employer, had indicated a somewhat moderate surprise, as well as some small measure of self-congratulatory pleasure at his Princetown's brother's stirrings from the within to the without. 'Participative Democracy', its called (some will argue Democracy implies participation).

I tell of professors in general, that brotherhood of doers who inadvertently have made it possible for us to go to war in a big way, but who are forever assuring us that they are the harbingers of peace, and amicability (if there is such a word).

Although relevant, the latter is beside the point. This brother was attempting to convince me, now that his brother had become involved publicly, creating simultaneously the impression that he had already been involved in some other way within the bureaucracy, either clandestinely, or merely as a merely sincere professor revealing his legitimate concern, that things were on the right track, that things were in the right and good hands (so we are led to believe).

Naturally enough, this interested me, since I was nominally interested in these matters of war and peace, if only as theoretical possibilities, and impossibilities. I was unable to deduce from what the brother was telling me, whether even a theoretical possibility belonged in the conversation. As often I had felt my 'right to know' was a managed affair, that is, an affair full of persuasions towards a particular line of thought, rather than some real effort to enlighten me in my 'right to know', I was beginning to feel that this brother was attempting to persuade me that I was not wise enough or knowledgeable enough to understand the inner workings of all these high-level relations and negotiations; that only men of superior intelligence (like Hank Kissassinger) were capable of interpreting and handling them, and that it was above the general understanding of the common man. Besides, it was those, like he and his brother, who had the connections. He was insinuating 'in their hands things were in good hands'; theirs was the perspicacity and patience that would win the day.

I had imagined that this one-sided view of things was intended to close off any further conversation, which it more or less had successfully accomplished, rather feudally. It was a familiar attitude I had always experienced at the Institution of Higher Learning. While those who manned the ramparts of the Educational Establishment were under no obligation to acknowledge anyone's 'right to know' they seemed almost determined to convince others they did not possess the intelligence to comprehend whatever the hell it was that was of moment. In any case they would not recognize the speech and language of a candy machine;

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they addressed and spoke only to their own kind; and when and if they spoke to the underlings, it was as if delivered from above through a superior irrefutable logic. While I, for example, could exercise no prerogative, such as my 'right to know', often I came away from my interactions with these pompous bastards (OOPS!, it slipped out) feeling as though I was being deliberately excluded from the truth, only because real knowledge shared with a candy machine, peon or myrmidon, disadvantages all equally with the same level, or lack, of understanding (besides corrupting and polluting the truth). It wasn't that it was dangerous for me to know anything; it was that I was not qualified to know anything. There it was, that old Pythagorean bullshit all over again; "If you wanta know sumpin' you sweep the anteroom for a few years". Before you walk you MUST crawl. The gawdamned barstids (oops) maintain a possessory grip upon the troot; and furthermore these fiddle fahrts (oops) are always attempting to persuade others of the very proprietary nature of the unvarnished.

Quite naturally, it is not always possible for one to keep secrets forever, especially when one considers man's proneness to expound, even to asses. Some of the professors exhibit a remarkable degree of self-control in not sharing their considered judgment with others; only those qualified to receive such favorable dispensations.

(Insertion: 'Blowing smoke up each others ...' RCWD) In beating this horse assuredly very dead, I came away with the distinct feeling that wresting Von Pimpernel's brother from out the musty corridors and clinging ivy, evolved as much from the seductive cooing of Roughwood and a doddering wooing (in suit and tie), as any attempt to bring one's considered opinion to bear upon the peace process. "Damn It!, Durchanek, you are going too far".

'One never goes far enough', I say. There is reason enough for these eminent ones to keep their mouths shut in public. Perhaps underneath it all they are mostly men of 'good' conscience who must play on both sides of the court. In order to receive financing (Government grants) to abet and further their own private researchings, they necessarily must hew an apparent patriotic line, if not a politically neutral one (a little bit like they did in The Third Reich). The search for truth cannot suffer the expedients of the moment. These eminences see themselves as individuals who work from within the system; exercising their democratic rights cost them their funding and earn them the reputation as fellow travelers. Like any conscionable citizen, they will deny all these imputations.

