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### JAILBREAK:

One thumbs through the pages of history seeking clues; some indication; some notion of intent or design.

There are at least two prisons; the prison of the self (one's interiority), and the prison of ones exteriority (through which the first must pass).

The self implies awareness of self.

Movement occurs in response to respiration, growth (accretion), desire, startling presences, etc..

Two edges; one cannot escape the self; one cannot escape notice. Attempting to escape the first seems derelict, since evasion cannot be accomplished.

Nor is it possible to become exempt from the outside.

Whyfor, Wherefor, JAILBREAK?

The old argument has been 'Submit and Accept'. Conform.

It has been opined, 'We are privileged to be here'. 'Love It or Leave It' comes to mind.

What is the inalienable right; or is there one? Who says so?

There is no question of the jailing; and, *with a vengeance*, one might add. One is incarcerated by the intolerant mass (as a self-protective [de]vice). The individual is an implied, not an explicit threat, to the mass. Bureaucratization of suppressing the individual assures for jailing in perpetuity. (Yet there appears always a lip-service to encouraging the 'individual student'; perhaps only that individual student who passes the 'litmus' test of avowals to serve the stateus quo).

There is nothing self-evident in these statements. Perhaps some clarification is in order.

It does become apparent without further elaboration we are 'prisoners' upon this planet; irredeemably. Despite all After Rapture Transport Systems. (ARTS). And despite their failures they are still pushing for a trip to Mars where dwell the Aries Fairies.

It does become apparent also without much added elaboration, we are prisoners of our all consuming cynicism (consumers consumed).

I've been around too long. I am a Cynic, a natural outgrowth of a lifetime of believing in something that was not true. Ordinarily, anyone discovered running around believing in untruths is not classified as a cynic, but as either deceived (duped) or schizophrenic. You might say one has been deceived by his inculcators; they tell us we are very impressionable when young; so realistically speaking one might say we are ripe (euphemism for rape) (i.e., child abuse) for deception (def. child abuse: heaping prejudices upon). The

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schizophrenic aspect manifests itself in believing in a reality that does not exist, only in ones head, to the hazard of the balance of the corpus. One jails (incarcerates) the corpus in order to secure the aberrant gray matter. Lobotomizing might cure the ailment (thus freeing forever something that is finite in any case). However the end result would appear properly phrased as 'a double lobotomy'; the initial one performed by the inculcators, followed by its remedy, total removal of the part that did not take. In lieu of one or the other one might ingest drugs (prescription drugs, that is) (there's money in prescription drugs that goes toward the perpetuation and perception of upholding of the syndicate) (prescription drugs are DESIGNED to enable one to function in a SET PIECE, and subsequently to enable the perpetuation of the SET PIECE). Then there are the other drugs; whatever works to relieve the oppression of the despised interiority (implicit to the promulgated deceptions). The DEA and FDA and the Stateus Quo have things in common; promotion of what is 'good' for demohypocrisy, i.e. Free Enter Prize.

So when one speaks of JAILBREAK he speaks of release from the incarceration within deceptions.

Manifest Destiny has it that we were doomed to this place and this time; and we had better be content. PROVIDENCE hath so dispensed its will. These are intended as plausible deceptions. To make the whole notion palatable, the stew is spiced with man-invented condiments such as self-proclaimed democratic institutions and free choice, free this's and that's; notions; you know what I mean.

Some would argue that I am on the bottom, in the Voltaire sense, as a hobnailed boot; that my perspective is accordingly skewed. That I might be envious of what is above.

What I might envy is the less oppressive aspects of not being on the bottom; whatever contributes toward that state of being. That I envy the accouterments may require further scrutiny. Desiring a larger boat constitutes an accouterment which I might have difficulty denying. Once I had my larger boat I might throw away my candle and barrel, turning my back on the whole affair.

This Island thing we have gotten ourselves into in another country is albeit another schizophrenic manifestation. Realistically, though somewhat removed from the Masses, we are nonetheless SUBJECTS. A SUBJECT is one subjected to all the plausible deceptions (RULES) attendant to that other land. In the end, Manifest Destiny may deny us residency therein, despite any amount of lobotomization to which we might accede. (Citizenship: It'll cost ya; cheaper to be a political refugee). (When one waves the green stuff the flag is lowered to half mast.)

One form of JAILBREAK has been to emblazon our boats transom with that flagless epithet **GAEA**. We elect to fly courtesy pennants from the truck. Simultaneously we need carry 'on board' yards of different colored material in order to construct the new pennants which reflect the degrees of jailbreaks in

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other lands; for example, if we had been at sea before visiting the Hammer and Sickle, we would need to sail into port with a different banner in order to show our solidarity with the newer plausible deception (or not to incur suspicion).

I have no contract with this body politic, this oppressive 5 (6 ed.) Billion. I am FORCED AGAINST MY WILL to move within the exteriority. But when I move I have only relative Freedom of movement, in channels upon the overrun commons (even the commons has its restrictions). To move upon private property results in a precarious non-freedom. In some ways an Indian reservation, though sometimes located upon near-inhospitable planet, is more preferable than the limitations of private property or the trampled commons.

Insufficient to state the obvious. I am too old to press my arguments. I am convinced there are no arguments that will avail me, simply because the mass deception is so entrenched and imbued with its own leadenness, that it believes by fiat. Oppression has a way of working its own miracles, converting protoplasm to lead; for example.

Ah so, paranoia, megalomania, delusive grandiosity, prophet of doom; slings slung (*My foes tell me plainly I am an ass; so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself*). Its not quite so simple. Everyone needs to SHOUT DOWN DOUBT in order for the whole scheme to persist. There are those who go around propitiating our reservations; confidence men and women, browbeaters (rhetoricians), lip-servicers, temporizers; disinformationites, doublethinkers, newspaperers. (Despite all the expertise that goes into these deceptions we tend to be suspicious, anyway; perhaps instinctively - and I mean everyone tends to be a little bit suspicious; hence the constant barrage of purposefully intended offsetting propaganda). The organs of the fourth estate are irremediably and irredeemably committed to the 24 hour barrage of exposes of chaGRINning malfeasance on the part of ALL. ITS OUR RIGHT TO KNOW; a rather low blow. Interspersed, however, are the OLD SAWS, the ADMONITIONS; and the HIDDEN AGENDA; the double low blow, not overlooking the 'product endorsement', as well as the whole endorsement of delusion and deliverance. On the one hand we are reminded of our true nature (the hidden part); on the other we are reminded that there are forces in control, which bear no relation to us, but if we attempt to ignore them- **WELL !!** (Schizophrenia!)

Perhaps what I write is no different than what is circulated in the media; a kind of reminder what assholes we really are. With my spiel you get little advertising, and off-color remarks..

JAILBREAK !!; it follows.

