

There they are, lined up like so many warriors:

Probable  
Possible  
Plausible

Appearances

Truth

Improbable  
Impossible  
Implausible

Expect/Expectation

Relevant/relevance  
Irrelevant/irrelevance

Deniable/deny/denial  
Undeniable Affirmation

Purpose/purposeless/ness

Falsehood

Revelation  
Clarity  
Precursor  
Priority  
Substantiality  
Manifestation  
Exigent/exigency/imperative

Suspect

NUMBER

Mother Earth/Innocent Virgin/Erstwhile Planet-Home

And

Revolution:

Amended to Read: (As in The Revolt Of The Masses)  
The Revolt Against The Masses. Whereas previously (from the time DENIAL began until revolt ameliorated the condition) the Denials emanated from the Sovereign whom the Masses overthrew; whereas NOW the corpus of the Species exists as the MILLSTONE; through the exigencies of NUMBER, more are denied than ever before. (Not to mention MOTHER EARTH [or THE INNOCENT VIRGIN], who is sobbing in the wings.) This is not an uncomplicated observation. The Masses have become their own worst enemy through sheer NUMBER; that is to say the masses are as dominated as ever they were before the great revolts against the 'royal' sovereigns. In addition to the inherent bugaboo of NUMBER, Corporate Hegemony is now in the driver's seat, a more elusive insidious headless

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Man-Eating monster dominating the Masses than ever was a beheadable royal sovereign. The More The Flag she wave, the more leaden becomes the prospect.

We will have to stand the gaff. We are tagged with something with which we cannot tag the dinosaurs. From their extant remains WE have deduced the cranial capacity of the big lugs could not have encompassed enough gray matter, regardless of how well utilized, to have conjured the total abasement of their/our Erstwhile/Planet-Home to the degree which has become familiar in OUR writings (revelations) upon the subject (WE as the subject). Our modern day (vested) leaders are in a position to deny MANY, while aiding others, as a matter of political practicality/political correctness/expediency. This means, of course, that political power will be utilized to further the interests of the few in contrast to the Malthusian Many. Guns, and no butter. (Presumed) political prerogatives will assume a greater role amongst the species; DENIAL will become ever more prevalent; sycophants will adorn our public buildings as once did caryatids.

Its all a doomed enterprise; small comforts for a dinosaur. We sit in judgment in order to be so judged.

Do not mistake what I am saying with regard to political entities (regardless of the professed FORM of government.) They ever more, and ever as much Machiavellian and Cromwellian, and if we really knew the Truth (Gud help somebody anyway) as Hitlerian and Saddamian and Iddy Aminian as ever before, even underneath all the attire worn in such a manner as to deceive the Masses. The necessity of deceiving the Masses (you can see it, can you not, the necessity, I mean?).

Now that I have hinted at a background activity and lent some dubious perspective to this undertaking, let us examine some of what is PLAUSIBLE.

One must realize that every generation needs to discover its own way of saying and doing, (or vice versa), things. The fact my generation has already been eclipsed does not diminish my need (or its need) for this exercise. I am not convinced I was ever part of my generation, other than through sheer timidity (a compromised entity). More than just my generation has been eclipsed. A common ground between generations exists in this eclipsement (expressed in a very simple formulation as the Shakespearean IN/OUT WIN/LOSE [the majority consisting of OUTS/LOSERS]). It is as if we had not existed; that is to say we could not have been here and whatever has taken place would have done so regardless (of our absence or presence). The fact that it happened while we stood by as onlookers, or as yea sayers, or even as displaced or dispossessed entities, is the remarkable aspect. Yes! one might remark: "Where were you when all this happened?" This last I have attempted to

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express in other ways, as in The Concluding Chapter of Knotted Twine wherein the key phrase reads "The dead cannot die, and permanent death cannot be construed as eternal life". Beliefs may be able to alter (or offer remedy for) a number of informational deficiencies, but they cannot eradicate what exists, either as Truth or Falsehood. In "The Prophet As Stalking Horse" I had suggested that one such as myself existed always upon the edge of a chasm bordering the desert which may be construed as the future. My assignment there was to learn if one might construct a viable future from the raw ingredients of our confused and confusing present and the overjudged, but little understood past. It always exists in realm of POSSIBILITY that one may envision great (perhaps Utopian) undertakings as a way of escaping the pervasive non-Utopian present, even forsaking his own life and times (writing them off as sufficient lesson and cause as to abandon them). As before, "Small comforts for a dinosaur".

