

## ***If One Could Only Laugh***

### **A z z o l e**

In my time, ANNO DOMINI (1985), ANNO DURCHANEKUS (83), ANNO REDDUS BLOODUS AMERICANUS (209), of late, the Federal Government has grown to represent one thing: the agency for the collection of revenues to be used in the construction of the edifices invented to oblige the new slogan (High Frontier) and the acronym (SDI), two particular nightmares experienced by Azzole to be perpetrated upon the plebiscite in order to FRIGHTEN, MYSTIFY and (protect) them (and to guard HIS PILE).

The plebiscite has been and is becoming more irreversibly enslaved to the oligarchy of wealth, which purports to perpetuate itself behind and underneath a curtain of steel, no goddam differently than what goes on behind that other famous curtain.

And to pay off the deficits accrued in the construction of the aforesaid curtain of steel the Azzole and his Deificators intend to withdraw revenue sharing, along with all domestic programs, designed over the ages to assure stability in the production of food, designed to alleviate poverty, designed to enhance the quality of life in 'Mericar. The DOLE is DUNFUR. But its sorta like burning the books outside the Reichstag. A new beginning; a new hope.

It must be apparent that any azzole can further this aforementioned program, only we don't have need of such an azzole for a leader.

The Prezazzole laughs at the nation; at ever one uv us, when he says he's gonna take a 5% cut in pay. So he's gonna make (on paper) 190,000 instead of 200,000. He aint worth nothing, so he oughta just give it all up. Besides having plenty, he could damned well make the world safe for Democracy by just keepin' his mouth shut. He imagines, as the azzole that he is, he has a mandate to continue as an azzole. I do not desire to burlesque the electorate, but I must declare them insufficiently wise, as demonstrated by allowing themselves only two choices - the winner being given the APPARENCY of something that is so deceiving - like a MANDATE! Be On Guard !! Electorate, you have been DUPED.

The whole object of trying to introduce and enforce prayer in the schools is to get the plebes conditioned to praying to (working on) Providence, instead of the Federal Government, in order to intercede on their behalf and to alleviate their suffering when the azzole dumps on them. The DOLE is DUNFUR.

The Right to Life for all spermatazoa and ova is a MANDATE to assure there is a large enough supply of plebes to be hornswaggled in the marketplace, needing a sucker born every minute to make it all work and make the world safe for Democracy.

This vituperation leads nowhere. And it aint funny. We are not led by a President, but by a prejudice.

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Anyway, as President I would do away with all that stuff. An' I'm afraid the Feds, in the end, would become the last resort for their brothers. As the last resort, one must know with certainty that when a Right to Life develops into a LIFE that it will not be abandoned to prayer before some dumb icon or the blessing of some roundfaced piety waving a smoking censer; that humanity (that eight-letter word currently suffering Presidential censure) will assume the burden for the least amongst us, instead of some empty pious rhetoric. I believe I hear that old familiar refrain playing in the background "But I work my azz off; why should so and so get on the dole? What incentives are there for me, and what incentive will there be for him....?"

It is my understanding these questions get asked in primitive societies, but I was shocked to hear them asked in a replete Christian nation. Jasus would be shocked! - and angry - perhaps coming up a little short with the forgiveness.

Why do I bother to allow myself to be provoked. I should ignore the incorrigible azzole and concentrate upon what I will do when I become President. or what the hell I can do to get away from him.

I hold certain pretentions to the office of scribe, hardly a lucrative profession. So I thought I could make a coupla bucks as President, then I could retire to write, and maybe relieve my wife of the task of functioning as Providence. Being an ex-President I would be guaranteed the sale of my first piece of writing whether or not it was a piece of crap. But while I was President I could lead my nation out of the darkness of the trillion dollars or so black hole on the High Frontier into the light of day and onward to new heights of creative activity in the arts and literature, bringing about a rebirth of the human spirit. I know those Corporation Executives and Vested Interests, and sundry others would cringe at the prospect of the atrophy of the dollar; but heck, while I'm at the wheel I might as well follow Precedent an' foist all my prejudices upon the general public.

I would encourage the plebes, through economic assistance, and encourage them to forget their homage to that dry hole of Providence, and to renew their faith in the brotherhood of man and to celebrate the rediscovery of MAN through a burgeoning participation in creative activity - instead of busting their azzes to Make the World Safe for Genrul Motors, and the other VESTS.

Those with the ole loot would be offered tremendous tax-advantages if they would support the arts and make purchases of individual works. It would not be necessary for them to call a work of art a piece of furniture in order to get a write-off. The objective behind these incentives is to grant the artist a higher status in the community than has previously been the case wherein he was chained in perpetuity to a column in the city square, singing his songs, painting his pretties, sculpting his lovelies, scribing his odes and epics, dancing his hearts and flowers, and on and

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on - all for the love of life and a desire to celebrate the favored position he held amongst his fellow men - while some grasping obesity, without talent (only talents) sought to steal, OR LEGISLATE, for a pittance, and convert into GOLD for himself the love and labor of others. Well, DAMMIT, NO MORE!!

Then there's this whole host of humanity who doan even know what art is. I would consider and declare this Void a State of Emergency. So, as President, I would hafta Institute some means of educating the masses to the significance and meaning to be found in "creative" activity. WAR, Football, Boxing, Basketball, Baseball, Soccer, Hockey, Tennis, Golf, Track, Cars, Horses; and those myriad mono, bike, trike, quads, quints, sees, sept, wheats, noofs and deck-athalons involving swimming, climbing; hang gliding, sky diving; sweating, pushing, pulling, jumping; arm, foot, leg, and thumb wrasslin; thumb twidling; drinking, smoking and swearing, cheap Hollywood scenarios; and all commercial adverts, subverts and perverts would hafta take a back seat for a while. It would require a monumental effort, not so much involving dollars but hours of inspired teaching and patient listening to accomplish the task. We are so accustomed to listening to and tuning out the bull that we would need to reacquire our ability to use our ears for listening and to hear the more purposeful message advocating the greater social endeavor.

I wanted to say something in particular concerning 'serious' writing. Writing a first rate piece of literature requires an immense effort of one individual, even in an environment where it is expected that effort will be favorably received. This is also true of sculpture and painting, and musical composition, as well. At least a writer has the hope of producing a bound volume for his own amusement. A sculptor, while needfully involved in utilizing a larger share of the material world may reasonably expect to produce some work for his own amusement, the same holding true for the painter. An architect may eventually express his ideas of form and function over a period of time within his own living environment; a composer, who is also a musician, may indulge in some self-amusement through playing his refrains unto hith own ear. I need not elaborate any further. As President I would attempt to relieve the artist of any demands upon his time other than his creative output and would make every effort to provide an environment both physically amenable and socially propitious for his activities to flourish. With a few trillion dollars we could transform this world form a curtain of steel into an effervescent veil. No Panaceas and No Utopias this time.