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What avails?

There has not been any suggestion how one should begin. In other words, each occasion represented a new beginning, just as it does with a new presidency. However this campaign lacks a slogan. The slate is ancient, and has registered all the permutations; all the rhetoric, all the rationalizations, all the procrastinations, and prevarications. All previous inscriptions have lost their significance and their relevance. Their obsolescing language fails to move us. We have entered McLuhan Land; the Shock of the Future is upon us.

I have believed my writings had tended toward non-fiction; thus I have labeled them as such. Upon further deliberation, it became necessary to recognize, short of photographs or drawings from life, it was almost impossible to produce anything but fiction. Even the photograph or drawing, unless full-sized (life-sized) is a misrepresentation, and only two dimensional. In fact, non-fiction is an approximation, notwithstanding the relating of legal, historical or scientific facts; these latter suffering their own transience, as well as the idiosyncrasies (prejudices) and interpretive skills (perspicacity) of an hominid author.

Once one's attitude of how he has distinguished fiction from non-fiction becomes clearer in his mind, it is easier to proceed without a label, thus becoming freer to write as he will; perhaps a self-evident truism. To scribe 'Once upon a time', 'In the beginning', 'At the outset', etc. merely represents a step taken from the 'real world' to the o'erwritten slate. One might as well set off an explosion, or rive the atmosphere with an Olympian thunderbolt.

As writers, it is our task to secure the reader's (your) interest. In The 'How-To' literary periodicals, one finds allusions to 'page-turners', complete with formulas for success.

In the prize-fighting game, the formula is to feel out your opponent for the first two and half minutes of each round, and for the last half-minute pummel the hell out of him in order to impress the judges. Very few prizefighters can just go in there banging away with all their best stuff. 'Why not?' most of us ringsiders might ask. If you are an aficionado you might maintain a different perspective, like waiting for the moment, the 'recognition scene', the moment of truth; like the moment of the sword thrust over the horns of the bull - the knockout punch; and all the preparatory steps leading up to that event in time. An Art form - of another kind.

Depending upon the formatting and general layout of the printed page, how best to get you, the reader, to become a 'page turner'? If one is a fast 'in-between' reader, in between showering and breakfast, in between breakfast and coffee, traveling between home and work, work and home, then a well laid out page with visual grabbers like SIS!! BOOM!!! BAH!!!!, or

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Find 'em! Fuck 'em! and Fork 'em!; or ACTION sequences full of aggression, hostility, VIOLENCE (destruction) are most likely the best formula. It would not be untoward to suppose the Lives Of The Rich And Famous, or WAR Stories, or Success and Inspirational would satisfy these requirements.

If you are anything like me, you tend to allot (prioritize) a space of time for reading, like you might set aside time for prayer, or taking stock at the end of each day; a special time for indulging in meditation, or in flights of fancy (escapism). You might tend to be fairly discriminating in your selection of reading material depending upon your needs in filling that space of time. Reading 'page turners' may not be suitable or satisfying. That they be stimulating, thought provoking, and clearly written, though challenging, would be more to the issue.

Since I seem to grouse around in the purposes and pitfalls of life; and the foibles of mankind, I tend to search for similar content, with the particular exception of an additional category, that of the nautical adventurer. The nautical adventurer tends to be a solitary figure who joins the lists by engaging in encounters with elemental happenings, on his own terms. He is sufficient unto himself, in a world 'peopled' with doldrums and storms, parchedness, sweltering humidity, cold dankness, all with a garnish of conquest added to embellish the adventure. These solitaires seek out the remotenesses in the planetary offerings. Though every nook and cranny belongs to someone else, often enough one is able to put down his anchor to do more than contend with the elemental, rather to partake of its wonder and splendor, and its great variety.

