

This all happened after I had spent a lifetime staving off the effects of Civilization And Its Discontents.

Once Upon A Time.

It was me against them.

It was foretold in the First Afflatus there would be a place for us in the sun. Where we could frolic in our liesurely ease. It was comforting to hold this image before us, during our many trials, and the strife, accompanying our earthly existence. Many of our 'great' painters depicted what we might expect of Elysia (Illusia). Sigmund Freud told us:

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

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

I've heard it said, "We shall overcome."

Take notice of the use of 'we' and 'us', denoting inclusivity. So far so good.

There transpired this great marriage between the Haves and the Have Nots. The Haves were beautiful people, because they had. They had what it took, and they took what they had. Right Stuff, Wrong Stuff, Left Behind, Right Behind; Who Wins, Who Loses; Who's In, Who's Out? The one with the most toys wins!

The Have Nots were not beautiful people. Their appearance reflected their prepositiondicament. They did not have what it took. Therefore, a more unimaginable liaison one could not conjure.

This was not your usual Cinderella Story. It was more your Story of what happens after midnight when one turns into a gross vegetable.

Because, After Midnight, while the beautiful people sleep on all they have under lock and key, the others stake their claims in the open; the Have Nots live it up on illicit drugs. The Have Nots create their own fable under the table.

The Beautiful People, upon finding the Have Nots lying about in disgusting disarray on the following morning would sneer and heap calumny upon them. The more understanding and sympathetic would throw the poor dawgs (common curs [curses]) a bone; small comforts for the Social Retards.

Until one day, a day not marked by any occult happenstances or attended by any miracles from above; just an ordinary day, in the middle of the week, around the beginning of the month, at the end of the year, toward the last decade of the century, and the near-end of the millennium; and the very beginning of what might be accorded Dinosaur Time.

A particularly pitiful Have Not was becoming verily suffocated by the ordure heaped upon him by the beautiful people as he pleaded his humanity. A rather nice-looking fellow underneath it all, though pathetically and piteously lacking in all other respects, that were becoming less apparent as the pile increased.

Of this day, above, the heavens azure, One very beautiful maiden demure, Horrified at the sight of the manure. Grabbed a shovel, for sure.

She could see the poor fellow didn't stand the chance of a snowball in hell of surviving another moment.

All the other beautiful people 'backed off', so absolutely amazed, and awe-struck were they by this magnanimous gesture of one of their own beautiful kind. Many were heard to utter, MY GOD!, others, AWESOME! others still, ABSOLUTELY incredIBLE!

A Transgression? A Humane Act? There but for the Grace of GAWD go I? Natural Empathy, Altruism? Do as you would be done by?

She was heard to mutter:

'Help Us To Help Each Other Lord
Each Other's Cross To Bear
Let Each His Friendly Aid Afford
And Feel His Brother's Care?'

Absolutely!

The reeking, stench-ridden creature so heaped upon (where did all the beautiful people come by such crap?) was heard to sob in prostrate gratitude. There indeed was that gratuitous stuff Sigmund foretold in the Last Fateful Afflatus. When ya gotta go ya gotta go. Rabelais and Jonathan

have kept us appropriately humiliated, although parental guidance is required.

It was the beginning of the great romance and the great tragedy simultaneously. Not necessarily the Great American Novel. The Great American Novel is intended to be dirt-free. No Smut; No Crap; No sullyng the rayed, what, and blooo; that would be bad for your Constitution.

Yes! a panoplay on words. Its the jesture that counts. So bare with me. Yes! she will become disrobed and we will see her for what she really is. But, be patient. Anticipation is part of the game, as foretold in the fore play (short for foreward to the play). Some one has informed us that The Play Is The Thing; the same one who coined Who's In Who's Out Who Wins Who Loses. Anyway, expect some Flashaheads, and some Flashbacks, Some Streaking, and albeit, some Flashing Backsides. Its all part and parcel; some of it occurring as it happened and some of it to peek your interest (literally literary license). And some of it Fleshed out through Tabloud Journalism. Really, this story is taken from real events with real people, whose names will be changed to protect their Absolutity.

You might have thought Iago was a SUNUVABITCH, Jocasta or Medea, vindictive wenches, but these performances pale before what the hooded beautiful people would attempt to do to thwart the coming together (comingling [coing] of their kind with the other unmentionable kind. The power of suggestion is sufficient at this time. Imagine if you will, pulling out all the stops in order to avert the unstoppable. Boy (and Girl) I'll atullayuh (like the Ayatolah said 'Iyatolah ya so') there ain't a think you can do to keep the hormones apart once they have been endoc(t)rinated. That's why you gotta expect some streaking and some flashing backsides. But its not all as rare and bare as word these few would lead you to believe. There's some good clean fun in between. Some happy bright moments before we have to face the music.

Suffice to say, a beginning. She did not unshovel him completely, only enough to make it possible for him to breath. Her mother and father, brothers and sisters, recovered from their initial shock, braving the stinking piles to separate and to retrieve her from her misguided endeavors. She protested but was overwhelmed in their attempts to rescue her.

