

**Notes 32**  
*Scurrying*

*We all need to spend a day at the UN, and we all need to read the UN's Universal Declaration of Human Rights.*

*An untimely rebuttal!*

It rained last night. Fresh.

Where I am now, the planet is somewhat enclosed in clouds, with a slight southerly breeze over the sea.

To most of those who have not visited the place where I am now, when they arrive, they usually reveal a pleasant response.

As usual, I am mulling. Don Quixote stirs within me.

You would imagine that at 69 it would be all over, that one could honorably retire from dealing with the unending world's problems. The realization ought to have occurred that one cannot do anything to correct or alleviate the strife, not the word, not the sword; not the deed. Act Your Age! Old Geezur!

There, lying about, the books are, opened, turned over, resting upon the last words read. Piled atop the other tomes closed, already read; conveying message upon message, often repeated.

By a few manipulations of the mouse, one is able to call up a battery of graphic material of 'atrocities', enough to keep anyone stirred up and ranting (tilting) for a very long time. And thousands of people are out there commenting upon, and recording, the momentous, often horrifying, daily happenings, as though to confirm and reinforce one's appropriate feelings of impotence, so aptly depicted in the exploits of the famous Don.

There was a time in my life when I was physically very strong. Then there came the time when the weakness was found, and now at 69, there are only weaknesses. When one was young and strong he foolishly felt invulnerable.

And there was the frail Don with his lance, mounted upon his equally frail Rosinante. How we laughed at this enchanted Chivalrous buffoon.

It rained last night. Rain is part of a wonderful set of happenings over which man has little control. Rain is part of the Earth Air Fire and Water complex. It is a restful occurrence that soothes. Yes, man uses Water. Water flows through man, indestructible (almost).

We are often told that some things are incontrovertible. Like the planet will never be restored to the aborigines. Like religious factions arise like flies from a dead carcass. Like the Earth will never rotate from East to West. Like the Air once polluted will not become unpolluted. Like

the Fires of damnation will never cease burning. Like all the Water upon this planet will not extinguish the Fires. And there is Man's presumption; incontrovertibly he views himself as the Fifth element. Earth, Air, Fire, Water, and Man.

Amongst these lists of incontrovertibles there sits upon a frail horse a frail man attempting to persuade the fifth element it does not measure up.

As I write I am hoping to preclude the impossible grandiosity that follows from imagining a frail presence upon a frail charger; by remaining within the confines of a sparse outline.

One might begin: "Do Unto Others ....." A sharpened lance, or, a confining precept?

In previous forays with the pen, I have alluded to the variables to be encountered when one invokes the conscience of the fifth element with: "Do Unto Others ....." Those who wield power are often found not bound by a conscience. Those of lesser persuasion and capability, who are not bound in any case, find ways of circumventing the precept, as a matter of inconvenience. Instead of "Do Unto Others.....", the presumptuous Fifth Element takes the Fifth: ".....nor Shall Be Compelled..... to be A Witness Against Himself....."; or conveniently, patriotically blames the sovereign for his dastardly deeds. The Big Ten of Moses have failed in their message.

We fail, we have failed, we will continue to fail. Choose your tense.

In each one of us exists a potential. We often hear, 'he has so much potential', 'he had so much potential'. But he strapped dynamite to his body, triggering a mightily loud, destructive explosion (concentrated Fire) in a place where his two legs had carried him amongst a throng of laughing bubbling fermenting teenagers, most of whom perished instantly, some who lingered to leave us as an act of grace from powers beyond, some spared to live permanently maimed and disfigured as a reminder of the potential danger to be found within the fifth element. Though the survivors might circulate amongst us to horrify us, as indeed they do, it is incontrovertible there are those who sanguinely express their glee; and too, the glee horrifies us incontrovertibly.

Do we weep? Are we able to weep? Have we wept so often, there are few tears remaining? Are we no longer moved by the tears of others? If all six billion wept simultaneously would we be persuaded? Fornicate! Fornicate! Bring forth another generation of weepers.

Are we still really trying to make this a better place? When we strap dynamite to our bodies, what logic do we follow that leads us to believe we are really trying to make this a better place?

We imagine that by chopping off the fingers of the thief we have made this world a better place.

One is mindful of the admonition regarding the throwing of the first stone. We cannot escape.

What do we do to others who gleefully celebrate the violent end of others?

These others, whose young lives were ended, not offenders of any, perhaps innocent of thoughts of harm to any, more interested in 'fitting into' the world; we say there can be no justification, as we are speechlessly aggrievedly saddened.

The fifth element does not measure up. How can he ever be included amongst that ever-regal company? He simply does not qualify. He is doomed to be swept away by his own miserable entrails. And the sooner the better, if this is truly to become a better place. Without him!

Then perhaps, and only then, will the planet continue to be home to the other evolutionary developments of the first four elements.

Take your foul religions to your foul breasts, and claim some invincible presence, in its infinite wisdom, condones your foul deeds. You will stand upon that, empowering your feeble illusory transience; you imagine you will stand next to your foul almighty in some eternal hereafter. Everyone takes the name of the Lord in Vain. And Vain it is to claim victory with the gleeful shedding of blood of the innocent. One might as well be sitting high and mighty over the squashing of bugs as a source of vital entertainment, so low has the species slipped, gravitating toward oblivion. By Damn, the sooner the better, to spare us any further suffering and grief. We hear of the Vale of Tears. Incontrovertibly there is a percentage of those who pass through the Vale who will be unmoved, as there are those who are incontrovertibly constitutionally unable to be moved. Fanatically driven upon the living; only blood will suffice. As the blood ebbs and congeals irreversibly. If it seems I single out a particular creed, it is only because it is invoked by the most overtly violent. The other creeds create their own miseries as the clerics admonish the brethren to follow the Gospels in order to assuage their anxieties concerning life everlasting; what life?.

And it is only your incredibly stupid belief that sustains you in your sanguine pursuits. You do not know, you cannot know, you will never know. You have no God because there are no Gods; there is only man's incredible conceit; and arrogance.

It might be a better place if we did have a God; a just, impartial God; and a God who, as a real God, All Mighty, All Wise, in full control, would make this not only a better place, but the best place. It might help if there was only one God, a presence, all pervasive that could read our thoughts, banishing them when they reached beyond into things they cannot know, things they will never know; banishing conceits and arrogance as well. And a real God, not a fake God conjured by man, but a real God who would make every human life equal. But since there is no

God, the natural inequalities and dominances of life become the norm. It is in Man's hands.

And because it is in Man's hands, you have nothing but this unGodly mess in human affairs; you have an egregiously fouled planet, always in turmoil breeding anxiety and fear. All other forms of life are of little consequence. And not only is man conceited and arrogant, he is proud, proud of his power to destroy. Just recall, there is not another creature has such power, and there is not another creature that has brains enough to become like man. Something of which to become proud, conceited and arrogant.

Humility is just another word, reverence for life, just another phrase, "Do unto others .....", just another conundrum.

The conceited, the arrogant will have none of these. And the proud, conceited and arrogant are also intolerant. When they have the power, which they always do, because they are the ones interested in power, they are always seeking ways to hobble the others, persuade them, con them, enslave them, or perhaps to simply annihilate them. They have no vision, they cannot see the day when their power will end, they cannot see the untold misery their reign has caused. But they continue as they do because they are made of a dirty foul-smelling clay. They take delight in carving their initials upon their mother.

I am an old man. I have removed myself from the urbanized life, locating near the more elemental, the sea, and all that happens by the sea. I have not found the perfect place by any means; if I did find that perfect place upon this planet, I do not have the means to guard that perfect place. So, upon the horizon I must view the unsettling ubiquity and purposeless redundancy of Man. He is everywhere, a somewhat loathsome presence. I am loathsome by association.

If you look me over, even cursorily, you will discover a haphazard replica of my look-alikes. I find myself within the skin of a look-alike. It would be much more comforting to believe I am an eternal spirit independent of a carcass, that there was a universal language accessible to all life forms, that I might find conversation with those other forms of life. Because I am metamorphosed into this skin I am limited in my speech, and feared by all other forms of life, aware enough to know that the presence of man is bad news.

