

What follows has in fact occurred after the treatment. Since everything that happens in this life is somehow irrelevant to most everything that has preceded it and that follows it, I will relate of such irrelevant matters.

895884. Numerology? Actually this was the price of a used pickup. Its significance was revealed to me by the eighth used car salesman I had encountered in this latest exposure. I had previously passed by his 'lot' because we owned a Logoed vehicle that his dealership sold and serviced. Our vehicle was seemingly on the wane, so we were contemplating repair versus a newer used vehicle, as free people and dependent locomotors are forced to do.

My first stop at a used car lot was not an edifying experience. I was shown one vehicle in our proposed price range that looked to me as though it would require as much repair as the one we had. I was informed his dealership had conducted a sale the previous weekend, wherein they had sold many used vehicles (the usual year-end clearance I was told). That's typical of me to arrive a day late.

My second stop occurred pursuant to reading an 'ad' appearing in a weekly flyer that somehow gets deposited in our newspaper box attached to our mailbox post (we do not receive a newspaper; it is only fortuitous that the box exists for the distributor of the flyer, otherwise we would not receive it). The vehicle we tried looked nice, and was in our price range. The salesman was pleasant. I told him my wife would have to be in on the deal, and I would bring her by on a certain date. In the meantime, on my way to do something else, I stopped in a third lot, the dealership that sold the same make as our old one. All the used vehicles were pretty much above our price range. That was it until we returned to try the vehicle of the pleasant salesman. Charline thought the vehicle difficult to handle, so we decided to sleep on that one. My forays took me, once again, to the dealership that sold our make of vehicle, to inquire after possible repair costs; while there, I looked again and saw a vehicle on sale well within our price range, clean like the one we had checked at the place with the pleasant salesman. After test driving the vehicle with both a salesman and another salesman-mechanic in order to learn the source of a particular noise, it was decided they would give it to the shop for a look-see.

Once again, in the meantime, on my way to do something else, I decided to stop at an adjunct place (the 'wholesale' lot) mentioned by the very first salesman. The very first salesman was a likable fellow who introduced me to the manager of the wholesale lot as he had happened to be at the mother (dealership) lot by chance. Already I was beginning to get sucked in. And I was fearing the worst because this guy was wearing sunglasses on a dark rain-infested day. He told me they were low on vehicles after the sale, that I should come by in few after their inventory built up. Hence this stop at the adjunct place. They had only one vehicle of the type we looking for, and four or five hungry salesmen. I drew the one

whose breath reeked of stale strong booze. I told the man our price range; he told me they hadn't made a sale that day, so the manager was willing to listen to any offer, indicating to me the vehicle in question was more expensive than our price range. We went for a test d(r)ive. The vehicle hadn't received the usual cosmetic cleanup, but it seemed in reasonable condition. It seemed to drive well. My offer stood; they did the usual paper shuffling, and conference routine (like playing what they thought was a hooked fish) to return with a higher counter offer. I told them I would need to involve my wife in any decision, and that my primary concerns were the condition of the brakes and the transmission. They said they would take the vehicle over to a third adjunct where there was a 'shop' to get it checked out. I told them I would return that evening with my wife. Later I received a call from the salesman telling me the brakes were O.K., that the transmission would have some problems down the road, and that the tilting steering wheel was loose and required repair as a safety item. I thanked him and told him we would be by in any case. After his call I received a call from the pleasant salesman of the first test driven vehicle. I told him what I was up to, a deep immersion in vehicle shopping.

That evening, on our way to check out the boozers's offering, we stopped at the place of the second vehicle testing. When we arrived the vehicle was gone; I supposed SOLD. But I checked their shops, it seemed gone anyway. So I went inside to the place with cubbyholes and salesmen to ask if it had been sold, NO; then where is it. Some conjecture was made that perhaps a salesman had taken it home; or maybe it was out back. He helped us look only to find it where it had been parked when I had left it earlier in the day. There were a couple of people looking at it who soon disappeared. We could only assume it had been taken for a drive. We also took it for a drive. I told the salesman what I had heard in my initial test drive, and what the other salesman-mechanic had said he would do to check it out. This salesman also heard the noise, what Charline described rather accurately as the sound of a washing machine in the spin cycle. When we returned to the lot we parked near the showroom to get more light upon the subject. As we were attempting to negotiate something with regard to the sound the salesman disappeared inside to consult some higher up who returned with him to tell us the vehicle had just been sold.