Personally, I require more than this clever hypocrisy. I do not feel things are in good hands. Duplicity is a dangerous game, and smacks of a greater betrayal than the mere betrayal of one's cuntree.

Even though it may reflect the most enlightened view, one cannot publicly declare, "U.S., get out of Central America", or, though it may be

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perfectly true that the Secretary of Defense is a paranoid azzole or the President is shrivel-up tautology, one cannot so declare publicly without suffering the severance of his purse strings

Although the horse has not quite expired, it languishes for want of a conclusive coup de grace.

It would not have been possible to obtain some kind of statement; I sensed a great reluctance on the part of Herr Professor von Pimpernel, my former employer, to speak to the common man regarding our common interests; I sensed also his proprietary interest in the issues. Becoming 'common' would dilute one's presumption (on this earth, anyway (very un-Von-like)). Verily, he reminds me of Hank Kissassinger, who always revealed his feudal attitude and spoke ex officio in disdainformational doublethink.

Perhaps it is so these ones do not wish to reveal their inability and inadequacy to remedy a botched job. Just another 'cover up' (of impotence). Self-important people cannot countenance discussions that consistently reduce them to nothing.

They cannot escape the predicament and appearances of the learned ones, which more or less obliges them to know what is going on; and what they are supposed to be doing.

What if they don't?

Perhaps they are inclined to 'stick their heads in the sand' -as Good Americans - like the Good Germans - only, so many of these learned ones share the ethnicity of those who were persecuted by the OTHER Germans.

Would they be obliged to admit that no one is in control? Would they be willing to admit, as well, they operate in a world (woild - voild - void) that is permitted to function without conscience - so long as they have undisturbed access to the purse strings, and just so long as they get theirs? Is it true the whole edifice will be able to continue to operate so haphazardly, so whimsically; and under the circumstances, can their endeavors possibly amount to anything, more than a self-serving enterprise? One supposes they imagine their 'Good Works' will charm those responsible for Ω ucking up human society.

(Feathers in their Moldy Caps.) Perhaps I have over-reacted to the closed-mouthed, tight-lipped, close-to-the-vest, utterances of these learned ones. Most will argue I am paranoid. When one (I) cannot perceive any good reason for not sharing the truth, provided another is in possession of the truth, or provided another is unwilling to admit the truth, I am apt to become anything you might feel compelled to call me. In the first instance, not sharing the truth when one is in possession of it, flies in the face of something basic in human relations; in the second instance, one's unwillingness to admit the truth, to admit that he does not know when he does not know produces more than paranoia; it provokes

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ANGER. Yes! Of course we know the truth they are concealing is their own ignorance.

Truth resorts to unabashed begging, as always. Like Truth, we underlings must learn our place. We all sink to the bottom rather quickly, like stones.

There remains yet another angle to pursue in these matters, still attempting to satisfy the last presage of these paranoid anfractuositities - still seeking the elusive coup de grace.

What was at stake, and what is always at stake?

Who will play first fiddle? The hegemony of the Baronial Class (the Vons) which aspires to ignorance amongst its 'subjects' (for obvious reasons). Domination and patronage is the satisfying intersocial relationship (since indeed there are others with whom they must cope), where the prerogatives belong ex officio to he whom holds the reins. In my lingo it translates into The Dominion Of The One Over The Other. This 'lording' it over' hearkens to Feudal times.

While we are agreed upon We The People, we are at the disposal of a baronial imperia in imperio composed of those who serve as its handmaidens; and who seize opportunity in order to manipulate the system for their benefit. The benefit may involve many different ends, but it is understood they are always private ends. While the Poindexters and Ollies, Haldermans and Erlichmans, Deevers and Nafziggers get found out there are a multitude who do not.