The tale might have ended there if the rescued one had not made such a great effort to fully extricate himself, and to express his gratitude, which the forces of the beautiful people were making every effort to THWART and suppress. But, in combination with literary license, and an unusual disregard for reality, the story is obliged to fill more pages with its permutations, much of which flies in the face of what we know, and/or

suspect intuitively to be the truth. So, what's new? Remember what Siggy said.

I hate to admit it, but there isn't much that is new; I don't care what they are saying about the "Information Age". Its a promotional stunt put on by the beautiful people in order to score, and screw the daylights out of each other. Some of those who have had the daylights screwed out of themselves will appear with the other crowd after midnight. Fiends Of Dope. It Was All An Hallucination.

I realize this tale, so far, is mostly absurd, and badly written. Nobody is forcing you to read further. Go back to the Internet, Television, and the Classics.

To return to the power of suggestion and sundry hallucinations.

As I had indicated the story did not end with the rescue. And as I had intimated, there was music to be countenanced, and glandular secretions fraught with dire implications.

This Have-Not contrivance differs little from the royalty and commoner of old, the miscible and non-miscible, Beauty and the Beast, Catholic and Protestant, Hebrew and Gentile, Black and White. There are some things that were not intended to be commingled, diluted and assimilated, despite the glandular stuff that leads to the apparent contravening aberration.

This contrivance-contravention has enormous appeal to the average bloke, because it strips away all the artificial barriers to protoplasmic activity.

Sure, we understand that the species, like all other species, even though we seem elevated above those others, are condemned to certain behavior that all the centuries of trying has not been successful in controlling, or elevating. Not the threat of death, of incarceration, torture (eternal fires), deprivation (and the threat of disinheritance); nothing has produced a satisfactory result.

Though the words and woulds set forth will prove indecipherable in the near future, the author must go with what he's polyglot. The one hope exists in that ardent scholar who will labor with the software until he produces a cogent plausible rendering of these runes. The glut of glot consists not only of the many tongues, which in themselves suffer their own loss upon unfamiliar ears, but also the Jargon and Newspeak of the Hardware-Software world, the Destruction (journalese) of all tongues in the MEDIA, Perversions of MADISON AVENUE, STREET TALK, Gruntings serving every endeavor from sports heroes to the lowliest thunder-mug cleaner; AND the lip-service rhetoric of Governments and Bureaucracies, and those attempting to fill these latter VACANCIES. What a mouthful.

Onward thus with contrivance, contravention, and hallucination.

And to reward you for persevering thus far, the author will indicate beforehand his intent to vary from the prescribed formula of that hinted in the analogous Beauty and the Beast. There will be no Quasimodos, and no warts; perhaps sunburn occasioned through the prolonged exposure of a frolic. That is to say our protagonists will prove utterly attractive to each other physically, only to potentiate their other attractions, and to enhance their spirituality, and their basic purity of soul, as it is known how we all view the purity of our very own souls, and how we vainly pursue our mirrored visage.

Words of course will fail in the descriptions necessary to evoke all these promises; thus will your individual imaginations need suffice for what does not leap therefrom. In the future a further revision may be accompanied with illustrations provided by the latest Hardware-Software graphics enhancements.

To return then to the plot, after the saving of the ordured one from a calamitous and certain death.

She had always moved blithely, as though unseen feathers bore her lightly. His was a heavy tread, as though shod in lumps of lead.

Thus her lower limbs were of the finest that might be genetically hewed, so buoyantly was their proprietress transported, and so little used in labors and competitions. His lower limbs might be construed those of an Olympian weightlifter who had trained by reerecting the Acropolis. The gaiety (not to be confused with gay) of the one, and the gravity (not to be confused with grave) of the other. Despite these dissimilarities, not accounted deformities, we imagine two beings free to locomote the planet earth, surrounded by satellites, clearing Mount Olympus, conveying their, soon to become, sublime entrails where they directed their hosts. Of course, as they would avoid bad weather, so would they avoid the trouble spots of the globe, of which there many, as many as were there storms. However, these last did not constitute dire restriction upon these two's freedom of movement, since, hypothetically they might enjoy each other's company verily, in the dingiest dungeon. Well, the author realizes that's a stretch.

Gay and Grave, we have thus identified them, lineage of the specious species homo, presumptively sapiens. Better be careful how one uses these runes and morphemes nowadays. Like Gay, Homo rings bells, as does Uranus. As long as you use lower case in italics, perhaps your intent will not be misconstrued. Obstinate the author insists upon the Gay as a suitable appellative for his very own. Oh! Yes, Sweet Felicity, Desdemona,

Helen, Jocasta, Mary, Jane, you name her. Thus it be so; still gay she remains, despite the other epithets. You'll not quarrel with Grave, the author assumes. But assume nothing, when one might be handled otherwise, hectoring in more heroic terms. Anyone who might be rescued from the muck and mire through sheer gaiety, still ought earn the badge from which he had escaped. What's in a name? The author too sports a name that bears no resemblance to his primogenitor. Nor you, dear reader; put aside your prejudices, for you will encounter them throughout, to your greater displeasure.

