

That's reedickyoulouse

I

Apropos Of Nothing

The End Game.

Who are you? (Who Am I?). You are not the only one to so inquire. Yes, I am the one who points his finger. And Yes!, I cast the first stone; as I shall cast many more. No!, you cannot hide, you cannot escape the part you play, your responsibility. You may wail some righteous adjuration; or somehow secret yourself behind some patriotic facade; even feign some madness; its all the same. You are nonetheless charged, upon the ledger with your particular share. The matter of the moment; you cannot escape or deny your conscience. You see If each of us would resist! ... these ploys and ephemeral absurdities (righteousness, patriotism and madness) would vanish.

But!, You play out your hand towards Armageddon ... Yes! You!; and with some audacious prediction, even some desire, and fatalist predilection, as though fulfilling some obscure prophesy.

But, since it is my consciousness that perceives what it perceives, and since it is my viscera that tremble before the callousness with which you raise the stakes in your deadly game, it is 'I', in these contexts, that issues forth, challenging YOU.

I, yes, I cast these stones, and I raise my hand to fend off your incomprehensible response ... You appear so inured.

You ask of me "Who are you?", and urge "Get thee hence; you are of no consequence; Go tend your goats." No! I am not another martyr, or one possessed of some divine vision. Suffice it to say these things. Truly I cast pith balls; these little pebbles, as a very little David, against the Goliath of thee. My consequentiality cannot hide from thee. That circumstance alone, Yes!, that circumstance alone dismays me. You have succeeded in striking your terror into every heart - you Quacking bastard! - my fellow man.

We have always externalized this state of affairs; assigning the mastery of our innards to the forces, er.. vagaries.. of Good and Evil. Even in our ignorance, now, we know better; we know we are responsible, but with a feigned, if not calloused, indifference. Brutes! We accept our brutality as natural, and as incontrovertible.

Yes, I maintain contact with the dead, I conduct conversations with them, and with the imaginary; and with the famed Exemplar, Don Quixote. Should I converse with you?

Yes!, in my own sly way I converse with the Son of Gud, too. I say unto him: "If a sinner does not cast the first stone, who will?" "If only ye had persuaded your Father to hurl thunderbolts, instead of foisting upon us this moralizing lamb." The Son of Gud hast not a notion of how sophisticated we have become, how we have learned to circumvent our responsibilities through the abuse of our language, with the Advent of

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Newspeak. Double Talk, Double Think, and Double Dealing, Misinformation, Disinformation, Propaganda, and Forever Rhetoric; The Truth, if it ever had, shall never be spoken again. We have acquired that fateful hatred of each other, so infinitely; if ever we had, we shall never trust each other again; therefore we shall never speak the truth again. Man has usurped and polluted, and destroyed the utility and purpose of his language. He has yielded all too easily, readily and consistently to his propensity for Hostility, Aggression and Destruction.

You will aim for ultimate Sovereignty .. Man-God .. The Holy Terror on Two Legs.

I am able neither to escape your tentacles (Oh!, that you were her lovely arms!), nor am I able to do battle with them. The grosser You will never reveal itself, that one might be more able to confront You directly. Naughty! Naughty!

Such vulgar exhibitionism, Your crass display; preening, preening away; the peacocks raise their giant feathers, Ahoy!, while beneath their great assholes deploy.

I would grant a Jesus as well motivated; lamb that he was. There have been others; there are others who exist at this very moment; voices; latencies, as I would refer them.

There exist paths to be followed if we would but follow them. We know how this last Game has begun, how the commitment was made, to continue the game to its very End. Each life is now marked by Man for death; it must surrender itself when the last card is played.

The players are surely madmen, now confused, and lost in their Newspeak; engaged none the less in this playing-for-keeps End Game.

It is not a matter of pride, or honor, or righteousness, or patriotism, or even 'madness' as I have suggested (such appraisal implies too much intelligence).

Ours is rather a rudderless ship headed for the edge of the world.

Who stands watch over our ship? Are all hypnotized as they observe the merry-go-round spinning untended, serving as a (huge roulette) wheel; as the players on the Bridge gamble for the helm of a rudderless ship.

I, I stand watch, straining my eyes into the distance; I sense an inauspicious difference in the air; it has become colder, less hospitable, like the Southern Ocean; I feel I ought hasten to the Bridge, sensing we are not on the proper course.

We have ceased to steam in circles; we are headed for the Edge. Hard To Port! Hard to Starboard!

Stop! Stop! Stop!, it is growing colder. Surely they will stop. Full Speed Astern! Full Speed Astern! The Command does not come.

