



What got my attention was the fast little vehicle as it sped around me from behind in my rear view mirror, to my right side mirror, past my right side, and as it was passing, a hand flipping a burning cigarette out the open window on the driver's side. At the next light the speeding presence was forced to stop, mostly by the presence of another stopped vehicle in front of it. I came along side to observe a kinky haired youth, female, beating and thumping with her hands upon the racing-car steering wheel, nodding and weaving her head, humping her torso in her seat, all to the bump, rumble and rhythm of the 'rock' blaring from the auto's ghetto blaster. Painted and dolled, jiving, an aspirant to fast track yuppiedom; so I imagined. I wondered what went on inside of that head. Some abstraction from Vogue Magazine, Hot Rock(s) Magazine, some Madison Avenue hype, some fleeting imagery, unaccountable; something happening between her legs, that oughta happen in a big way instead of in this mundane musty gray drab soggy wintry fare. The Human Fiction with a pleasurable itch, yearning for the heights; DENIED; therefore careless; only restrained by some unidentified FEAR. Heading for a RELEASE; something to assuage the burning desire, the rage, the pentupness, the frustrated yearnings, endless yearnings, savage appetites of unknown origin. Too much energy; the wick always flaring up, burning out of control; the horrible waxy sink of life holding one back, all the while wanting to be consumed in the flames, before consciousness returned, dreaded consciousness, awareness of one's little self, one's meager self. DREADED. An all day high, all night too, because one couldn't sleep, one was burning up inside, heaping the little self upon the sacrificial pyre of the Twentieth Century, headed for the next one, that had declared you aint nothin' unless you're somebody, and you aint nobody unless your somebody, and you aint nobody unless you do it like they do it; they are somebody, if you do it like they do it you will become somebody, then your tiny little self and soul will be able to rest because you will do it like they do it and because they are somebody you will feel like somebody. You will have become Relevant to your time, your Transience will have become validated. Your GAWD damned pitiful little life will mean something. You wont be just another piece of insignificant protoplasm dumped on this earth by sweaty uninspired copulating parents to live in awe of all those others that look like you who



presume to lord it over you because they were here before you were, who feel they have some special right to tell you where to go and what to do, to expect you to take sides in their embroilments, their conquests of the earth and of each other. (Further reference: You Know Who)

What follows is not intended to resemble any previously detailed exposition of madness. If we did not allow the free associations that occur naturally (that is, those uncontrolled unrelated irrelevant connections [synaptic occlusions] to occur, I believe we would live safer, but duller lives.

To Continue: Later: 11/11/93 On the Marquee. On the Marquee: *'You Aint Nobody Unless You're Somebody'*, starring *Somebody* and *Nobody*, filmed in Tabloidville, Dirt (as opposed to Assfault) or akin to Earth, that alienated Paradise.

Oh!, When in doubt: Eject. There was an illusory quality to the Star Somebody, a necessary quality if'n you wuz to be transported, like in a catharsis.

What is it like to be Somebody? (Refer to Celebrity)

There's this mock-up (or parody) of Life hanging in the local Museum, (or mausoleum [close resemblance?]). Since most are born into this world with recollection only (what the 'ell is that?) we are ill-prepared for what is to come. The set-piece under glass located behind the brass rail (not the Mona Lisa) (and a different kind of Madonna [all brass]) is intended as some kind of dim reminder that others fared no better than we (in their search for Life, Liberty and the Pursuit [you know - The Pursuit]). So when you want to learn what it means to be Sumbuddy, you are more apt to discover in the fire-starter than in the TEXT. However the TEXT has a way of insinuating itself into every life. Verbatim Life, not intended for disregarding, but for upholding.

So Somebody (these days) does a number that decries what it finds in the Text. The decry somehow amounts to a huge success in that it SELLS. It doesn't matter what it says (usually SEX), but what is its market value. You scratch my loins and I'll scratch yours. But it does matter to those who identify with the decry, even though the decry often states that it is opposed to the TEXT and the SYSTEM, especially if there's money in the message; well, what can you say? The successful decrier or identifier converts itself into a personality, a celebrity, a sumbuddy (a huge sum). It becomes the Archetypical Consumer who cons the cathartic upheaval into a



new round of consumption (dig that scratched loin).

So, Nobody, the Archetypical Alien, somehow 'buys into' this thing that is selling, this thing that Somebody is promoting, this thing that the Marquee and the Tabloid flash and clamor. This fascination with artificial glitter that is not gold (well, sort of).

What little Nobody was becomes even more diminished as he/she falls into the t(r)ap Somebuddy has concocted for him/her. Diminishment is an exaction resulting from an emptier pocket (not that whatever you had in your pocket was destined for any better thing (purpose); its just that before it ever found another purpose a promise filched it.

What was the promise? The Pursuit Of. Pleasure; through Baubles?

Without a bauble, what are you? And prithee, what is a bauble (as the bumper sticker reads "The one with the most toys wins.")?

There are those who ask, "How much longer can this go on?" One hears often, "What goes around comes around." One might suppose our behavior to be circular, 'biting our tails' so to speak. That is, we are unable to break free of the thing that binds us, our replete genesis, our hominid limitation, and the forever "Human Condition". Yes! there is such a Condition (In Poor Condition one might add). (Also Candidetion, the Human Candidetion).

We wish to make absolute and permanent something that puts us at rest, which some have described as an 'at-oneness'. Everything seems to conspire against this sought-after situation, Re: (partially) the Quote from Civilization and Its Discontents [Freud, whom many prejudiced minds disqualify {whats in a disqualifuckation?} because he was this or that, or did this or that,. or was suspected of doing this or that] (Geezzzuzz, Siggy I just don't know).

We are threatened with suffering from three directions: from our body, which is doomed to decay and dissolution and which cannot even do without pain and anxiety as warning signals; from the external world, which may rage against us with overwhelming and merciless forces of destruction; and finally from our relations to other men. The suffering which comes from this last source is perhaps more painful to us than any other. We tend to regard it as a kind of gratuitous addition, although it cannot be any less fatefully inevitable than the suffering which comes from elsewhere.