Success becomes a conquest of the mighty ocean, a conquest measured in terms of survival of both vessel and self; although the ultimate survival is that of oneself (perhaps only sacrificing one's vessel, as a Holy Chalice, for Salvation). Though it might stir our imaginations beyond all hope we might envision the solitary Captain classically sinking to Davy Jones Locker with his vessel. If the tree crashes to the forest floor without an EAR, how will anyone KNOW? Perhaps what appeared to happen will fictionally occasion another Moses, or Paris (and Helen), Odysseus (and The Sirens), Robinson Crusoe, Taji (and Yillah - or closer to the vest, Herman and Fayaway). While some of these are mythological figures, some are half-way between what become availing combinations, with the last but not the least, the all-too human. (The Heathen)

Don Quixote might be regarded as the ultimate adventurer, for his involvement with the foibles of mankind, although solitary in his madness. With the Don failure (from the reader's perspective) becomes a tolerable condition, for we soon derive mirth from misadventure. Reading thus we might begin to perceive all our own efforts toward intervention, socialization and civilization, and generalized 'righting of wrongs' in a lighter vein. As long as we are unable to discover a master plan, a design,

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a purpose to existence, beyond a mere fortuitous happenstance, it is ours then to 'create' or formulate one for ourselves; that becoming the inherent right of every individual. In our hearts, many of us are Don Quixotes.

Every new day 'gives rise' to a different self (Saturday) (On A Different Planet) a self, at once separate, alone, unique; who often consciously wishes to live, not to die (conquest of Death in Knotted Twine). While protoplasmic life continues in as much as it does in a dog or rat, it has been opined human life contains a 'higher purpose'. Perhaps in our early years, as we sat in rows impressionably facing our inculcators, we received the great inculcation that human life was more than protoplasm. Human life became Man, and Man was larger than Life. Man evolved (or was created) from nothing to become something, while all the other forms of life stood still. Man dared to believe he was divine, and G O D-like. And HE created Relevance (Hollywood and Walt Disney).

He professed Reason unto himself; all other life forms lacking thereof. He marveled at this attribute, this accouterment, that enabled him to engineer, to build, to fathom the depths of the Universe; to create societies and civilizations.

What he has accomplished and what he yet promises, are sufficient to cause marvel, when measured against all the other forms of life, finding them forever unchanged. MAN stands at the pinnacle, a lonely figure, arrived, above the others, only there to surpass himself. Man envisions himself as not arrested in time, but as forward moving. He perceives in his chameleon behavior, certain 'advancements'. (He often mistakes the repetition of himself in different guises as an advancement.)

Man is constantly forced to deal with his animal nature, his viscera, the lower regions, their aggressiveness, hostility, violence and propensity to destruction (the irreverence of the divine); his ignorance, arrogance, pettiness, bigotry, prejudice, insolence, egocentricity, and intolerance.

Not divine in the least, despite his sublime moments, his cathedrals, his repeated sacrifices (of the crucified INRI), his prayers, incantations, dervishes, expiations and atonements.

Man is hierarchy, man is 'lip-service', man is righteous, mean, vindictive, jealous, envious, hateful; because man is rooted in his flesh inescapably. While he empathizes, cares, anthropomorphizes, philanthropizes, even loves, and would give the shirt off his back, he would also become the opposite. That is true and inevitable. You might remark, "This is self-evident". I have heard it thus. Should all that is self-evident remain unnoted? Is it also evident that MAN is a Quacking Asshole?

Is he equal in his dispensations? What permits him luxury in his dispensations? And are these not fortuitous, arbitrary, conditional? We are placed in a position of always relating to this ambivalence from our

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pinnacled lower-regioned look-a-likes. Simultaneously upon the pinnacle and in the pit. <<<< MAKE CLEARER!

To account the multifarious, and the whimsicality, the capriciousness amongst the multitude, to prevent anarchy we have instituted Moses. In order that some might reach the finish line in that remote future, Moses served notice to his fellow man that all would suffer the eternal fires of damnation if they did not follow the straight and narrow. The spake has become more elaborate, protectionistic, full of loopholes, since Moses time, but the message pretends the same, to assure that someone will reach the finish line with a gold medal; and a diamond-studded tie clasp, and an endorsement contract in the beyond.