The salesman who had been accompanying us through all of this revealed to us his philosophy as a "Sales Specialist" (every one of these guys who man these worthy ramparts carries a business card intended to lend him a dignified presence). He told us most people buy within 72 hours. He said if we were patient something would come along. He explained that most of the used vehicles they handled were priced ('retail') at twice what they might sell for, hence the 'sale' price of the vehicle that had sold under our noses. Any one of the vehicles in the lot could have been 'sale' offered. At this time he revealed to us also the meaning of the heretofore mentioned numerology. The 895884 indicated the year made by

taking the two extreme numbers '84, the price by reversing the second and third numbers, 95 to 59 plus the fourth and fifth numbers to = 5988 (lots are using 88 instead of 99 these days). This price of 5988 (retail) represents twice what might eventually become the actual sale price of the vehicle; in the case of the vehicle we were looking at, it was on sale at 2988. Lesson: don't buy the first one because it happens to grab you with SALE. Although a nice looking vehicle, probably not for us. Lesson, as per the salesman, be patient.

Eventually we got to the boozier's lot which Charline had already labeled the 'meatlocker', and to which the last salesman had made reference as 'gypsies' without knowing our plans. Gypsies' lots are lots that snap up all the trade-in vehicles the reputable dealerships do not want to handle, handling only the clean ones. We arrived just before closing; most of the hungry salesmen were still there. Charline and I went for a drive. She and I both felt the vehicle drove well, a longer wheel base than the other two we had test-driven, but not as long as our more dilapidated vehicle. It made us realize the comfortableness of our own long wheel base vehicle. When we returned the salesman reiterated the offers made, construing the repairs to the tilting wheel as a cost to them they would absorb (doing us a favor etc.). We told him we'd like to sleep on it, reminding myself of the 72 hour stanza. He had indicated his times of availability, wanting to make sure, if we were interested, that he was the one who completed the deal, so he could receive the commission etc. This last lesson is one to be learned by a buyer also, that salesman do not communicate ongoing deals with customers amongst themselves, hence the one vehicle being sold to someone else as we were test-driving it.

To continue. The last led to a follow-up call the next morning from the salesman. I indicated that we would probably continue to look. He had asked if the transmission was our primary concern. I said it was. He said he would talk to his higher up and see what he could work out. I didn't expect to hear from him again. He called later in the day to indicate he had taken the vehicle to a transmission place to learn that it had a real problem that would cost plenty to fix; would we consider going halves with them? Already they had not made the original offer in our price range; then they pretended to be doing us a favor by offering to repair a loose tilting steering wheel (at their cost), and now they wanted to add yet another cost which would put us more out of budget than I had indicated to them. I told him I would ask my wife, but I indicated to him neither of us felt comfortable operating outside of our budget. We left it at that.

Charline and I are still debating whether or not to repair the old, and now are considering contacting the buyer service of our credit union. We may need to visit our agnostic priest, our car counselor, and our car psychiatrist before this is over.

I called the credit union. No dice! Agnostic Priest: Car Counselor?

On another matter. I haven't told you the results of the treatment yet. Treatment on June 6, 1995. PSA variously somewhere between 5 to 6 (5.8 [Feb.], 5.1 [Apr.]). Oct.5 PSA 1.4; Dec.5 PSA 1. Following the script; that's 'progression free'.