Will We ever escape the clutches of those who seek to control us - the Control Addicts?

8/20/86

Lazybeth Tailhoar. Need one say more?

She appeared in a Hamlet as Lady Big BethMac, or was it in Virgin Wolf as a Fox, and later in a gondola as Claptrapta bitten upon by an asp (A snake in the grass). An American Distraction, in loo of cops and robbers and football. Now an aging asstress with a weight problem; an Amer Can Comedy (Frankie Snotra had actually set the record straight when he said she had got too fat for him.). She has matured, now peddling a 'How I Did It' book on losing (loosening) it all, becoming slim, undernourished, lined, nervous; not girlish, but ancient!! A venerable celebrity promoting PASSION, her passion. Just one more fling, one more hype. The Hype Diamond.

As for that other celebrity NEWSWEEK of 10/13/86 registered a coup (Couth) "The most obscene act of the Reagan Presidency was the award of the Medal of Freedom to Frank Sinatra with Mother Teresa at the same ceremony". (Columnist William Safire after reading Kitty Keeley's Sinatra Biography.)

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When I become President, 'pon my Oath I shall forswear all banality.

Buy a Durchanek Commemorative Collection of Writings (Just something else to buy and sell.)

They tested Bonzo's urine for drugs finding traces of Grrr...ape.

They tested the urine of the White House Staff for drugs finding a bunch of leaks.

We are meant to be impressed with this omnipresent banality. One is compelled to admit there is no higher purpose to this life.

Bonzo has always promoted banality.

Bonzo is the epitome, the synthesis, the apotheosis of 20th Century America; the quintessential exponent of our shallow endeavor as a nation. He is relevant to what our nation has become; he is the chief Middenite and Guardian thereof. We Guard this immense pile of SHIT, calling it a Civilization. Shit Does It (SDI).

SDI; So Damned Insecure.

They designed a Landbased Missile;
I designed a Lambaste to ward off the sword.

The paranoid little man (azzole) atop the huge midden (known variously as the Dung Heap), Grasping Whinebugger, chief architect of SDI, looked for all like a pugilist whom I could easily imagine wearing his silly baggy little trunks, bearing the emblem of Everblast.

Instead of Statesmen, we are represented by something stuffed into a window dresser's dumby, or in jockey shorts.

10/3/86

Becoming aware of the audible jingling of coins in his pocket served as reminder of his poverty. At once it also reminded him again of the medium of exchange, the medium of human life, in a *free* - for all - nation of peoples. From the Coinpurse to Usury.

FREE was the intended objective, somewhere back when.

Never FREE was more like it. FREE what?

Never FREE from the medium of exchange. All human values had become subservient to the incessant jingling. You aint worth nothing unless you're worth something.

Amongst the fat cats, the jingling proved most annoying, especially while they stood in conversation on the street corner weighing the advantages and the disadvantages, and how to take advantage, (er to seize upon opportunities {to get there first [to beat the other guys]}), with their hands in their pockets jingling, lewdly and provocatively; their potency; it felt good; not subtle; weighing the advantages.

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He felt impotent as he walked by; they scanned him with disapprobation, peering down their proboscises, suddenly feeling the compulsion to brush some vermin from their lapels; waving him away as though he was some frightful Insect (The Hobnailed Boots! - *next time.*)

Yes, it had come to that.

Vermin!

Some were destined to excel, to rise above the masses; all others were intended to become myrmidons, *slaves*, and to remain where they were. Where's that? Nowhere?

The juxtaposition begged for some fairer less seemly comparison.

One did not seek logic or reason to abide or explain this hominid fraternal arrangement. He was ready to concede another order of praxis as vital to the continuation of some vague condition, hinted as humanitarianism. But how? Jesus Christ, how?

No, No, not to reverse the order. Not to put others on the top, and still others on bottom. Not to put the azzoles who belonged on the bottom

NO, ye shall not alter the disdain ...