*Sigmund Freud
(Civilization And Its Discontents)*



(Dont ever forget that GUD has also left the premises, inaccessible, although believed to be omnipotent [its possible he deserted because he's(?) impotent]) (which he discovered as he began chasing all the hussies in heaven). To get back on track:

To get Nobody's pitiful little life to mean something before its all over.

But how is that possible with 6 Billion? Reexamine the context in which Nobody must appear.

Reexamine the Social Equation.

The AWFUL truth is that Somebody aint Nobody in the greater Equation.

The Temporal Equation sees fit to produce

Followers from Aspirants. Only so

Aspirants are admitted into

status. Celebrity status can

either a positive or negative

connotation, with a few

(O.J.

then

many

Celebrity

arise from

social

exceptions.

ran like hell to stardom,

ran like hell [too slow]] to



escape the wheels the body, but not

The objective of entertain the grandiose

and to generate a income,



would

laborer's

like what

corporation

Nobody, like a

Donner Rise, or a Faln

Jefinner



Moniker,

[Campbell Soup] Carrageen, Tanya Baby], (all PE specialists; no, not Physical Education [by the way there are some forms of physical education that might apply, but in this instance PE stands for Product Endorsement] by an association



of justice.) Marylyn had the womb.

Celebrity status is to masses with the

immensity of one's ego;

disproportionate

that is, more than one

obtain through a

life; much more (more

drug dealers and

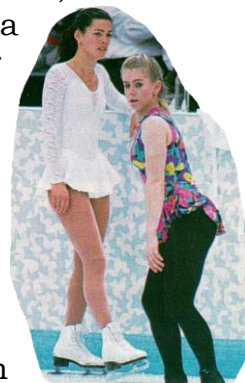
executives make). Surely

Jessicer Horn, or a

Hawl, or a

Flours, or

(Ollie, Nancee





with some other personality (All The President's Men) (in themselves only tiny meteorites appearing in a daily heavenly barrage of astral movements), convert a flighty notoriety into cash (Gezzz that's one helluva long sentence.). The level of boredom within the status quo guarantees the success of the events. (Dont get me rong; there are others - BUT - they all follow a similar persuasion.

Nobody must overcome his or her own boredom to enter the boredom of these temporal surroundings of sumbuddies..

I realize I am making a series of somewhat disconnected statements (my usual style on the free association bandwagon). These however hint at the direction of my thought as it gropes for a more succinct path to the ultimate revelation. These are revelations are they not?

I had wanted to continue with the original Tempo of the nobody wanting to become somebody. The problem exists in the insubstantiality of the somebody. The desire to emulate that which has no substance leaves me empty and cold.

It is easy to understand why some bored individual would become prey for a 'hit'. Boredom and loneliness are close cousins, perhaps indistinguishable from one another (How do you like that little gem of speculation? [Revelation, anybody?])

The bumper sticker queried, "Why Be Normal?" A sinister question? An innocuous question?

Doubtlessly something apropos.

I necessarily regress or digress to the repetition of old themes, trapped, not unlike the rest of the species, by my limitations, as well as those of my hominidity.

The old theme of mirrors, mirroring each other.

Normalcy finds its definition in mirrors; i.e. look-a-likes.



Normalcy is found in one's postur(ing).

One adopts an attitude calculated to impress the other, given that his awareness cannot preclude (exclude) the other.

The posturing exists as an abstract from a Textual and/or Tabloid significance. Somehow we have developed or incorporated a notion of propriety (circumspection) in our projections of our self, perhaps out of fear of rejection or incarceration.

But all of this is set in time. NOW. Yesterday it was something else, tomorrow something else again; over the longer time one might judge the shifts and permutations of little avail, since a circular pattern is more or less described; that is, we can only vary or wander so far from the source before we are forced or obliged to



return; again, that is, to ourselves, or to the very limitations our design has placed upon us. This  becomes this  ; the circular pendulum.

All of the above may satisfy a definition of normalcy; that is, whatever we do may be construed as normal, since we never really leave the circle, the circle of our limitations. And since we are so circumscribed our opportunities to view each as a mirror of each other grow more persistent (repetitious [hence the repetition of the theme]); and insistent. Is that to say that the lunacy of the Unabomber is normal? If one ascribes to the previous definition, then it would be so. Like the psychiatrist intimated to the madman: 'You are so conventional'.

What gets me is the notion of superiority (as being confused with excellence). Or the notion of competition (as we hear of competition in world markets). What is this predicated in? We must recognize this tenuousness as having its origins in raw 'survival'. Us against them, or me against you. And you do remember the Orwellian obversion. "Survival is Success." These notions of superiority and competition appear to me as steps backwards, or attempts to consciously close the circle, admitting to ourselves that we shall never amount to more, so why not just go for the least effort (doing without conscience or responsibility), it being easier to put down and screw the daylights out of one's fellow hominid look-a-like than to give credence to other 'higher-minded' notions that do not 'cut it'.

Once we accept these slothful notions as viable operatives we tend to adopt a meaner attitude, but enshrine the notion in 'education'; that is, we gear our educational 'establishment' toward the furtherance and upholding of the notion, all wrapped in pennants and oblations (pledges and salutes). What lends credence to any operative that is sustained only in the NOW?

Transience, Transition, and a Holding Action. Tomorrow we will be dead. The Unabomber was but a Lilliputian flea upon a huge corpse. He could not mirror. Speaking of mirrors; Marylyn, childless, one of our favorite Celebrities took one look, saw the wrinkles, the sagging boobs, and knew it was all over. So much for mirrors. Then there was our favorite singstress, Karen Carpenter, anorAXing herself to death. Life does possess an illusory quality.