If we truly believed what there is to believe, that there is no purpose to life or its continuance, what is there to prevent a last great anarchy or debauch? Surely Waiting for Godot does not answer the great human need or inclination. Dionysian flights; Bacchanalia, Walpurgis Nights, Maydays. Wild Abandon. Are we not so inclined; is this also self-evident? Are we becoming jaded with this evidence? Are we becoming sickened by our all-too apparent lacks? One would rather not be reminded; is that it? Cheers! then. Raise One To Wild Abandon!!!! 'Come On, Godot, Go For It!! ARMAGEDDON WID IT!!

While these conundrums or paradoxes might be presented any number of ways, perhaps even in very individual ways, I do not wish to create the impression I would ignore (Abort Retry Ignore) any aspect of those ramifications of which these speculations implicitly or explicitly 'give rise to'. They are not intended to impinge or infringe upon anyone. However, often truth does, of its own accord.

Does What? Impinge and Infringe! <<< What is the Relevance of this Last?

We have speculated upon the respective influences of genetics and environment upon the young, upon other forms of life. We have even attempted to find some chromosomal aberration that might account for criminality in general, almost arriving at mandatory blood tests of prison inmates in hopes of confirming such a bizarre hypothesis. We have guessed, not unreasonably, at a genetic predisposition toward certain behavior, augmented or encouraged by certain environments, certain circumstances. Next in order of humane contemplations, ... la Lycurgis, (... la, la, la LAH LAH; la la lycurgis; hip, hip hooray lycurgis) would be blood tests at birth in order to determine one's criminally genetic proclivities.

The truth of the matter is we all have our thoughts; more significantly we all have our feelings. Also we have our morality from Moses. There's Nietzsche's sublimation. But even with morality and sublimation, we know something else lives beneath the surface which we cannot entirely conceal from ourselves.

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He had inquired "Is civilization a thing distinct, or merely an advanced stage of barbarism?". I had read the obversions that stand as hallmarks to civilizations, "Freedom is Slavery, War is Peace, Ignorance is Strength". I presume to add one of my own, "Survival is Success".

We speak of ascendancy. Ascendancy signifies a mixture of ambivalences with regard to behavior, If our ascendancy was to be measured in terms of tools, machinery, the conversion of the planet into an artificial separation from the planet in the form of a Standard Of Living, then we might discover some measure, some distancing from the cave, the mere lair. But just because we supposedly civilized entities do not throw virgins in ceremonial sacrifice over the precipice, or burn witches at the stake, or draw and quarter, as legalized forms of punishment, does not mean we are not just as brutal toward life now as we have ever been. It might even be deemed with the advent of the sophisticated sciences we have merely provided more devious and sinister methods for fuller expression and the expansion of our brutality into a finer art. We are no less brutal; perhaps more impersonally brutal, and more brutal because of it, giving our propensities their fullest expression. Capital Punishment is not Cruel and Unusual.

Sigmund claimed he could find no instinct to morality. He did not speak of altruism especially. Perhaps in himself he could discern no instinct to morality, no natural impulse to conform to the collective wish. We must assume morality as an imposition. Moses would have us believe he got the good word from above. Christ got the good word from above. The good word comes from outside of us we are told.

Modern Russia is regarded as atheistic. Something must come from MAN himself. Relevance buster?

Our treatment of animals is revealing. While we, who would think well of ourselves as animalitarians, would train a horse, if he is to be ridden in races, to retain some spiritedness, while if we are to train him merely as a horse to be ridden or worked, his spirit is of little consequence; he must conform to our wills. We attempt to breed for this conformity, a kind of resolute docility. But failing all measures that have to do with genetics and animalitarianism we proceed to break the spirit, many times unmercifully, forcing the creature to conform to our wills. We manifest a similar attitude and follow a similar process with man's best friend. We try to do the same with our fellow humans. Animals that do not conform, that is, those who are too stupid, or too willful, or mad, as it were, we most often destroy, or if too much an animalitarian, give to intermediaries, no questions asked, or perhaps give to the Animalane Society, or furtively turn loose upon the world.