*Escape from plausible deceptions?*

I believe I am confronted with something more complicated.

Despite what I am expected to do or to be (be nothing, is the cynical assumption) in the exteriority, it is what I expect of myself (though I were only

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one) that poses the more serious problem (Escaping one's fellow man is one thing, full of sleights and feints, and imaginary eludings; not so within the labyrinth). If I was the only one, I might not have the slightest inclination to be anything, because no matter what I did, I would be living without the comparative. I could employ my senses in any manner I saw fit to convince myself that I existed, and that existence contained meaning or none, without consequences or attributions. One would survive with a non-existent Super-Ego. (A pleasant thought.) It would not matter whether one crossed the finish line, whether one could produce gold from the baser metals (metaphorically speaking); one could choose to be a King arrayed in rags, or none. Surely it might be a dull and unchallenging affair without the comparative. In the end though it only requires two in a race for the finish line. After one has crossed, he is crowned King; he becomes the Sovereign, and Master of all he surveys, but mostly he imagines he has dominion over a subject; land or people. You would think we could arrange things differently; that is, dispense with the finish line; that is, allow life to evolve without constructs. DO NOT ATTEMPT TO ASSIGN Meaning and Purpose; once we do that, it all goes to ratshit.

How will one escape his own jail? The question cannot apply. One could become a mindless doer. One might submit to a lobotomy. One might remove himself from the whole.

To recall an earlier postulate:

*Two edges; one cannot escape the self; one cannot escape notice.*

*One cannot escape notice.* There is something most sinister embodied in this simple observation. We are all - potentially - an enemy of The People (The State). We are also - potentially - a consumer. An enemy of the State does not consume. (two entities that need to be reconciled in order to assist in the 'cash flow'). Not to overlook the more obvious; we are all taxable entities. And we are of great interest to the statistician, to the computerizer of all that he may survey (and their HIDDEN AGENDAs). If we open our mouths unwittingly in the presence of an ear (could be a friend, and most certainly a foe) or if we dare entrust our thoughts or sentiments to print, we are immediately entered into someone's computer memory bank, and called up at will, as - **YOU NAME IT**, a sympathizer, a crank, a traitor, someone to be watched, someone to be shot, comes the revolution (and perhaps more significantly as a potential consumer [albeit to build a More Perfect Union]). The information people buy and sell our names for less than thirty pieces. How does that make you feel? Geeeeeezzzuuuuuzzzzz Keeeyryyyystuhhh!

Ready for the JAILBREAK? You are in somebody's file.

**ARTICLE IV: Persons and houses to be secure from unreasonable searches and seizures.** The right of people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause,

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supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

How scant these words. And flaccid!

**ARTICLE IX: Reserved rights of the people** (small caps). The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people (small caps [is it always plural?]).

Who are the people? The people of the State (The People of the State of so and so versus whom)?

Whomever, it does put us at each other's throats. Some rights are ours exclusively, whatever we deem them to be.

We have the right to have our name removed from the scrolls. Because we go public with our thoughts, whether amongst friends or as citizens, it does not follow that we become 'fair game'. Freedom of the Press (The Media) misconstrues its function, and its assumed right to judge, as your RIGHT TO KNOW. It assumes the right to malign in the interest of your right to know. It imagines it is free to impose its HIDDEN AGENDA disguised as your RIGHT TO KNOW. Your right to know I am an asshole is the assumed business of the Press (the Media). Whether or not I am truly an asshole, you have the right to know I am an asshole. So much for one freedom; to be judged by its content.

There are flaws to any system, which is easily lost in the inherent inability of THE WORD, upon which it is solely dependent, to convey precise meanings encompassing every case. If we are to be guided by INTENT, then let the INTENT (Hidden Agendas) be declared as clearly as possible (at least as clearly as the slur); whereupon we may concur, or not concur.

Jailbreak from 'Jump Start'.

I'M O.K.

Are You O.K.?

"Yeah, are you O.K.?. Remember, I'M there for You."

I'm there for you too.

Are you there?

Where you at?

USER FEES

Jailbreak from User Fees.

Teaching oneself to sleep on a bed of nails may constitute one purpose to life; also as one mode of Stasis in lieu of action - i.e. the nullification of sensation, response, reaction - purpose - just being; UNTIL - the magic of UNTIL - To Run Faster, Hit More Home Runs, Make The Conquest Of All The Lovelies, To Be First Across The Finish Line (The Virginal Finish Line). To

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Write The GAN. ALL To Serve The Ego. It remains to be seen whether one more would have made a difference in Noah's Ark. (One Moah that did not belong to his family [the Original Sin: Incest, hence Nepotism, and hemophilia]). Incest!; Outcest, anybody?

Falling Back into the trenches, behind the revetments, in order to reconnoiter, to plan the new assault upon the future; armed with some dim aspiration, as always. To BECOME a CELEBRITY instead of a spurious writer, hap-hazard (half-assed) scholar, sailor, escapist-dreamer, and grandiose presence. A set-piece without volition. A Forfeiture!

A Dream, and the forever sense of Peril, encased as we are in this sack of flesh containing some vital stuff (chitterlings); or so we imagine.

An enactment had begun, upon some imaginary game board; no longer pieces manipulated from afar; one had entered and given body to the rigid set-piece; once so committed, becoming confined, as it were, to the square of squares, movement restricted thereupon. The front lines of the gathering forces were manned as always by the myrmidons, the rear echelons manned by the dignitaries. This 'game board' of which we had become part did not seem to involve tactics between opposing forces, each desiring conquest, victory, subjugation, dominion, control. It seemed so un-novel, unoriginal, weary of repeating past encounters, altercations, and desire for dominion, and the unholy compulsion to survive; weary of the competition, the pursuit of advantage.

The field was open before us. Yes!, dimly we thought we had caught sight of other figures we had assumed to be located on the other end of the field board. It seemed a gambit had been put forth, without a response. One had been allowed to establish both his offensive and defensive positions without a response. Strange Circumstances; no challenge, no opportunity to sacrifice, to die for the noble cause, no opportunity to outwit the other; victory through forfeiture?

Having been preoccupied with recalling the historical record, convinced that battle was eminent, despite these curious tactics; we were convinced the set-piece would result in the inevitable clash, the bloody encounter. To relieve the surges of adrenalin, the anticipation, we arranged and rearranged our forces, even parried, thrust.

We were beginning to become suspicious of the game; nonetheless apprehensive, vulnerable in our sack of flesh. I had been placed in the most forward position, had been ordered not to look back. I had imagined myself the least desirable, the one most easily dispensed. Oddly, it seemed the distant figures had suddenly become most alluring, beckoning, in florid gowns, recognizable human shapes inhabiting them; and some scent, or was it a fragrance? Brotherhood?