The others in this script; for there are others, what ought we label them? Those who attached the Salvage Rider (Savage Rider) (Savage The Forest) to the Oklahoma Bombing funding Bill, and those who saw it for what it was: RAPE of the National Forests in the tradition of the greatest rapist of them all, James Watt? What do you really label an opportunist, especially the kind that will sell his mother for a pittance, and destroy for other life all the amenities he enjoys? How ought we say those to whom appropriate appellatives might delineate their seemingness, rather than those titles hopefully chosen by their birthparents? A rat is a rat for all that; so will we be guided. There is little point in naming someone something he is not, unless it is to deceive. It is better we identify the rat with an R; R Rated. James R. Watt.

The author knows a fellow by the name of Frank. That he is, and terse, as well. Besides the obvious synonymity of name and personality, his frankness is further extended to signify generosity of spirit as well as uncandied candidity. The generosity of spirit signifies his outspoken nature is never intended to convey insult or embarrassment to the listener. He had acquired his stamp as an outgrowth of Francis; nicked as it were appropriately rather than derisively as resembling a sausage, or as belonging to a particular racial or ethnic origin, Germanic or French, or of Western Europe, generically applied by Greeks and Moslems alike.

The author knows as well another Frank, as a shortened version of Franklin. He too is a candid one, unhampered by conventional reticence, whose barbs, as they might be described, are more intended to humble the listener, or evoke in him a derisive pleasure at another's expense, than exhibit a basic honesty. Two different makeups, or mockups, if you will, who verily lived across the street from each other, a street, by the way, rune-annointed with flowery overtones. These two Franks did not see eye to eye, being very circumscribed by their different visions of their common field of endeavor, and somehow competitively juxtaposed in a gambit that identified its goal as TRUTH. From my short description of each, perhaps you will be able to determine who thought the other full of bull.

How might the foregoing be applied to the otherwise lovely Gay? Assuredly there exists no danger in hailing her: GAY!, GAY! She would not be offended, even if it were intended. Hay!

For some time now, even since she had been curiously thrilled by all those romantic tales of princes and princesses she had already fancied her polarity in this life. The Boyness, or Maleness of some of her Companions and Playmates as contrasted to the Girlness, and Femaleness of others of her Companions and Playmates, largely categorized as masculinity or femininity, seemed to make it clear, by contrast to which she belonged rather succinctly; not that she did not enjoy warm relationships with her feminine friends. Her preference sought an even warmer relationship with the other, or so her fancies evolved. Although of the upper strata, no Bloomsbury babe.

The reader must be prepared for what promises to become a futuristic endeavor. He or she must understand the past is fraught with aught, and worth no more than naught.

We have disfigured her face without respite. The potted gum tree is meant to replace those beautiful giant native species. The stark avenue in its fakeness; made in the image of the creature who has taken possession (occupied). One of those that creepeth, creepeth.

So, in order to compensate The Mother, the future is intended to be devoid of the greedy bastards. In the author's design; ex eunt.

The Wolf and the Lamb. IncrEdible on earth as it is not in heaven. Prayerdise.

It doesn't matter. It doesn't matter. It doezent. Half a dozen of one, six of another.

Hope Springs! Boing! Boing! Boing! Gone. Gone means removed; perhaps eternally perpetual.

Promise Creepers. A Groupie; A Gropie. I'm a loner. I cannot be a patriot, or a partisan. So I'd make a lousy ideologue, a lousy Red, a lousy Tricolor, and even a lousy traitor; probably a lousy atheist. And a lousy taxpayer. A good paranoiac.

I'm a truthnik. I suffer from veracimania.

Sadly I went to an orthodoxist,

Ostensibly, to have the trooth pulled,

Instead, the professional veracisist Said, Let's this glory, crown,

Albeit, dress down to its root,

Digging deeper for the troot.

There, put this incissor under your pillar for the very truth.

Hoo gives a hoot for the troot? There's money in it. Platter Truths

Platter Intruders.

Sense. Michael Harrington (whom everyone agrees, was a decent feller) made sense; then he died of cancer. Besides dying of cancer his only other

miscue, he was a socialist. Everybuddy knows what they are; malcontents. Just not satisfied, with a society stratified; you know, 'each according to his abilities, each according to his needs'. Hoorah! Hoorah! Making the world safe for hypocrisy.

It is much better when who all aspire to what everybuddy else has got, finally get it. Then they are happily everafter; complete, replete; with guard dogs.

Just because I mention Michael doesn't mean I am anything special. Just because I mention Jesus Christ doesn't mean I am an anarchist; or if I don't mention Jesus Christ that I am an antichrist.

It all goes to say, with all of our motivations, it is awfully hard to stay on the bottom. Underneath it all we are crowd-pleasers.

BUT, do not mistake what I say amongst all the levity; it is indeed, awful hard to get off the bottom. The base of the pyramid is very broad. You can immediately see why everybody can't be on the bottom, because somebody HAS to be on the top. There has to a top to reference the bottom, and the versa vice. If you happen to be on the bottom; be philosophical; you have a lot of company; even if you are not a company man.