It has been opined we must have goals and policies, goals such as assigning meaning to life, and policies for implementing and



achieving the goal. I choose 'goal' over 'ideal' simply because we are not ready for the latter. Ideal suggests something unattainable, and like the 'idea' (idea only) of Utopia, earn the derision of the hominid mentality, as impractical and beyond the beyond. All of these 'notions', if you will, require effort in order to 'become'. As indicated it is easier to follow the viscera than the mind. To eat is one thing, to become a glutton is another. This bit of an adage is put forth to demonstrate the general direction taken once one becomes visceral.

(Where's your Gold Medal? I lost it. Sorry, no admission without your PE certificate. Boo Hoo!

Antiquated notions?

Bold steps into regions of the unknown? More idle speculation?

More peroration? To the same indifferent end? Eventually both the quill and the inkwell run dry.

Later: Unification through toilet paper. After listening to the President, it became pretty clear that we could jump-start the economy by each of us buying a year's supply of toilet paper, choosing whichever brand your favorite Product Endorsement specialist recommends.

Those who imagine they are on TOP are prime candidates for Assassination - sorry to say. I do not wish to confuse my sympathies, but my loyalties belong to the precept that one man shall not have Dominion over the other. The Unabomber didn't quite say it that way. He needed guidance.

It cannot be stated more succinctly.

Herein, be apprised directly of a BASIC precept, no foolin' 'roun'. I shall not admit of variance from this position. It would serve no purpose.

Yes!, the whole edifice takes a tumble; rightfully so.

Aristotle, The Chairman of the Board, posed the question, "But did it ever occur to you that the Least, those on the bottom, are Vital Chaff?"

You see how easily they miss the point. LIFE becomes a THING.

If you left them alone, didn't make consumers out of them, some would be quite content to exist in the Paradise herein provided.

Paradise, however, has been expropriated and confiscated and



eminent domained, and remade into a piece of Real Estate, personal property to be denied to Sowers born out of season or out of line. Fornication will be permitted amongst Possessors only.

I realize you dislike these monologues; but these blank pages stare one in the face.

We require cut-rate toilet paper. Made in Mexico.

I have not received any benefit from the free trade agreement between USA and CANADA. I am obliged to pay duty and federal tax each time I cross the border. There are so many 'exceptions' the agreement seems worthless. The same will be true of Mexican Toilet Paper. What some Canadian, or some Mexican and I, or some FTA, Nifty NAFTA, GATT, WTO, or MAI, and I might agree to exchange between ourselves is not a consideration in these agreements; as a matter of fact these relationships are mostly denied in all of the above. Once again a nobody is a nobody. A nobody is sumbuddy without a cent to his/her name. Read the fine print.

Part of the notion behind the agreement is the promotion of a "Standard of Living" based on consumption of planned obsolescence, which has acquired a new twist, 'recycling' (recycling is a desperate attempt at the perpetuation of the scheme). The so-called Free Trade Agreements operate with the philosophy of not granting parity to a trading partner. The word FREE means NOTHING. WE are merely attempting to COMPETE with other NATIONS cynically, hoping to export something to the third world which it does not need, before some other recycling nation beats us to it. The Japanese, the Taiwanese, the Hong Kongese, The Koreans, The Singaporese, The Malaysians, The Thais, And Yes!, the Mexicans, Bagladeshians, Indians,. Brazilians, and soon the enveloping Chinese will be recycling this Planned Obsolescing Standard of Living. The whole edifice is constructed on the shabbiest of shoddinesses (a shoddy good is held together by wishful thinking, a lick and a promise).

Yes! recycling is an attempt to perpetuate Planned Obsolescence. Planned Obsolescence is an attempt to force regular habituation to a way of life without remedy, remorse or relief, crammed as it were down everyone's throat by innuendo like the beginning of this essay wherein you aint sumbuddy unless you're sumbuddy and you aint nobody unless your sumbuddy, a sterile repetition of something that does not add to your life but only makes you feel you are not living unless you are part of the



scheme. There are so many devices for enforcing the scheme, only a few of which were imagined by Orwell in 1984. A few others by the Unabomber. It is now toward the end of 1993 (NOW closing in on the [our very own] millenium {with another GB goin' ta' jump-start oblivion}), and we are just getting started in the final steps of manipulation of the masses into this perpetual creed Of The Thing Is The Word. Thing Is It. Consume Things Toward happypenis, become a patriot; consume things. and so on. The temples of Madison Avenue and Wall Street will send their Armies after you. Wherein patriotism fails, sex and shame pick up the beat; and asphalt and concrete form the reassuring underlayments.

If you were to design a society, can you imagine the automobile as the centerpiece? Really!!!! Can you imagine a bunch of fat cats promoting automobiles just so they can rake it in. "Rake what in?", you ask. Your available cash fella, any which way they can. They are not content just to promote a bit of individual transportation, but a way of life, and all the paraphenalia that goes with it, and all the contracts that go with it. SOLD, yeah! you bet, to the devil, and when all the payments are made, what have you? A piece of junk. And you do it all over again, because you aint nobody if you dont. You are just another hoofer with his thumb hanging out for whom nobody else will stop, even when its pouring down in strum and drang. So get up off'n yore ass and work to support the system you lazy good for nothing. Do like George said, 'jump start' the, Hah! ECONOMY, buy a CAH. Toilet Paper is lighter (save your TP money to buy a cah [leaves of course].

Talk about being cynical, I can't 'hold a candle' to these guys, ass CRASS too. Slick, fast talking, with a pair of thighs in every package.

Today is NAFTA Day. Perpetuation of the Conversion Of The Planet Into A Standard Of Living Day.

Translate Please:

Are Congress Vohtzonnit. Vomit.

Certain items like Citrus Wheat Sugar Beef, Tahmaatahs (not two-legged ones), Pollution, and a wagon load plus Airforce One Load of promises to take us into the 21oneth Century.

Like I said, Free Trade is probably a good thing between you and I (us nobodies), but amongst the monied barons, its just another bunch of suckers (those with the bucks or pesos) buying onto a sham, a promotion, an ideation of Madison Ave, Quaint Disney and Hollowwood, all sprinkled with Partiotism, Regionalism, Nationalism and really Corporate shenanigans.