Therefore I am alone. I live in isolation with the full knowledge of my impotence, the impotence of a spectator. It all happens despite me, and would happen without me. The majority of my look-alikes are spectators. Acquiescent, intimidated spectators. And so we pass through this life, scurrying. All that fornicating to a higher purpose is found wanting. The noble sentiments before the couplings became dissipated in the anomalies of the imperative and dubious pleasures found therein.

Because of the ubiquity of the Fifth Element, an element whose behavior has become all too familiar and predictable, I am afraid, afraid for my pathetic little life. Long before Terrorists became the watchword, I was afraid of those in power, because I knew they would use their power to do things that were destructive of the planet, they would act to strengthen the power they gained; mocking first, then outlawing, dissent. And when the 'Terrorists' struck, those in power did not question why, but saw an opportunity to exercise power. They thought they struck a blow against 'terrorists', but while they were doing so they struck a blow against all of those who were questioning them. There are many nations that harbor 'Terrorists'. There are many people in many nations who resent the conceit, arrogance, pride, and intolerance of Mr. Big and Brash. They also resent the Righteousness of Mr. Big and Brash. They also resent the Greed of Mr. B. and B. They resent the desire of Mr. B & B to control the rest of the world. Can you imagine it, puny little man controlling the rest of the world? With Bombs? But, the greater terror lies ahead, emanating from those who claim to be 'fighting' terror; and in their fight they will deny the right to privacy in the home, will deny all civil liberties; BEWARE! Paul Revere must mount up again; this time, the enemy lies within.

Many of us are going to be put to death by the 'control addicts'. Intolerant of dissent, they will prevail. It will be regarded as suicide, to dissent.

I'm sorry Abe, there is no comfort in the statement: "You can fool some of the people some of the time, you can fool some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time." A catchy little homily. A day long ago Abe, in the days of bearded men; all clean shaven now. Nowadays, anybody who can't be fooled is dispatched. Beards are suspect Abe. Ex Eunt. They didn't like you Abe; they dispatched you. Ex Eunt! But Abe, did you know they named an Aircraft Carrier after you. In Your Name. And Georgie too. Our nation was formed to claim our rights as distinct from George III. Ironically our first leader was another George; George I, then after many years of formation, forgetfulness, and decline, we were led by George II, a very different George than George I. George II was a carryover and harbinger of deviousness that embodied Our Way Of Life. Then it was George III all over again, weak minded, impuissant, characterless, a fool. Whatever works.

The only truly comforting thought is: All Must Die! A truly inevitable and incontrovertible truth. All life abused by those in power must die also; small comforts, where death is welcome.

Being insulted to death is not welcome, although not less inevitable. I am insulted when a thing that looks like me would presume to rule me

without my consent. More than insulted, outraged! What a way to live. Scurrying. It is inevitable to scurry.

In the other modern day police states they have declared people like me paranoid schizophrenics. Once they have identified such corruption the ministers of state order institutionalization, drugs and electrodes; if that doesn't correct the aberration, then one is sent to the Gulag to perish of neglect. When neglect fails, a piece of lead shattering the brain ends one's agony. One of our more notorious authors wrote: 'It Can't Happen Here'. What the hell did he know?

Land of the free, home of the grave. Our way of life! Make The World Safe For **WHAT!** A More Perfect Union of pledgers and flag wavers. What a dreadful occupant of the holy only planet, pledging to fuck over the planet, and asking, 'Who has a better right?'

Because there is really no identifiable purpose to life, we have this, a horrifying nightmare; a frightful scurrying.

No conscience. Only the expedient, the necessary evil. Conscience is both inconvenient and cumbersome. Earth Air Fire, Water, and the Animal. Some where, within **Animal**, it is purported one will discover Man; in the far far distant future; only as an afterthought, after all else has perished.

You realize I must work my way through this attack of doubtfulness. Not too long ago one sought to escape the monarchies and autocratic rulers of Europe by desperately risking flight to the New World, further west, across the ocean. Now it would seem that most of Europe has rid itself of its autocratic rulers, showing some regard for healthy dissent: it would seem the better political atmosphere. One might, in desperation, conjure such illusions; to return to the east across the ocean, to the Old World being made over; and hope, that where it began in horror and turmoil, it will end in quiescence.

Terrorism (guerilla tactics) seems the only way to hobble Big and Brash. Why hobble? Because Big and Brash offends, Big and Brash overwhelms (dominates), Big and Brash rapaciously consumes (all the natural resources), Big and Brash destroys with unconscionable purpose, Big and Brash pollutes with unconscionable purpose, Big and Brash demeans (places material goods above human values) Big and Brash demeans (measures a person's worth, a culture's worth, a nation's worth, the whole world's worth, by its material wealth).

Why Terrorism? Because Big and Brash is helpless against the number (less than 5% of the earth's population) that would rise up to terrorize it? Big and Brash assumes it can declare a 'material breach', assign a battle, and the battlefield, so it can use the weapons that are designed to operate in their theatre. When Big and Brash sets out to control the world it declares an open war upon all those who do not wish

to be controlled. Most do not even want to do business with Big and Brash because Big and Brash dictates all terms of the bargain, and if you don't like the terms, you must either succumb to the insult and humiliation of pittance, or do battle to defend your honor. What is honor? To Big and Brash it is never to suffer defeat (in war, or in the marketplace). To those who would be exploited and shortchanged in the marketplace, it is to avenge the demeanings of Big and Brash. Big and Brash plays one culture against the other, one ethnicity, one religion, one way of life against the other. So Big and Brash invites a kind of retribution. The powerless and impotent are but the sling of David. And the powerful and potent are the huge corpus of Goliath. The terrorists are the cohorts of David, and Big and Brash is Goliath.

That is not to say that a classy Goliath could not coexist with a classy David, or vice versa, but we haven't got there; and it is opined we are way beyond Biblical metaphors. We lack class, hence terrorism against the Big and Brash, the arrogant, mean and ugly, the humiliators, the rapers of the planet, the hogs and polluters. Diplomacy sucks!

And I am amongst them, the Big and Brash, the arrogant, conceited, proud; but I am not one of them. An accident of Birth.

I do not advocate terrorism, because it is indiscriminate. It does not get at the vested interests, the real targets amongst the Big and Brash. The moms and the children suffer the most in their innocence.

Earthquakes, Volcanic Eruptions, Tornados, Hurricanes, Fires, in the Forests and upon the Plains, Torrential Rains, and Floods. Then there are Manquakes; Wars and Pestilences. Calamities all.

What we, yes, we, understand of the first four (Earth, Air, Fire, and Water), as inevitable, as properties of a cooling stellar ball, held in the grip of still larger forces, we, yes, we, this transient life, this presumption, this 'great' self-inflated #5, the guy with the 'big bang' up his sleeve, more powerful than any creature alive in his ability to destroy all other forms of life, but not courageous enough to attempt to destroy the whole planet, and not powerful enough to destroy the universe. What we do not understand about ourselves; perhaps inevitable in every sense of the word, properties of conceit, arrogance, pride, intolerance, greed; cataclysmic forces within the community of man. We do not understand; only the inevitable part that bears upon us and wears us down.

Don Quixote, our savior, has been humiliated; we laugh at his pathetic figure. We laugh at the one who would attempt to right all the wrongs. We claim that wrongs belong to us, they are ours, no one has the right to interfere with our wrongs.

The great Don was a man with vision, with heart, with courage; only these, housed in a aged feeble body. Another grandiose fanatic, we might conjecture. He just didn't get it, we might conjecture.

Today we need millions of Don Quixotes, men (and their conjoined counterparts) with vision, heart and courage. Real vision, real heart and real courage. A real vision places peace above all other human conditions, and peace is not a condition that obviates all other conditions, peace is the required condition before one addresses all the other conditions; peace is the prerequisite condition, never to be violated. And a real heart places above all else, a reverence for life, a feeling of compassion for all forms of suffering; and yes, not only a reverence, but a love of life, upon which no trespass must be allowed; and yes, this flies in the face of indifference, apathy, and challenges envy, lust, greed, and hatred, vengeance, and cruelty. And real courage rises to defend the vision and the heart, though one is armed with only a vision, and a heart. And courage flies in the face of the inevitable, like the dam in the face of the flood, a countering of those forces that would inevitably destroy. Courageous is the man or woman, though armed only with a vision and with a heart, who would stand up to those who bear upon us and wear us down with their righteousness, their desire for acquisition and for control. **NOTICE:** Seeking millions of Don (Donna) Quixotes. And many Henry David Thoreaus, Mahatma Ghandis, Albert Schweitzers, Jimmy Carters (the short list). I would include myself and Jesus Christ (not his followers) on the long list. Just added: Toni Smith (aka Donna Quixote).