As I have mentioned before, even access to the commons is limited, because everywhere the controllers of the big C. have instituted User Fees. If you don't have the with whereisit, you are impolitely prodded along. How does that make you feel?

Pride of ownership. A greater feeling. Better than a good bowel movement. (I'm not becoming anal or scatological in this, but recently I have witnessed my 95 year old mother spending almost an entire day running [sometimes literally] to the shitter in anticipation of a movement, even after milk of mag. and a suppository I needed to shove up there because it was too hard for her to push by herself.) Appreciation noted; she said afterward: What a relief!!

Many hours later. Up until then, scowling. What bears upon what? Bears bear upon bears until it becomes un----able. Inconceivable.

After the aside; seriously.

Where is the other planet? Its out for repairs. How soon will it be available? It has been rumored the old ball is full of voids (oil voids, black gunk voids, primal ooze voids, that have shown much evidence of collapsing. It has been thought these could be filled with seawater mixed with the effluvium of recycled oil, but practice has shown the keracks and fizzures leaking the purported life-support system. Sooooo, the only alternative seems a cement-like substance somehow pumped in thar.

It all goes to say; "I say"; don't get you're hopes zup. The Answer is: Disinheritance. What was the Question?

If you wanna make sure everbuddy gets a piece of the action, in spite of his abilities and her needs yoo eether gonna share or you gotta disinherit.

Some people would call that 'socialism' Others would call it inteference in man's basic relationship to property. Property implies ownership, and

ownership implies certain rights (not lefts); the chiefest amongst them: The Right to tell trespassers to "Get Yore Ass Outta Heeya". Fukkin Soshulists!

Well, that kind of response is apt to turn one into a revolutionary; OR turn one into a druggie, a social pariah (sort of a takeoff on that proverbial beat of the distant drummer, wherein one does not keep pace with his companions - Geez! What companions?)

Whereas you preach Disinheritance to the Haves, yore gonna be facing the ARMY. Sure, Horatio Alger, John D. Rockefeller, Al Capone, found ways of getting there without preaching: "Inheritance Sucks". But the average Joe's or Josephine's abilities or needs aren't that great. Is there a possibility that a person's needs and abilities will cancel each other? Well, effectively? You wouldn't want a person's abilities to exceed their needs, nor would want a person's needs to exceed their abilities. You can see why it is important to have a surplus, so you can accommodate disabilities along with excessive needs. There are some of us who just want to sit on our asses, abilities be damned. Us with abilities are sposta make it better for the rest of mankind; OH, YEAH!! ??

All them needy folk out there:
Help us help each bother, Lord
Each bother's cross to bear
Let each his friendly aid afford
And feel his bother's care.

Talks about bears again, and gets a little schmalzie toward the end. A few ball bearings would help. I've already tole you about the guy I saw going out West 11th toting a cross with a wheel attached to its tail end. Others have seem 'im too, so its not as much of an apparition as it might have been. Real friendly too; "Howdy Brother".

Time out for an advert: (Let me set the stage. It hasn't changed much since they put the Texago Oil can between her boobs after she had aced the Gold Metal. In those days you hadda weight before you were allowed to promote consumer goods; I mean you had to appear to be a pure amateur, even in those days of hi-profile promos (no rubbing L-bows with Corporate interests even if you were practicing in Texago's private skating rink [you were sposta cover the name]). Well this time out, you get to wear logos all over your rear tattoo, cause the Olys realize that lots of real good assletes never get a chance because they gotta support their mother. The Olys declined to support all the mothers, ceding the human interest side of the equation to corporate interests. You might have the most talented Olympian aboard, but if'n he doesn't score, he's (she's) no better'n a dog that passes huge noisy gasses. Anyway, nowadays they milk it for all its worth before the event; which is nat'ral, and of course, during, and if there is a big score, after. But this advert was during and had nothing to do with performance. It was while we were waiting for the judge's score. Like Leggy of old, we watched the artistic performance of the ribbon swirler from

across the way (the other continent); and a shapely thing she was too, and prity. Then we saw her graceful bow, and the apprehensive pensive look upon her face as she awaited the tabulation; WHEN, all of a sudden thar was this guy swillin' KOKE. Another un had a BUDD. He wuz wearin' HAYNES, an' REEBUCKS, shootin' the sheeit over NCI. Then there wuz that OLY Tune played for the umptenth tenth time, for Geez Cryst, what a pestiferous waste, then for the umptenth umpteenth time, for Geez Cryst, there wuz that male Goldy Hahn blathering the videoways with all that pseudo pap (how can a thing be pseudo pap anyway?). (Cryst, don't ask me). A talking machine, like Chatty Cathy. Whenever, sometimes it seemed they stayed away forever, they came back LIVE, they cameraed us somewhere else. They take you to events that had happened before, events that happened during, and events that had happened in the future. Cause none of it was live. Oh it was live when it was videoed, but not live when we were seeing it. They were faking the live part. How else you going to send your message to people who are sound asleep on the other side of the globe. You gotta fake it so you can keep your viewing audience hyped for the adverts.