To the person on the other end of the phone I said "God Damn it, I'm only a patient" hanging up as I did so. This was after checking the mail, finding no 'copy' of a report of my blood tests from the local Lab. When I had the blood drawn, I had filled out the umpteenth form with my signature requesting the information I did not get. I called the Lab. to learn my name was not in their 'computer'. They would not take the trouble to find out if the name had been misspelled (fuck you Mr. Durchanik). They claimed they could not give me the results over the phone without 'authorization', and would have to contact the Doctor's office for the correct spelling of the name, plus certain numbers, before searching for a misspelling. What a bunch of Bull Shit! (In Canada I have the same test done for half the price, and am able to call for the results, all without involving a DOC.) So I called the Doctor's office, to learn from the person answering the phone that the report was in their possession, but that the person on the phone could not read it to me, the doctor or his nurse would have to call me with the result. That's when my fuse sort of disintegrated, and when I uttered the above. "God Damn it, I'm only a patient."

My feeling: if more patients did as I, things would change. The problem: the medical profession and the insurance companies are in charge of our lives in a way that represents a lot of God Damn foolishness. Somehow these entities believe they can exist without people (numbers).

Anyway the doctor's wife called chewing me out for swearing at the person who answered the phone (coming to her in tears). She informed me the person answering the phone was just doing as she was instructed. At least I had some effect, but at the wrong end of the business apparently. I told the doctor's wife that the doctor requested that I fill out a form at the time of the blood draw in order to facilitate for the UMPTEENTH time that patient Durchanek receive HIS copy of the results. I didn't tell her I was just a God Damned patient, even though it was true. I didn't tell her it seemed like a paper trail, and seemingness was more important than some other aspects of our interaction, which is also true. Covering one's ass is very important. Important enough I suspect, that if I pressed the issue, I would be in search of another physician. Marriage de inconvenience. Small comforts for a dinosaur.

This too will pass.

I did learn as well that my cholesterol and triglycerides are up, which means I eat too much and don't exercise enough; I need to reorder my priorities or face the consequences. They didn't tell me that. I need to be my own physician in the latter matter. They might have told me to leave

Eugene immediately to return to building my log house where every kind of austerity is practiced out of necessity.

They'll tell me I got out of the wrong side of the bed. BUT

Its a case of overexposure.

This thing that goes on outside of me, this hubbub of two-legged activity; how do I fit in?

I do not.

Few of us do really. Most all live a sham existence out of fear.

Even those who seem to be the 'shakers and movers' only live an illusory existence fortified by some dubious clamor.

It says a lot about life; that is, what we know about it, and what we ought to do with it.

We could choose to oppose the impositions placed upon us, but we do not. Fear and Ignorance? Or Lack of identifiable purpose?

The 'consumerist ethic', if that expression embraces what is happening outside, does not inspire me, although I am a consumer. I am able only to consume that which I am able to afford. ALL of what I consume is of an impermanent nature. Whatever it is it will not last a lifetime. In order for any 'thing' to last a lifetime it must be made of durable material. Truly durable goods would be out of the reach of my wherewithal. We don't think that way anymore.

What is affordable is mostly crap, designed to be consumed, lose its value once it is consumed, deteriorate as rapidly as possible, to force upon one the further consumption ad infinitum. This is purported to be the global aspiration. 'They' imagine they wannabe like us.

There can be no bargain; it is intended there be none. What is consumed is intended to produce wealth for the manufacturer of the consumed objects - ad infinitum. Often however, the idea is to get in and get out quick before one can be sued for producing shoddy merchandise.

Even if one exercised the utmost care with regard to all the objects consumed, the materials used in their manufacture are not designed for permanence. Furthermore, should a part fail, while it most assuredly will, there is little likelihood of finding a replacement.

There is a most sinister relationship herein; one of slavery to an idea, and an exploitation of a an individual's life. It will be argued it is a 'free country'. One is free to choose not to do something, like consume. 'Free' is obviously a relative term, limited in scope. Choosing between objects represents one kind of freedom. But to park one's ass anywhere upon the planet, hoping to eke out an existence is truly denied to one.

So where's the bargain.