When suddenly, darkness produced somber forbidding shapes. I had wondered if others had seen; I felt the compulsion, despite my orders, to report to the rear; only to find myself moved further downfield, more apart,

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almost out of shouting range; deliberately? I had wondered. Had I missed the call of retreat?

Yes! No! Was I not being drawn, to what?; my end? What had led me to suspect death was not in the offing, but only some possibility of enchantment?

Suddenly I had wanted to break ranks, to go off at a gallop towards the strange apparition; yet something restrained me: it was not yet a matter of volition; I had not been released; however fixed the others behind me had remained; in fact most had dismounted their chargers.

What is this game? Is this a Game? Is this Life - is that it?

This is a life facsimile. This is a reality facsimile. Someone set me up, someone set us up, in this time frame, in this circumstance. Is that possible? I had begun to sense those illusive ones at the other end of the greensward were somehow related to the one who controlled the board; they might have been characterized as the allurements and pitfalls of life's facsimiles, as we may know, or not recognize them, or otherwise know them.

Yes!, I had wanted to break ranks; to turn the table on this order and on this Paradise. My head had envisioned the whole realm of possibilities. Yes! I had been placed upon a symbolic field; I was expected to do as others had done before me, in a prescribed manner, like having ones head bashed in as he crosses the equator while aboard ship, or as he enters a fraternal order; thus explaining the feeling of familiarity of the circumstance; perhaps purposefully created to provide the illusion of continuance. Though deranged, seemingly familiar, incomprehensible; and somehow certain, and inevitable.

I had imagined the distant shapes to be coming closer, while I stood still, perhaps they were growing in size. Good God!, suddenly a charge began, I knew I would not be able to escape the onslaught; those behind me had begun to grow smaller. The suddenness startled and panicked me; but as I was about to be surrounded and engulfed, I sensed no greater danger than I had ever sensed, that is, of the eminent peril? It seemed as it had always seemed. To feel this way inspired in me no courage; I felt only as I ought to feel, as I awaited the end.

In some other time and place I had proposed "One might as well not be born as to not become". Also "The dead cannot die, and permanent death cannot be construed as eternal life".

In answer to this one will necessarily reiterate "Those who stand and wait also serve" (not according to the *presidente*).

All may be viewed as part of the Great Holding Action (re The Island).

A repository (reliquary) for something that has not happened, yet we believe is destined to happen, simply because we are who we are, and imagine because we are who we are, it will happen; and that because we are who we are, we will qualify for some special dispensation.

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All this hostility, aggressiveness, and penchant for destruction (all kinds), is serving some useful purpose. The planet is being sacrificed for the great Apotheosis of mankind; all death (unerringly) points to that resurrection; all becoming IS unbecoming.

Jailbreak. If you accept the argument, you have volunteered for the confinement.

Between Meals:

Between meals I work upon the edifice, not because I want to or believe in what I am doing.

I am hungry.

That which I build will not stand the test of time, nor gain the respect of the hominid presence.

Between Meals I prepare for yet other meals. There are times when I yearn for gourmet; something excessive.

There are times when I labor to build a shelter, and to provide warmth in the cold and shade in the heat, and protection from the elements and the wild beasts; the wild hominid beasts; the tax collectors, the bureaucrats, the wheelers and dealers, perverts, equivocators, dissimulators, mealy-mouths; mendacious, perfidious, affected muthuhs. Jailbreak.

*Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness?; and what communion hath light with darkness? BULLSHIT!!*

Jails within Jails: There are jails, and there are jails. Nowadays, the real jails are usually constructed of concrete and steel. They serve a defined purpose. What menaces must be constrained and confined. Time and place define what menaces. Time involves a historical date and its attendant prejudices; place defines the particulars within prejudices. That is to say the jail serves to prevent the circulation of that which is deemed not in the best interest of a particular time and place (human societal constructs). Whereof a particular time and place, death (execution [by whatever means]) was always the alternative. (Ambivalent we may be, but Death does relieve the scrolls; death becomes a convenience - unsubtle under the Malthusian imperative. Our S C has deemed death 'not cruel and unusual'. In a Christian Nation "he that hath not sinned, let him throw the foisted stone". ({{More on ambivalence and convenience}}).. Additionally it is to be said jail, confinement, imprisonment, incarceration, does not necessarily entail steel and concrete; one may also be tied to the rack, the stake, a tree, the mast; bound as it were; and/or exiled; declared alien; deported etc.. or bound by his prejudices.

In an earlier writing (No Trespassing) I described some of what time and place might mean. Also within that tale I had mentioned a game we played called JAIL: .....



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“When I was a kid, living in Upstate New Yawk, as a real kid, on ice skates, we played a game called 'Jail'. A line was etched on the ice across the near-middle of the frozen pond. We 'kids' divided our number into two teams, each team was intended to occupy one space on either side of the line. One was 'safe' behind his side of the line. If one skated across (breached) the line into Texas, Cuba or France, capture was accomplished by a tagging, and one was obliged to go to Jail, a circle drawn upon the ice in the remotest corner of the pond away from ones own territory. Release from Jail could never be accomplished through writ, or just proceedings (extradition). A member of one's team was obliged to risk his freedom by crossing the line at daredevil speed, with faint and flash, to reach unscathed, the circle in which one was cordoned by the circle, tagging once again the prisoner, 'the touch of freedom', each of whom must skate the skate fantastic into the freedom of New Mexico, (or Oklahoma), the Lesser Antilles or Switzerland, in order to escape the tag of capture during the long haul across Texas, Cuba or France. Alas!, even then, freedom became hard won. One sure found out who his friends were; one might freeze to death, standing isolated in Jail (sitting was out of the question)”. ....

[In ***Jus Prima Noctus*** the allusion to time and place is once again explored as a function of "A Wise Man Knows His Fate"; unlike No Trespassing wherein wisdom was lacking. In **KNOTTED TWINE**, while in **Glacier Bay**, an opportunity existed wherein I might have pressed righteousness to the limits as some bureaucrat (an exceedingly small minded petty park official) sought to harrass me (righteously). And in **When I was Twelve** (Apropos Of Nothing): ...] Notes to myself.

“As I've grown older trying to avoid the inevitable, contemplating the precipice none the less (always contemplating the precipice), I realize my life will not have eclipsed the end of this dreadful [nuclear] concoction or the operatives inherent to its erection and maintenance. The great mass of us are not privy to the discussions involving the latest humane concepts of '**clean bombs**' or '**neutron bombs**' or '**tactical**' or '**smart**' or '**who the hell knows bombs**'. We are caught in a web of machinations designed to enslave us to a particular ideology - or some rapacious parasite in the form of exploitative economics. And, Alas, we cannot cross some border (to emigrate to another societal arrangement) or disappear behind some curtain in order to escape the deviant and inhuman (?) contemplations of our jailers. It has been proclaimed that "**Ignorance is Bliss**"; we thus hearken back to Feudal Times, with a fearful ache inside”. ....