And can you imagine all those other countries puking out their guts as they watch the EN BEE CEE version of the OLYS via satellite, hyping the YOU ASRE Of A. Imagine how thirsty the third world gets watching those KOKE and BUDD adverts, and how deafenedly earitated by the Spangled Stripes; Geez Crypes. Then that stoopid Oily Flim Flame.

All that technology made in the image of its creator. Damned near drivel one to desperate revolutionary measures.

WHY NOT TURN IT OFF ? Because. InADVERTently, quite by accident, one gets to see a former Olympian doin' it. Its kind of refreshing, like looking at an old automobile; representing a time when an automobile was a covered wagon (four wheels) with a motor, and a time when Olympians belonged more to themselves than the Media and the CORPS.

I'm not so naif to belief that you can ever leave the banner out of it, but it gets rubbed into the detriment. All the way to the epidetriment; then one develops a reaction to it.

I'm not so naif you can ever leave the Media/Corps out of it, especially when the Olys allow the media to bid on the 5 ring (circus) coverage and the corps to get their foot on the Olympic torch.

Darling, we are what we are, low class. I think we demean the assletes, even if they don't demean themselves, with pulled hams, stress fractiousness, and flawed competence.

In Altanna, the town of Mrs. and Mr. Fondoo, they patronized the other hue, reverse KKKism. MLK LIVE atop Olympism; Mahommed got to torch the joint. They really didn't need to go to all that truble, 'cause the other hue was most actively grandstanding, beating its chest; working the crowds. At least we may have seen the last of the big-beltbuckled

egomaniacal pinhead, unless of course in the year 2000 they (The OLYS) invent a special event just for him and his conceits, like jumping broads.

Darling, wear your laurels well. Don't have any expectations that the rest of us don't already have; by the way, the line forms to the rear. One of the rules in this after-Olympiad is: Wait Your Turn. No line jumpin' or claim jumpin' Yeah I know its a long wait. Forever, maybe. Makes a guy feel left out or worse yet, paranoid, persecuted; almost like a Vietnam Veteran. When all it is is just plain Fate. Doezunt matter; we all go the same place; you can't buy your way in or out, you can't get any special favors or privileges, even if'n you have jumped over the moon to get there. Its a done deal. Every four years Kruger makes a bundle; still he can't get a better seat than anyone else. Shame, really. By the way; the line is getting longer. Reductio Ad Absurdum, Redundancy in a purposeless gambit; you can't run fast enough to escape the truth of the matter. Get your name in, and be on time, or they won't let you compete; RULES is RULES, however absurd. Before you can jump over the bar you MUST jump through the HOOPS. No relevance, but it gives all those impotent rule-makers that feeling of compensatory importance their analysts had recommended. Can you imagine competition without rules, like it is in the marketplace, a free-for-all? So the impotent get to have an erection before the GAMES begin. SO. What about the girls? Like the stand-up comic said: You can see how broad-minded I am.

Someone asked; hey, someone actually asked, they indulged me by asking: Why do you bother watching that stuff if it turns your chitterlings? GOOD QUESTION. Very GOOD. Perhaps a lapse in one's attention span. A peculiar curiosity? One hopes for something that will never happen. NEVER. Even armed with that knowledge, that conviction, one succumbs to the harlot. Mary Magdalene was alluring too. SINNERS, ALL. Geeez. Who can resist? Yup, someone's countin' on it.

Trying to find a place for 'mother'. Very Old at 95. Short term memory gone. Really unable to live by herself which she imagines she wants to do. Gripes just about every simple thing. Its too cold its too hot its too tough; everything is grim. Dying!?

I have had it. Let the thanatologists take over.

Charline became enthusiastic over one of the warehouses - Good.

The one that pleased me the most is unrealistic because there is no safety net; when her cash is gone, she is out. Christ! - Never again!

And OH!, The Olys are over. Same ole, same ole.

The mourners filed past
Absent of Gods, Alas!
Maliciously Defiled.

Delia, that duplicitous bitch
Clipping the bountiful locks,
Pirhana-toothed saws severing,
Severing the jugulars, severing, severing; All the while orgasming over,
And over, lasciviously, The dihescent treasure chest.

What we have done we have done, Without remedy. The past is buried
in the present, Without conscience. The future of which we seem so fond,
Burdensomely mortgaged. Empty Promise.

Number forcing the issue. Not only the shitters are Occupied!
Without being anal, Overflowing. Flies hover near the olfactoriousness,
The reeking of offal, Middenite offal.

Some believe that deodorants save the day.
Out of nose, out of mind.
Our vision already compromised; Betrayed; "Seein' is not Believin'".

"Plain English", we've heard it said. Never mind the frills, or pious
spake; Give it to us straight,
Right between the ears.

And they 'get off' on life on MARS. Get off, get off; on another Virgin.
Another virgin, another virgin.

As the globe was gobbled, being; The Conquistadors got off plenty.
Gold and Spices, Spices and Gold, Heavily Cargoed; flesh for ballast.

You can have the bodies; Bring home the yellow metal.

Bring home the green stately mansions.