Yes, I come from a land, a nation, where, as a youngster, I learned lip service to many good things. And I believed because what I learned was part and parcel of the creed of our other creeds, that we could do no wrong, that what we were was the best there was, and that the rest of the world would do well to listen up. But what we were taught had been filtered to create the best impression upon the impressionable mind. Perhaps underneath it all, the teacher felt more value in the ideal than in the real truth, if indeed the teacher was aware of the real truth. Being spared the truth might have been deemed advantageous to the young mind, the young pledger, the young flag saluter, potential patriot, and albeit, cannon fodder. Nationalism had assumed priorities above the truth, above greater human values. Teaching the young mind to question every thing he had been taught was not in the curriculum.

But youngsters with real vision, real heart, and real courage, and a real yearning for the truth, although it is inevitable that one can never know the whole of the real truth; some of these youngsters reached beyond all they had been taught, perhaps motivated by skepticism, perhaps following a curiosity, seeking a more appropriate gist of reality, more akin to what they felt inside as real, and not the pat gapfill pap they had been spoon fed in the classroom. They asked of themselves the question, and sought the answer. Others before them had done the same in many different forms. They had encountered the Books of Revelations,



not the Biblical ones, but the ones residing in the libraries, the ones a Nazi ruler, or Commie Dictator would have burned. And because my nation had not yet burned them we were able to better enlighten ourselves, and to develop our own assessment of the truth.

I have written many times before these same things, perhaps a tiresome repetition, but things nonetheless that bear repeating, that what we have been taught may not be the whole truth, in fact as one learns, the more he knows with certainty, beyond what was deliberately withheld, there is a still a greater truth that remains unknown, for which we must also search. The Books of Revelations of which I speak contain some of the results of that search, with no reference to “on condition of anonymity”.

But I want to anchor myself in this argument of the land, the nation, in which I was engendered, and taught lip service to the good, our mighty calling as a nation. A nation created equally by escapees and explorers, yielding to greed and violence, professing equality, liberty and justice for all. Those who have used these goodly premises to wage war, the high and mighty wars, have deemed those who question them, as traitors worthy of imprisonment and death. In times of terror and war there can be no pacifists; they must abide (A Lament for Frederico Garcia Lorca). And there are those who are frozen in this latter conviction, unmoved by any other considerations. All or nothing, do or die. The King, the Kaiser, The Nazi, the Jap, give the lie to the Commie, the Gook, the Aaarab, and the Love it Or Leave It.

The American Indian was another matter.

We do not speak the truth, but shroud our real motives in high and mighty terms, forsaking all others; unifying through coercion, through lip service, temporizing, and outright deception, the fearful and gullible. Underneath it all, our way must prevail. That is fact number one, forsaking all others. And we are labeled traitors if we do not abide, we are giving aid and comfort to the enemy of our way of life. Our way of life is to consume and pollute the planet until After Rapture arrives. That is our way of life. We wish to export our way of life as a profit making scheme to all the others. But in order to continue our way of life we must exploit and control all the natural resources, because we believe it is in the best interest of our way of life, and truly believe the rest of the world would be better off doing as we do. But we need OIL. We need OIL like nations of the past needed forests to burn to create energy, energy to make arms to go about the planet conquering, appropriating, pillaging, raping, increasing one’s store of wealth and riches, all the while ennobling these actions with our exemplary Constitution, and our righteous fervor derived there from. And abiding the saysos from the clerics and shamans, with their heads stuck in the Mythologies, Bibles, Koran, and other Tribal, Ethnic, and Cultural Persuasions.

Which Biblical admonition suggests we take unto ourselves all the OIL? Which cleric would speak to OIL? The cleric (member of the cabinet) who reads from the Book of Profiteering, claims if we Gain the OIL we Gain the World. And this Book of Profiteering is devoid of the morality of what happens to our soul after we have so profited. Anyway, the terrorists will sink all the tankers, so there will not be much profit. OIL will become OILSLICK. Tankers are not difficult to sink, a speed boat with explosives or a hand delivered missile; lots of those around, to take care of any number of tankers. A new vessel is in the works; an OILSLICK Scooper. Like a Pooper Scooper; not to save the environment, but to salvage energy for the energy guzzlers.

In the classroom we were never taught such things. While it was acknowledged, or judged so by our inculcators, there were bad guys in this world, we never included ourselves amongst them. Our morality was always the purest and the most God given (ironically embossed upon the coin). How many still believe this to be true?

I am on the slippery slope of the inevitable, to slide or plummet into oblivion, soon. My brain is old, and my body is decrepit, and my spirit weary, still facing the same old problems I faced the day I was born. And those who occupy the high places are just as wanting as the others who preceded them. So the everlastingly inevitably incontrovertible affairs of man linger and languish unremittingly; and as the famous bard leaves behind his wisdom he utters. "Who's In, Who's Out; Who Wins, Who Loses".

Tragedy abounds; we, inured, jaded, habitually disillusioned, indisposed, anaesthetized, mesmerized, fail to be moved; or stir lethargically, filled with the lassitude of grief and desolation. The high and mighty clobber us daily with their presumption. Such little people, such little people are they and we, they in their tiny minds and futile pursuits, and we in our sheath of flesh.

How do I know their minds are tiny; because I declare it so; my maddened assertion rages into the void; they are indeed tiny; they rise no higher than the maggoty dung heap from which they have emerged. And here we are frightened little fleshpots, lending substance to their crowings. Jesus Fucking Christ anyway!

Hey! We're working on it! Civil Disobedience! Consent of The Governed, an Inalienable Right! Yeah! Right! Right On! Fuck The OIL, Lets Walk! Fuck General Motors! Fork Agribusiness! Flip Wall Street! Flay The Profiteers! Forego the Foregone! A Vision, A Heart, Courage! But remember, that Terrifies those in power.

Separation of Church (Fundamentalism) and State, Separation of Media and State! Separation of Profit from the ...And So It Goes.

On condition of anonymity I was informed that the right of the 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, supported by Oath of affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized. On condition of anonymity it has been highly recommended by the Homeland Security Office that suspicion of 'terrorism' constitutes probable cause. Further anonymity assures that Oath and affirmation may be obtained from Postal Workers, Gas and Utility Service People, Telephone Company Personnel, Garbage Collectors, Fed EX, UPS, Purolator, City Building Inspectors, City Code Enforcement Officials, Surveyors, Anonymous Solicitors, Campaign Workers, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Dog Catchers, and Jehovah Witnesses, not to mention Friendly Neighbors; as well as Converts to Fascism, Anyone Harboring a Police State Mentality, Pledgers, Flag Wavers, and Paranoid Fanatics, Big Brothers and Little Sisters, Disgruntled, Shortchanged Family Members, and including all government hirelings, buggers and phone tappers, as to whether probable cause exists. And don't forget, The Birdies.