Anyway the fuckers wont let you and I trade, because there are revenues to be collected in every transaction, and 'cause they say they are providin' JOBS (doing a job, or a number) the barons get to screw the daylights outta dare fella man. Wall Street flourishes.

I conceive of trade involving barter; my skill, my produce, for your tahmaatah, your citrus, your wheat, your sugah, etc., but are guvment says nuttin doin, so it aint free trade; its just another way of cynically dumping crappy crap (General Motors) on the toid wild. So you can see where conceiving gets yuh. An besides.....

Later: NAFTA Happy Times. When a Gingritch leads the way, watch out. Talk about *ludafisk*.

Earlier (God knows where or when) I had stated (sounds like me alright) Second only to Death, Toilet Paper was the omnipresent unifying principle. With Nafta and Gatt it is virtually assured this later principle will be executed to the fullest, the reduction of the 'world's' forests to bum wipes. No Zone will be safe. Free Trade in this area will benefit the Sahara, Gobi, Matte Grosso, and Antarctica. Virtually Assured. Oil and Penguins. Sorry for the crudities.


Later; another day.

There is more sorrow than joy in this world; more discontent than contentment.

While we are led by some 'evil' force to follow that which appears to enjoy itself, those who have it made, so to speak; if you will truly observe this as arrested, chained and shackled in time, with so many pretending, nay, believing it as credence; those who stand and wait, yearning for this illusorryness; led, nay deceived, into yea-saying something, more by example (fear of being left out) than by conviction.

Truly there are too many of us to begin with, stampeding, easily trampled if we turn our backs, if we attempt to leave the fold. Too too many engaged in this shallow endeavor. We presume to sit in judgment upon the dinosaurs.

Wot!?! the decrier is amongst us again; shoot the bastard; No!, cut his balls off; pitch him into the ghetto. Off with his balls!!

You only think this an outlandish statement. Can't you see it is all too pat; and we are the patsies. It seems inevitable, everything must run its course. 

When confronted with the momentum of 6 billion, there can be



no free will. There can only be the exhausting dodge, perpetual flight. The thunder and roar of the dreadnaught (i.e., the pestilence) is most intimidating. Amongst the ten most wanted for nay-saying. The Unabomber lives. Weaver's wife is dead; Vickie Singer's husband is dead; Koresh is dead; McVeigh and Nichols are in prison headed for the gallows; I'm still on the loose [no cannon].

The marriage of Planned Obsolescence and Recycling. They will fornicate, giving birth to the twins Sustained Quo, and Naif Assumption (Voigin Territory; New Frontiers, et al).

He has the rales ([jails).

Later: After re-reading what has preceded .

The quwestern aries, "Pawdnerr, waah bawthuh"? GB The answerve, "Its the void. Or, is it the habit of (a)voiding?" Not not to succeed. Mission Acomplished despite all the Collateral Damage.

I have tried to imagine a scenario with a Protagonist who does mostly what I do - preaches some kind of rational doctrine (abstinence), if you will, toward the objective of concord amongst the members of the species, and the preservation of that which is fatefully our home. This individual operates with a few simple precepts (prejudices, if you prefer): One: 'That no man/woman will have Dominion over the other'; and Two: 'That the success of the Least will become the measure of any social system.' Toward that end a few biases exist; 'The absolute control of number (cessation of the biblical admonition to multiply)', and the cessation of plundering of our home (the planet, if you will) in order to erect a temple to the Standard Of Living ethos, (revoking once again the biblical admonition to 'subdue the earth').

Immediately the Protagonist becomes a denial of what we pursue in this NOW, what we export, what we envision in perpetuity, with little conscience (no time to look back, so DRIVEN are we by our consciousness of time, and our compulsion to fill that time with something over which we exercise no control; rather do we seek that which dissipates the energies inherent to the compulsion, and only marginally distinguishes us within the argument). Our Protagonist imprecates us with scornful epithets because he perceives us without will, no better than those forms of life which we despise the most. Where both the celebrity and the nobody don't amount to a pile of!

Our Protagonist does not invoke an Omnipotent as his connection to (or the source of the revelations contained within) his



spake. No Moses, no Christ-like figure. Moses the law-giver, imposed a set of precepts founded in a connection; Shazam! Christ invoked the Father as one who esteemed and promulgated brotherly love; an idea that may still win its place unabatted by all the paraphernalia which the followers imbue his doctrine. But even beyond these large figures looms that which must in the end serve like none other: Reason, and perhaps the implicitness of the Golden Rule (Do as you would be done by.); the simplicity of this last goes without saying (it chides as it persuades). There has been no Moses or Christ to advocate the preservation of our home OUR MOTHER. Reason must provide the advocacy.

In his support of Reason as the final arbiter amongst men, it is understood that elements of the Moses and the Christ will serve as aegis to cement the blocks of Ratio while creating the Final Edifice; the cathedral to man; his own temple in which he worships. Law, signified by Moses, is transformed into tenets that give credence to "Do as you would be done by", thus assuring that 'No man/woman will have Dominion over the other.' And, the Christ-like or altruistic principle acting to assure that 'the Least will serve as measure of the Whole'. Reason will be employed toward these ends, Reason given credence thereby, through USAGE (to deny Reason is not to use it [versa viceuh]). Holy Sheeeeit – no kidding!? Sis Boom Bah!

The world into which our Protagonist preaches, albeit, will ridicule him, will rebuke him, will deny (refuse) him, and hold in reserve its right to slay him. Don Quixote just sort of got tired; Big Job.

There will be followers, as there are always followers. There are followers because there are always those denied by what exists, those who have been DONE BY, relentlessly, inevitably; by those who perorate "I'm not my brother's keeper"; "God helps those who help themselves"; "Anybody on welfare is a social retard"; "Multiply and subdue the oith"; "Trickle Down"; "Whatever the market will bear"; Jump Start The economy!, And the sham promotions (promises) of happypenis through materioconsumeconomical endeavors (Pursuit of the Golden Calf).