On another matter: Re: VIETNAM/APR You may feel that the wildebeest
is irrelevant to what happened in Southeast Asia; that I too freely
associate; that what I am attempting to say by such a juxtaposition is not
apparent.

The scales of violence weigh heavily in one direction; violence
engineered by MAN. Violence coupled with brutality. Violence somehow
separated from the need to survive. Brutality, an ingredient that defines us
in ways that only an outside agent may understand.

If one's life is threatened immediately, confrontationally, a reflex is set
in motion, an adrenalized response, defensive in nature. Whatever it is
that threatens must be subdued, must be neutralized. Perhaps a physical
altercation requires measures that would characterize violence as well as a
defensive reaction. Be that as it will, let's say the force was appropriately

equal to the task. Somehow we have been compromised into an action that we imagine our more civilized and peaceful natures do not conceive as the consequential outcome of the process. However, in hindsight, we are able to justify the action. What's done is done.

But no matter how you rationalize the Vietnam situation, The wildest situation, or the American Indian/ Buffalo situation, survival, per se, was, and is, measured in terms of brutality, no differently than the brutality of the so-called NAZIS; mostly only as a matter of degree. We had exceeded the requirements of survival; we sought vengeance, destruction and annihilation; overkill. Because this last cannot be justified by any conscionable definition of a civilizational entity, removed from that constraint and apotheosis, we must accept the lesser perception of ourselves as brutes. Recognized as such, we must reexamine our claim as rational beings, assuming rationality has some sway over brutality, pointing in a more convivial direction.

Classed along with the dinosaurs? We would deny such an association; envisioning Tyrannosaurus Rex. Purely a subjective feeling as one might envision JAWS. Its only the teeth, the imaginary crunch of our bones. Brutal?, though only surviving; not conquering; only eating its repast; sustenance? In a way, predictable, and harmless. Not apologetic; not conscience struck, not untoward, or over-sufficient. Almost very Dinosaur-like.

Being naturally ignorant of the facts, as we often are, there is only so much we can surmise (notwithstanding Jurassic park) with regard to the former occupants of this place. We do not know if they were overcrowded, if they felt population pressures, if they formed armies, and/or what they might have done according such a scenario. We, being naturally smart and deductive, we reason each member was looking out for number one; that the species operative was invested fortuitously in each, hence obviating the necessity of armies, brotherhood, strategic defense initiatives, etc. We might reason the beast redundant beyond what was necessary to further the interests of their 'race'. Evolution does not apply to that which appears anomalous to OUR interests. Since they expired in any case, theirs was not intended to be. (Might have pleased our palette, even though not cast in our moulds - no big racks for the game room). Spurious, although an amusement for the planetary theatergoers, persevering gratuitously for 160 million solar orbitations; the crowds were pleased. Like feeding the Xtians up to the loins. Dubiously naive assumptions. Perhaps not a picturesque landscape; bleak for all OUR intents and purposes; devoid of a marquee, as well, perhaps, an audience. It is our landscape only, platted just for us; something in the shape of reconstrued (by us) matter, being obedient to the LAW of conservation of energy and matter (conversion thereof, albeit, to a standard of lifting) and certain biblical admonitions regarding SUBDUING (humiliating Gaea). What was, aint no more.

A reeking occupancy, reeking of rotting blood, and waste.

What's mine's mine, what's yours is no-go-zsheeeable.

Think I got a bad case of the humours? Black bile? Not near enough, I say.

Yes!, there is a smiling face in my life; there are two actually. My wife's; and that of Mother Nature; not mother; Mother Nature. When the two are together in the right environment; its pretty much O.K. what you do; your befouling is more remote; my misanthropic altruism is not exposed to the rawness of such large numbers doing it, doing it, and doing it. Even my sins of commission or omission lose their significance.

What I might say regarding smiles is not intended to persuade you of anything in particular; only that I become more relevant to myself than your irrelevance tends to become to me. You do exist as a standing threat always; you are always crossing the line; you do not respect my space; your arrogant, insolent, presuming invasions destroy every semblance of tranquility. What I have gained through your collective energies may deserve some thanks. But before I even acknowledge such an indebtedness, first I must separate b from a. I was born into a; a was perceived as a standing self-evident truth. b is another reality, one I have identified as existing without the presence of MAN. The thanks thererfore must proceed from something that takes a good deal of ponderous consideration.

I do need to decide whether the fact of my birth -into this -serves any useful purpose either to myself, the planet, and last of all, to the species that I choose to dissemble. Only then will I be able to enter any arguments with regard to a or b.; and thereby extend a yea or nay to such implied requition.

If man has already taken his pounds of flesh, why should I waste any feeling of obligation upon him. The a or b may prove an irrelevant consideration because of the foreordained resultant; that is, man, as a transient thing, imagining himself on the way to somewhere else (to assure his immortality) is programmed to take all he can, giving nothing back. Saving something for the future generations (lip service [lip-sink]) is such an elusive (misleading) goal. Predicated in what? WHAT?

I sense in all of this that I am not so dumb, that my hammer strikes so close to the mark that the message will be heard.