We were never intended to be anything ...

We are what we are ...

Oh, No!, that is not to say we should not attempt to become something different ... Ah!, but what not to sacrifice ...

Yes; from those on top he expected magnanimity, kindness, and human indulgences.

Not disdain; not exclusivity; not arrogance.

Wipe that smirk off'n your face!!!

In order to be superior you have to superior.

There was a blatant challenge.

He stood there with the smirk, flauntingly jingling the coins with the one hand, while, with the other, holding the loaded gun.

Well, if its just a matter of guns, lets get some. Some claim it is a matter of Law. On the street corner they were considering the advantages; which advantages to rigidify into Laws. ('Musta bin our Representatives was doin' the jinglin').

Wall Street. Swell Street

W'all, uv coarse. W'all is short for 'we all'; 'we all' is short for 'we the people'. An' you can damned near fool all of the people all of the time.

The man with the gun had been a middle man. He had made his FORTUNE on accumulated .09, .99, 9.99, 99.99, 999.99, 9,999.99 Sales as a middle man. He had lived in the city in a rented box with a glass front. He peddled shiddy-shoddy merchandise at the retail level, produced by the entrepreneurs, the reason-to-be, of our free enterprise

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dive into hell, banality, servitude and destitution. Under the aegis of making the world safe for demofuckracy, the bedfellows of the corporate maw and its representative form of government did it to us in the land of the FREE and the home of the BRAVE. FREE (slavery), Bonded (freedom); BRAVE, (anybody would put up wid dat crap, is sure BRAVE alright; and ((stupid)) ((all of the time)) too.

10/10/86

Bear (bare) with me, for it promises to worsen. The Walrus again.

I am more or less embarrassed to reveal it is another of our species that is about to be described. While I attempt to exact a true copy, it is also a common type I envision, mostly devoid of personality. An outer-directed entity, in this case, not untypically, sort of short, dumpy and bulging, accustomed now, more than ever, to the material comforts; something that has survived at least sixty years, aiming for what now appears as the attainable, the benediction; a condoned vegetative existence. When one becomes mindful of the average life expectancy in the Third World with diseased and broken bodies most everywhere; Gud have we got it made. Yes!, one becomes mindful of this entity as a void, as something that has pursued some manufactured dream, and fulfilled some of its obligations.

A good citizen (on Elavil), supporting the flag, and most of what it stands for, perhaps a red-necked patriot; sort of swallowed up in the rhetoric, deathly afraid of a Black becoming Prez, much less, (or is it 'more') moving into the neighborhood.

A righteous do-gooder; an expert, having once touched upon; an authority in those areas of 'helping' one's fellow man, not as something one feels as much as something one does, benignly observing his/her Christian conscience, performing her Christian duty. The Samaritan spilleth over; altruism beckons; the Golden Rule flourisheth; St. Peter logs the deeds - credits - as Judgment Day looms ahead. Good follows upon good; though a cheap shot, its the thought that counts. Despite the foregoing they do not believe in welfare, nor in being their brother's keeper, however inconsistent this may seem with other avowels. In principle they believe that God helps those who help themselves, perhaps this is merely projected as a somewhat modified form of the free enterprise work ethic.

Clean out the attic, the basement, the shed, the garage; give to the needy. Pity the needy. The heart poureth forth as trash from the midden. Take heart, Needy! The chipped crockery, the porcelain bedpan, the stained rug, the out-of-season baggy pants, the bric-a-bracy hot pads and milk pitcher; the shallow moulded copper bowl with stamped design and gingerbread edges; the 'hand-painted', scalloped, lacquered, period-piece platter; the old magazines riddled with a time gone by that

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reminds one of the futility of placing one's faith in the future; somehow it seemed better then. Take pride in a revolting endeavor.

Passing on good will, alas!, that very milk; and how wonderful one feels having given. They had their urine tested for Valium and Elavil.