The powers that control the culture, the establishment and maintenance of the consumerist modality, that thing that surrounds us, that pervades our existence, do not want the masses to be free to choose

something else. In order to deprive you of your freedom, to nullify your desire to be free from this being swept up in something that leaves you cold, or unfulfilled, with a feeling of being cheated, being taken advantage of, and so on, every way of accessing your powers of resistance, the mails, public transportation, billboards, bumperstickers, ALL ramifications and extensions of the multiMEDIA, are exploited and utilized. The message is constant, from shit to shinola. This is the way! Stay the course! If you do not participate, what are you?

This oppressive condition is enforceable through denial; all else is denied; all other modes are denied. One is denied the right to park his ass. One is denied acceptance for what he is. If you are not a consumer, it is assumed you are without resources, or you are mad, or, as one of our presidents has claimed, a 'social retard'.

One has steeped himself in a hollow materiality which leaves behind a shambles, or a dung heap (midden) of discarded junk; the accumulated character of which and with which one may measure and assess the validity of his assumptions.

Our reward for participation is just more crap. Additionally, through inescapable taxation we are obliged to support that which oppresses us. Salt in the wound. We are also consumptive captives to those who provide basic necessities. While not a tax, what we are obliged to pay is often determined by the 'profit motive'. These come first, even before we are permitted to eat, the tax, and the inflated cost of the basic services. Then you gotta consume or you aint nuttin honey. All who attempt to operate (function [live]) outside of this milieu-ambience are condemned to become pariahs.

Those in power do everything possible to make it impossible to live outside the grand design. They truly want to enslave the masses to this idea; sugar-coated with patriotism, and dubious lip-services involving illusory or non-existent palliatives such as "freedom of choice". If that doesn't work you are charged with vagrancy or treason.

A well-ordered society? The cowbirds have it figured out. Survival is the name of the game. Survival is success.

Remember the cowbird. A creature from the dung heap has taken over.

I had decided to take a step backward. I had felt myself being sucked in. I knew I could not be objective. I realized it was in my interest to observe it from afar.

The elements are a recurring phenomenon associated with 'growth', and most likely 'greed'. Greed however must be separated from surviving; acknowledging that a person who survives is not necessarily greedy. I believe I am able to recognize the difference.

Growth is another matter. Growth as a social argument is another matter. Growth in an urban environment means change, constant change. The shakers and movers, both in urban government, and in establishing

economic policy, in the urban setting, become promoters (often the same people) of growth.

I want to keep the arguments simple. Most of us recognize the evils of growth; also of greed.

Where I come from, that is, where I had migrated to, a place to increase its number by one, many years ago, was sort of benignly populated by woods products manufacturers, a variety of farming practices, and a University.

Benignly, like a friendly tumor or cancer. Eventually the growth doubled, then quadrupled its number, and perhaps its size. The cancer was not content to reside in a corner of the planetary integument, sort of surviving in a self-sustaining manner. The hillsides, by the square mile, were becoming bald. The woods products industry was experiencing a long steady decline. Unemployment became a social burden. If people remained, they became welfare recipients, and suffered the denigration associated with being on the dole. If there was an egress rather than an ingress, property values fell, the tax base suffered, the ambitions of the shakers and movers were thwarted. The shakers and movers were always at work seeking other shakers to fill the vacuum. Some came to look the place over, some stayed. The tax base continued to increase, ambitious urban planners continued to account the growth, to promote the change jargon (POLICY) that accompanies such manifestations, and to provide solutions for piling people on top of each other.

Many of us sat on the sidelines, nervously, anxiously waiting for the quiet to return. It never did. We were constantly embroiled in disputes over whose right it was to make policy that affected everybody; the powerless everybody's. The council chambers were full of lobbyists; the 'developers' were seeking action, support, and greased wheels (modified codes and new ordinances). Lots of bucks were in the wings; money was to be made. Cut the red tape, grant conditional uses, change policy, do whatever it takes to feed and foster the growing thing, that thing to be exploited for GAIN.

I've heard them bitch on the other side of the counter about business being slow; not making enough to make it worth while. Need a new car, new boat, new investment capital. Need, another word to rhyme with; you guessed it. And these eventually became council members; grease monkeys.