It has also anonymously appeared in the Fourth Estate that none of the above necessarily wears upon the fabric of the Nation which espouses it. 'Terrorism', per se, is the personification of evil, (and the devil) and every resource must be explored and exploited to eradicate it (him) forever from that Nation (and any malingering elsewhere). 'Terrorism', by definition, is anything that threatens the Corporate World, Banks, People in High Places, The Wealthy, The Shakers and Movers, Not To Mention Our Way Of Life, including The Status Quo, Globalizing (Gobbleizing) the Economy, Making the World safe For Democracy, Jeopardizing the More Perfect Union. 'Terrorism' threatens to break down the Stratification and Hierarchical Structure of Society. Life, Liberty and The Pursuit Of Happiness infringed by the Sound Of The Hobnailed Boots Coming Up From Below constitutes 'Terrorism'. The Sick and The Ailing demanding medical coverage, The Poor demanding adequate housing and shelter from the elements, food and health care, and educational opportunities for themselves and their offspring, constitutes 'Terrorism'. Anyone Advocating A Woman's Right To Choose, anyone Advocating Equal Rights for Homosexuals, or other minorities (you and I), may be regarded as Terrorists who exist to destroy the fabric of a right minded and moral society. Anyone engaged in Union Activity, or advocacy of Minimum Wage may be regarded as attempting to undermine the Value of the Buck, hence involved in 'Terrorism'; the terror the rich folk feel when threatened with losing their status on Easy Street. People demanding a voice in government, and a government controlled by the consent of the governed, constitutes 'Terrorism'. In

short 'Terrorism' constitutes anything you wish to cast under its umbrella. Most importantly is the thread of Terror that has been added to the fabric of our Society which is meant to (excuse the repetitious nature of the expression) 'terrify', and intimidate, leading to the control of the masses (you and I). (By a Chicken shit government made up of former Oil Company Executives.) All to be in place with all terrorists either executed or behind bars before 2004, only 20 years after 1984. War Is Peace, Freedom Is Slavery, Ignorance Is Strength; Survival Is Success. Holy Shit, No Kidding!

And when we finally do invade IRAQ, anyone so much as silently looking askance will be considered part of the axil of evis, a traitor, against SUVs, and, Lahd Awemighty, a Terrorist!.

Paranoid Schizophrenic!? Don't you wish. Beware, the Ides of March. A quibbling Cassandra? A Terrorist In Our Midst! Unpatriotic! Its all going down a rat hole; fatefully. The Fifth Element will be forced to take its rightfully deserved dive into oblivion.

Of course that is not my hope, only in as much as all other forms of life on the planet deserve more than the consequences of the predations of Fifth Element. It is my hope, even in the face of all I suspect to be true concerning the Fifth Element, that he will learn, and truly value, the meaning of everlasting peace, if only as a way to unselfishly preserve the planet, and its environment, for all the other helpless forms of life. What is the real meaning of a conquered planet? Well, you know.

A planet in flames and ruin brought about by the visceral urges of the Fifth Element is not something of which to be proud, and not conducive to the preservation of other helpless forms of life. If we cannot feel empathy and compassion for these other forms of life; not as we slaughter them, but lives as worthy as ours, as rightful of place and occupancy, equally, then I do not understand how we can hold up our heads, proudly declaring mastery; is that then to become the measure of our mastery?.

'Reverence ' is a term I am apt to use, but while so ascribing it, I am aware of my own prejudices with regard to what I consider 'pests'. Does it have to be 'all or nothing'? It would seem so!

One does not appeal to better sense or better motivations, but to the dead image that occupies the ground upon which we stand. This is where I stood and this is what I stood for. I am the one held accountable; not some God or Devil. Be answerable; confess to the abomination of your deeds. Let us know that you were not born with vengeance in your heart. How came you to become so violently destructive, to revel in the blood of the slain?

Without invoking Moses tenets, without attempting to suggest guilt, what does it mean to take a life; not only a human life? The first life taken begins the process of inurement to the deadliest act of which the Fifth Element is capable; how many lives can we end in one blow (escaping with our own life)? Just what does this all mean?

Nothing!

What follows is what a friend has said. I do not have very many friends; nonetheless on condition of anonymity, my friend has allowed this communication. It sounds like many others, but illustrates sober considerations and restraint.

“I don’t want you to think I am oblivious of the real happenings, although somehow I sense that you know I would never be far from them, being who I am, a concerned citizen. Even as a concerned citizen I wish to avoid the implications of the real happenings. But more than a concerned citizen, I am not seeking to have my days ended by either George W. Bush or Saddam W. Hussein. The humiliation of such an end is beyond the pale. I am not a patriot, nor a warrior. I cannot envision standing alongside Bush against Hussein, even though I cannot envision standing alongside Hussein for any reason. If the world body, in its wisdom, decides that one amongst us has gone too far, then perhaps speaking to that individual directly concerning his deviation from what is acceptable would be a course of action to follow. Not an idle admonition, but a clear message that the limits of toleration have been reached, and it is time to change one’s ways immediately, or step down. Because I would empower the **world body** (UN?) to so act, to me does not mean that it sets the political agenda for me. As long as my behavior does not threaten others, I should be left alone to think what I like and do what I like. I believe if the world body is responsible enough to take its charge seriously that it would be unnecessary to call upon anyone to do its bidding. If the world body fails, we all fail”

Perhaps the most guilty member of the party is the Media (freedom of expression guys) who are intent upon prattling every scrap of verbiage from their own imaginations, lacking the input from their usual anonymous sources, only to create, no, foment, pandemonium in Bedlam (The windmills of Don Quixote). We know the Media (your right to know) feeds upon conflict; and they are not the harbingers of diplomacy. The Media (Madia) must get your attention, it needs to promote and sell copy, more to sell copy than to assuage our doubts, the ones they have created, and with which they harry us in an unending agape; we are dumb enough to succumb to their rantings (their right to tell it like it is). Yes! Dumb!

If we were who we claim to be (that is, who we imagine ourselves to be), we would call the Fourth Estate to account for attempting to make a mess of our good intentions, for attempting to usurp our good intentions. I say OUR, because I want to believe we are really all in this together (and that our freedoms and rights are not trivialized by our right to know). If we are not all in this together, but are a disparate species at each other's throats, it would appear there exists no ground for good intentions; we might as well be a primogenitor with no aspirations, but just animals, viscerally driven. At times that would seem to describe our present occupation of this one and only planet (28 astronauts, and Icarus, and everyone who has leaped from high places to escape their torments, have given their lives demonstrating the infeasibility of another venue).

There is no hope of life for any living earthly creature beyond the confines of this planet, we oft refer as, the world. It is indeed our world. Not God's, but ours. Homo Sapiens (as well as others). As clear as the nose on your face. There is no other hereafter. This is it! This is hereafter! All of your supplications to an imaginary god are wasted; there is no god to hear them. The only way to do anything about your desperation is to prevail upon your fellow man, as you would prevail upon yourself. It now comes with the territory that we are aware of the inevitability of our own death. We pride ourselves on many things; one of those is our awareness of many things. It is because of these awarenesses that we are able to enjoy a repose (time to create great works of art), perhaps a property unique to our species. We need not be fearful every moment. Because the lion roars, or the wolf howls, does not mean we are in danger; we need not shit and run upon every occasion. It should also be the case that we are not fearful of our fellow man; I repeat, we should not be put in a position to become fearful of our fellow man (that cuts into and effects our repose). We are a cognizant species that is able to appreciate other forms of life. We have the ability to study them and understand them, and appreciate them as variation upon something like our selves, over which we have no control. But we do have some control over our selves, a certain conscious ability to control our actions, for the good of our selves and for the good of all. If, with the realizations intimated, we act as though we were not aware, we might as well not possess that acuity. If that acuity is used to conquer, rape and pillage, to dominate, to control others, to enslave others, then we might as well not be equipped with a higher intelligence; we might as well join the less aware species. The chances for survival would be enhanced without that acuity.

Old saws, also old indictments of the presumed great one, the Fifth Element. Godless on a godless planet. Finite! Transient! And Often Brutal!

How say you?

Toni Smith! Good Shot! Three Cheers!

Sorry Dubya, nothing personal. W'all sorta.

A 21 year old saying it ain't right in her own way.

Without question there is much that is wrong. The hype has failed us.

"Our way of life".

"I calls 'em the way they are."

"I calls 'em they way I sees them."

"They ain't nuthin' 'til I calls 'em."

My wife told me plainly not to take my 'fukin funk' out on her. I had not thought she would ever say such a thing, much more, put it into writing, although ever since we have been together (33 years) I have encouraged her to speak up for herself. I realize now since I am her main supporter in this endeavor, that she must needs practice on someone before she does it to all the others who formed the original basis of my encouragement and support.

I do get to that place in myself where I really don't give a four letter word. I say bitter cynical corrosive things. I would imagine Toni would give it to me between the eyes even without being encouraged to do so. Just a reflex on her part, to set things right.