Indeed, have we ever abandoned Feudal Times? Did we enjoy a short respite somewhere along the line, as part of our imaginary escape from King George III? (People's History of the US?) Have we not been sliding backwards ever since, despite our protestations and lip-service to the contrary? Has not

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the 'system' ended in the hands of a new order of controllers not significantly different than those controllers of old? Do not some feel they inherit something to which the rest of us are not entitled? Do not all those recently emancipated regions (former colonies) end in some struggle for power, control? (This is not to propose any argument whatever for colonization [however practical, judicious, wise, all-knowing that may seem]) (There is an overriding consideration in all of this - that **No Man Will Have Dominion Over The Other**). How has it become possible for 70% of the wealth to end up in 10 % of the hands? One might propose some inevitability to this **State** of affairs. Do we need to begin again; in all fairness? If we do not, will not the tendency exist to want to rectify the glaring disparity (the 10% will require constant rearmament)? (Part of The Contract on America is to remove the Capital Gains Tax, so the Rich can become Richer, something that is relative to the Poor, which incidentally increases the disparity as well [*alls well that ends as well*]). If the trend continues, will not the requirement for more jailing occur concurrently, that is, as those who defy the **Stateus Quo** persist in their attempts to rectify? Can it be otherwise? Are we not able to see what has happened elsewhere when a small percentage of the population controls the largesse? What we have encouraged and supported in Central America (and God knows where else) presents evidence enough of the consequences. Those consequences have resulted in an annihilation (wholesale) of the disenfranchised (perhaps because there are not enough jails to house them and feed them [should a more humanitarian approach occur to those who exploit the masses unfairly]). (Modern Day Colonialism; Bandana Republics).

If we are to emulate those who lead us and control us, we would all become manipulators and thieves (tacitly). What we did to the American Indian (First Nation people; shouldn't that read; Last Nation people?) is one thing; what we do to ourselves is yet another. The fact that we could do the first, without conscience (the proof lies in the pudding) belies what we have declared in our formative and often extolled documents. It was an English custom to perceive natives as savages, as heathens. The more one learns of English History the more one learns to despise the English. We rightfully separated ourselves from them, but we are gradually slipping into the bad habits that have characterized our British forefathers (our former jailers). More meaningfully there seems to exist amongst the controllers the two-option approach; #1 How can we manage that which is coming apart at the seams, so that we preserve what we have gained? #2? How can we perpetuate the unseemly, without having to answer to its implications (i.e. how long can we make it last; how much armament do we require etc.)? The older orders always had an escape route planned, to Cuba, Switerland, Uruguay with ones whereditalgo. Where Now? Same! For the new order Mars is unavailable.

There is too much happening (evidence, if you will); perhaps what is happening has an inevitable end. A thing must run its course; and we must stand aside, watching it happen because the basic formula has built-in

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constants calculated to bring about a given [chosen] result, though (ideally) unintentionally in conflict, or at odds, regarding the implementation of equitable arrangements amongst all the hominid occupants of the planet. An individual who proposes equitableness knows he must allow for differences between individuals, notwithstanding his own individuality. While language may fail one in specifically stating what may harbor a noble sentiment (e.g. equitableness), it is also in the interest of the linguist not to bind himself in perpetuity (that is to say, there may be more than one intent being served; self-interest necessarily being the predominant concern [one's best bet in a biased theorizing]).

It all goes to say, the longer this practice is continued within a given set-piece the worse the situation gets, the more it is forced into the inevitable calamity wherein it must run its course. After a time the faster it would run its course to its eventual rupture, the better, since the only way to bring about the equitable end is to begin anew. Born from the chaos of self-interest is the potential remedy of the inevitable (inevitably futile). Although this seems circuitous, and therefore pointless to correct, if we hold with the notion that time will yield progress, then we must attempt to repeat that which has proven futile [we must therefore accelerate the process in order to proximate our objective - eh wot!?!].(An Argument for a CRASH!)

*UTOPIA is visionary scheme which fails to recognize the defects inherent in human nature'.*

See what I mean. And see how easy it is to quash the whole prospect.

One cannot allow the exteriority (the temporal construct) (the passing fancy) to become the framework of 'artistic' expression.

Ye Gads!, all these assumptions about what we must be. Getting over the disappointment. Of The inevitable.

A police contingent is required to prevent people like me from evening the score. However, I am essentially a passive person who is put upon by his fellow man.

They had challenged me to excel. They graded me. They compared me to others. I would have been truant if I had not played their game. My parents acceded to the proposition, enforcing compliance, upon the **FEAR OF** .....

Thats all water over the dam, dam damn damn damn damn. Whaddo I do now? [Prophet as Stalking Horse.] Is the fate of Socrates an indication of where all this questioning leads? The alternative is Diogenes the Buffoon.

I do not know what I would have chosen for myself, if I would have felt impelled to choose anything. I was so preoccupied fighting off the impositions I didn't know where it was at. Besides there were other considerations that had nothing to do with the conformity (being molded) aspects. Being an outcast (socially inferior ['socially retarded'; an RR {Bonzo} assessment, (very black kettle)) relegated one. As a relegated one, girls did not take notice. If one

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rebelled (made an ass out of himself) things got worse. A wise child knows his place.

Well, things do change. Just remember that (Be Prepared - Boy Scouts). What had been the mores of my days has ceased to validate itself (It failed to perpetuate itself). It was only a transience. We are on our way somewhere yet unknown to us (through a series of transiencies). (Any reference to 'transience' does not come from Alvin Tofler; if it would come from anyone it would be from Sigmund Freud) I would guess our chances of arriving there do not change; and being an inveterate pessimist, I would tend to favor the notion we shall not arrive. I feel my lifespan has witnessed a diminished and diminishing aspect, although this may only be a prejudice, and a wish (i.e. all who have deceived me must fall, rather vindictively [even though they may be as misguided as I]). In good conscience, I ought attempt to envision some hope because of the little ones who really do not deserve what is going to happen to them. They are as innocent as I. Realizing this, one tends to mourn their coming (as joyful as their presence might otherwise be). If only they would never become aware. However, it is my legacy they should become aware. What!, to become embittered already?! Perhaps they would create another (better) vision. I have a feeling this is untrue; more likely they will become assholes, like the enshrined model. So, Doomed To Failure?

I like to imagine what I perceive is the truth; at least something approximating the truth. If all one could extract from all this cogitation was the truth, qualified as revelation or knowledge; recognizing it as such, then perhaps one might rest in peace (have a RIP). I'm sure I will always bias the argument in favor of my darker side - darkness is darkness; "life is a darkness with a little red vein wriggled therein".