As Humanitarians when we uncover the ALIEN amongst us, he who does not conform, we also take measures, even if he who does not conform does no harm. Social Ostracism, another ism like

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castrationism, renderim impotentism (Piggy Latin for what we do to nullify our apprehensions while in the vicinity of broken mirrors). (A broken mirror is one that will only minimally reflect what it is we wish to see). Narcissusi all, we wish to see ourselves reflected upon every countenance; when we do not we become fearful of what could be inherent to difference. Knowing or suspecting our own brutal impulses, what are we to assign to the ALIEN, whom WE DO NOT KNOW. And Boy!, I'll tell you there have been some crazy buggers out there, outside of our puny little selves, outside our mere envelop of corpuscular skin. Even a suit of armor is worthless. Even more worthless may be our trust in what appears to be our reflection in the mirror, our own mirror. We are often heard to say when someone goes off the deep end, "I never would have guessed". "He seemed quiet and friendly". "He minded his own business". "I never saw him do anything that would give the slightest indication." Something undetectable seething within, behind the mirror.

Moses said unto the pool, "Splash!" "No False Gods Buddy!"

What are we, that we will not so much as dare to admit to ourselves - and still more, what do we know - perhaps barely suspect of ourselves - dare suspect?

You might wonder what kind of lunatic is asking these questions. We are all lunatics; i.e. we all suffer with affected judgment. We seldom reflect upon our lunacy. This NOW, to which we acquiesce - we presume to call LIFE. We do not define our existence, only minimally. We may refuse to brush our teeth, lave or shave; or we might run the STOP sign, or go the wrong way out of laziness; as a means to an end; or deliberately, flauntingly; protesting against the many leashes that restrain us. If we carry on with this fire-eating behavior we will not redeem ourselves but invite rebuke, and remedy unto ourselves.

There are cheaters everywhere. The little guy is able to cheat in little ways; the big guy in big ways. These are inevitable. Cheating is inevitable like Death. OH!, there are polite expressions like 'circumvent', 'overreach': 'misinform'; 'keep a word of promise to thine ear ...', 'beguile'; 'practical joke'; 'make believe'; 'it was not my intention to defraud'. Its all the same.

Its O.K., just so long as you don't get caught. Are we all germinal revertants, like an echo, wanting to break loose from that which restrains us? What do we care of the collective, the group, the community, society, if they do not meet our needs?

All of us would be in irons for our thoughts.

So, out of love, or out of fear; or is it from out pure rationality we keep up appearances (i.e. deceive others [and ourselves]) - are we the Noble Savage? None Other? Who Else? From which planet; which stellar ball?

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What of this rationality; what alluring quality doth reason abide? Is it the same that argues for civility, fairness, for equality; is it the same reason that would counsel for the better way, in harmony and with unity of purpose?

What is it we might fear that we do not also love?

Do we fear the loss of self - of identity - of EGO life? Who will be the first to yield? Totally? It cannot be a conscious choice, for it is already assumed to be inevitable we cannot choose. But the fear ???? The awareness is irreconcilable with truth.

(Enmity, hostility; opposition, inimically).

When an apparently previously domesticated animal goes wild, or returns to nature, we opine, 'It has gone FERAL'.

When a homo sapiens, whom we had previously believed had been civilized, or domesticated, goes wild, or returns to a state he has never known, but which he should be prepared to become at all times, for his survival may depend upon it ... ("What are you saying, only civilized (domesticated) docile homo sapiens are to be tolerated, or that condition is the only tolerable condition; if homo sapiens cannot fulfill that condition, then is it caput for the whole damned species?") ... when a previously domesticated homo sapiens becomes feral, becomes uncivilized, a barbarian, an un noble savage, what are we to do? Don't answer all at once!