My wife grew up in a family of patriots and defenders, and otherwise righteous souls. Because she stepped outside the course imagined for her by her parents she became exposed to other precepts. She did not set out deliberately to defy her parents, but her own makeup, her sexuality, her desire compelled her in a direction that disappointed her parents. Her compulsions led her into the arms of men who were not patriots and defenders, one a foreigner, who could really care less, looking out for number one; the other, a dubious character with little allegiance to anything.

The dubious character is the one to whom she had said, "Don't take your 'fukin' funk' out on me." But she also wrote "... this is the best time of my life and you are the biggest part of that 'best time'..."

Somehow that leaves me stranded within my funk. Part of this 'fukin' funk' is directly attributable to impotence. That is because, if I am any part of what is happening around me, that is, not as a rock, or a tree, but as a participant, I am a lowly ineffectual spectator on the side lines. Toni Smith has reinforced that in me. That was not Toni's intent. The only way I can know her intent is through her declarations. She exercised her inalienable right to express her view, guaranteed under the

first amendment to the Constitution Of The United States Of America. Those who hold the opposite view are also protected under the same Constitution. Her claim is that patriotism is not an empty slogan. She did not make it clear what she meant by that, but it is implied that when one salutes the flag, one is doing more than going through the motions of a thoughtless yea-saying robot. One is saluting the principles for which the flag serves as emblem. Whether or not the Bush Administration recognizes these principles may be at issue. Her gesture is a statement of her view that the Bush Administration is wrong in doing what it is doing. She turns her back on the emblem for which she imagined had embodied certain principles, the same principles that guarantee Bush the right to be an asshole, if that is what he chooses to become. Truly it is a difficult choice for Toni, one which takes courage and firmness of conviction. When one is pressured by the force of government and peers, it does take an inordinate amount of courage and certainty of conviction to oppose them (How say you Antigone?). I feel certain Toni is not a grandstander, that she feels uncomfortable in her now assigned role, as herself emblematic, a toy in the media melee. Sometimes the price of valor requires that one become a target in ways that were not intended.

Lets examine the difficulty. A sensitive person of conscience is so deeply affected by the actions of her government that she turns her back upon the most recognizable symbol of her nation; the cloth banner emblazoned with the stars and stripes. She does not emerge from a radical institution. She does not burn the banner, she does not trample it under foot. She does not cry out loudly against something that horrifies her. She cannot speak directly to those in government, the president, the senator, the congressman. She could petition them through their various secretaries et al, by phone, fax or letter. For her these avenues are not satisfactory because they are not direct, they do not respond to the immediacy of her feelings (And it is truly uncertain whether these are people of conscience). While the government through its various agencies and its mouth pieces in the media has the floor minute by minute, persuading the nation in a given direction, almost unimpeded by an acquiescent congress intimidated by the accusation of being unpatriotic if they don't go along; WELL! What can you do or say?

Toni Smith, my hat off to you. Symbol you have become, not of protest, not of radicalism, but perhaps of dissent, meaningfully achieved. You will give others pluck. Where is your senator Hilary; is she at your side? Or does she favor wiping them all out in order to get SADDAM? You need to hear from her, a woman like yourself.

There it is; it comes down to the flag once again. In the foreign country, the flag is burned and trampled triumphantly by people who are otherwise powerless to deal with another kind of Big Brother. Taunting



us. Like, “You sonuvabush” “Don’t call my mother a bush!”. “Them’s fightin’ wurdz!”

For shame, you looked away. And they taunted you. They wanted to hurt you like you hurt them. They accused you of being unpatriotic, maybe of being treasonable, a ‘fuckin’ bush’. A real person with a real head on her shoulders, a college senior attending an accredited institution with accredited teachers, enrolled as a Sociology major, speculating on the structures of societies, their governing principles, their ideals, their institutions. Encouraged to think, to ask questions. WELL, what can you say? The Institution did not fall back in denial; it admits to encouraging its students to think, and to ask questions, and it supported you in your right to do as you have done. My hat off to the school president too.

It is being assumed by the fourth estate that Iraq will be invaded by the USA, regardless of world opinion, and that there will be a quick conquering and ousting. Already it has been announced there are Corporations bidding on the reconstruction infrastructure, amongst them, Brown and Root, the major contractors in Vietnam used in the construction of the Iron Triangle. From LBJ in Texas to GWB in Texas. Its called Bullshit to Bullion. Is there an element of sanity in all of this? Sane people do make calculations with regard to profit. Sanity often is measured in terms of morality; i.e., morality as an extension of Law. A person is assessed sane if he is able to know the difference between ‘right’ and ‘wrong’; insane if he is unable. Only a sane person can be immoral; an insane person does not meet this qualification. Is George Bush sane? Would he be more tolerable if he were insane? Perhaps he is a little bit of both.

Is it morally feasible to make calculations with regard to profit? Is there a ‘right’ and a ‘wrong’ involved in this assessment? As a matter of Law? Malfeasance, like ‘insider trading’ is considered unlawful; does that mean it also immoral? Ask Annie Rand (another Texas institution).

Is it sane, moral and right to go to war to make a profit? Is it insane, immoral, and wrong to go to war to make a profit? In the latter question, immoral and wrong are excluded because insanity precludes culpability. Sane, immoral and wrong, perhaps.

In the case of USA (not me, by the way) versus Iraq, there are no rules; that is, there is no morality, there is righteousness in place of rightness. There is a growing megalomania on the part of a president. Some would opine the man is a dwarf, is stupid, dumb as a post. A bad rich boy raised on the \$ sign, a calculator that stands on two legs. Some will argue, he has his following. Hitler, Stalin, Iddy Amin, Mugabe, Fidel, Saddam had and have their following. George is followed by the Christian Right, the KKK, the Anti Aborts Anti Happs and anti partial birth, the

‘patriots’, George Senior, The Supreme Court, and reminiscent of an Alzheimer’s weegy board president, little else. George is led by Oil Company Executives. The stupidity of both the leader, and the led, compounds the insanity. Insanity and insensibility. Really, its enough to make one puke! Insanity leading to puke. Instead of puking one could take up arms; “Reach!” “Raise Your Hands!”. Salute!

How is it possible to write anything sensible when you do not believe in the word? When the insane can use the same words to foment disaster? Who is persuading whom? The Lord Jesus Christ did not go after the infidel with bombs. Some claim that is because he did not have them. Well the Romans took care of him. Lesson learned: Do Not Go On The Righteous Warpath Without Bombs! Do not attempt to win over your infidelly adversary with the Love Of God! Go For It! Like there is really no such medical nuance as ‘partial birth’, there is no such confrontational nuance as ‘partial bombs’. A partial birth consists of a body with an aspirated brain, very much like the president of the ..., well, you know what I mean. A partial bomb is a bomb that has no intelligence.

Does it make perfect sense to be so embroiled with such moral issues like ‘partial birth’ when one is also contemplating the annihilation of thousands of Iraqui civilians in order to get at a despot who controls the spoils (SUV juice)? The latter is easily dismissed as ‘collateral damage’, whereas the former is a matter of lahf and deth. I cannot make sense of what constitutes sense. You perhaps think I do not make sense because I try to equate the two perceptions of what passes as life and the living. You say they are separate issues not to be linked arbitrarily. Well, let’s link them as a matter of principle; let’s not be arbitrary. Just how do we measure the value to be placed on life and the living? Are there really two different kinds of life and the living? Counterpoise an Iraqui civilian to a partial birth, if you will. In the context of life and the living tell me what is the difference. One is partial and the other is impartial? No, one is partial and the other is whole! Its OK to contemplate the sacrifice of the whole, while at the same time contemplating the saving of the partial. Just for the sake of a polemic. The purpose of life is to live to debate the impossible.