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In the Olden Days they had flirted with Brinkmanship; it felt good to display one's manhood; Mr Charles Atlas; Mr. Universe; Mr. Pumping Iron. We have grown weary of the image; impatient as well. What has it gained us to become Mr Charley Atlas? Has the World swooned? We Pump the Iron, and they cower; but they hate us as they have hated Dominance from the very beginning ... Those who dominate must be annihilated ... The Babylonians, The Persians, The Greeks, The Mongolians; The Romans; The Mohammedans; The English; The French; The Spanish; The Portuguese; The Prussians; The Germans; The ...

They have severed the line to the Bridge. Perhaps if I could find my way to the engine room; NO!; surely they will have sealed off the hatches and the bulkheads.

Surely they have the fullest intention to go over the Edge; they want to discover what it is like to free-fall into Hell ... this immense curiosity; or perhaps anticipation of a thrill, drives them on.

Where does all this tend? Instead of living within the torment, albeit gazing from afar, yet feeling the chill of the Edge, while you who have gained access to the Bridge squabble over the Helm; instead of acquiescing to mine helplessness, it is I who speak out ... to shout down my own terror, the terror of the Ages, the terror that is now exploited sadistically, with a full knowledge of its effect, and with such cruelty.

Alas! we ought be amoebas instead of what we are.

More lives are still to be cast into the hopper. Shall one speak words more hopeless of purpose? How more desperate one becomes to transcend or penetrate this aphasia, this Howl ... Howl ... Howl.

Let me get one fist on their balls and they would Howl!!! Whose Balls?

How? How do you really expect anyone to yield completely to your dominance?

"Shackles will do", you say with such nonchalance.

I say, "We are Men, we are not 'Things' for harness." ... Hollow Words!

I remember that awful grimace on our President's face; that implacable resolve in the Premier's face; such presumption. There are others whom we are not allowed to see who hide behind these two; many, even our friends, who know better.

Surely 'tis futile to engage in this Game, even as a spectator; there is no entertainment value, no amusing aspect (Even though its an Old Joke), no cathartic purpose served (unless to recognize our subservience to our own death).

A brief exchange entered into these deliberations. He had mentioned to me that certain persons, educated, attached as teachers and researchers to the Institution of Higher Learning, were a kind of creature that lacked

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something, for which they stood in need of ridicule. I, not intending to become their advocate, mentioned that, he who had spoken to me, was perhaps expecting too much, whereupon he retorted, "Look who's talking". Yes!, it was so, and in that same context, of them, in general, without knowing them, I had expected the most. It was foolish of me to expect that the educated were the repositories of hope for all of mankind. Two ways of interpreting a sad dark truth.

No!, not these pedantic fops; such an assumption was unfair to the Mothers. It is the Mothers who are the Hope, in their love for the fruit of their wombs. There are others of course, who love life above all else (even their own), who perceive the meaning of the long march from an amoebic beginning to whatever we are; the irreplaceable, non-duplicable meaning; who know we are not placed here as the figment of some trifling imagination that would all deliver us in some After Rapture. As Bad (EVIL) as we might evolve, we are not a mere trifle; we have somehow corroborated and validated the essence of time through the changing record. Must we become and furnish corroboration to the apotheosis of Humpty-Dumpty? A nursery tale, it is said.

Fifteen years ago, thirty, thirty-six years ago, when I was twelve, when the particulars were different, but when the essences were the same; when the particulars roared into one's life; when, by the time one could respond, proclaiming his hurt, his fear, his hope, even his anger, his protest, another moment arrived to overwhelm the last. Everything had become a *fait accompli*.

Surely, we responded; the timeliness of our words, delayed as they were, as they are always, in being allowed to effect policy, not having immediate access, as some do, to the organs of promulgation; our words became submerged in the new onslaught of particulars; our responses were always being consigned to the past, the pointless past, to the Old Hat. Hiroshima had become reality. We could damned well not alter that fact. So whatcha gonna do 'bout it, Huh?

We could never keep pace with the events; our words did not emblazon the sky, but fell mutely, barely launched, as the days came and passed, invested, as they were, with the utter newness of manufactured terror. More Casper, More!

We could never hope to address these particulars; the bombings, the escalations, the testament to our fevered brains; and the secrecy; the out-of-our-hands promulgation of terror. Dogs always snarling.

Now - here 'tis again - most needful as we are to arrest these particulars, to wrestle them down to their place in time, to shackle them, to burden these card players with their ignominy; to draw and quarter them for their indifference to the creation of terror. Grasp that Casper by his scrotum.

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Yes!, fifteen years ago, thirty, thirty-six, thirty-six hundred, thirty-six thousand. Vietnam, Korea, Hiroshima, Genesis, Armageddon.