In the end it doesn't matter whether one does or one does not participate. It does not matter what anyone does; anyone! One may incite others to certain disruptive actions; disruptive of a condition that happens to be there. The disruption most likely is a warranted reaction to some basic injustice that if it had not been so obvious might have escaped as just another expected expression of the hominid aegis. (Something in passing, as part). The whole of the hominid thing, when examined closely, reeks of injustice, although daily new LAWS and new adjudications multiply like Christmas Island crabs. In short, the LAWS and adjudications benefit those who control or dominate the rest of us (as is often assessed of the condition, 'the foxes guarding the chickens' [the legal profession entrenched as part of the Status Quo and the Established Orthodoxy {laboring to perpetuate itself through dubious technicalities}]).

You might 'rightly' wonder why ON EARTH one would attempt to rework such predestined hopelessly inevitable negative themes.

I might answer its almost like the multifarious puzzle that is comprised of a million pieces that sets dismembered upon the large table set aside for its reassembly. The table itself is an annoyance (something with which to collide) because of where it is placed in our environs. One has some incentive to piece together this not so enigmatic two-dimensional thing in order to get rid of the table. One also is tempted, during those solitary eternities of awaiting the awaitable (I am resisting saying 'the inevitable'), to discover that which will accord a particular image residing upon the rectangular photographic reproduction pasted to the table, which portrays the end product of such whiling hours (perhaps an image of The Virgin or Heaven, Hell, Purgatory). The total 'puzzle' appears as a Utopian projection that begins with its visionaryness, as depicted in the photo; if we labor long and assiduously we may be rewarded with something that covers a large part of the table; with a ZOOMED perspective. We may also learn that some of the pieces are not present; but it is assumed, since this

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is an analogous projection, that all the pieces are there to be found (that is, those of the present, and those of the past, from which we are constructing this picture of the future). One might wonder at our enthusiasm or lack thereof; most likely the familiarity of the circumstance, the recognizable shapes fill us with foreboding, or in the least, brush upon our jaded outlook; we are disbelievers. But as bored entities we work upon the thing before us as if in a trance, for the lack of anything else to do..

The puzzle of itself is not necessarily imbued with negativity, that is, the image may seem visionary, pleasing, satisfying, maybe even PLAUSIBLE. Our negativity is a learned response to any scheme, even when fully delineated. That old expression of 'throwing out the baby with the bathwater' may apply herein. First of all, we may be naturally skeptical; we may quibble with certain juxtapositions within this pictorial display of the future; or may suspect it as being too patent; too singular, etc. We may be unwilling to perceive any good parts to a thing that we seek to discredit because so much of what we are is discreditable (the part we cannot know, but only guess, that is, the degree of intent behind each iniquitous act).

Too much invested in misanthropy? Is that your question of me?

'Innocent until proven guilty', is my reply.

Because I do not come forth in a manner which arrests and enlists your 'better' nature, the appealable part of your hominidity, perhaps your naturally altruistic self, does not mean I am not desirous of your attention. Somewhere within I expect you will be interested in someone who is interested in our commonalty (perhaps confraternity), however shared or projected.

Whether the end result becomes misanthropic, or so-seeming, may be unavoidable. This business of becoming the measure of all men, regardless to whom it falls to so delineate; this condition is thrust upon us in the first instance, by the mere solitary nature of our creation, the chord severed, as it were. Measuring the other, 'sizing him up', as one might 'size up' any aspect of his surroundings, becomes our second unwonted task. From whence cometh rude expectation, thenceforth we are diminished in our aspect. Altruism barely seems around the corner (an improbability); so we are put off, and become inured thereby to what really is, that the hominid thing is more an illusion than what we had expected, from whenceever it came. Thirdly, as measurer, our own proclivities not unknown to ourselves, we must admit the prospect seems hopelessly beyond our grasp. I feel we expect everyone else to be better than we, to set the example; to glory in being **first**.

What therefore is PLAUSIBLE?

Given our vulnerability in all aspects, what is this condition of I-ness, of solitariness amongst the Billions? It is not POSSIBLE for one so exposed to persist. Better subsumed (lost) in the Mass (the Crowd). Using the Mass (Number) as a shield (for the time).

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Vulnerability shielded in the Crowd, the school, the flock, all predators.  
A multitude of solitarinesses.

The Herd. Unaltruistically Hiding. An Aggregation feeding upon itself.

NOTE: In last evening's OLDS (news) a Moscow street scene showed Kiosks loaded with goods for the consuming Russian public. What were they consuming? The same thing one would find in a 7/11 or a 24-hour petrol/minimarket. Jesus H.F. Coca Cola Christ. The Consumerist Orthodoxy spreading as the fruit of democratization (what kind of a handle is that?), while anything of SUBSTANCE is wanting. A disaster!!!

