

## ***What Is My Dame To Do?***

### ***Cock a doodle dooooo!***

Cock-a-doodle-doo!!!!.

Oh! Fiddle Faddle.

There's only room for 144,000.

It is difficult to imagine the earth as being round, even when looking at the moon, as though one were looking at the earth. If you are able to make sense of that statement, you might be said to be in possession of some knowledge. Knowing the earth has a rounded continuity, if not shaped like a platter, will lend one some comfort when he takes his daily constitutional.

Then there are those who launch rockets and fiddle with satellites, and write science fiction.

I had been watching the chickens and the sheep. What do you suppose they would have to say about all that? He crowed, and the wooly ruminating head lifted with an audible bleat; I did not understand them.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo"; it sounds like "Oh, fiddle faddle", and surely "Baa-aa-aah" requires no further elaboration. Then again, I'm just guessing; basically we do not understand each other. For instance, I do not see what a rooster sees in a hen or a ram in a ewe, and if there's a vice versa, I don't see that either. They, in turn, peer at me; I'm paranoid; I think they are critical of my lady; "but you don't know her like I do". Really, (aside), it's a good thing I'm the only one who knows the salient truths about her lest she become a very busy lady.

"Cock-a-doodle-faddle", "Baaaaaahh".

Really, to be serious about this knowledge business, that is, if I can only remove my tongue from its proverbial cheek to wax eloquent; waxing in such a manner is not my forte, but I can get worked up at times, my fervor helping to get the message across.

(I was just seized by an attack of scribblus interruptus ..er.. nature called; perhaps it was Jonathan Swift).

I'll try waxing.

There was a time when 'we' (our ancestors) were without knowledge, but like the chickens and sheep, they managed. We latter-day knowing ones scratch the good earth sifting the ages for bits and oddments seeking the clues to our formative selves, wondering how long we have slept. All we have discovered so far is our clod-likeness. Some have asserted 'we' were made in the image of GOD; I think someone misspelled the word. Whomever our ancestors were attempting to emulate, they seemed not too taken with 'its' presence.

Our beginnings are whatever you imagine they were; if you wanta fight over it, kill each other over it, put each other to the torch, torture,

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eviscerate, castrate, sterilize, convert, commit mayhem, evangelize, spellbind - Damn it - leave me out.

Now, you tell me about knowledge; I tell you its all chickens and sheep, you fervent apostle or disciple of Confucius, Christ, Yahweh, Mahomet, Gotama, Joseph Smith, Jimmy Jones, Rev. Moon or Rarhjkneeshee (I didn't intend to omit anyone of significance), its all "Oh-fiddle-faddle" and "Baaaahh" - but its your right.

Knowledge hasn't helped us a bit; even the knowledge, some say 'theory' of evolution (I'll switch them around so you will not know which bias I prefer). You see, to some, its no longer a theory; such ones have studied genetics so long they are convinced that 'we' have evolved. 'Evolved' means that little thingies became little squiggles somewhere way back when. Maybe some deity, or ditty, or dippy sat by the seashore, or atop a mountain, or floated by, with his or her (a bumper sticker informed me that God is coming; and is she pissed) alphabet soup (spilling some); maybe he or she let fly with one kermungus thunderblot, or bolt of mental energy (in a Big Bang), or perhaps we were delivered in a more Rabelaisian manner; anyway it all began with or without some extra-celestial intervention. Some assert, still, 4004 B.C.; you all know B.C.; others who believe it began through intervention will disagree with the date and the B.C. stuff too. Others cannot assert, except to add a few zeroes; zeroes being what they are. Why not add a few more ciphers, thus projecting the ALL into an even more incomprehensible nothingness. How about 4,000,004 years ago, for starters. Those who have four million in the bank earning \$4.00 interest/minute will appreciate the feel of the number.

Beyond mere assertions, we are in the dark about it all; even the lessons we might have learned forty years ago, which should amount to some kind of knowledge, seem to have lost their import; we tend to be so preoccupied with creating our own lessons. What is it, do you suppose, that limits us so? A short attention span? Too soon for carbon dating? What in hell can we do with knowledge? I think I would like to know the truth of it all; what does it require to convince me that the truth purposely eludes me? No, it eludes me not; I cannot know the truth. I (that end in itself) presumes, and in so doing, assumes, by mere honesty and integrity and faithfully dedicated searching, I will become enlightened, or by the mere dint of this aforementioned effort will be rewarded with all I wish to know.