My problem stems from acquiring 'beliefs' early on, contrary to my experience; somehow wishing to obviate experience in favor of beliefs, even though the belief was not of my engineering. That is, while I might have been encouraged to think, I was asked to accept constructs based on someone else's beliefs; lacking any of my own (that I could concretize). That's a hell of a position to be in. We are at the mercy of other peoples prejudices in the classroom. YOU BETTER BELIEVE THAT ONE. Instinctively or innately I may have known or suspected that the message of the inculcations was a bit flawed (inaccurate). What one obtains from 2+2, and the alphabet, does not carry over into whatever else is imputed to the classroom; it would be an incorrect assumption to say that 2+2 validates whatever else masquerades as truth (sometimes imagined just as self-evident by the inculcator). What tends to persuade us is the clarity of the one, and the demonstrability of it, but more perhaps, is the self-assuredness that comes with 2+2 as projected by the inculcator: that same individual projecting opinions with the same degree of self-assuredness. If we happen only to armed with suspicions that a thing may be false, we are not very well be armed, especially at that vulnerable and impressionable age. One requires his own experience, his own thought

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processes (deductions), which are decidedly disadvantaged during that period covered by the truancy laws (one is obliged to become a transient idiot).

I wanted to believe certain untruths because it was easier to do so, since I could formulate no truths of my own. I did not know there were untruths. I do not know now that they are untruths. Propaganda! Or the poetry of illusion. I simply do not have any way of validating them through my own experience, nor through any deductive process that will generate such a clearly defined arrangement as  $2+2$ . Not paranoia or schizophrenia; its 'reality' as in 'reality check'. (People's History of the US)

Higher Education supposedly grants us the opportunity to dig deeper. If we are exposed to it (H.E.), we should begin to know that only some things are true, and many are not true. Whether exposed in such a manner or not, one may learn these things on his own (by using his own head independently) (the Institution merely grants some social stamp of approval [an attempt at a self-validating phenomenon {in the tradition of Aristotle and the Sophists} that has nothing to do with what is being taught or learned]). But often we cling to our beliefs because what we learn as truth often depresses us. The depression arises naturally enough, because that is the way we are made. We might relieve the depression through drugs, or through a roll in the hay; that is, escape into better feelings, however generated. Escaping is the key objective. **OR** we might Quixotically or Messianically, Megalomaniacly, Grandiosely, Delusively [**EVEN THROUGH REASON**], attempt to change the world. Some do. Some simply adapt marvelously, with a touch of skepticism, even cynicism; very reluctant to believe in anything ever again (I share in all of the latter, but I do not feel I adapted marvelously); I have never been able to escape the depression, the feeling of defeat, of having been cheated by the not so innocent (hidden agenda) misrepresentation, untruths, bald faced lies, etc.. What I am implying here does not discount the possibility that I may suffer certain personality defects which might tend to influence the way I perceive the Universe. However that may prove to be, what I have learned is this: That no one really knows; that I cannot know anymore than anyone else. What is most annoying is the presumption of the inculcator - and the favored social position of the inculcator [as well as its physical size {justice is in the interest of the stronger}]). One supposes if the inculcator doubted the validity of his spake, he might Go Fishing.

Much of what becomes the subject of the classroom reads with little difference than what one hears as a bedtime story, or sees projected upon the 'screen's. One does not read bedtime stories involving  $2+2$ , nor does one see upon the screens much ado about two plus two. Much of what one hears about the Father of His Country, or the Father of Somebody else's Country sounds like a bedtime story. Rather embellished; with a message; intended to put one to sleep; to put one's thought processes to sleep; to allay doubt; to make one feel safe and secure in fictions about life; and to become accustomed to all the fictions (lullabies) to come.

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If one (prospectively) teaches me to think, and subsequently, I think unfavorable thoughts it is often judged that I am demented, or in some way mentally injured (in any case the responsibility is somehow mine [I have failed my thought test]). Perhaps both (dementia and injury) may be attributed, but what is unfavorable, however true, is still regarded as somehow tainted (discredited). What depresses me makes others feel uncomfortable. No more than I wish to be depressed do others wish to feel uncomfortable.

Some things would be better left alone. Exposing truth may be one of those. If the truth gains you nothing more than its exposure, why bother; or why not just keep it to yourself? After all what is so magical about the truth, especially if all it does is depress, discourage, demoralize, d, d, d?

Everybody suspects the World is 'going to hell in a hand basket'; so why be any more specific than that, why dwell upon the fact? You already know there is no remedy. What more is there to do or be?. If all one can do is inform people of what they already know or suspect to be true, what more purpose is served in belaboring the issue? Do you seek a confraternity of misery? People want to forget; they want to live within their fairy tale. Why not rock in your watery womb reading fairy tales imbibing elixirs rare? Death is coming. That is inevitable. If you live ten or twenty years longer, you will not know any more than you already know, you will not see the day when the world will change for the better; all you can live to do is to spread the gloom of yourself. So why not just bug out, bug off, *buzzzzzzz* *offffff*?

Any Regrets?

Yeah! Spending a dozen years of my life attempting to figure out how to write all this stuff that has been driving me crazy all my life; ONLY to learn of the greater futility of not being able to effect anything with the word. It is a clear demonstration of my dementia (demonstration of demontia).

If I had spent that period of time in the labor force as I had been doing previous to the 12 years, I have periodically imagined that I would be the richer, and might possess MORE of something, and would as well qualify for some kind of balmy rest period before the inevitable sendoff. Well, despite what I might imagine in this way, I might as well imagine fairy tales with bizarre endings, as one might wonder upon all the other right or wrong turns he made during his lifetime. Where is the proof of the pudding? I have nothing shiny to be pinned to my lapel; so it will have to be a closed casket affair. However despite my bad back, bad heart, bad prostate, and bad luck, I have not yet reached the finish line.

You want acquiescence to an argument you feel you have some presumed right to make.

I need to face the prospect these writings are going no where.

A Media event follows:

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Gluck of Columbia: We gotta get along or the alleged New World Order will not **materialize** (GREAT CHOICE OF WORDS)!!!! (comment upon Japanese/American relations.) My comment is we ought to pay our bill, then the playing field will become leavened. Then if Japan wants to do business with us, that is, sell us its version of Materialism we'll negotiate from parity. If we can pay off our WPPSS and S & L fiascos, we can pay off Japan. Its all a big ripoff no matter what. We have all been had in this consumerist society, invented by certain amongst the brethren in order to enslave the 'others' (unconscionably at the pleasure of Ayn Rand) to something destined to fail disastrously. Careful to note the obversions 'Freedom is Slavery; Ignorance is Strength (War is Peace)', I have added one of my own, "Survival is Success" (perhaps not so obverted as perverted). Is it possible to die from consumerism?