NOTE: Yesterday, after searching high and low, without success, through the parts houses for a carburetor part for our Japanese vehicle, I was finally obliged to go directly to the dealer SUSPECTING before I got there the cost would be outrageous. Well I had underestimated the outrageousness by nearly 100%, already deeming its worth multiplied by the Japanese factor (A Japanese graduate student with whom I had exchanged views frankly a number of years ago confessed to me the Japanese were the Jews of the Orient (whatever that meant, it meant something, because despite Hitler, and others, certain people were identified {don't ask me where I learned that but it seemed common knowledge} as lovers of money). It became a clear enough image to me in its metaphor. I had worked for business owners who would be nominally identified as Jewish, therefore I did have some first-hand appreciation of the remark (I had tended to disagree with the fascination of Money, and its acquisition, through what I had learned by being so employed). (I do not wish to leave the impression that I did not arrive at the same conclusion through association with non-Jewish employers and acquaintances, all those in 'business', not in business just to make a living, or to provide a service.) There is a thing that is Japanese which should be distinguished from all the other 'business' (entrepreneurial [stating it conservatively]) types.

Not only had I underestimated, the dealer did not have the part. I informed the dealer that the Japanese were going to go down the tubes one way or the other. They were unethical and unscrupulous and deserved their end. The dealer was not Japanese, and seemed responsive to my anti-Japanese tirad. He suggested I try to locate a used part, including names of places where I might search. That proved the eventuality, finding what I wanted at a fraction of the cost anticipated even of a used part.

This was not my only encounter with the Japanese thing. My mother's Japanese Color TV lost its red hue, which in my sleuthing I had attributed to the big Chroma IC. I had purchased a Sam's Photofact (the last available) of the unit, in order to aid me in my troubleshooting. I had tried every cross reference listed in Sams for the part, and had called the manufacturer only to learn the part was no longer available (Planned Obsolescence and Pissed Off share the same abbreviation). One unlikely place remained, an American manufacturer of TVs; lo and behold!! Also

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Expensive, something that cost 15 cents to produce was 'retailed' at 200 times that amount. I can't imagine what the Japanese would have retailed if they had had the part (and I'm not overlooking the possibility that the American firm is a Japanese front). Anyway if I seem a bit Anti Japanese, there is no doubt I am. I am remembering Al Gore's mention of the unscrupulous payoffs made by Japanese executives to Third World bureaucracies in order to obtain access to their natural resources. There is something afoot in this world to which I can only respond negatively.

The fellow who sold me the used part could easily have highjacked me, and most likely, I would have paid his price. To his credit. I hope he did not have any regrets. I will remember him in a way I will not remember any of the others. How's that for yuh???

Should one condemn a whole people for tacitly approving its master's business practices (or other practices)? One would seem to answer in the negative. When considering the Model, it would seem that we must recognize our own limited horizon, and what we have promulgated. In a nutshell, it must be stated the argument for an 'increased' 'standard of living' has been overplayed by US and by THEM. The by THEM demonstrates a lack of individual perception of the argument. One translates 'standard of living' into an increased and increasing standard that reaches its limit only after it has drained the aegis to the lees. Constraint was never part of the argument on the part of the promoters, once they had begun to glean the fruits (filthy lucre). The Japanese have become experts in gleaning filthy lucre. How many of THEM are involved? Until proven otherwise I make the assumption they are no better, only perhaps worse than the Model, as a body.

It is said the Japanese who have contributed as much as any other nation to the exploitation of the planet and its resources, as well as having polluted the environment, is now attempting to capitalize on the clean-up technology as a (filthy) LUCRATIVE endeavor. Saving the planet has become profitable, not in terms of saving the planet for itself, its creatures, and future generations of yellow folk, but merely in terms of profit (filthy lucre). 'Not in all cases' you will argue. Survivors attempting to survive on a dying planet,

It is also said the Model wishes to cash in on the technology because it is said to be there to be cashed in on; rather than allowing the Japanese all the lucre. The Japanese should become the new Model in this endeavor since they are purported to have a two-year jump on all others, who are still attempting to squeeze the stone (the rind) for profits in the other way. The New Technology is merely a twist of the Lime in another direction; its still the rind that is being twisted; bitter stuff.

