

## ***Chocolate Mountain***

You Cannot Live On Love, Air, and Springwater, or;  
The Future is Assured, or:

### **Chocolate Mountain.**

***re: PL 93-531: Goldwater and Udall Screw The Redman (a non-communist)***

The Chocolate Mountain lies between Orange Rock National Park and Coyote Indian Reservation; actually it is situated on the edge and within the boundary of the Coyote Reservation. The Mountain is one of the most scenic, with a dramatic view overlooking Orange Rock National Park; however the indigenous Indians are the only inhabitants who may partake of this view on a regular basis. The general public, i.e., the white majority live many miles away, on the one hand, and on the other, are not permitted access to the Reservation proper. The Indians do not climb the Mountain per se, but rather revere it as a Holy Place.

The Coyote Indian Reservation was delineated during a time when an ambivalent Government was unhappily forced to deal with the forever ongoing troublesome Indian Question. The Reservation remained a charge of the Department of the Interior's Bureau of Indian Affairs. Concurrently with solving the forever ongoing troublesome Indian Question, the Government had become involved in setting aside for city folk and future generations certain areas of Wilderness as National Parks. Orange Rock National Park might easily have encompassed the Coyote Reservation if it had not been for the forever ongoing troublesome Indian Question. At that time, the Coyote Reservation was thought to be located in an area of little or no commercial value; and at the time the Reservation was being formed, National Parks had not become as pressing a concern as the forever ongoing troublesome Indian Question.

The Government has had little success in dealing with its intractable charge. Initially, lands were given to the Indians by the Government (generous No?, allotting to them what was already theirs), only to have them cheated out of these lands (by unscrupulous Caucasians), forcing the Government to (re)possess them, holding them in trust (that's the story I heard). Then came the Dawes Act, an attempt to de-tribe the buggers; then some fifty years later, the Wheeler-Howard Act, an attempt to re-tribe the American Native. And, after a period of time, the United States Government abandoned the custom of reducing the size of Indian Reserves; not because they had wanted to, but more, in response to the public pressure that regarded it such a heinous thing to do

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(that is, a crime against 'humanity', a humanity that had suffered long enough). NO !; that wasn't it; it wasn't they had suffered enough; it's just it would 'look bad' in the eyes of the rest of the world to further encroach upon "them", especially by a Nation that makes such a 'big thing' of fairness, equity, justice, and 'human rights' and sundry other rhetorical nuances. What was the need in this case anyway? It would have been rather nice to possess the Mountain which was not yet called Chocolate Mountain (it was called Maxpe (Mountain), the home of the Great Spirit, in Coyote ways). More recently, the Government policy (watch out! has consisted in attempting to devise means to move the annoying presence off the Reservations entirely. Jesus Christ! anyway.

This is where our story begins.

At the time of creating Orange Rock Park, it receiving this astoundingly imaginative bureaucratic appellative to honor the large outcroppings of orange-colored rock (not really red) found throughout. Orange Rock River meanders through the Park. Juniper, pine, and mesquite grow here and there. There are many unusually shaped natural bridges, orifices and other marvelous convolutions wrought by wind and cloudburst erosion, and by the Invisible Shaper of all things.

While the Park claims its own fair share of peaks, Mt. Nixon, Mt. Ford, and Mt. Reagan, and Mount Bush amongst them, Chocolate or Maxpe Mountain, by far, is the more beauteous, a rich multicolored imposing shape that stands alone, as well as projecting five hundred feet more heavenward than do the others.

Where was I ? Oh ! Well ! Like everything else, the world's supply of chocolate had become very scarce, almost nonexistent, with the expiration, through some incredible disease or parasite or the like, of the cacao tree; or so some say. Actually the demand for cacao tree-parts, like elephant and rhino tusks, buffalo hides, reindeer tongues, alligator hides, ostrich plumes; gold, crude oil, youranium, coffee, sugar, peanuts, pepper, yew-tree bark; all became sources of revenue and energy to satiate a ravening two-leggedness. Did I leave something unaccounted for? I'm sure I did. OH ! Trees !; one ought mention that it was supposed trees were renewable; now it is paper that is renewable. Sounds like a plausible assumption, or deception, doesn't it; well, with billions, the trees have been disappearing faster than renewing. Cacao trees, like certain of the whale species are listed amongst the nearly extinct, or 'entirely nonexistent'.