I am mindful of one of the earliest perversions of Marxism when it felt it necessary to annihilate and DISMEMBER the Czar and his entire family; with a beginning like that what more can be said? Much the same can be said of OUR beginnings wherein we felt it necessary to virtually annihilate the residents of this place in order to **WHAT?! Come Again.**

And what was it the expansionistic Japanese did? They are different now, **NATCH !**

When you imagine you are in the driver's seat, it is assumed as an opportune time to protect your interests; an old Latin American custom.

Closer to home. If 70% of the wealth is in the hands of 10% of the pop. it means that 30% of the wealth is in the hands of 90% of the pop. I assume this is a growing disparity, perhaps somewhat emulating the Central American countries (our manifest colonies). I exaggerate in order to suggest that we have within our own borders a disparity that might set an example for Third World Economics (its within our grasp, if we just reach for it); all blather to the contrary. The GB manifesto: For the 10% to get holt of the remaining 30% not under their control.

The pundits attempt to attribute failures in relations between nations to cultural differences. What might one attribute the failure of relations between individuals within nations (how about ours?). Murder is high on our AGENDA.

Jailbreak: We are united in our requirements for sanitation, we are united in our look-alikeness, we are united in our imperative to survive; although with this last we imagine we are singularly the repository of the future (finding it difficult to relinquish our conceits). However, everyone desires to have the circle broken; the circularity of our lives, of our genesis; of our repetitive behavior; our cycles of ascendancy and decline (decadence, without remorse). We insist upon our uniqueness, our language and cultural differences (locks on the old ways); we fear dilution, or assimilation, if you will. (There's a whole lot more we fear which I'll not go into here). I cannot say how this comes to be,

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but it is so nonetheless (despite some claim to Enlightenment). Our conceits are more important to us than someone else's; our conceits are the ones that should enshrine the future. The FUTURE is a foregone conclusion arrived at through the force of habit. There will be a FUTURE; not for the Spotted Owl. Our needs are more important than those of other species; sounds like GOD talking awright (the term 'GOD Squad' has been applied to those who make decisions involving who, what, which, will be permitted to survive; sort of like Naziism, and Sparta).

*"Where wildlife cannot live, humans cannot survive".* (I found this epithet in a Gun Catalog.)

*"Who wins and who loses; who's in, who's out."* (I found this in a Shakespeare catalog, not a fishing pole catalog).

Animals may be our concern; life may be our concern, survival may be our concern --- as a function of our brains (our thought processes) as opposed to a blind im(no)perative that leads to the Dinosaur-like end. FINIS WITHOUT REMORSE.

Somewhere it is writ: "To philosophize is to generalize, to generalize is to omit." No omissions intended. This is not plausible deniability, so don't feel left out. Have no fear, "there's a man goin' round takin' names". Your friendly FBI, CIA, NSA, NSC, AFC, JBS, to mention a few national chapters, not forgetting your neighborhood chapters, The OCA (Orifice Control Addicts), are keeping tabs on you.

There will be no omissions tolerated in the files. Its odd that on the one hand nobody really gives a shit about you, but you are on file nonetheless; to satisfy the paranoid sob hired by the stateus quo to make damned sure. **OF WHAT ?**

What is implausible undeniability?

In the matter of believing what one believes although as a minority of one. This pertains specifically to what I do not believe as regards the words of others.

Lets take 'good intentions' for example.

If we assume an individual is imbued with good intentions because he projects that image through his words, should we question his motives if it appears he does not 'fill the bill'?

Or do we merely assume, as well, that he does seriously mean what he says, and believes he means what he says and knows what he believes when he says he means what he says ("I mean what I say.", rather than "Read My Lips." [like the deaf and dumb])?

For example, when the *presidente* observes his unfortunate subjects languishing for want of employment sufficient to earn their "Give Us Our Daily **Bread**", perhaps responding, perhaps recognizing human need, perhaps turning his head, perhaps seeking out the advice and opinions of his advisors



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as to what ought be done to remedy this condition, maybe to determine whether it is a concern of government, or a concern of GOD. His own personal intention may be to genuinely alleviate that condition; or to somehow obscure it from view in order to avoid embarrassing reminders of the failures of both government and GOD. "Your President knows, cares, and will do something about it". ((State of Union Tape - GB SR.)))

What are his real intentions? He may believe, "I am not my brother's keeper." although he may not utter this belief. He may utter "I have good intentions." "I will try to work my heart out to do my level best." He may believe as well that he has good intentions (as a conscionable leader, let's assume [a conscionable leader by definition]).

His advisors invent a plausible scenario to account for all aspects of the problem; the observed condition; an apparent need to respond; responding without becoming involved as a brother. If one gives incentives to the "Private Sector" to increase its need for manpower, services, etc., a theoretical '*trickle down*' effect will result. Whereas government will not act to alleviate a condition directly, government will attempt to act anyway (for other ongoing motives). The Private Sector is not driven by what it observes languishing in the society at large languishing in the low end of the marketplace.. It has other intentions (motivations), assessed as neither good nor bad, unless one determines that society as an organic whole has any sense of all its parts, and if it does, what are its appropriate responses to affected parts, (not just as a matter of convenience). It is known that a particular mindset can tolerate a diseased body, as long as it is deemed 'not life-threatening'.

The Private Sector will tolerate the disease. **Philanthropy** may form a part of the Private Sector's *modus operandi*, but it would be almost as foolish to rely upon such good works as those of GOD.

The Private Sector might pride itself in contributing to 'Trickle Down', if the nation would respond with worshipful kudos. To illustrate: When General Motors lays off 75,000 employees it is regarded as the bad guy, driven by 'economic realities'. But when General Motors hires 75,000 workers, that is the way it is intended to be. No outsider thinks of salaaming to a corpus who has gloried under the banner: "As goes General Muthas, so goes the Notion".

Perhaps the relevancy to 'good intentions' has been obscured by this extended polemic. What is nearly relevant to 'good intentions' may exist in regarding the notion 'the one part cannot escape the ills of the other'. This is a rather self-serving outlook, but, at least, not as brutal in appearance as, "I'm not my brother's keeper".

To bring the whole polemic into its original focus: What one believes despite what others say to reassure him that what he believes is rong.

The *presidente* will not declare "I'm not my brother's keeper", 'but his character is marked by every act which may define' one as truly imbued with that belief, and in being so aligned may be judged as 'unfit to be the (leader)' of his nation. Somebody gotta be president? The Boss? Do we need a boss?

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However unfit, the *presidente* is under no Constitutional obligation whatever to perform any act that will alleviate the suffering of his nation's people. He is under no Constitutional obligation to do anything but be the chief executive, virtually a figurehead, who can allow the nation to go to ratshit on its own under its own steam. The *presidente* and all the well-heeled CEOs of the Fortune 500 can march off to St. Thomas while ROAM burns, and 'that's the way the cookie is intended to crumble'.