I've argued against this stuff instinctively.

Cancers have proven difficult to treat, to limit. One cannot argue against a cancer.

Our bent has been to try to CURE ourselves of cancers, but not ones of our own making. They can eat us alive; that is, spoil our peace and quiet, overrun us, use up ALL our resources. Remember: our loss is someone else's gain. The glib newsmen (those who haunt the urban council chambers) tell us everybody benefits (from cancer). They tell us things like, "Don't think of it as Less Later, but More Now." They even

cynically add "That's the name of the game!" We don't believe any of what they tell us; it has never been true.

We are not allowed to say there is such a thing as a limit, although it is apparent everywhere we go. There is a limit to all resources; the forests, the rivers, the air we breath. We are not allowed to speak in terms of optimum occupancy, because to do so would deny someone, like myself, for example, from coming to where I had come. I would need to remain where I was engendered. If it had been an urban ghetto, then what? Lucky to be born here then? Still, sell your share to the devil; that's human; forget the rationalizations.

This argument is intended to speak for one kind of member of society. There are those who do become undesirable; transients, for example; we wish to prod them along to the next place. We become selectively hypocritical.

Transients might steal from us, they might carry disease, they might occupy our public places; they might peddle drugs (like the Liquor Control Commission, or the Legit and Myers, and Flip Moreonus Corpus's.). They will not steal our water, our energy resources like the bigger multimillion dollar Transients whom 'we' (they) invite from every corner of the globe. The devil promises a buck to the merchants, and the tax assessor, all cozy friends to city hall.

This is where I came in. It was a Done Deal. There were signs stuck up here and there on private property declaring No Deal; but it was a Done Deal. The movers and shakers had greased the wheels, blatantly. That's what happens when a cancer gets growing full bore.

I said I had taken a step backward. I am much older than when I came here 44 years ago. My energy resources are limited. My sense of futile activity has grown more acute; my outlook has accordingly become acutely cynical. In a certain sense I have lost objectivity; I believe the worst. Despite this foreign face that trys to reassure me it means me no harm, presenting itself as a benefactor, in the same way that the woods products magnate assured that everyone gets to eat, everyone gets to breath clean air, that the magnate is a member of the community too. We suspect the lie; we cannot help but suspect the lie. It Is A Lie, because we know what is the bottom line.

I said I had taken a step backward. I intend to sidestep the whole thing too. I have wanted to leave for a long time. The step backward is part of the step away.

The bottom line of the cancerous growth is not a pretty thing to behold. A cancer within a community is a destructive force. The cancer consumes All.

I am not a community person; I'd rather be left alone. Most of my community activity has involved fighting off these bad guys; the ones who come along to exploit, to change things after their own image. It leaves one



with a bad taste in his mouth. The city father's tell one, "That's the name of the game" (That's the need of the greed). Those who invent and play the game change the rules regularly to benefit themselves, to enclose themselves in their exclusivity, in their devious manipulations (dividing up the shares [spoils] [The End Game]).

Remember the step backward. The sidestep that will hopefully end with a disappearance offstage (unabashedly Ex Eunt). I have no stake here but years of losing battles. Where else I might go will need to be sparse of these growing things that consume what is best in one, that turn one into a cynical monster, an anti-everything, because all the promises have proven hollow, all the participation has been a token thing granted by those who had no intention of listening, only defusing and tabling; a (cynical) tactic, a cynical attempt at practicing democracy.

The place I hope to go is little different, just much much fewer people who don't even bother to practice democracy. They know what is theirs. They are there where they are because whatever else the world provided elsewhere proved an overdose. They went through withdrawal, and now live an almost drug free existence. The drug: Civilization.

Since I am under the influence of a series of gut reactions, instinctive responses, I must recognize the possibility of a distorted outlook. I will deny paranoia.