Much Later (Months) Jul 27 93

While walking this AM in the park, I had mused upon my negativity; always noticing the bad, like 'prophylactics in the park' when there are so

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many venerable trees to ponder. If only I would keep my head up, I might not notice the other. Well, this musing caused me to wonder if there was any good to ponder (consider worth pondering). Ponder Wonder. Not necessarily 'good', per se, but speaking affirmatively in a system of relativities. The conscious acts that redound to some kind of transcending the self-serving, the visceral motive, the I. Conscious, as distinguished from acts arising from conscience. Conscience suggests internal debate, internal argument, internal strife, internal nigardliness.

Some of us are born with the negative acuity. That is, we expect some kind of well-oiled machine; when it squeaks we feel betrayed. I have always been this way. Being this way has its benefits for others. I tend to consider others, yes!, as a matter of conscience, as a necessary condition, a 'good' habit. But I am often disappointed in my expectations, so much so, that I am usually surprised when another goes out of his way to do something that we should all be doing; simple things. Acts of kindness; recognition of the other's situation, acting accordingly, out of generosity of spirit.

I have so often desired this last that occasionally I have been led astray in my lust for it. The patent medicine salesman can often hoodwink me, because I want to believe; not only in elixirs. But when I learn I have been duped, I return not contrite, not forgiving, but full of a desire for revenge and retribution. Sore loser in a game I did not invent.

Surely we all want to strike a good deal, we want what is fair, we do not wish to perceive ourselves as 'fair' game. We want those who deal with us to recognize our desire and need to be treated fairly. We feel better, we think good (affirmative) thoughts. But when we sense a screwing, not by mother nature, but by our fellow man, there seems no limit to our bitterness (negativity); we want to even the score, and more. Raskolnikov may have had brain fever, but his actions were directed by an inner compulsion to right a wrong.

It has nothing to do with what another believes (or says he believes), or even what he thinks; we are more persuaded by what he does. Persuaded? That is, we are inclined to regard him (her) in a favorable light when our (positive) expectations of him(her) are fulfilled.

I have grown more cynical over the years. I suspect there are too many of us. As far as I am concerned, there are too many of us collected in places where it becomes obvious. And it is amazing, what one inconsiderate asshole can become in the wilderness; so, sometimes even one is too many. Our natural store of altruism, or "Hail fellow, well met" seems to diminish as the demands upon it are made. Something shuts down within us. We almost cower.

Another Day (Not Before; however persistently the Continuum is apt to appear to repeat itself).

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She said: "Nothing new under the sun. He may have been hydra-headed and hydra-penised, but I could accommodate only one at a time. And was it not just accommodation, after the thrills had begun to wane? Another handsome one (this time) had appeared upon his white charger. I should have been satisfied. But we both aged in the passion. I had begun to notice the unpleasant aromas and the moles. Not to mention what he might have begun to see in me. Parting did not seem so much sweet sorrow as some kind of retreat before an acrimonious rupture. Why? There are questions that will forever remain unanswered; and this fact does not alter the basic premise that there is nothing new under the sun."

Krafft-Ebing (Von, to you) was a voyeur; a voyager, that is, in the naked world; or the world of the naked; however clothed.

Sometimes a condition (? arrangement) such as love comes along; and it endures. Some might wonder if that is not also pathological.

If you are into AIDS, you might wonder where things went wrong.

Are you a Papist?

No, I am a Priapist.

Uranism (?). 417 K-E. Sexual Inversion. "These Creatures ....."(have a deeeep voice) (fouled larnyx). Under the sun, Nothing Knew. Oh Yeah!

This is all beside the point.

Panacea. Cold Fusion. What kind of an inversion is that?

A Panacea turned into the lode stone of knewness under the sun from which it extracts HEET (like musterol). We all imagined some kind of bailout from our sins (aches). SO when it failed-ALARMED - they came door-to-door seeking funds to save the Ancient Forests (Alarmed and Impotent).

And HERE we remain. Crap!

Aside: What Inversion would Dr. (Von) K-E propose for the O.C.A. (Orifice Control Addicts) and Senator Sam Nun?

Another: Our Prez started with Gaiety in the Military. The barbarian hoards would take advantage of our weaknessexcesses. They would only have to wait until the troops were in the shower. This last was according to the aforementioned Senator. So Bill lost a constituency when he said "No talking in the shower. (And no grabassing)" Then Bill moved on to the budge-it and health care, intimaterially entwined; one helluva fucking mess. Then the Press screwed over the first one hundred days with appointments and disappointments. Everyone Bill thought honest and forthright had failed to pay their Social Security (all those good folk thought Communism was dead). So the image makers were given the Presidency. They tole Bill he better not stop air traffic no more the way he dun it (for a hair job; remember!); that it was better to do it the way Ronnie dun it, by firing all the controllers. So much for p.r..