I don't know, but let's assume I do; how will I pass on what I know, if I should feel a need to? Do I walk out from this protected environment where I have sat comfortably in the backwaters of knowledge, in the libraries, in the tomes, wherein all that have passed before with their egos and divinity in their hearts, have poured forth in every imaginable dialect with no clear, consistent message other than "I am", which translates to me 'They were', or 'He was' or 'She was'? Where should I go?

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Then, am I now ready to eschew from these musty halls.

"Oh fiddle-faddle". "Baaa-aaa-aahhh!". That's me speaking. The 'slings and arrows' of fortune greet me; my look-a-likes scorn me. I am derided, railed and reviled from my stump. Hmmmn - perhaps I should bathe again, or change my clothes (my spouse informs me that I apologize too much), or better still, I should don a hardhat or helmet, or the barber's basin, a coat of mail, boots with spurs, a .357 Magnum, charging out in my 4 X 4; whoooiee!

Let's try again.

"Oh fiddle-faddle|". "Baaa-aaaa-aaahh!". That's me speaking. Ah, now they listen; they cower; the truth overwhelms them. For a moment back thar I though I might need the 'warhead'.

That would conjure quite a trick though, you must admit; fear translated into knowledge. Actually it was one method of persuading them to forego their egos, those said appurtenances which must be set aside if the 'good word' is to make forward progress. They were not really intimidated, however, for they knew all along that something was greater than themselves; almost anything, as a matter of fact. Well, they were not about to commit suicide; besides a few of them had 4,000,004 in the bank.

"Oh, fiddle-faddle", "Baaaa-aaa-aaah". Still me.

I have imagined my effect upon the crowd; secretly they laugh at me, and wait for me to present my back unto them. Damn - now I've done it; having opened my big yap, I'm in for it. 'Eternal Vigilance' is the byword; never another night's rest. What we do to ourselves; forgive me, for I know not.

Of course, I cannot seriously mock the pursuit of knowledge; or the acquisition of knowledge. The oblivion I imagine that exists in the sheep or in the chickens has a certain appeal. Do I imagine that this state of knowing that is me is something better? They (the animals) could possess the knowledge they are gonna get it from me; they could break down the barriers in order to escape; but they know they'll only get it from somebody else; sooner maybe. Perhaps they hope I will be merciful, will respond to their more plaintive sounds. At least I treat them more kindly than the balance of the world, in a personal sort of way; maybe they sense that too.

Then there's the knowledge of how to manipulate money and how to gyp your fellow man, or how to rape the planet, in order to aggrandize oneself; in the employment of a utilitarian knowledge.

Its like playing cock-of-the-rock or ram-of-the-marl. Since all of Gud's little critters seem inclined this-a-way, certain knowledge abets us in our pyramidization of life. What separates us from the other critters? The charging of interest; or is it just being practical? Constructing warheads and building banks to house the interest; knowledge in action? Shall I neither a borrower nor a lender be, dealing in cash only for whatever the

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market will bear? I may capitalize on another's misfortune. That, also, is considered being practical.

In a world where we do not share, some bodies must accept and occupy the lowest echelon. Oops!, this is getting too serious.

One thing about this cock-of-the-rock and ram-of-the-marl stuff, we outsiders are privileged to observe that it is of no particular consequence amongst those lower forms that are able only to "fiddle-faddle" and "Baaaaah" away. It all seems pleasure oriented, on the order of a sexual excitement; rather straight-forward; nobody seems to die from an overdose or from deprivation.

It doesn't devolve into 'none for some' and 'most for some' as it does amongst the higher animals - in the human congregation, for example. It seems that 'what is there for one is there for all', no matter how large the cock or the ram; we perceive it all as a matter of opportunity; without aggrandizement (no smarts).

Death is obliged to remain alert during the whole play waiting for its opportunities, whereas amongst human society Death is amply supplied and can be casual about its largesse. Man takes sport in killing his look-a-likes after he has gone to the trouble to rid him of small pox, diphtheria, polio ... "Baaaaa-aaaa-aaaah". Death is often cheated of exercising His freedom of choice.

You know as well as I, it's all a stupid contradiction (or castration) (castradiction?). I cannot help but feel Man traces a peculiar asymmetry.

What is relevant?

My dame lost her shoe,  
My Master's lost his fiddlestick  
And knows not what to do.

What is my dame to do?  
Till Master finds his fiddlestick,  
She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!  
Baa-aaa-aaah!

What is my dame to do?  
Till Master finds his fiddlestick,