The *presidente* can screw up his face all he wants in his attempt to convince us he cares (you know the "I really care" screw up ("Your *presidente* knows, cares, and will do something about it". "I'll try to work my heart out to do my level best" .). Failing that you can 'read his lips'.

But I know better. Like you, I know that actions speak louder than proverbs.

The nation is suffering from a diminished vision. The *presidente* ought hold a grand vision before him at all times. Our current string of *presidentes* have not been doing so, it is all too apparent their diminished vision has been frozen in time.

We have heard the lip-service paid to a grand notion: "THE GREAT SOCIETY". Perhaps its originator projected and held that dubious vision in too little regard. A ploy to get votes? A way of distinguishing oneself from another "NEW FRONTIER". Something upbeat. Like Jump Start!

Is it a truism that for every upbeat there is a downbeat? Mostly, we hear the downbeat. Trickle up for every trickle down, Tricky?

Realizing I haven't really demonstrated the disparity between avowals and substance, words and actions, because in these times one is supplied with innuendo rather than declaration, and is supplied with formulas in which one doesn't really believe, but which are offered in the same manner as patent medicine.

One 'needs to meet the challenge of the future' when the *presidente* speaks of 'competition from abroad' as the contributory factor accounting for the loss of employment. A hungry man is therefore virtually assured of hunger until that challenge is met. And the hungry man is partly at fault because he does not perform (by taking a cut in pay and benefits) as well as some foreigner (abroad) with whom he is the designated competition.

If some corporate entity deems that his manufacturing plant is full of overpaid diminishing-return labor (labor that has been organized and has been around too long), he might decide to close the plant on 'the cost of labor' basis alone. But suppose it is because his market share is less because of some 'competitive' foreign product, and suppose it is because he wants to make a complete design change; although the product he manufactures is an excellent product. In addition he knows he can locate his (new) manufacturing plant abroad where labor costs are five to ten times less (and the likelihood of having labor problems is greatly diminished for some period of time; and where taxes are practically non-existent, etc.,etc.). Flexibility Flexibility!

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Suppose the workers in the threatened plant closure want to buy from the corporation the 'non-profitable' plant (in terms of dividends to share-holders), only to have a place to work, to earn a livelihood without concern for profit above normal operating expenses and salaries etc.. The corporation says NO DICE primarily because it wants to exclude the competition for the product it intends to manufacture abroad. The whole purpose of the move is to generate higher profits for the stockholder, not to provide jobs for foreign, or domestic, workers. (Remember the tale of the GE Irons.)

This is labeled 'Free Enterprise'. The *presidente* believes in Free Enterprise. And in capitalization. Remember the 10,000 free citizenships for \$1,000,000 each. Only 27 takers, because of each was required that ten jobs be created. Probably the 27 were crooks with the mafia (cheap body guards).

[[[If you cannot persuade your own corporate entities to manufacture goods herein, how might one expect a foreign manufacturer also imbued with the "Free Enterprise 'ethic to perceive that same marketplace?]]]]

The *presidente* says to the flagging nation "Buy more houses, buy more cars, and you'll see this economy turn around." A hungry man might agree if he had the wherewithall. A man, the value of whose labor has fallen, is less inclined to spend what he does not have, although he has been spending what he has not had ever since he entered the 'free enterprise' system.

Homely Homilies for HOME SWEET HOME (from the *Presidente's* rostrum [too too tall for a rich rich queen]).

[[ No theory of economics can supplant the incentive of greed.]]

[[ No amount of rhetoric will give sustenance to a hungry man.]]

[[ The *presidente* claims we one the cold wah and weall win the competitive wah; as weall do it on merits.]]

[[ In these tough times no *presidente* should do no less.]]

Jailbreak. In the Soviet, Gorbachev's people asked him "Of what use is a lick and a promise if we don't have food to put in our mouths?" They asked the same of his replacement. Its bad enough many want to return to their former enslavement so they can at least EAT! Sum life!

The transience of systems.

Jailbreak: RU486.

Ayn Rand and Eric Hoffer; America's first (foist) couple. How about Ayn Rand and Alan Greenspan? Ayn and Alan went out to sea In a pea-greenbacked boat And the sun-uv-a-bitch sank.

Jailbreak: Thinking of the American Indian (not to omit all others that have been overrun in the course of the hominid event). In Canada the American

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Indian is known as a First Nation Person. In Canada one often hears 'the only good Indian is a dead Indian'.

Because it flies in the face of certain realities, one is inclined to argue within himself, saying that 'to resurrect the old injustice is pointless'. To serve what purpose? To reinstate that which has been overrun by time? Even if, "Yes!", was the reply, one is ordinarily compromised by his own situation, which could not exist without the occurrence of the dispossession of the American Indian.

We justify our position on certain selfish grounds, on certain Darwinian grounds, on certain racial grounds; on even more absurd grounds, such as Manifest Destiny. There asint a dad blamed thing that is manifest about mankind. Besides, they're savages. What are we? OH!

We have not been content.

We have gone to the moon; finding it a forbidding place to which we have elected not to return. The Ticker-Tape waned (suffered a Major Malfunction) on this Eighteenth Enigma of the Tarot. (On the 18<sup>th</sup> Hole).

I am reminded of watching a pit-bull chained, aft of the cabin upon a cruising boat. We had happened to be tied alongside at a crowded marina overnight, as we visited some friends. The animal was nervous and uncomfortable, confined to its allotted space. To entertain itself, it moved in circles, periodically lunging at and snapping at its tail. This is how I view humanity, as biting its own tail, bored with its confinements. There is no new territory on this earth; and the earth has grown very small. (Chained to a cooling stellar ball).

I haven't forgotten the American Indian. I wanted to set the stage for something. The annihilation of the American Indian, and other animal species, as only indicative. We have guessed at what happened on Easter Island, partly because of what we see happening in Haiti, and in the Amazon, and in many African countries; that is, the gradual decimation of all that exists, like a plague of locusts. And it doesn't seem to cease. Intelligent Actions are for Tomorrow. Remember this is us looking out, not IN. (Apologists will claim we have another 50 years before we see any effects of what we do today; or they will say "Don't think of it as less later, but More Now").

Jailbreak: The Paleface told us to get off the land or he would kill us. We hadn't thought of it as ours until he told us to get off. Then George Washington and all those signers of the Declaration and drafters of the Constitution were the new owners of the land. And their followers and brethren grabbed more land, kicking us out of the way as they latched on to more. Bunch of Grasshoppers is what. Then they sent John Wayne; that was the end. They did more than take the land, they killed us anyway. The Paleface was decidedly superior; he got what he come for; nuttin' stood in his way. He asint through though. he's a gonna take the Starship Free Enterprise

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into outta space and find a whole new planet to tow back here to oith, to putinta orbit; somewhere its convenient; then man will be saved; he can populate that 'un; and so on. After hees through wit dis one maybe weel git it back.