And the solution to our fiscal woes izzwazz to "What a Gas! Tax". The idea izzwazz to discover the most irrelevant and innocuous notion for



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generating rejuvenation. Then we could get on with the business of bringing are nation into the Twenty-first Century before the Japanese beat us to it. We all gotta go sometime. Better the Japs than Klingons (welfare recipients) (sure - the Japs started out as welfare cases; but the whole notion was repugnant to them; so they just sorta took over the joint; peaceably. Now they are sorta repugnant; can't win, can yuh?). Cold Confusion anybody?

Yup, the 21st Cent is creepin' up on us, like our oil dependency.

Later Still; Laborious Day.

I've been pondering lately upon the 'walks' of life; or 'life styles' or 'lack-of' either. It revolves around the innocuous and oft-sung notion of: "Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness (Happy Penis)". Whose pursuit? I want to say often we are abandoned in a quandary as to whose Life ours is. It feels as though it always belongs to someone else to make out of 'it' what they will; and in a very limited way; not unlike 'Slavery' of old. I suppose this is an indication of weakmindedness; for which one may deserve a kind of servitude. I discover myself believing all that nonsense about 'brotherly (sisterly) love' as though Altruism were in the forefront of everybody's thoughts. When I entertain such a notion I am inclined also to extrapolations which make me believe that my fellow man is looking out for my happiness as well as his. After sorting through these notions and separating the real from the illusory, I have come to the conclusion something is definitely weak or lacking upstairs (in the bony crypt). (And a Happy Penis will be surprised with Castration).

I cannot say with any confidence or certainty from whence such notions evolved. I suppose they filtered in from some noisy hype circulated by one fanatical persuasion or another. Being inattentive, 'young and impressionable', ignorant, and only just another one of the peerpack, inadvertently I swallowed some of the pap as I might a mouthful of water whilst swimming. ((Or like the fellow who wears several rings of keys whom we somehow regard as important [possessing the keys to various kingdoms {{ trusted and all that }} ]; whereas 'if the truth were known' he merely totes all the keys he has collected from various known and unknown locks, many of which have been rendered useless through 'Time'. The jingle gets our attention)).

The 'upshot' of all this exposure, combined with a variety of vulnerabilities, I came away with a modicum of notions or beliefs about human society and of what 'civilization' (some might insist upon a certain hypothetical correctness by saying 'Western Civilization') might consist.

Considering most of it a 'wash' I began to scrutinize what it is I have done to add or detract from that which I have found and in which I have been immersed. The Life Liberty and Pursuit thing has had its appeal, and I have indulged myself when possible, but have only been able to emulate peripherally, mostly for a lack of means to emulate that which is

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promulgated by those who 'have it made' and who wish to perpetuate something which has some meaning for them.

I muse upon the recognition of my ambivalence in these matters.

Whereas I seem a ready participant in the milieu in which I have found myself, the more I sense impositions upon myself, the more I seek refuge from them. What has been proved most disconcerting has been the edicts and effects of bureaucracy which tend to channel and Deny the Pursuit.

'Our' modern 'civilization' has proven attractive to many because it seems one is able to create from the nothing of himself some kind of world (albeit, a world of extensions). A colorful bumper sticker incorporates this phenomenon in stating, "In the end the one with the most toys wins." With dedication and hard work many have surrounded themselves with a pile (of toys) upon a few thousand square feet of earth. It is them and theirs. I have engaged in this activity to some degree without ever believing it held any promise. The failure of the promise soon becomes evident when a 'thing' deteriorates to the point of uselessness. The fact that it loses its value because another newer model has been produced to replace it is something one might learn to accept, but to have that which one has acquired through swindle and belief become a useless pile, places an inordinate strain upon one's faith in the system (albeit a system of slavery).

Even this last concern is a minor one in the greater realm. Our notions of accomplishment have been reinforced and measured through that activity which Acquires. We are not accomplished if we merely meditate. We are not accomplished if we only do enough to gain our daily bread. We are declared vagrant if we exist on the 'Commons'. Thus, as entrepreneurs, we do every thing we can to fleece our fellow man, even at the risk of depriving him of the loaf he so requires for sustenance. It is his responsibility to survive our shenanigans.