In the gesture you feel I should perceive dignified behavior; I should acknowledge a worthiness; instead you detect in me a bitter mocking refrain, and uncharitable thoughts..

A little soul can offer only a little; a large soul more, or none. All are not the same. Would you condemn a little soul; just how little, pray tell?

If a little soul construes the world of man such that the needy may someday require a porcelain bedpan, or a rug, albeit stained, or a servicable, though chipped piece of crockery, or a pair of pants, though not fashionable; what HO!

The Materialistic Icon embraces another dear little soul, righteously clinging to the wonder of Christ, that beaten and bleeding, poverty-stricken, overworked Savior of mankind; give to him the frayed Arrow shirt off'n yore back.

All Heart! Perhaps it is not clear what I had intended to convey.

Embarrassment? Not wishing to obscure anything, it is not so much embarrassment as shame and disgust.

There is something calculating and tacky operating in this tiny soul ... it ain't charity.

When it stands up to be counted along with all the others like it, a dangerous situation exists.

How? Dangerous?

Well, its simply the danger of a raw number - like a herd - about to stampede in a given direction - there's little that will impede or head it off.

So, if all these roly-polly righteous, flag-waving do-gooders equipped with these tiny souls become the 'sum and substance' of this GREAT nation, I sense a GREAT Danger.

Some heathen nation is bound, as a matter of conscience, to attack us, to drive us over the edge, to want to annihilate us.

Perhaps we otta doo somethin' afore thet happins.

Take away their gold muddle if they test positive! For Poverty!

If they had not felt poverty before, they did now, as the mark of poverty was bestowed upon them.

Expletive deleted (Love).

Stokes

They dressed differently. The interior of their cave was embellished with high ceilings and authentically leaded tudor windows. The furnishings were intended to be elegant, immaculate, and rare. Like the

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scuff marks on ones shoes, one could not conceal entirely the wear and tear of the world, somehow meant to be forgiven. Some could afford lackeys and bootblacks.

Stokes. Stokes of Lennox, Massachusetts, Stokes of Crusty Olde, probably Oxford; Stokes of Lorngette, a proboscidean Lineage; at any rate, another species. Not ordinary; out of place; *contretemps*.

We too were of another species; our time had not come. Out of sync.. Durchanek of backwoods New Yawk, Durchanek of Prague, Bohunkia; Durchanek in the basement of the Habsburg Empire; an arty lineage; and we dressed differently; and all the time the same.

The predominant strain was referred as the Peer strain. the Peer Strain of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Yawk, brewed in the melted pot; ironcuts; wherefrom? Perhaps that famous Isle of Ellis adorned with the brass bitch. The Peer Strain emanating from the Orthodoxy, the Establishment; the Legions permanently scattered *disjecta membra* and embedded in the firmament of the Status Quo

Olivia Stokes had married a dilettante; an Etonian; an Englishman; what else!; any Albert that could carry it off. Anyway she truly may have been different; but he was a fast talker. He heaped it upon father; flatteries, that is; father fell for the adulation, and Olivia, which all somehow resulted in us joining them in her parent's sumptuous lair over beef stew and dumplings. There was something about the repast that interfered with my digestion; I wretched awfully. Wrong foods for my species; too rich for my blood. Dump on the dumplings.

Homo Sap!

MAN - please don't take away the sky, the water, and the shore.

Quck over the rest; i.e. Multiply and Subdue the remainder.

Just leave me the fringe.

The edge of the abyss.

UNTOUCHED

You are, after all, only a guest here, not Lord of the Manor.

RIGHT STUFF!

LEFT BEHIND!

WHICH?

Is there a LEFT STUFF?

Stand in Line!

RIGHT BEHIND. The Lone Wolfe Rights!

Notes 3

Another dubious concept is that which states all men are created equal under (beneath) the law: **LAW**

equal

This notion is not incompatible with Justice, which finds every Privatization of our Government represented by mouthpieces attempting to get them off'n the hook of Justice.