To abbreviate a long story; through some fluke of universal bafflement, Maxpe Mountain was discovered to contain chips of a soft brown matter that tasted much like chocolate, but highly concentrated in energy (calories); perhaps ten times that of

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the substance extracted from chocolate tree seeds. It was estimated that for every ton of "shale" chocolate extracted from Maxpe Mountain one could harvest one-hundred pounds of chocolate-like substance. No real chemical differences could be determined except for the high concentration of extra chocolate end-groups located at the chocolate active sites.

I failed to mention that chocolate was included amongst the many stopgap energy sources used to fuel man and his machines. Now that this latest panacea had become exhausted as had all others previous to it, and the situation being what it was (and had always been) 'critical', observing the onward and downward precept, embraced by that succinct principle 'what goes up must come down, down being intolerable, Chocolate Mountain became a top priority acquisition, or was considered 'up-for-grabs'. At least this is what one might have expected the right-wing bureaucrat to speculate; not just for the chocolate alone, but also for studying its geological formations in order to determine how, when, and if other deposits might exist on earth, or in the lunar, planetary or stellar universe.

The Coyote Indians, (amongst the First Americans [not America-Firsters]) who lived on roots, leaves, grubs, and some agricultural devisings of their own, as well as sundry ground creatures and creatures of the air, almost as they had done throughout their genesis, had little or no interest in Chocolate Mountain except as the center and source of their spiritual lives. Predictably, they said "No" to the **EXXOFF** Federal Chocolate Cartel. They said "Great Spirit be much angered if Mountain Home disturbed; we of Coyote say 'NO' !".

"Who do they think they are, saying 'NO' ?" **EXXOFF** exclaims. "We say 'YES' !" "What can they do to us?" "After all, they are merely ignorant savages who have refused to join the modern world. They are unrealistic. They are also useless". "Casino Bums!"

"If the whole of Chocolate Mountain contains as much substance as the initial samplings (one does not know how or who or when these samples were obtained; most likely betrayed by some faithless Indian bought off with a promise, fahr water and wampum), Maxpe could be expected to yield 1.2 trillion cubic yards of mountain from which could be extracted approximately 300 lbs. per cubic yard, or 3.6 quadrillion pounds of energy equivalent substance (when compared to the previously used chocolate extracted from the cacao tree). At our current rate of consumption, of 400 million pounds of chocolate per day, it is calculated that Chocolate Mountain would supply our energy needs for 12.5 years. With conservation and the development of new sites, or new energy sources, it is conceivable that this

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estimate could be doubled, tripled or quadrupled. Not bad for one mountain".

"Now; how do we get it away from the Indians?" "Quickly". "Yes, quickly!; before the Humanists, (Bloody Hearts) the Civil Righters, the ACLU and the Environmentalists, and the Revolutionaries get organized enough to force it all into the courts".

"The only sure way is to dispose of the Coyote through some quick and subtle means not traceable to beast or man; small pox would seem heinously obvious".

Without delay then, a strange phenomenon overcame the Indians, observed in a wild dervish-like trance and incantation, as though they were imprecating the Great Spirit, during which they attempted to fly from their cliff dwellings down to the valleys below; not unlike those who have flown from hospital windows under the influence of LSD, most likely introduced into their drinking water. Through this means and others unknown, ingestion of exotic elixirs, more bizarrely intoxicating than fire water, manifested as wholesale lunacy and dire imprecations to the Great Spirit, leading to their general demise and disappearance, Maxpe Mountain became the object of Chocolate leases from the Federal Government, most of these being secured by **EXXOFF**.

Environmentalists tried and tried, but try as they would, Chocolate Mountain, that serene residence of the Great Spirit, shrank and shrank away before the gaze of Mt. Nixon, Mt. Ford, Mt. Reagan, Mt. Bush, and Dubya, who shall remain forever chocolateless.

The Chairman of **EXXOFF** proclaimed to the Environmentalists: "You can't live on Love, Air and Springwater" (They borrowed that one from Sonja's mother). And they added: "The world turns on Chocolate these days".

'Tis the end of very short story.