Fifteen minutes ago someone raised the stakes again; he said "I'll deploy MIRVS with NERVES to counter your SAM WHAT-AMS." He whistled; was he bluffing? The next player listened in his sanguine-

hued telephone, querulously responding, "How soon?"; then imperiously he demanded, "How Soon?" Then he spoke once again, "We are able to recreate the Black Hole; one Black Hole against your MIRVS with NERVES; we shall Ω your paltry nucleus.

The particulars were eclipsed once again ... Hold The Press! Hold The Press! .. New Copy! New Copy! ... EXTRY!, EXTRY!, EXTRY! ..

READ ALL ABOUT IT!!! Ah Yes!; to untangle our terror from our gait; to escape this diet of death; this homo-amoebic dysentery.

I am: and it is I who speaks; and Yes!, always after the fact, apropos of nothing; somehow appropriate to the pass,. I can never participate in the next act, lest it is to grasp his testicles.

I know of your meanness; but I cannot anticipate, nor am I able to gauge the magnitude or know fully the depth of your meanness; only that I may depend upon it.

You come roaring out of your corner, your lair, your edifice, breathing an intense heat, gnashing your teeth, challenging me to stand before terror, daring me to live beneath your specter - and still continue to be something.

You have not the right, yet you proclaim yourself Master, having elicited the mandate of an ignorant faction. "Hah", you say, "The right belongs to whomever can wrest it away from the other".

Sometimes we embroil ourselves in trivia; arguments involving much conjecture concerning our Origins, as if learning of such Origins would alter or deter our behavior. Whereas there may be some avenue of HOPE preserved in perceiving the evolutionary process as yet incomplete, those who perceive our direct issuance from the hands of a benign or contentious Gud On High offer perhaps even less HOPE. Both perceptions lack in some vital persuasion, where the earth becomes the battleground and men become participants in other's embroilments (unless you wish to include the young 'innocent' patriotic fodder used for cleaning another's dirty linen).

The Exemplary Man! Who Will Announce Himself Thus? The Emanation of The Future.

Turn The Other Cheek; let this meanness be expended upon one's cheek; strike again and again. Rise up! Rise up! Wrest this meanness to the ground; Chain him! Place him in the pillory; make public spectacle of him. Do not lock him away in a walled-up tomb where he cannot be observed and studied; wherein we cannot be reminded. No!, no mugshots; let us speak to him on the commons; let us gather around the

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spectacle of our selves; let us learn of the demon we must guard against in perpetuity.

Insist that all who would foment terror be restrained in the pillory.

Say on, say on, say on and on. Don! Don? where art thou Don?.

OH! Great Windmiller and Savior of Yore, Give us of your wracked body, yet once more.

Once More!

They chasten me; they say "Be Charitable."

They had viewed me as paranoid, as a bitter, impotent man hater.

I had wondered if it was possible to become truly misanthropic. Is it not just the appearance of a thing? Like disgust at some intractable manifestation, too often repeated, even by those in high places, from whom, and in whom we expect an exemplary something?

Therefore, we lowly ones are not uplifted; we are let down, pounded down. Our expectations are thwarted.

Have we the right to expect anything from anyone?

Do the shortcomings warrant the apparent misanthropy?

We are given this sense, that, either by design or by acquisition, functions to detect these, our failings.

To what doth the species aspire; Domination?; Repose founded in Domination?. Equalitarianism?; is Repose possible therein?

The oft asked questions arise as riddles from he whose burden it is also to answer and fathom them, and to whom they are also directed; and from whom it is also expected we will be granted satisfaction (relief from the seeming endlessness of our dilemma).

We might forego the question. Of what use then all this genesis and evolution of the skull; why all this consciousness; is it truly that all might just go for naught anyway; and even if we are led from the darkness out into the light only to discover the abject truth of our reality; will we then go about dominating one another anyway, after all the effort; will that be the purpose of the discovering, to discover, only, there exists no reason whatever that we should not dominate one another, that the stronger will always dominate, exploit and enslave the weaker? In all truth is it intended one man will have dominion over the other? Thus will it be we shall forever do as we do without relief, until the very end? That all lives will be consigned to the exercise of this mean entrenchment, the fulfillment of that prophesy? Until the very end? Tell me when we should expect relief from the prophesy? Not in my lifetime; not in yours; then when?

Do we conclude our entire genesis seeks a steady state of domination; that once we have achieved this stasis we will have fulfilled the promise of our genesis? Tell me of another verifiable purpose to existence?

This is not just a polemic for its own sake.

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In the end it shall be as it was in the beginning.

Tis true then, "There aint no free lunches". "You aint your brother's keeper".

Forever?

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