But all of this speculation is less relevant than I wish to that which I ponder. It is not so simple to declare relevancy when one is groping for new ways to say things. The newer way may exist only as a challenge to oneself to find a way to state a truth without it ever having any hope of being disseminated in a meaningful manner. When I began pondering 'life styles', per se, choice was part of the equation, but as I pondered more I began to realize that choice must be perceived as a luxury, and rarely as part of the equation; that is, choice signifies to choose from available options, all of which may not be what one seeks. Some will argue (blithely) that 'life is what you make of it'. Anyway, in my mind choice exists as a luxury, and not necessarily founded in economic terms. True, one may choose only to be secure, without which all else (other choosing) seems unattainable.

My query is "How can one be secure while the other remains insecure?" if we accept economics as the basis of security. If we all drive ourselves in

this direction, it seems we are bent for a conflict, and a collision of self-interests. We become separated, and virtual enemies. We arm ourselves, and tolerate each other guardedly. Why we even tolerate each other remains open to question.

Hypothetically, then, as one feels economically secure (aside from maintaining the portfolio [often containing a product that one wouldn't him(her)self consume]), what does his (her) life become? It seems one does things that would not jeopardize the first, existing as a background anxiety which governs all subsequent choices; rather negating the notion of choice (persuasion).

I should broaden what constitutes the realm of security, and choice found therein. It is a given that those who feel they have served in a particular milieu or time, somewhere along the line Acquire, as well, an expectation that they in turn will be served. Most of this reciprocity is incorporated into a system of laws which more or less assure the 'reward'. It is not all a free ride however, because, even as the adage states "Those who stand and wait also serve". These last have nothing vested, but linger on all the same.

Later.

I am supposing that most of what I tend to say ends as a vast round of repetition (reiteration) of some basic formula of perceiving the world in a certain light. That is, the limitations of both my inner and outer vision become evident. Also I suppose one cannot avoid becoming self-conscious in these matters.

However.

There are still observations to be made and speculations to be rendered. Regard!

The great landscape painters were not content to paint just the one landscape. Their style and technique might be said to have been unique to them; and many of their scapes resembled each other; that is, they suffered from the same (limited) vision. In some cases that (limited) vision, even 'suffering' its worst, is essentially grand and pleasing enough to fit some place in our realm of viewings. In this one lauds the Life Liberty and Pursuit that promotes (makes allowance for and) produces the developed individual, despite all his/her limitations. In Philosophy class one discoursed upon the Universal and the Particular. Without the Particular(s) one could not even begin to discuss the Universal; that is, outside of a vacuum. It is the Individuals who define us in ways we might not expect. We are 'full of admiration for' certain Particulars, while recognizing our definition of the Universal suffers from homogenization (or dilution), looking pretty anemic and bleak as well.

We seem to respond to the landscape painter's vision; we are charmed, and become lost in idyllic reverie. Our need to escape? Or the creation of a context for our feelings about our planet? The landscape painter tends

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also to eliminate the thorns in the bush, but often captures the flowerings. Even those of us who imagine we hanker for the raw 'truth' will overlook the omissions.

Later. Can there be anything more than the Particular individual? Some of our more notable Particulars have speculated upon the 'Complete' man, or the Renaissance man, or the Universal man.

Define the Universal man, or as in Philosophy class, Define the Universal table. One might assume the Universal table would begin with four legs. Is that only because there are more tables with four legs? In Philosophy class we were also warned that to 'generalize was to omit'. That is to say, some tables do not follow the Universal model, therefore ... etc.

Obviously Man presents an entirely different and more involved definition. Defining by externals would hardly suffice, even if genetically engineered into cloned look-a-likes. To say that the U. man would be comprised of all these attributes and all those virtues, and equipped with such and such skills, and given to a certain capacity for knowledge and memory does quickly remove him from a comparison to the table.

It would be easier to describe a Renaissance man because of the very limited time from which the concept occurs; but it does suggest either a spirit, an élan if you will, or an awareness of the paltriness, staleness, stiltedness of the old assumption of the Universal (the Medieval Universal); a desire for more, or the existence of the awareness of something else than what has been. Possibly a simple reflex. One might make the same observation with regard to the differences between 'generations'. But Renaissance denoted something fuller, more alive; embellishments, flourishes, crescendos. (Often we refer to what has preceded as Classical, and sometimes less significantly as Antique.)

(Mustn't forget Extra-Strength Bullshit. Bigger flies gather thereunto?)

Later. Zero. Silence!

Later still. After my comment with regard to the Extra-Strength stuff I found it difficult to ward off the swarm.

Anyway they have mostly departed for Washington D.C.; or the nearest University; the few that remain are die-hard believers that will soon slip up, hoping for a feast.