5.8.86 (the following seems a repeat of some stuff in N2. Sorry. It will not hurt to reread it. Its only five pages. I hope it doesn't happen again.)

There has been some theory amongst the literary critics that autobiographical material rates a lesser place in the rankings of creative endeavors. One of the very first things literary critics seek to do is unmask the fraudulent amongst the scribes by digging into their underwear, the basis for which is usually sought in some form of biographical material. Perhaps this is the reason for the lowly ranking. If one is denied access to himself (not masturbating or contemplating his novel) in order to conform to some literary scruple, then he is denied the most palpable evidence for his own existence. By saying this does not mean I advocate the one form over the other; one simply must use what is at his disposal, without prejudgment. All that remains is for one to biogragph his Auto.

Outlandish!

Provocative; Tantalizing.

Fan the Fire; Blow the Coals; Stir the Embers

Images.

The New York Review of Books located in Dusthole USA has become the controllers (like, in Control Addicts) of Ideas, Information and Affected Tastes. Whatever serves.

Some of what follows seems like a repeat; never to be repeated again. A second chance atta laugh. Ho Ho.

More Noooooos. Or is it OLDS? Same OLDS.

Your name, Sir? No pseudonyms, please.

Conventional Durchanek in 1986 AC -33.

Durchanek in 3109 AN I.

Durchanek in 2548 AN II.

Durchanek in 0 AMM.

Adam Durchanek ad infinitum.

AC -33 = 1953 After INRI.

AN I after Nobucketnozzler I

AN II after Nobucketnozzler II

AMM In the Year of the Major Malfunction.

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So, Who cares? Keep Smiling.

I had thought, boldly, "Sweep it all away; Ignore them (Abort, Ignore, Retry). The Sun will remain, and the breeze, the clouds, the rain; as it did before them (unless they attempt to destroy out of spite, or rank impotence).

They are after you all the while; not a minute's peace. Proximity is the Name of the Game. Stuck as a captive on this damned planet. One is haunted by that old parasitic symbiotic feeling: livin' off'n another's labors. Sell 'em a piece of sacharrine shit - laced with sex (sell 'em anything laced with sex; even Death). Enslaved to Shit and Sex; that's the marketplace. Talk about Freud! Talk about scruples; because of the children they are not explicit, concealing the bung and pudenda. The Supreme Court said NO to the Sodomites. X-Rated.

The Airways, the Mails, the Alexander Graham Bells; we little Satellites, our pocketbooks accessed through our groin. Free Enterprise; Land of Opportunity! A Mother Goose.

The Autobiography of the United States of America. 'The Daily Dairy of the American Dream'.

No wonder they want to find other solar systems; just so's they can colonize and Quack 'em over too; three foe fii six times; whatever works. Perhaps a fictional account would sound better.

Ignore it! Dwell upon the Sun, the Breeze, the Clouds, the Rain. Invest in seeds. Grow and cultivate your own civilization.

Speaking of growing, I grew up in this country, in a town where it actually didn't matter from which side of the tracks you came. Our town ought to have been named Track Town, instead of Pocahontis.

Faye and her family lived in a hollow beneath the rails. Each day, in order to access the greater world above and beyond, it became necessary for the Haskins to cross the tracks, and recross them in order to return HOME HOME HOME Home home home on the Range. No helicopters. At night, especially, the sound of the steam-driven giants rumbled and rolled over them.

Poverty and no Pride.

The garbage collector, who lived down the street paralleling the same tracks, but on the other side, attached a horseshoe to his penis with a string, heaving the iron out his bedroom window. It was an idea he got watching his mother tie his brother's tooth to the doorknob on the kitchen door. Usually the string breaks.