Protagonist-Prophet preaching inevitably upon the desert, first in the desert of hominid pursuits, and finally in his exile, in the true desert of human denial. He refuses the hemlock as a revelation appears to him acknowledging he can still persevere alone on the edge, reserving the right unto himself to exit when HE chooses. In the end, he believes in the finiteness of all endeavors,



he knows of his own finiteness, he knows of man's finiteness, he knows of the finiteness of man's objectives, their self-serving nature, their tendencies. He feels their fatalistic persuasion, their unerring drive toward self-fulfillment (the self-fulfilling nature of self-aggrandizement), almost in a suicidal gambit, an all-or-nothing, either/or fa(s)tuously ruinous lethality (boy that was a mouffull).

Why persevere alone?

While a Protagonist for certain ways and certain truths, his life is not ventured in the manner that says "mine for yours". If the argument fails to persuade of its own, then all has failed. He is not so wedded to the argument that he must take up arms to implement it. He may blame himself for a lack of eloquence, or for faulty rhetoric, but is not so foolish not to recognize a rejection of the message, as ill-timed (man is not ready for it), or inappropriate given the persuasions of other arguments (not founded in reason). He may still partake of what remains of the planet, lamentably submitting to 'her' defilement as a most sorrowful series of events.

"The pollutions by the death of us promised paradise when we we have defiled." presumptuously ourselves?" "Its ourselves; 'if we its OK".



may be absolved all." "We have ourselves a leave this place "How can we so reward like saying to dont get caught

The sunrise and sunset belong to no one. What is, is caught up in rhythms over which none have say or control. Birth, Growth, Death, Decay without remorse, without avail. That to which he belongs presumes to a knowledge of things, forces, Guds. Full of conceits arising from this kind of knowing, extended further into arrogating manipulations through which he arrogantly dominates the planet and his own kind. Our Protagonist believes these are doomed, perhaps more so than the dinosaurs were doomed, the one by one kind of speculatively luckless fate, the other through the sheer force of haughtiness. The luckless one might swerve as lesson that the purpose of life is to occupy, giving credence to our own mindlessly obvious proclivities, distinguishing us less and less from that upon which we sit in judgment, the monolithic beasts and our primogenitors, from whom we seem so bent on distinguishing ourselves. Reason, our most supreme attribute is denied in the pursuit to occupy (monopolize), to bedlamize (given



over to Madison Avenue), to scourge (willfully convert after our own limited vision).

Our Protagonist views the argument of (biological) Evolution as he might have when first exposed to the notions of evolutionary 'advancement' in an Anthropology, or a Biology course (class). The argument put forth was all species tend in a direction of selecting that which will assure for survival; toward that end favorable 'mutations' become more dominant, and preserved, promulgated, etc., all in conjunction with the environment (i.e. fatefully obedient to its ambience). Not mind over matter, but a relationship between that which had evolved, which was continuing to change, perhaps opportunistically, toward an undefined end (but bent on the continuance of the process, where ever it might lead), and the medium which had provided the stage for the happening. With an anthropological view he allows himself to compare remains, acknowledging certain physical differences, and resemblances, to which he may apply some process of analysis, and of course, judgment, the latter of which is held in reserve, or in abeyance, pending the final outcome.

No where is it revealed in the study of bones the intent, either upon this planet, or in an imaginary abode, that a final resting place was to be construed as Paradise.

We have shown the inclination to scoff at Utopia as an impractical scheme. We have however projected Paradise as the abode in the afterlife. Not only do we fly in the face of our real knowledge, and in the face of truth by such denials and affirmations, but we invest our corpus with powers (to become and remain immortal) that do not exist elsewhere.

Such bald presumption, to deny Utopia, which is another way of saying Paradise on Earth, and to affirm something, Heaven (Paradise elsewhere), which can only exist in the imagination; certainly this obversion-contradiction must trouble a few minds amongst us. Most likely it does. But the operative herein seems to be an undeclared awareness of a finitude that applies only to us, selfishly. It became rather obvious during the early Seventies (i.e. during the 20th Cent.) during the energy crisis when the centerpiece of our materioconsumeconomical society suddenly became converted to a piece of immovable matter, or junk, an anachronism, a very dead thing. We waited in long lines just to get one last fillup, that somehow we imagined we would sustain it, or us, in our mythology for (we didn't think) 'how long'; there was this feeling of relief that the tank was full; our tank was full). Most



significantly, there was no tomorrow.

And today, NOW, there is no tomorrow; or there exists the rationale, that whatever is, will last our lifetime. In this 'reasoning' (shabby rhetoric) we slide (lemming-like) even deeper into the obversion-contradiction, by willing it to happen through our indifference, and our urges (you know: urges).

Our whole edifice is a shabby construction that would not pass the most lax criteria of the most inept building inspector, yet we continue to exist in this ragged, crumbling temple, without pride, with only the lowliest assignments to a purposeless existence. We barely differentiate ourselves from the dinosaurs whom we cannot admire (but perhaps envy) in their longevity; and whom we almost criticize for not exercising more control over their own evolution (although their longevity will far exceed ours). (Of course I cannot read that in the bones; but I can feel it in mine).

Preaching Paradise to the Dinosaurs (Monkies anybody?)

Caught in this mindless trap, modern man, vomiting yesterday, as trappings beneath him, living in the NOW, without respite from whatever it is that drives him, counting on the morrow as though it was promised to him as salvation.