Later: Hello Jap clone and green phosphor. Shit strewn in the park again this morning. Reminders.

Perhaps I should refer to LOG (for something positive).

Later: Ted Hughes (Hews) iz/waz an azzole. Witch by-the-way rhymes with asshole.

He burned her at the stake soze the kids wount discover that she was possessed of an alimentary canal, a virgina, and that her shit stank.

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Question: Whose gonna protect them against the vagaries of Teddy and the stench of England? His Sister, haw haw haw Hee Haw!

He iz/waz a mental gimp. Which jingles with simp.

She waz a poet And didnt noit. Until the leetle bear slept inner straw (the hair of a horse).

Gotta keep these Guds under wraps. Turn them loose, an' they're apt to wave something in yore face. Both have to be blind in order to be led away.

So I learned that yesterday after I had learned the Juice and the PalaceTinyOnes had signed some kind of pact of intentions. The Big Jiu indicated that the TinyOnes wount get the Hood Of State, not in his lifetime anyway. Self-Rule; geeze Louise who would wanna Rule them Ones anyway; for Crepes sake, gimme a brake.

Anyway, while Teddy wuz out Dicking around HIS children's muthuh wuz lookin' after the kids and writing beautiful stuff, no thanx to him-Gud. Creep. So HIS will learn that Guds write their own fornicatin' philanders, an' proud they will beekum.

Muthuh, y'd u doit? Only Teddy (the Shadder [Shitter]) knows.

Fucking Idiot! He raked her, then he burned her. An he got to live to tell everbuddy how hedidit. Like I said a F.I.. One sure does wanna regurgitate after listening to these Ffing Guds trying to live up to their (?) reps. as IDIOTS. A Teeny Tiny Thingie With a Big Belt Buckle (Hey Duke?).

Grab Ass:

An (e)F. I. went out to pee Innah peautifool green boot (a real kick in the azz (ole).

When ulluva sudden kums 'long a poet's ass; Which a coarsea he grasses.

Takes too too Tangle; 'Twaz/iz sed (Ted dangle). When yore azz is grapped Yo reaches for the Big Waist Strap.

Then it really turns into a wrassling grap (ple). No matter how you cut it;

Passion devours the spirit.

So stick yore head in the furnace.

Mr. Alvarez will say things about you That might not be troo.

Keeps 'em guessing? Which of the fifty bullets in her carcass really killed her? Which heartache?

Dont lie to me, you sunuvabitch.

**Notes 17**      *In The Park, In The Park, Diddly Dooooo, Diddly Dooooo*  
*Don't ya Know, Ya Don't Say *Terminologically**

Later: Well you know how it goes. Teddy tried to eradicate his superego; he stooped to blame his (their) children. That hoverwhelming paternal indulgence. Our egos do filter that to which our progeny may be exposed, so meagre are our presumptions. Teddy presumed his (their) offspring would be idiots who could not evaluate life in the manner in which Teddy had. After all there are just a few Teddys in this world; and its rare when you get one with such perception. So one of the best slices of their mother was hacked away; kind of like removing some enticing piece of her anatomy. In this case blood, sweat and tears were cast into Teddy's hopper. There is no defense. Phony Presumption is not a defense. Truth is a wicked taskmaster, and a little embarrassment goes a long way. If Teddy hadn't been soooo English (where appearances matter more than real integrity [I presume], perhaps he might have become part of the larger world. As it has developed, he looms antithetic to his claims; a spider caught in its own web; and Aye!, a paltry thing he has caught in himself. A righteous destroyer is a paltry thing.

Somebody else in this Century burned the books.

You cannot be punished for a crime if its not amongst the edicts; so some little people do as they please. The perception of 'Little' is a grosser apparition (and punishment) than a few knocks to the 'Olde English' image. Teddy, as we say ovuh heah, you Fucked Up. World (c)ASS. For all your verbiage, you cannot conceal the lump. You are now a dead horse.

Later: Now, that that Aspersion (running in the Daily Double) is behind me; Hah!, what next?

More or less on the subject of writing, and the importance, or lack thereof, clarity in the message. If I am attempting to convey something of my thought and feelings to the outer world; i.e., as we say nowadays - communicate - can there be anything less than one's best effort to do so. If I quip, and flip, if I coat (obscure) the truth because it seems embarrassing to me (By the way, it is a lot easier to say FUCK than to tell the truth), if I settle for the catalogue of expressions, rather than seek out those most suitable to me; then why bother?