He felt his member was too short. His thingie eventually recovered (in plenty of time) to knock-up the sixteen year old Faye. No Romance. Pride Goes Before The Fall. Now What Are We Supposed To Do? He liked to keep busy. Before Faye, he had become involved in another thing that 'little' boys (incipient men; and all that portends) get around to doing with little girls; he had tied Ruthie Chester hand and foot to the

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bedposts splay-eagled upon her bed, in her mother's apartment above Eddie's Tavern.

I had taken Ruthie to the Senior Prom; I can't remember whether it was before or after this episode. Ruthie was not especially bright, or especially pretty, but she was blond, medium height, well made, but sort of inelegant and awkward, perhaps somewhat shy. I do not know what were my intentions specifically, except I enjoyed having her sit on my lap throughout a long auto ride during some sham church function (getting religion) (Gotta start somewhere).

I am able barely to recall the photo of the two of us standing, side by side, in the gym at the school the night of the Prom(enade), Ruthie standing on my left attired in a cream-colored strapless evening gown, looking as nice as she might ever, blank and sad, hardly radiating joy, perhaps feeling mostly out of place as a relative new comer, escorted by the most dubious (zit-faced) personage who ever wore an over-sized hand-me-down, a pale pinstripe Frankie Sinatra built-up shoulder affair, along with very baggy hand-me-down gabardine pressed pantaloons with bulges at the knees; a goofy pimple-pussed pathos with shined, skinned leathers, sporting an innocuous second-hand striped tie, topped with a Vitalis comb job on top. A real gum-shoe if there ever was one.

I might agree with some criticism of the more banal aspects of autobiographical recollection. I didn't dance with Ruthie, first of all, plainly and simply, because I did not dance, and even if I had possessed the knowhow, most likely I would not have possessed the courage. Pimple-pussed rejects don't have a right to dance. I really do not remember what Ruthie did to occupy herself. Nowadays I still do not dance, although the pimples have become a thing of the past, and even though I love my wife enough to dance with her if she would ask me; but she already knows I will encourage her to dance with others.

At last we come to the biograph of the Auto.

I remember driving Ruthie home in her mother's 41 Ford sedan, having promised her mother to return at a reasonable hour. And yes, of course, reality quite often conforming to fiction, the car rolled on a tire that went flat, which obliged me to grub up my outfit, jacking and wrenching in order to replace the oblate shape with the more rounded spare. Eventually, we arrived at Eddie's Tavern; no kissing, no nothing. Ruthie's mother seemed pleased, or was she relived; a non-event. Ruthie radiated mostly a blank sadness.

I believe it was after this that she was masochistically brutalized by the garbage collector. He got his; not for his experimenting with Ruthie or Faye, but for becoming an incendiary Volunteer Fireman; they told him to go to blazes in the caboose for a year.

Adolescence was fraught with stimulation and anguish. While one foundered in his mid-teens, the mucky mucks who ran the world (dirty bastards) were generating *cause celebres* for we ones approaching the

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magic number (1A) who would be obliged to fill in the gaps in the front line (known as cannon fodder; substance for the argument).

Hah!, but did we deserve better, we who enjoyed the luxury of adolescence in innocence and ignorance. I surmise, without remembering in fact, our Social Studies teacher, the one who served as gym coach as well (a regular dogsbody), insisting that all the girls wear shorts to gym class (dirty old men in those days too, he was the one who identified the rubber I blew up in Latin I as a French Safe [French 101]), presented current events in such a way as to apprise us of certain irrefutable realities. These realities were usually contrived as some onerous difficulty confronting the 'good guys' (that's us) whose standard bearer, the red, white, and blue, had been besmirched by the 'bad guys' (that's them) the Reds. We shrugged, perhaps believing such things were inevitable, but really did not involve us. Slogans were bandied about "Better Dead than Red".

In reality, we were being prepared for events that did not concern us, that were not of our making. Perhaps they were the concern of the offspring of the Rockerfellers, The Rothschilds, Krupps, and the Baronial Russians, but surely not us; mere pissants. We stood to gain nothing. Wha?! defend our freedoms. Never!! Our Freedoms? Many Tiered Freedoms (Many Tears). Quack Many Tiers!