Jailbreak: That fucking Converso bastard, Columbus.  
If it hadna been him, it woodda been sumbuddy else.  
"The only good Indian is a dead Indian"; I've heard it said.  
In our Brooks Brothers and Florsheims, we sit in judgment.  
Those who can, do; those who can't, tough!

In the Olde Playtoe Polemic Republic, it was claimed at the outset that 'justice was in the interest of the stronger'. Something surely was in the interest of the stronger; it was not justice. Yes! the implications are clear enough, that 'might makes right'. Surely the concept formed the basis of a polemic. The net result of the polemic, through some convoluted deductive process, may have demonstrated that Thrasymachus made a poor choice of words. In reality he wanted to say something about the stronger, whether or not, rite or rong, the stronger are vested in their interests; and their strength gives them a decided advantage in their doings, rite or rong. From the mouth of our great HERO, "America, right or wrong!". BUT, we must maintain 'plausible deniability'.

Jailbreak: Imprisoned within the computer.  
Only chance of escape is to change your name. A Mask.  
Become *persona non grata*.  
A man without a country; where?  
A ship without a flag, 200 miles at sea.  
Forego all benefits, just to be free. Perhaps even forego all fraternity; for fear of being betrayed.  
Would life be worth living? Living on the edge, like a thief; stealing peace of mind.

Perhaps the happiest place, after all is said and done, is living upon an Indian reservation where the World has forgotten one (doesn't give a shit, that is). The value of the land beneath one is his only dreaded encumbrance (PL 93-531: Uraniumwater and Goodall screw the Redman [a non-Communist]). (And radioactive tailings).

Not only is justice in the interest of the stronger, but also injustice. You will get no argument there. A case of implausible undeniability.

After all these years of trying to say something, apropos, I have found it best not to attempt to say anything that makes any sense, but just to play around with innuendo. If there is a sufficient m(a)ssage, it will work its way to the bone.

Innuendo [Latin *innuendō*, by hinting, from *innuendum*, gerund of *innuere*, to nod to, signal to : *in*, toward + *-nuere*, to nod].

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I've got the 'toward nods'. Otherwise I deal with indirect, oblique or [subtle] implication in expression, usually derogatory [sour grapes] in nature. In Law a plaintiff's interpretation in a libel suit, of [allegedly] libelous or slanderous material (I would guess that about covers it).

One does tend to get the nods from ingesting sour grapes, when often libelous jocularity is in[tend]ed.

The *presidente* and I each live in our own particular areas of insanity. Whose insanity do you prefer?

Jailbreak: I must go back years upon years unto mine childhood wherein I felt as entity worthless. All those adults with such power over me; their greatest 'weapon' was indifference upon which my solitude could not wage an assault. In later years I referred myself as a door-knob, or a candy-machine.

Jailbreak:

From Birth Onward.

I have been attempting (not very seriously) to determine my indebtedness to those who have preceded me (and predisposed me to THIS).

Bargain Books Inc.

The Homo Sapiens is the most endangered species. Without Question. The real survivors are cockroaches.

This (our) species has evolved/ascended/progressed from the 'lesser' Homo Erectus/Ape-likeness; SO WE INTIMATE/SUCH CONCEITS, dressed in synthetics.

What we are witnessing as we approach the 21oneth Century is the struggle to revert to the less demanding status. We are fatefully seeking the final (inevitable) brawl toward extinction.

Since we aspire to so little; and since aspiration leads NOWHERE, in any case, we might as well admit our failure.

Question is: Can we decline gracefully when there is no precedent to guide us? Is After-Raputure the prospect?

I'm about to quote some fucking Admiral by the name of Kinnard (Canard) McKee "It is part of the Learning Curve." in reference to the sinking of the Thresher. 129 men. One might esteem the series of wars (since they are inestimable in other ways) conducted in this century, as part of the Learning Curve.

Jailbreak: from this? Absolutely!

And from the constant media harangue concerning ABORTION. If all those so concerned about the fetus would concentrate their efforts on cleaning up the society in really meaningful ways we might stand a chance of some

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improvements for that life which exists already on the planet. But, in consideration of the bigotry, fanaticism, and fixed notions attendant to this issue, emanating from that contingent, one must predict the result of such involvement would leave us all desiring to leave the planet, so rigidified would it become. These people will be successful in their Abortion Crusade, simply because this Nation does not have the capacity to envision some other way, and we have let it happen that those in a position to do something about the narrow view have simply taken their paychecks from the public coffers, usurping that which belongs to us.

The anti-aborts would have us believe that all life is sacred, which we and they cannot help but know constitutes a gross hypocrisy. Even if they restricted their dictum to human life, the hypocrisy would not be alleviated. The only life that is sacred is theirs, tuned into the Super Bowl of GOD and MAMMON. Armed with some formative, antiquated, antediluvian text these ones argue forth, imposing (spewing) their glaring ignorance and prejudice upon us all.

The only crucial circumstance is the accident of copulation resulting in conception, like any other creature so endowed with the compulsion to a sacred union. Believe me, its little more than??? Jesus what the hell is it?

We have elected an ANTI-ABORTION *presidente*. Happy now? Listen to that bugger will ya; he's just a flagwaver. This cuntree will not, because it can not, rise above.

Let us reduce civilization to this basic formulation, to the more blunt characterization of SEX (of genital origin) (which might assume a variety of worded constructions such as, Anatomic Destiny, Inevitable Conjugation, Reproductive Imperative, Incorporated Genesis, Procreative Exegesis, Fornication, maybe even LOVE [?Recollection?]). I would hope to evade this fatal pronouncement and Judgment - Final Assessment. (I would at the same time not diminish the vital part played by our concupiscent behavior toward the mere exigency contained in a dubious repletion and redundancy of two-leggedness). Are The Bomb and SEX related?

And speaking of ole number 3, someone inquired what they were doing in bed, and the answer rang out "The Inevitable"...which Simone characterized as fulfilling their 'anatomic destiny'... Its all passe now; first it had been flat, then Copernicus said unh, unh, its round, now regarded as an oblate spheroid...pretty soon it'll be a dead planet (just be patient; we're getting there)...One hears of loneliness amidst such an embarrassing accounting: 5,000,000,000. (6,000,000,000 *ed.*) Is it possible that if we sport a few more we will finally succeed in curing that disease?

So much for Anti-Abortion

Certainly this whole thing I do as writing emerges as a patchwork quilt; a pieced together performance; a string of aphorisms.