The purpose of life is to produce the greatest shock ever. You heard her say: “I was shocked!” ..... when I heard such and such. The person who was shocked is no longer shocked when she hears such and such, because she hears it nearly every day. What does one do for an encore? The idea is to inure one’s fellow man or woman to violence, and insensibility. It is purposefully intended to remove or render obsolete, “Shocking!” from the lexicon. “Horrify” is next on the list of unacceptable expressions. Words like “inhumane” have long ago ceased to move us. In shocking the ck sound is abrupt, maybe like a jolt of electricity. In horrify the rr sound is close to fear. In inhumane, nothing happens with the

sound; on impact; it just doesn't get your attention. To say that killing six million Jews was inhumane means nothing, to say it was shocking almost causes one to laugh, to say it was horrifying involves one's own fear for his own life. It would seem that one example should serve, but it doesn't. It is much easier for humanity to contemplate genocide ever since the unimaginable atrocities of the second world war (but already that is becoming a distant memory). With the backdrop of genocide, all other means of annihilation seem less shocking, less horrifying and less inhumane. It's a matter of scale.

Man is forever redefining himself, as revealed in his imperviousness to his own vocabulary. He is running out of morphemes and runes to employ in order to dissuade himself from unconscionable behavior. Full circle to the brute after all these formative years endured with such great agony. A rusty gun is intolerable. An unused cruise missile is a cheat of the taxpayer. It is now all a matter of dare in who uses the next nuclear weapon, because it is there to be used, even diabolically. And there is no limit to the diabolical. What exists to stop those who are immune to shocking, horrifying and inhumane? A person who believes in Armageddon and After Rapture has his finger on the trigger facing the other guy who gets 69 virgins After (another kind of Rapture). They ought to wrassle.

Lets do a little arithmetic beyond the basic calculation I have mentioned earlier which showed the population of the Big and Brash at less than 5% intending to control the other 95% with Bombs. Doesn't seem possible. But lets do more arithmetic. Lets say 200,000,000 of the estimated 400,000,000 Muslims are of the male persuasion, and are of the belief that if they sacrifice themselves in this life that 69 virgins await them in their hereafter (sounds more interesting to my male persuasion than peaches and ice cream; however the 69 must have fallaciously originated with a young well-healed caliph; at my age even one virgin seems a bit much to contemplate ... .. to return to arithmetic and the hereafter),  $69 \times 200,000,000 = 13,800,000,000$  virgins. And the Johos thought they had a problem with 144,000. Of course all the arithmetic cited in these examples, including the ones omitted dealing with genocide, fall into the realm of the implausible. There is no way < than 5% will be able to occupy and control the other 95%. The likelihood of such amassment of virgins shows the valuelessness of inspired beliefs. As weird as the Johos are they have caught on to basic math, something our government may not learn. It certainly flunked Vietnam 101.

Now, here I am 69 going on 70. One of my goals had been to reach the millennium, only as a rather arbitrary objective. It really didn't mean anything to reach 67, except it coincided with the millennium. The double ll and the double nn emphasize the length of a millennium in

comparison to a century. I suppose just squeezing another decade (another zero) into this one life would constitute a marvel, since first of all it would exceed the average longevity, and second of all two back surgeries, one heart surgery, one abdominal surgery and one radiation treatment for cancer, and one double hernia surgery, would tend to argue against achieving the average. So it may soon be caput. The objective of another decade would be to get to read the last of the imprisoned journals of Sylvia Plath which are slated to be released for public consumption in 2013.

There are many considerations for the aged that do not appear in that saccharine publication *Modern Maturity*, where we get to read how all the aged celebrities conduct their aged carcasses after fame and fortune, purportedly held up as some inspiration for the remainder of the doddering..

I tried having a conversation with an 82 year old who sat in his overstuffed recliner most of the day watching TV and dozing. His heart was bad, his legs were shot; he had become quite round in the middle, shaped like Alfred Hitchcock. His most arduous tasks involved the repair, shoring up, and cosmetic attentions to the house he had built 40 years earlier. I suspect he was afraid of dying, but couldn't talk about it.

I attempted to add some levity to an already aborted conversation (partially born) by mentioning to him my concerns about underwear, telling him I did not want to invest in a whole new compliment of underwear only to die shortly afterward; it would seem such a waste, as well as a minor miscalculation resulting in a bad investment. So I was at one of those critical stages; (WUS) worn underwear syndrome. I would not participate in any social engagements for fear of collapsing only to have the world discover the condition of my T-Shirt and Sockdolager. I had speculated that if all was bright and shiny and immaculate the media would say nothing, but if it came to the media's attention that some old geezur had collapsed wearing a holy soiled T-shirt and doxologer, they would create some sadistically pathetic story, the way the media does, lacking for anything better to do.

He just looked at me, almost offended, rather than humored. He certainly wasn't about to discuss the merits of the underwear thing with the likes of me.

I came to know him, or make his acquaintance, because I had married his daughter. He was proud of everything he had done with his life in a righteous sort of way, so proud in fact he could talk for hours about it all. An upstanding citizen. It was difficult for him to talk of his children, even though they may have obeyed some of the commandments. In other ways they were not what an upstanding citizen had expected. Especially his eldest daughter, who accomplished the most with her life, but who married first a foreigner, then went off with

another man ten years older than her self, making him only ten years younger than himself. The adultery and the arithmetic were bad. And there were no offspring, only those of the older man's first liaison to whom he was somehow obliged to relate. That was only the beginning. The whole lot of his children were dysfunctional in some way. No doctors, no lawyers, no professors, no plutocrats; instead a JoHo, a somewhat manic, and a black sheep, with the eldest becoming a scientist, thus redeeming somewhat her venturessomeness with men.

I only assume he was an upstanding citizen without even knowing what an upstanding citizen is. By comparison I would not assume myself to be an upstanding citizen.

To me an upstanding citizen is one who will rise from the couch to question everything the government proposes, especially anything to do with warmongering, and to do with petty politics.

But with the 82 year old there is no discussion of these matters. He fought for his country. He is a true believer in the rightness of our nation's mission in life, which is to spread the good word far and wide, and to rid the world of evil. Yes, some people still believe that. He felt you had to scour the earth to find the perpetrators of 911 WTC. He felt that Homeland Security ought to flush out all the homeland disbelievers, those who didn't salute and who trampled the flag. However, he did become more concerned when the government began proposing the unwonted invasion of his privacy, although he felt he had nothing to hide. He probably didn't want them poking around in his underwear drawer. Part of being an upstanding citizen is to keep up appearances. Everybody has their private thoughts, their idiosyncrasies, their peculiar habits that are nobody's business, even the government's.

Well, like its 24 March 2003.

Another day of reckoning with my fellow man.

I e-mailed my neighbor in the US of A my most recent revelation; that George W. Bush was not worth even one Iraqi child.

I mean that. And the same goes for the rest of George's cabinet; and I don't care if Condolezza is woman and a pianist. She also wears the mark of Chevron (and Cain, incidentally). And when she testified before Congress she was a cool equivocator.

My knowledge of things firsthand began April 18, 1933, when I was wholeborn in Lynn Massachusetts US of A. At no time in my life since that time have I had any first hand knowledge of my government. Voting for a suit spouting rhetoric has been the basis for any voting of those in government supposedly representing me, when in fact I did not truly know what they represented. Often one voted with his gut, and not his head. One felt so and so was a good guy or good gal. And one as often voted against the bad status quo, and often betwixt perceived or felt evils.

But even before the time to vote had arisen, all youngsters were schooled (inculcated) in the things for which we stood. Some things obviously were learned in the sitting position. We were deemed and esteemed good guys who could do no wrong; they asked us and we repeated back to them we were the good guys, for which we received high marks. And some how, this was considered more than idealism, it was reality. So it made you feel good to know that your government was made of people who were imbued with the spirit of goodness. Goodness was not especially spelled out, except we had congratulated ourselves on our Declaration and our Constitution, and perhaps as well, the exception of WW II, where we triumphed as the good guys in many instances. In WW II, in most cases, we respected the dignity of the POW, but at the same time the fire bombing of Dresden and the nuking of Hiroshima and Nagasaki demonstrate an ambivalent morality. Some will argue War dictates its own terms. We did not discuss these things in the class room; it was just the good guys doing what they had to, to save the freedom loving peoples of the world from the domination of the bad guys. And we have coined expressions like “Destroy them to save them”.

Is there no good in the bad guys? Apparently not! There is bad in the good guys, but easily forgiven because their heart is in the right place.

So, not knowing anything about government first hand, and only what I was told about our intentions, I was a believer of sorts, because I did not know any better.