The Great Good World War II ended with a rearranged world of spoils, spoliars, greed, and sunny dry devious (undeclared) purposes being served, as Europe became divided, and certain Eastern Asian and Southeast Asian lands and peoples became divided, denied, and enslaved. We, of the good red white and blue, talked a good game; and coming off a big victory, who doubted our integrity, veracity, credibility and goodness. We also allowed the Big Bear to gobble - so we could gobble. If you are a natural born gobbler, you gobble, whether its land, moola or sphere of influence. Both the Big Bear and the Eagle thought the Korean people required guidance - more than Freedom. The stage had been set at Teheran and Yalta (somehwere near Eden) for our future embroilments. The two greediest were not satisfied. To plan for even more distantly guaranteed altercations between the two Visgoths, we aided our French Ally (some ally) (we are a lousy ally too) believing she was best suited to manage a portion of semi-Catholic French Colonial Southeast Asia, guaranteeing the denial of still another people, setting the stage for that still distant generation (many of whom were baby boomers [a quick catching up {fix} for the next fodder {general inductee} attack]).

What the hell did we learn from that great good war? Just an accumulation of Grade B John Wayne and Ronald Reagan heroics?

Thats it buddy!!! Wave it!! Love it or leave it!! Shove it!!!

To continue with the autobiography; present tense.

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I made it to the front door with my timeless self. I needed to remember to take the key in order to lock the door of the timeless world behind me (to tacitly keep the other world from contaminating what was contained within the lair). I need not remember the key to the horseless carriage for it was most generally attached to the key ring in my pocket. The key to the door of the timeless world was not included thereupon because it was attached to a cumbersome rape whistle.

If a man or woman cannot defend itself, it has no right to existence. Just ask Casper W.. Before one has acquired their right to existence (on this planet, anyway) he must engage in M.A.D. Casper W. commissions Genrul Dynamite to build Rape Whistles (and toilet seats for the quick exit).

Of course, in Heaven its different. Buuulllsshittt!! Thatsa nicea!


To continue thus; necessarily I had engaged the key to the door of the four-wheeled contraption, reengaging it to unlock its steering wheel; followed by the Twist of life - Varrrooommm! The story of my life.

After dispensing with this continuum of preliminaries with keys, she who had broken her leg, thus encumbered to crutching, hobbled her way to the other door, awkwardly falling, sliding into a seated position, dragging the pieces after her. Such was our fate each morning and each evening during this broken-limb phase of our life.

In my better moments I might become overwhelmed by some timeless perception of a new-born day, but once I had entered your damned world of locks and keys, vehicles, asphalt, and SMELLS, along with your UGLY banners and pennants, appendaged to some equally UGLY structure housing your shoddy merchandise, announcing to the world the simplest of obversions - 'Ugliness is in the eyes of the detractor', it was all over.

The hoards of horseless carriages accrued enormously behind the Red Light which had been triggered by a lone vehicle, just arriving. One hundred exhausts at the intersection idling away instead of one. Ungentlemanly enough, I was persuaded, 'fairness must allow for all; any system which cannot account the least number (one), necessarily must fail'. The same held true for the next traffic light, and the next, ad infinitum. Very democratic, very uncoordinated (thus small factions are permitted to survive). There are good arguments for limited access and express ways - but - Holy Oh Shit!, more emmy domain condemnations (not very democratic), and even more asphalt, and more noise!!

Anyway, its somehow reassuring to know we have taught our mechanical contraptions something we have been unable to teach ourselves, that is, with any consistency; the Art of Democracy. (We get Democracy until there is a Major Malfunction.) There are so many in our G.D. (Generic Democratic) country who will never get a Green Light. All they get is BUUULLLSSHIITTT all over their windshield.

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Making the World Unsafe for Communomics, or
Trickle Down = Leftovers.

Trickle Up YOURS

One More Refrain