I do not construct an edifice, nor do I tear one down. I cannot construct an edifice from the materials at hand. The purported edifice that stands is already crumbling, requiring little assistance from me. It was Hegel who observed that in studying history most of what one sees is ruins.

As I have indicated the only way to avoid the worst, the falling steeples, cupolas, buttresses, and walls is to remove oneself from the vicinity of that which has occupied. This last is ultimately necessary, as much as any 'retreat' is necessary. I suggest a retreat of the most purposeful kind; not

just a withdrawal, but a severance and a beginning; something that had never been initialized; something that was placed in flight without wings, caught in a draught, pulled and pushed along by unseen forces, unwittingly. One did not choose to fly; one was forced to flap along with rudimentary shoulder girdles, until he ultimately fell from the sky; our soaring fantasies collapsing for lack of hot air. I speak of 'retreat' when perhaps I suggest and define interception. Provided that our will suffices, that our will is a force equal to the task, that is more felt than perceived. A heavy guilt is placed upon us by the brethren when we stray from the pack. Our deviation is construed more as threat than chance medley; for their entertainment (or holy moly!, enlightenment!). We are perceived as traitor, anarchist, or mad.

And they expect gratitude. Gratitude for the crumbling buildings. They argue: "This is the best there is." "Love it or Leave it". A very fateful remark full of the arrogance and insolence that invites even more ruin. We are dealing with the proud animal that has forsaken its evolutionary aegis through its self-acclaimed encephalon; it has cast aside the higher achievement for the lower, the visceral, the lustful, the rapacious, the grasping, the undemocratically controlling, prejudicial, petty, and mean. The higher achievement demands something these are not equipped or prepared to give or yield. Even these are not to be held accountable for anything because they are, after all, only animals; humanity being a mere fantasy. Fantasies are easily brushed aside; their insubstantiality poses no threat to the realer creeper ('creeper' is biblical, for those on the right, who often form the ranks of those so described).

I like to imagine myself as a rational being. However, so often I find myself using my reason against myself, that is, I find myself arguing that I have not given full consideration to 'their' argument, to their proposition. They are so insistent (not necessarily rational, mind you), that I feel compelled to reassess what it is I am.

I like to imagine myself a reciprocal being, not necessarily obedient to the Golden Rule (Rule, per se), but as a matter of getting along (in the right spirit), whatever that could possibly mean. 'Getting along' has never really been defined; it is always such a conditional arrangement; no hard and fast rules, because everybody wants an out. So 'getting along' is more implicit than explicit. A hedging: "O.K., so long as it works." The real commitment is lacking in most of us, because we sense something reserved in our own natures. Sometimes its a matter of who gives first. Even then often an empty gambit for a lack of trust. We know ourselves all too well; are we trustworthy; really?

More significantly; am I trustworthy? Not always. That is, I too hold something in reserve. I do not want to give all. I cannot. Could I save the day if I gave my all? Can I ask others to do what I imagine I cannot? A loose gathering of tenets as we all rush for the finish line? As we trip and fall over each other, some recourse for having been bilked of something

within our grasp? Sense of being cheated, or thwarted. Somebody else was faster, somebody else yielded a little less. Not all in this together. Just too much of something. Crowding, loss of identity; the pushing and shoving, so hurtful; such a lousy reward for the sacrifice.

And we cannot know the purpose to all this hubbub that demands so much of us. Somehow brought down in midflight, unsuited for the air; grounded. And nobody cares; trampled on terra firma. Who's to blame? Who's to be held accountable? All the enacted LAWS, all the LAWS written to circumvent LAWS, written to loophole the spirit and the intent; All the judges and all the juries cannot decide. Can one hold GAWD accountable? SO!? What do we do if it is true; do we banish GAWD, force him to drink the hemlock of human unkindness, tit for tat? Where'd that git ya? TRUST IN GAWD! Where'd ya git that 'TRUST IN GAWD'? Man made in the image of GAWD. If ya caint trust Man, how kin ya trust the other?

Vast presumption. Fatheaded creature, MAN. Overblown EGO. Miserable design, both that of GAWD and the Image of GAWD.

You can see why the Virgin Mary has such an appeal. She knows the meaning of suffering. She lost her recalcitrant son in dubious battle. We can ask Mary to pray for our sins as she does for her son. She knows what fuckups we all are. Jesus got crucified for his. Well, the story has been changed a little. Some claim he let himself be crucified to SAVE MAN. What a delusional bugger. Mary; well Mary lived on, given over to contemplation and suffering; mourning the loss of her errant carpenter. Oh Yeah! Why Mary?

Mary had a little lamb She also had a bear I often saw her little lamb
But I never saw her (Ursus) Endurance. Skin.

Can you see why?

What was she hiding under her habits? Did she have a habit? Was she out of tunic? Gross cacophonous (disdonnance) attire. She sported a Blessed Heart, wearing it upon her habit. Wounded in battle. Barefoot. Sorry - No shoes, No service. Dogmaed to have conceived without the STAIN of ORIGINAL SIN. Even some True Believers don't fancy that kind of disinfornication. (I am writing this on the sabbath which, if I really knew the truth, might fall in the middle of the week, like the Fall Of Man; untimely).