Now, after all these years, I still do not have any first hand knowledge of (big) government. But along the way I have acquired an instinctive (gut) appraisal of humanity, that comes from everyday dealings with one’s fellow look-a-likes. One learns there are some people whose ‘word is their bond’, ‘never go back on their word’, etc. And conversely one learns there are the opposites to these, ‘you can’t trust a thing they say’. With each individual there comes a set of facial expressions and gestures which accompany the words; and after a time the expression becomes associated with the word etc. And there is also the manner of delivery of the words, like, do they sound like they are sincere, or are they attempting to con or persuade (or deceive). One’s brain harbors a library of these expressions and deliveries. Almost to very day she died at 97 my mother could always detect when someone was patronizing her.

So when a government official is being interviewed for public consumption, one has an opportunity to read these expressions and deliveries, and in the end assess whether what one is seeing and hearing is genuine, or in fact represents a lot of deceit, perhaps a hidden agenda; something not in evidence. There are other things one sees and hears as well, like stupidity, and righteousness (sort of the same really). Often one sees and hears words that do not match the expression, that is, they are not consonant with one another, as though one were repeating

something that was suggested somewhere else, listening through a hearing device, or read from the prompting screen, and not springing from the heart and brain of the individual speaking.

Because I am nominally aligned with 'Democratic' candidates for public office, I may have some prejudicial views toward the 'Republican' candidates. But as you know there are other candidates as well who have chosen to operate outside the two major parties as an alternative to them. Although most of the rhetoric of Republican candidates sort of turns my stomach, that does not mean they are all died in the woolers, that is, they may exercise some independence of judgment. And some 'Democratic' candidates just don't seem to cut it. But what do I know. And what do the rest of my fellow Americans know? I am not informed by any specific beyond what I am willing to learn about congressional voting records. If the votes represent my interests, then it's a go. If the votes seem more political than practical in human terms then I feel betrayed, even by Democrats. Then there was Bobby the Jackal and Hubert the Janus. I want those Democrats to harbor all that idealism of my youth, unvaryingly; unvaryingly the good guys, representing the 'little' man, unvaryingly. Like I say this all began on April 18, 1933 in Lynn Massachusetts. So what do I know? Who can I trust (but myself). Even I don't have all the answers for myself.

There are those who come along who assert they know better; they have a source of information, a closeness to the candidate, insider information, so to speak. They know those who have had audience with the candidate, and will vouch for his or her authenticity. In my ignorance, I have allowed myself to be persuaded by these 'insiders'. Part of my ignorance arises from my laziness; I am a lazy voter. I do not practice 'eternal vigilance'. I am remiss and often an irresponsible citizen. I deserve what I get by inference. And, if I would only exercise my right, I may be the best candidate for me. I belong to the Durchanek party. I think I know all I need to know about myself, and could represent myself and my interests very well indeed. But there are six billion inhabitants (occupiers) of the planet who are not interested in me or my interests; and many, if they knew those interests, would have my head.

Those of you who read what I have written know some of those interests. Just look at it this way. I'm just me for only so long. Leave me alone. Don't ask me for your support, and don't assume you have any right whatever to demand my support.

Yes, I dislike some people intensely, a pure gut reaction; but I do not own any firearms, or switchblades, RPGs, or nukes. I avoid those I dislike intensely, because when confronted by their presence, bad things happen to me inside. I cannot like a person just because he is human, but I do not feel I can eliminate him because I do not like him. When he does me harm I am confronted with something that perplexes me; how

do I deal with this? The last person I struck was my son when, at sixteen, he became surly, and disrespectful. It was not a rewarding moment for me.

Fortunately most of the harm I have experienced has not had lasting consequences. I have gotten over the anger and most of the bitterness that comes from having my home burglarized, or having various other things stolen from me. I just get to appreciate the ten commandments in one dimension; Moses had a good idea. These are 'cut and dried' acts that have a defined relationship to me. There are more nebulous things that happen where two personalities differ enough to become antagonistic. I tend to avoid these, but on occasion have spoken my mind, only to feel the persecution (disfavor) of the other for the rest of my time on this earth.

There is another kind of harm that really bothers me. It is what I call usurpation. Any government official that violates those early 'good guy' precepts I learned when a youngster is usurping my faith in that institution that assures the 'good guy' precept. That government official may say he (or she) is only protecting my rights, and making the world safe for democracy and so on and so forth, where in fact he or she is jeopardizing them by what he or she is or does.

When a government official takes another life in my name, he or she is usurping what is implicit to me. He may label what he has done 'collateral damage' accrued in the act of making the world safe for democracy, but to me it is a betrayal of what is implicitly important to me. The good guy does not take another life as an exculpatory accident while carrying out his good guyisms, so called 'collateral damage'. That act and that rationale violate my perception of a tenet I learned about the good guys way back when. And don't tell me I am being naïve and unrealistic. You didn't teach me that I was being naive and unrealistic when I took these teachings to heart. My belief gave them substance and reason-to-be.

All that I am stating here is quite apart from some bad guy out there whom the planet may well be rid of; no redemption possible. But in order to get rid of this unredeemable bad guy, I cannot envision sacrificing one innocent. And of course I speak of the child. I do not want in any way for it to be perceived that anything I might have believed about the good guys to be construed that a child's life is worth the good guys perceived mission to rid itself of a perceived bad guy. That child is the symbol of the sacredness of life. If we cannot set aside our differences for that child's sake, then we have little to stand on, and they told us we stood for something. If the bad guy uses the child as a shield, we must walk away.

So said the armchair general.



The armchair media man was far more insidious than the armchair general.

The armchair general could rant and rave all he wanted, but it was the armchair media man who could anonymously quote and distort every last word in his vehicle. As a matter of fact it was not necessary even to have an armchair general to anonymously quote and distort. The media man could do as he pleased within his own spacious head.

As the writer of this nonsense I am in a position to be simultaneously the armchair general and the armchair media man. And furthermore I am able to anonymously quote myself whether posing as an armchair general or an armchair media man. Actually the two merge as one as a source of noise.

In my armchair, in my listening post, I have to appoint myself as an anonymous source of hopefully noiseless truth. After all, I had set out to conquer truth, to bring about a regime change, which has been full of lies and deception. I wanted to restore truth to the people, just as some others want to restore democracy to some of the people.

My only armaments were offensive remarks about the commander-in-chief not being all there; that is, the result of a partial birth. Some people (my spouse is one who thinks such revolting reference is beneath me) denied this was the truth, so I have been under siege in my little stronghold defending my position with slurs and innuendoes instead of the truth. War dictates its own terms; and often the objective is lost for the lack of clear vision.

To my mind, restoring truth to the people is a noble pursuit, one which could occupy me until the last of my days. The truth is purported to set you free; what nobler pursuit? All should follow once you are set free.

Being set free by the truth is not the same as being set free by democracy. There is no equivocation to be found in the truth, whereas with democracy, everything is in the heads of the Supreme Court, often comprised of jugheads who couch their prejudices in high sounding juggling. Truth does not require justification, or readjustification. It just is.

One advantage to being in charge of things is that utter nonsense often passes the time, when it might otherwise be occupied, whether wisely or unwisely; it may otherwisely be passed.

Having said these few things which may seem to obscure my objective, I return to the assault upon the current regime.

What I have said regarding the Commander-in-chief not being worth the life of one child is not inconsistent with my other two long-standing precepts. 1.) That no man shall have dominion over the other, and 2.) Any system of government that does not account the least is deemed to be a failure. You may tack these on to some of Moses tenets if you like.

Although Moses may seem an anachronism because of his jaw about the Lord, it is obvious he had healthy respect for authority, but this does not discredit what he had to say about stealing, killing, coveting asses and chattel, making out with the neighbor's wife, and libel and slander.

In my listening post, I am inclined to recall an early kind of arithmetical juxtaposition. Two minuses make a plus, that is, when you add two minuses together you get a plus in a negative direction. This basic configuration has been extended and expanded into moral philosophical cogitations. Two wrongs don't make a right. Why is that? Negative minuses do not really make a plus when added together; they make a major minus.