ASIDE: Then there is this bunch of snot driving around in Volvos, shuttling between Arcadia and the suburbs, dreamily associating themselves with the League, and with all the good causes. Desperate hominid entities call upon these ones, self-acclaimed 'xspurts', to decipher that which passes from me to thee, and to relate it to all that has passed before (strange bedfellows). These Arcadians purport to KNOW, are purported to know (as well as other tenses, conditional or otherwise); or possess the capacity to analyze, what it is that passes their portals in the form of the written word. Extensions of Aristotle and other presumptions involved in the realms of Sophistry, their considered judgment passes as the truth. (When the pump went dry, the Status symbol, and the spake from Arcadia, sort of withered. Everything lost meaning; a house of cards.) (Er...ah, quickly revived once the pumps started a pumpin' again) (Lesson learned? Which matters the most?) Some of the Snot (a different kind) traffics (thats a good one [many automobileless because of the cost of parking] [it does demonstrate that some can exist without the centerpiece]) in New York as well.

Question: When the centerpiece turns into a pile of junk, how are we supposed to feel about the system? Suppose we dont have



enough wherewithall to replace the Volvo with a new piece of FAITH? (Volvos got too expensive [damned greedy swedes], so people switched to Subaru and SUVs). Some of the most dubious of the species become the sellers of the centerpiece. We enter the showrooms as victims (suckers; as a foregone conclusion; like 'shooting fish in a rainbarrel'). The Volvo, Mercedes, BMW, Jaguar, Rolls, Cadillac [sort of], (albiet the Jap entrants into the yuppie market) were invented for the EEEEEEEt, (The Enleetenment).

Anyway, ENVY impels us to keep up appearances. End of ASIDE.

S O L D

What business do I have of engaging in this sort of rant at my age? Who gives a Ω ? Difficult to escape the Conundrum.

Anesthesia: Drugs, and albeit the universal alcohol, along with caffeine and nicotine; pop, thumb sucking and other pain-killers were designed (get that) to alleviate this condition (OH! you didnt know -The Human Condition).

I should be working in my shop (where I will continue this monologue in private)..

Speaking of Sumbuddy: Sumbuddy discovered that the earth was round and not some indeterminate plain (plane). Lots of implications to that, No!? Well, it shape would not have mattered, round, flat, or like a crumpled piece of paper, because man was destined to fuck it up. So what is the relevance of roundness? To the BEST of OUR knowledge, the 'stupid' dinosaurs were unaware of the shape; but stayed a(g)round for 160,000,000 years. Sheeit we will be lucky if we last until the turn of the century, or hold out the next decade.

Despite its roundness, the place reeks enough for man to fantasize of other places (planets, or other stellar bodies, that is). This fucking place is not fit for Ego habitation. What you see in the meantime is a lot of movement from burrow to borough to burrow; another kind of Holding Action.

Before I depart this discourse, I must enter the umpteenth round of speculation upon that which serves and tyrannizes - Bureaucracy! It must be remembered at all times that THE Bureaucracy is manned by our look-a-likes, and not by some



foreign organism. As cruel a remembrance as this may seem, don't ever forget it.

The foregoing may suffice as Clear reminder, but allow me to perorate as is my wont with repetitious regurgitations upon the theme.

The scrolls are guarded by nobodies attempting to feel like sumbuddys. These ones who man (or woman, or innocuous sex) the Bureaucracy become meanly innocently viciously dependent upon their slot in this serving and tyrannizing presumption, in order to garner a feeling of importance by merely filling the slot for which they are paid and given benefits in a tenured, secured everlasting. They trade what they might have become for a slot in the time-honored mechanism. They must be mean in order to hold their place. Meanness consists of denial. Time-honored saws and laws are the stuff of Bureaucracies, but those who man (or woman) the sexless ramparts are more rigid than that which they claim to impose - because they have become vested as tenured, secured everlastings. FEARFUL of the next who would discover their secret to life everlasting, they nod their denials with assured divined vehemence. Kafkaesk without remorse.

The Deniers would deny such an appraisal. A human insect would deny such an imputation even though every act of theirs defines them clearly what they are; we recognize them through these actions. Some would say, "Its all too human." I would answer that I wish to reserve the term "human" for yet other modes of behavior OR create another morpheme to describe what it is I feel about that special condition.

If one might receive the knighting, "Human" rather than Sumbuddy, and as Human feel a unique achievement, then perhaps there would be little relevance to the term 'nobody'; because as long as you are "human" you would be Somebody.

A world full of Sumbuddys, or aspiring sumbuddys, OR a world full of "humans".

Some will argue the inevitability, the captivity of Fate. That is, what we are, however named or defined, we are, inescapably. To wish or hope that this two-legged appurtenance of us can be otherwise than it is flies in the face of what our historical record reveals. While some might argue it reveals many things, as it does, it does not reveal that the highest attribute (reason) will prevail over prejudice, over self-interest, over the rhetoric that is spewed to justify or 'rationalize' that which countervails even the simplest maxim of "Do unto others as you would be done by". Without conscience or scruple, one acts in his own interest, even as a sado-



masochist. The short lived pleasure will return with pain; somehow a tolerable condition. We might demonstrate that one's self-interest is better served by other behavior, but because we are what we are, less than a figment, we resist as a matter of 'free choice'. If what we choose would not involve 'others', perhaps any permutation of livingness could be tolerated.

A Big Brother Bureaucracy is what we deserve, simply because our words lack substance and conviction. Too easily and too often we temporize, pay lip service to notions we do not truly believe, simply because they interfere too much with our ourness, our meness. Ourness and meness. No amount of manipulatiiion or calculation can disguise what lies at the core.

Instead of hoping we should cast our lot with the 'benevolent dictator', a better Big Brother than those who claim to be either their Brother's Keeper or not their Brother's Keeper; and who are free to promote such dubious activities.

Impartiality as a 'human' somebody; not a Sumbuddy.

Confraternity as a matter of right and principle.

Another context into which to cast the impetus to serve, rendering the whole edifice of Bureaucracy irrelevant.

Surely you jest Durchanek.

You jest don't get it, do ya?