I recall how impressed we are when the wild animal, ... la Bambi, (Walt Dizzy in general) befriends us. It trusts us; we have come to trust our own good natures, our own civilizational acquiescence, our domesticity, our unwildness, finding that trust affirmed in the wild animal who comes to us, who homothropomorphizes.

Wild remains a haunting a mystery to us.

You gotta be kidding Walt. FERAL BAMBI, or is it FERAL SCAMPER? Civilized Bambi.

He froze in his tracks.

Are we more like Bambi or is Bambi more like us?

A Bamboozle.

Ambivalized Bambi.

The 4 x 4 roared through the forest, its gun rack visibly laden with wild assault rifles, only slightly obscured by the flag decal wavin' thar, above the inscribed homily 'Love It or Leave It'.

Bambi had better wear a red hat and a flak jacket.

Fawn Corridor exclaimed, "Ollie, Ollie in free!". What a pile of shredded nonsense. The little deer appeared so innocent wavin' the flag. All those camera angles. They turned him into a GOD, damn it.

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"Hey, wait a minute, who changed the script?"

Well, if Bambi homothropomorphizes, why can't I Fawn in the Hall?

There you go again wanting relevance and clarity. Come on, laugh with me. If I'm mad, life is a big joke. If I'm sane, life is a big joke.

I have fallen over the edge; am now plummeting through *incoherentia dimentia*.

Notesssssssszzzzzzzz July 20 2003 Moniker Lowinstinct and WillyNilly Exhale set out to see, in the broom closet, whether what seemed in the thongs things so real, were in fact worthy of the erection that pursued with wont such a need of relief from such a belief, and despite all caution that good seamanship would warrant, set forth in such dangerous waters as to sustain a blow that would rock the boat, whereof it had been told and narrated in manner familiar to all: "He said, she said, she said, he said", to the general dismay of some, and glee of others. WillyNilly sustained such an unsatisfactory encounter with the wind that he could claim: "I did not have sex with that woman". What do the wind and blow have in common, if not sex? One pays dearly for his transgressions upon moral decency, and for not getting laid. Regrets.

I do not know how or why this came up except that I had been musing over breakfast concerning a most illustrious basketball player who got it on with a former cheerleader/now spa receptionist, she getting it on all the while, she claiming afterward that it was not common sensual, but his choice to go beyond the gates even though she made it to a room and bed when she decided that it was a No Go! (emphasis on Go) would save her honor, even though she writhed upon the sack awaiting the inevitable, like the man said: 'doing the inevitable'. A clear opportunity for both, he to hump, and she, since she had already sacrificed her honor, perhaps purposefully, to fatten her coffers for all time.

A private settlement might have been more meaningful, although no less extortionistic and lucrative. He's worth more as a clean jerk with all his endorsement contracts, a share of which he might have yielded for his image, and hers as well, than as a stupid jerk without. Just a costly aberration that might teach the guy to keep his pecker in the cod on Hold.

So Hillary got 8 million telling about her feelings when she found out what her Exhale had done in the janitor's shed. What did Lowinstinct get; what did Tripptrap get, what did the Star get? Paula? Jessica? Donna? Mr Hyde's and Mr Livingston's consorts? And Willynilly is still in demand. Go figure. A few regrets, but lotsa money changing hands. His Memoirs are yet to come. Jennifer, Paula, Wiley, Moniker, and the Termites. Suddenly a look, dirty, clean or indifferent, becomes an indefensible walk in the park. Just because one finds condoms in the park doesn't mean it was theirs. And that stain on her dress. Boing!

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One had sex, and one didn't, but they are both on probation for adultery. When some adulterates a commodity, it is thought he soils or spoils it. When one sticks his pecker in another hole while already blessed in union, it is thought he soils and spoils something. Small comforts for a dinosaur.

Yeah, this is suddenly in the gutter; care to join me?.

Nobody in his right mind would do such a thing!