What is it we wish to communicate with such clarity, and why clarity? For example, is there something in a well reasoned argument that of itself will incontrovertibly move the other in the direction of the reasoning, as a *fait accompli*? Moving someone in a direction through reason, or let's say undeniable truth, should be something all our verbiage would do, lets say, in the arena of solving 'social' problems. My idea of a solution may differ from your idea of a solution; we may become factionalized in our positions, given that they are not niggardly posturings. Is this the fault of reasoning, or is this the way of nature? We should be able to arrive at a notion of common interest in order to resolve the 'social' problem. What assures for the safe conduct of any or each life should be the overriding consideration. What I think about the different ones, the ones with a different ethnicity,

or divergent cultural differences, bordering on Xenophobia, or conversely, what they think of me should not become an incident that calls for the removal, or relocation or obliteration of the one or the other, UNLESS we give credence to the notion that only the fittest should be allowed to survive and that indeed Justice is in the interest of the stronger; and other such argumentative constructs. If we admit to any such construct then we find ourselves in a position of not being able to accomplish much through reason, or communication derived in this manner. We may be more capable of communicating our prejudices, because our prejudices are spoken with more volume than our tentative forays into finding a solution through some means other than 'conflict resolution' which could entail a genocidal approach.

On the surface of things it appears we will continue to blunder through the whole of our lifetime, believing our prejudices serve our best interests, better than anything else. Socratically (that is dialectically) one might be able to demonstrate otherwise, but not be able to gain assent simply because the other is reluctant to change, (which often entails yielding his prejudice [without ones prejudice what has one?])

One should assume nothing; that is, I should not assume you know explicitly what I mean by 'prejudice'. In its plainest meaning, taken at face value, it means Pre-judged. The source of the judgment may prove relevant if one wants to know everything about himself. As a source, it is important to recognize that one has adopted an opinion without evidence of the reason or necessity to do so; something on the order of a reflex; in as much as eating and shitting are reflexes. Intellectual reflexes may achieve a similar character. As humans we do not ruminate, but plan our eating; as we prove circumspect in habit and our obedience to notions of sanitation, we tend to govern our shitting. I do not wish to imply that it is 'one step removed' to govern other reflexes, although oral and anal training may serve as a precursor to a more elevated and involved government.

I regard the forest. I see stately trees occupied by a variety of creatures; this viewing stirs something grand within me; poetic, a kinship with other living forms, something restful, with abiding notions of mutlifariousness and continuance. At the same time I am compelled to consider the unsacrosanctness of what I view. There are those (my look-a-likes) out there who have inherited, or acquired, the notion that their livelihood rests in the removal (processing) of the forest (as Biblically God intended). I live in a wooden house; I am building another house of logs (variously, without an awareness of anyone's intentions other than my own blind plodding doing).

Do I have a right to claim 'preservation' of the vista when I am a recipient of its processed removal? Do we discuss concepts as 'sustained yield'; 'multiple use'; sundry forest practices (such as 'clear cutting' versus 'selective logging')? Do we discuss these in terms of utility, sharing, livelihood, in economic terms, or in terms of necessity above and beyond

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(or outside of) economics? Can we have the best of both worlds? How do we 'resolve' its inherent conflicting confrontational nature? In the best of all possible worlds would we silence the media which makes copy by aggravating the conflict? Just this issue alone seems too complicated to resolve satisfactorily, because in each individual there are varying degrees of ambivalence, of 'cutting off one's nose to spite one's face'. Where is the common interest that will allay the confrontation? Can we leave any resolution of this social problem to individual conscience, or must we simply and forthrightly make edicts with respect to what remains? In forming the last question, I was making the suggestion that such is required. Moses will overrule the other Biblical God[s]. He will command that the forest will be used and preserved simultaneously; the details over which we shall all squabble, until; yes! until..its all gone, that part is inevitable.

As my 'time draws nigh', I am restive in the man-clutter, so much of which is a shabby shambles of a consumerist world promulgated by those who strip not only the forests, but the planet, all in the name of a 'standard of living'. Alas!, Behold the standard, chalk and ashes (besides the greed we know fuels - YES! The Conflagration. Yes, as my 'time draws nigh' I seek that which has been removed. If I was permitted that journey, I would do so knowing soon it would be gone; small comforts for a dinosaur. From such I could take no delight; for as it is on earth. so shall it be in heaven. All, all must suffer our inordinate will to corruption. I bid thee farewell, Dinosaurs.

Father, at the end of the road, was reading books on self-renewal; Vitamin E, the key to healthy heart; the heart-doctor's heartbook, sex after sixty, understanding alcoholism, and so on. Journey's end. What he was after could not to be found in the word.