One does not haul a Cancer into court to answer for its proclivities. One might charge a Cancer with Occupancy, like transients are charged with Vagrancy (better have some change in your pocket [a ticket out of town] or the bulls will throw you in jail). Somehow the Cancer is excused, for it is purported that everyone benefits from the Cancer, everyone feeds upon the Cancer. To be contradistinguished by the lowly transient, who is on the bottom, vagrantly. What is apparent about the visible transient is conspicuously hidden by the other kind of Transient who is interested only in the bottom line. It might be safely said the latter kind of Transient does not enter into the community with the idea of making it a better place just for the heck of it; that's carrying altruism and philanthropic fantasy to extremes; in all our imaginations. There are just those who intend to benefit from the Big T.. Opportunity to sell more, to promote more Consumption, more Growth through Consumption. Greed! You scratch mine and I'll scratch yours. Scratch one community. The price of survival? No, Greed!!

I suppose you were wondering when I would get around to Consumption, the newest of all religions. Its so obvious.

I have been a consumer; remember what I wrote earlier: One has steeped himself in a hollow materiality which leaves

behind a shambles, or a dung heap (midden) of discarded junk; the accumulated character of which and with which one may measure and assess the validity of his assumptions. Recycle your assumptions. So true, Love.

The stepping backward, sidestepping cynic; he that never wished to be part of this kind of community, this lip-service community, this non-community where people barrack themselves in their little enclave without knowing their neighbor in any other way than he has a barking dog, roudy children, junk in his yard, and generally runs down the neighborhood, screws up property values, might even be an ethnic oddity.

This kind of community; does it deserve what it gets, in this time and this place? Probably.

Perhaps so, sadly. There are those who might be charmed by the place, the setting, if only all those others would leave, those horrible greedy others, speculators, equity builders, developers, measuring success by the gain.

Community, like Democracy, is just a word.

Why do we come together? In the old days it was different.

People, real people, needed each other in special ways. The rural setting acquired a balance based on place and need; an ambience for integrated survival. When the rural setting became transformed by parasitic institutions, like churches, banks, legal offices, controlling interests like city hall, law and order types, then everything began to go to ratshit. Rural became transformed into urban. The nucleus of the cancer had metastasized. People ceased to recognize each other; they preyed upon each other; put their hands in others pockets; people became a commodity. . People became a heap, people became number, number represented opportunity; opportunity for gain, with the least amount of effort. Ratshit! The Human Condition; Ratshit!

When I become President.

Remember Sancho as Governor.

Well fella, what's your game now.

Last Night. State Of the Union. Judging from the 'Republican' response (The Party Of Lincoln; Sum PARTY!) this country is in the hands of some narrow-minded fellahs. And all on the public Dole too. Incidentally, PARTY stands for Partisan. There is one hope in all of this - to repeat the refrain: "You can fool sum sum; you can fool all sum; put you can't fool all all." Those obvious ones who sat through the whole thing with their faces awry, their arms folded; refusing. Except when apple pie and the flag was mentioned; then they reluctantly did their duty to save appearances. No individuals amongst them; a GANG. Like NAZIS, out of uniform. Gotta watch them fuckas, ALL ALL. If you think they are representing you, think again.

Its time for sum of the all all to teach them a lesson at the polls. We don't have enough danger in our lives. These guys intend to kill off sum of the all.

Not the most qualified, just the noisiest, and most mean-spirited. Not even an ounce of entertainment value. At least the Demos mention humanity, humanitarian precepts, without invoking extraterrestrial beings. The Demos mention the environment as though it has some consequentiality.

'Togetherness' got mentioned by the Prez. The police and the criminals have got to pull together; the rich and the poor have got to pull together. The old and the young have got to pull together. God and Satan have got to pull together. True enough; try telling that to the other side. The other side envisions its moment as opportune. However they are driven by the compulsions of a child in a candy store. Deprived for so long, they have lost all restraint and reason. There can be no compromise; opportunity cannot be compromised.

Sense and Sensibility. John Wayne in the leading role. Jane and John. And Zane Gray. Actually as you know it should be Jane and Tarzan. Edgar Rice, not William. John and Gail. Lushous