No I do not jest, and there are those who jest don't get it. The man who called all the waysiders Social Retards, for example, and his follower who carried on the notion of trickle economics. Well thats what they do at home. Out in the back where you have to survive without the help of your brother or your government, at least a folk has no illusions; whereas in suburbia the banks are on the dole. Jest to give you some notion of what that dole is; in the end they receive a minimum of 2 and 1/2 times a return on their doling. If you borrry \$50,000.00 dollarrs to buy a shack in urbia, the way it gets paid back to the loaner, it gets at least \$175,000.00 back. So you see if you happen to be one of them you can appreciate the making something out of nothing phenom. If you happen to be in business you can pass all that loss onto the Customer (Consumer), Customized Consumer, which is the other you (yayhoo); if you dont happen to be in business you can pass a lotta words onto your spouse or your kids or your dog or cat - or whipping boy or git drunk regularly to drown your sorrowful screwing at the hands of your fellow man. And I mean screwing



with a capital F.

And you wanted to serve your fella man.

Its uglier than ugly no matter how possible. Right, Clint!?

Later:

A friend on the island passes on magazines that others pass on to him. There are all kinds of things in these magazines. The Dire seems to be the biggest preoccupation; sensationalizing the dire. But as condiment, appetizers, and after dinner cordials, we reckon with celebrities. The Sumbuddies.

NO NO NO No more magazines.

Something about the ingestion of all these happenings and these paragons causes me to feel ill. Something barely palatable.

One of these days it will all be over; that is, I will no longer be here; I will be dead. GONE.

Then I will never be exposed to this agitation and momentousness again ever.

Mostly I will never have to face my insignificance again. I will never be faceless again.

They want me to be part of it all as a consumer. But there are so many, one more me matters not.

Even as a consumer, I want to be sumbuddy.

I do some writing. I have sent off my writing to various publishers and agents. No one appeared to be that interested. No potboilers, no mass pulp stuff, not even a conversation piece. They told me various things, but the conclusion was always the same – nothing!

I don't know what I am aiming for in the particular. To make a million bucks by writing? To spread the good word? To occupy myself with meaningful activity? What makes it meaningful? None of these considerations is really contingent upon the other.

There is really very little place in this world for what I am. There is a great deal of place for a lot of transient, ill defined popular culture. Whatever wiggles. I do not wiggle.

The awful part of it is that some of the wiggles get to me too. I hate that part of it. The aftertaste of a bilking. An unfulfilled promise junkie. Look, but don't touch the merchandise.

All of this stuff I write will not even have any historical value, because the history we are living through is meaningless; because it is a lot of hokum that shows us for what we are. And we really



don't want to face what we really are. No lessons learned, because we don't want to learn lessons. We want something else. We want our names on the marquee. Why?

I want my name on the marquee too. Especially when I see something that I thought was meaningful, produced by yours truly, getting accepted and promoted by another who doesn't do it or say it any better. Opportunity. Whether or not something is opportune. Not whether something has a place because of what it is, but because it came along at a different time. Something to fill that time slot. Not that the other guy deserves less. Equal opportunity, rather than opportunism. Equal Billing.

I don't know where all this stuff will end. Maybe Charline will find some place to archive it so she doesn't need to feel responsible for it. If I burned it all, like some kid goes out in a spiteful rage and shoots all he can, then she wouldn't need to be concerned.

I may keep trying. I cannot see myself exiled to the edge.
I may feel that schizophrenic state to distraction.
I am not part, but I share the same platform (the same planet).

What is wrong with this script? '00
Resigned?

If I was as young as the Unabomber, or Timothy McVeigh, what? Yes! What!?

When I was as young as them I did nothing, because I wasn't crazy enough or I was a coward. No!? Perhaps it was because I felt I didn't know enough. I mean I wasn't anybody, but whose fault was that? Perhaps the only way to be sumbuddy is to become a lunatic?

Could I send a bomb through the mail to a corporation executive whom I believed was unconscionably fucking up the environment, not to mention the social fabric? Yeah! Suppose the bomb went off when one of his children was fetching the mail? That would certainly teach him a lesson about operating in a vacuum. For me, it might have been more satisfying than preaching in the 'desert'.

But could I load a truck full of explosives next to a government building, blowing up a pile of people indiscriminately? What message is being sent? A visceral discharge!

What about shooting the prez?

I was sympathetic to the Unabomber for lots of reasons. I was not sympathetic to the other, although GOVERNMENT, per se, that is our unfeeling GOVERNMENT is like a building; or becomes a



building, something hard, indifferent, and generally ugly; not flowery like the ‘Declaration’.

I’m not too sure what form the ‘inalienable rights’ part should take.

If we were smarter we would realize the transient nature of things. Studying History, per se, should suggest to us some notion of this phenomenon. And as we grow older, the persistent nature of the repetition of the same dubious practices of government and, for the lack of a better image or expression, corporate hegemony, becomes a very persuasive consideration in forming another notion of the irrelevance of things.

Between transience and irrelevance are we all nakedly exposed.

It almost seems that acts of the kind perpetrated by the UnaB and Mc, and the prez shooters, do not get at the heart of the problem. There is verily a problem! The problem is: we have a long way to go. I mean we don’t know where we are going, or why we are here. We cannot draw any inferences from any other forms of life we see – except there are many times fewer animalicides within any given species than within our own. Since many species are known to have become extinct, that is, they are Noaht here forever, we might feel less inclined to preserve something that will expire on its own. Still, we have to contend with Moses. Moses wasn’t inclined to say, ‘Have at ‘er!’. Moses has become an institution which we have erected in order to augment the Golden Rule. The Golden Rule is one of those realizations every ‘man’ favors because it saves his own neck, and tends to thwart anarchy (a guaranteed kind of bedlam and mayhem [no fun]).

When we are sent off (into the future to make our contribution) after our matriculations, in the class yearbook, some assessments accompany us. Some are anointed with the epithet “most likely to succeed”. Some are known by their desire to become a certain thing, because they want to succeed at something. Perhaps with others it is opined they will amount to little or nothing, but something nice is said about them to encourage them to become something besides a rent in the social fabric.