That is to say George and Saddam are two wrongs. Mathematically they are less than zero, morally they are less than zero.

Besides being painted with his own brush, Saddam is painted with every brutal megalomaniacal dictator that ever lived. That's not so good. I do not know what the US of A thought he was in the good old days, but the US of A gave him reason-to-be when the US of A helped him war upon one of his neighbors who had piqued the US of A (by kicking out the puppet shah, expropriating OIL, and hostaging Good US of A citizens). Besides they had an unfriendly regime. To compound the minuses, the US of A illegally sold arms to that de-shahed neighbor of Saddam in order to obtain capital in order to conduct another illegality in Central America (remember Ollie). Two ill eagles make an eagle.

Something tells me our foreign policy stinks.

Why is George less than zero, i.e., a minus? He's not like Saddam? He wants only to get rid of a bad guy. Isn't that a plus?

This is where math and morals diverge. In the math class objects are not exclusive. There are numbers of bad guys. In the moral world, bad guys do become exclusive. There is no morality attached to an integer. That is to say, all bad guys are not to be gotten rid of; only certain bad guys. And some bad guys are very often considered good guys, in a mathematical sense (they somehow become pluses). In our way of thinking, morally, there is no way a bad guy can be a good guy, not in the raw; perhaps only through self-delusion (painted in glowing colors).

So, come on tell us how George is less than zero.

He has redrawn the moral or legal equation to suit his own monomania. There are certain bad things in this life that need getting rid of, and George is just the person (well, sort of) to do it. We knew about George's Righteous Fervor (rebel turned reformer) when he insisted on executing all those on Texas' Death Row; and then he supported the grandfathering of all the polluters of the Texas landscape (corporate evil is a necessary evil). Then George stole the election, so he could get where he needed to get in order to get rid of all the bad things in this world.

Then, once installed by the Supreme Court, he started with the attack on the US Government's (bad guy) taxing of the plutocrats (good guys of which George was a member). Better a broke country than a broke plutocrat (there is some moral there?). Then there was the attack on aid to the planned parenthood people world wide. Then there was the attack on the wilderness for keeping all those resources to them selves (not sharing them). And a bunch of other agenda attacks. Then 9/11 spawned an attack on the American people for being insecure. That little nuance led to a lot of invasion of one's privacy (one's underwear); if you don't wave a flag (your underwear) you are probably not patriotic; probable cause. Then there was the attack on partial birth. That's an evil (a minus). But its OK to execute death row inmates, and its OK to bomb the shit out of Iraqi Children. He hasn't had his opportunity to attack evolution. George has not evolved, he was plunked here to get rid of all the bad guys, and to propitiate all his rich allies. OH! **Quack!**

Its probably unfair to declare George a partially reborn Christian, but it would seem so, because that is the only thing that doesn't make any sense.

It makes more sense that he might have started WW III and that Condolezza will be playing the piano while Rome burns.

Much later:

They tell me the War is over and that Rome isn't burning, even though Condo is beating the band. Iraqi children are dead all the same. The only one to use WMD was Dubya in the form of Cruise Missiles armed with high explosives; 500, 1000, 2000 and 5000 pound bombs. No Napalm or incendiaries that we know about, no nukes or chem, or bio jobs. A moderate amount of luck which helped to avert the use of the Cheney weapon, the Rump weapon, the Rice weapon, and so on, (a recall of Ollie).

So here we are acquiescently breathing easier again while that idiot from Texas dismantles democracy to recreate the aristocracy of capital. The rich are gonna prevail; it is so writ on that simian brow! So whasnew? Eventually they will plant a WMD somewhere in Old Mesopotamia, and all will be ready for the 2004 'lection. Is it better to be stuck with one kind of idiot; or is there apt to be hope in a new kind of idiot? What in hell is Hope? An Evil!

You have been listening to your favorite armchair media man.

Old Geezur

Offically I became a grandfather on June 19 1985. I became an Old Geezur sometime during 1988. So sometime around age 55 I became what I think of myself today.

Old Geezurs are a privileged lot, because when they speak no pays them any attention, no matter how much sense they make with their words. I remember my mother speaking loudly outlandish truths, truths to her (observations). My mother was in the habit of doing this in her later years. She offended some, embarrassed others, and earned the enmity of some. She lived to be 97; great staying power; not so much a babbling idiot at the end to be able to recognize anyone patronizing her. All those who tried to persuade her to do what was good for her were met with an appraising eye, and often dispatched with a cold breeze. She was so good at being who she was. Such a little thing, requiring the same sized bullet as someone three times larger.

If young persons spoke as I, chances are a dossier would be started, their phone would be tapped, and other surveillances would follow.

Such watching happens even in a country that prides itself on free speech, free thought. In a free country there is also a phenomenon recognized as free patriotism. Everybody has the right to practice free patriotism. Free patriotism often involves the denial of the Constitution for what may be perceived the greater good. The greater good consists of building a more perfect union, and making the world safe for democracy, and not incidentally, 'our way of life'.

When an Old Geezur gets on the stump with his rant against social ills, and high-handedness or corruption in government, people laugh at him. They laugh at the truth about which they are in denial.

Its as though being a barely tolerable annoyance was the best truth could muster. Who gives a shit?

Governments give a shit when a young voice is seemingly raised against it. Young voices have the potential for inflaming other youth. Old voices have little such potential; if old geezers could inflame others they would be on the hit list right along with the young.

Even though I am as useless as tits on a boar, and can summon an audience of only one, I am still fearful in a free country about this phenomenon of free patriotism. There are some pretty big bruisers wearing flags on their parts; an open declaration of free patriotism.

The epithet Old Geezur signifies an Old Crank, a grumbling malcontent. Someone difficult.

The only way I could have prevented the grandfather thing would have been to have had a vasectomy sometime way back. Of course I could have stayed out of the saddle. But being who we are, some of us become grandparents. Some of us just as naturally qualify as Old Geezurs.

I earned the appellation from my neighbor's children. They had the misfortune to suddenly have me as their neighbor. Often one isn't the first into a neighborhood; when one is second in line, often he doesn't meet the approval of his in-residence neighbors, especially when the neighbors have grown accustomed to freely ranging across the property

line. People are only righteous about property when they have title to it. My neighbors were renters; not vested in the neighborhood; whereas I became an owner. I was forced to become a righteous neighbor when the neighbors' children ran amok, often provocatively, on my side of the property line.

The neighbors' children spread the word far and wide. Thus I was greeted by some of my friends' children with Old Geezur, and my friends teasingly as Old Geezur; dangerously close to being unfriendly. The label stuck like the label on a rusty old can of tomato soup. Someone even provided me with an Old Geezur T-shirt.

I yielded to public opinion to such a degree I would often answer the telephone, "The Old Geezur". Sometimes with humility.

I wear the crown variously. I am not so much a crank as an observer. Like 'it is my observation that such an such is so'. Most likely I should be saying 'it is my deduction that such and such is so'.

I do not necessarily pride myself upon my powers of reasoning, but, it is through reasoning that I arrive at deductions and inferences. I cannot deny this particular attribute peculiar to homo sapiens: reason; reason founded in language. That is, a language that is a product of the intellect, written and defined as it is. Very different than sounds and noises or inflections of voice, although these latter form a necessary part of the delivery of sensibility. The old geezur rant may come across as a lot of noise, whether sensible or not. If we are not in the mood for sensibility, then it comes across as an annoying disturbance.

Part of the Old Geezur syndrome exists in the fact that the old, by inference, have had their chance. We might be regarded as failures, as responsible for the mess in which we find ourselves. This might be true whether we did something or did nothing. If we had done something we might have bungled it out of our natural stupidity, or we might have, by doing nothing, failed to prevent someone's else's bungling.

Bungling seems endemic to the species.

It may be we are intended to do something different than we actually do. It may be that each of us carries the vital sperm or egg, hence this inclination to individuality. That is, we might imagine we could sacrifice the whole (species) to further our individual selves. Collectively we have failed to make it clear what is the purpose of life. The individual often feels abandoned and overwhelmed in the middle of the mass. As he should, for in the middle he is of no consequence; only as a target for unseen forces. But more importantly for that individual is the feeling of something without argument, something lacking, something imposed by number and size.