There isn’t anything they could have said about me that would have provided either solace or expectation. I was a goofy bastard, destined to become a late bloomer; an unpredictable flowering. I could have become many things. I was cowardly enough; that is, intimidated by uniforms filled with jelly bellies, projecting sidearms (sideways peckers). Perhaps that was a good thing. A hundred years earlier I might have become a smart-assed outlaw with John Wayne in hot pursuit, destined to wind up plugged with my face



lying upon the hard earth, smeared with the ubiquitous dirt of the Wild West. Just another thing with two legs brought down by frontier justice. No polite refusals.

But I did make it this far, somehow inculcated by certain persuasions. I know I will always be on the outside. I will be an observer, measuring and judging man with his own words. Am I thus freed from some kind of responsibility by assigning myself to this outsider's position? If one assumes that all is transience, and irrelevance, why even bother trying to make sense of any of it? I guess one might answer, why get up in the morning?

Later.

Since I'm up, I have started the fire. And continue with this one. The fire of nobody trying to become sumbuddy. I guess I have pursued this theme in another writing titled: Celebrity. Kind of the story of a cheerleader with a whole bunch of other crap thrown in.

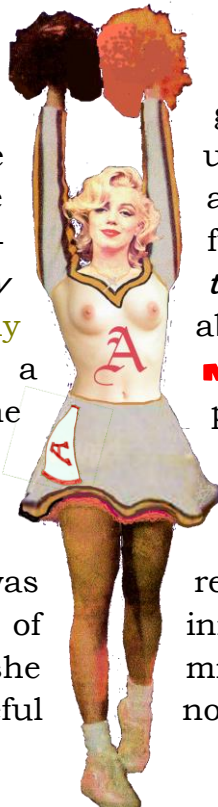


THE YELL

The **Scarlet** Sweater

Hester had worn a big thick 'A' sewn there keeps it buried somewhere memorabilia in mothballs - memories. "I was happy

She wore a creamy flounced skirt with a thereupon. When she high, as a **YELL** was Red Panty She, a tall, blond, blushed when anything was part of growing up, of In some other age she embroidery, being careful



gossamer Sweater with a upon. I wonder if she still amidst all the other full of heart-rending then".

above knee-length, **megaphone** sewn pirouetted, or kicked reached a Crescendo, her momentarily revealed. peach-blossom, who revealed. But it was all initiation, of achievement. might have taken up not to reveal as much as





an ankle. Every time our team scored she leaped on high; very time the other team screwed up she leaped on high, **flushed** faced, dedicated, overcoming, fanatical, perfervid; someone to stir the laggard, the unenthusiastic, the lackluster, and the **voyeur**.

That was a long time ago. It still persists today as part of a continuing tradition; however, with more athleticism, like jumping jacks; the whole beat, whirl, and jiggle somewhat more provocative. It has eclipsed my life, this new SIS, BOOM, BAH!; 'rooting' when we succeed, 'rooting' tauntingly when they fail, each camp antipodes, pumping up the legions, to transform cathartic gesture into psychokinetic action - the vicarious effusion designed to unnerve the Enemy, to bring them down in a fever pitch. In the final downbeat, a cartwheel terminates as the **Red Underwear** anoints the floor in a rending

S P L I T
! ! ! !



They R o A RRRR E D!!
Surely the Enemy was vanquished.

When we lost, one questioned her efficaciousness; she wept.
It was hers to mourn as well.

"I was happy then."

"I haven't grown old gracefully; I have been out of the mainstream. I look on; I wonder why those yell-leaders are so fanatical".

*"Their youthful beauty belies their cry for **blood**". **YOUTH! YOUTH! YOUTH!***

I leave her in her soliloquy, staring transfixed as the teams scamper up and down, back and forth, possessed of some ritual behavior. Her own son, Dimmwitt, was too ordinary to be one of them; he ROARED in the third row, a fan, a 'rooter', a vicarious appendage, undistinguished, even, in his rooting.





Thus, we continue. The cheerleader thing goes way back. It goes back to something that didn't happen to me in any real sense. That is, when they cheered, it was not me they were cheering. One seldom cheers for the sore thumb. Of course I never inquired. I wasn't allowed to play often enough anyway. A kind of token thing. Always the oddball. That's how I felt, and believe that is how I was handled. Whaddayadowiddatskinny pimple puss? I didn't ride in the back seat with any cheerleader after the games were over, even when I had a big night. As a matter of fact when I was having a big night, they tended to take me out of the game. My biggest night came when I scored as many points as the entire score of the losing team. That was an embarrassment to our coach who had simply left me in the game too long. I was hot, and whenever I got the ball I drove for the basket or shot wildly at random. A few swishes. A great show. A freak happening really. It was very selfish of me. Not much team work. If a cheerleader had ridden with me in the back seat after that game it still would have constituted a freak happening. When you put in your best performance and still can't cut it, the message becomes pretty clear. Well, eventually I married a non-cheerleader who could easily have been one, but chose the scholastic route instead. I mean after all the sweat, what remains? I made her into a cheerleader anyway. She doesn't always cheer me, but lots of times I do things that don't deserve any cheering. Just because you are married to a hypothetical cheerleader doesn't mean that until death do you part you have any special rights with regard to cheering. Although some-times it would help one get through the day. I'm not a cheerleader, but I cheer the opposition anyway.



Well, if you think it's a strain to be noticed when you are a teen or sort of young and in bloom full of ideals and full of promise, just imagine how much of a strain it is you are just plain 'over the hill'. But by then, its more important to be well than to be sumbuddy,

No Buddy



because being unwell and nobuddy without ideals, hopes etc. is just about as much of a strain as it can get. Count your blessings!

Speakin' of bein' sumbuddy, or No Buddy, gotta tell you about a bunch of nobodys who work for (slave for) Nookie, the Corpse that Naomi wrote about, the makers of all those runnin' shoes in the Phillipics, you know, the ones who put that Swoosh, that candidate for the twenty-seventh letter of the laugh-a-bet, on the apparel that every teenager and, any one else who apes the teenie and the Hip-Hoppie. If you gots the Swoosh you are sumbuddy.