Yes!, everything is a joke.

People get such a case of beliefs they just turn into fanatics.

They project such an intensity within them. One really needs to be on the alert in their proximity. And, besides, there's money in this GAWD business. Anybody with money has got a proprietary stake in militant protectionism; whatever that means. There's a lot that doesn't find accord with our reasoning; that even less. What's THAT?

None of your damned BUSINESS, Durchanek. You have not a proprietary interest in anything; Furthermore.

You know I probably wouldn't even be in this writing BUSINESS if it wasn't for these newfangled typewriters that can go backward and forward, erase and delete and addddd and storrrre; and recallll. But as you know, Man is never satisfied. NOW I want the latest; huge memory, color, graphics. That's because I have less to say, and want to have more fun saying it. Of course I'll still be looking at myself in the mirror, not seeing what is really there, in stereo.

Anyway, its all your fault; If you hadn't made it so easy. All you gotta do now is stop reading, an' you got it made. Ign'rince izz blith. The less you get into my think, the more you'll get into somebody else's. All I'm trying to do is break the monopoly (and the monotony) of the controlled, and controllers of the, spake. All those period.dickalls and their stable of reviewers, and all those publicishers and their stable of celebrities, and each to their promotionals; a little grunt (weee soldier in the wordranks) gets burried in the flak and prattle. Even though a myrmidon has just as much to say as a ranker, it has always been true that the lowly are intended to remain in their place. They do have place, which is barely comforting; comforting only in the sense, if they hang on long enough they might fill a void, which is a back-handed promotion (mustang); that is if they can beat off the senility and dementia of catabloic processes. No matter what, a person gets processed; surely demoted by life. Stark raving humiliated. Mel Torme had a stroke; SEE!

One thing, assuredly; you'll never find another like me. I'm always in there pitching for our side, sliders, juicy curves, bare knuckles, sidearmers, spits and splits, screwballs, change of pace, fast, wild, dirt, and beans; three strikes, you're IN. Our side is a rag-tag assembly of quirks, otherwise identified as individuals who do not fit in the mould. I have become their spokesperson by default; nobody's fault really; just a bunch of abdicators on the loose without a throne (platform) (Deplatformed) (Platdeformed).

Yesterday August 18 moved mother out of our house; she had almost completely dominated our lives for six weeks. NOT a pleasant experience. A 95 year old person who has lost most of her short-term memory. After several repeatings one might make some headway. Hard of Hearing. Feeble, having to use a walker. Getting weaker the longer she strayed with us. More time avoiding life in the sack. Bitter, confused; wanting to 'check out'. Didn't want ever to get out of the sack; wanted to die on us right in our midst. Pain management after breaking three ribs; requiring morphine which led to constipation and painful bowel movements; those maneuvers dominating her life, thus ours; all day trying to take a crap. Very particular about every thing, very quick with the disapproval.

Then trying to find a place for her where she might be able to do some things for herself, and where she could be looked after simultaneously. Foster Homes, Residential Care Facilities, Assisted Living Facilities,

Nursing Homes, and all the sweet-talking front office people, the add-on costs, and the other old people in these places, especially the foster homes where one finds crowded into a single family residence five individuals in various stages of deterioration (decay, dementia, paralysis, incontinence, etc.). The clientele in the other facilities are very similar in most cases, although generally there is more space, and one has his/her own crapper.

Yes! Relief! for both of us. Summer Lost. Absconded. No thanks. Just a Guilt Trip. Fuck All!

Next day. Now that I got that out of my system. Slept from 10:30 to 5:45 without stirring. Most unusual. Less tension today. Need to get ready for our trip north. Need to sweep rooves. Yes!, need to keep tabs on mother. BUT!

Getting back to where the conversation was more stimulating. I heard in the noose that the queen is going to streamline the monarchy by cutting her salary, by forcing most of the subalterns to get out and make an honest living. Its got to be a sort of embarrassing anachronism; I mean who could not help but notice? To her credit?

As if any of it mattered. Mel Torme had a stroke, and the queen volunteered to cut her salary. One of these days I'll be in the noose. I will be hanging cockeyed, like a framed certificate on a physician's cubicle wall, with my particulars dangling from the noose, rather poignantly demonstrating the futility of breathing, and the ineffectuality of certain particulars. A brisk wind swept across the plains, like in those old John Wayne, Randolph(ph) Scott westerns, a swirl of hot, desiccated dust rose up, blasting the rickety sign hanging cockeyed, suspended above the false front, swinging, squeaking, threatening to come loose in the whistling, blinding mistral. Suddenly a gun sounded. One could not hear the body as it slumped and crumpled to the planetary integument. Since the invention of gunpowder, the marvel of evolution has suffered some serious setbacks. The camera lens is redirected to the nervously oscillating portent, as a swirl of dehydrated planet obscures the plain spake of on the warped, emboarded, dimming inscription: "Marshall". He was noted to have said: "Helluva way to go - plugged; in the dirt." A compassionate enforcer of Moses' tenets. Something personal said over the fallen malfeasant. Those days are gone forever. To die a glorious death, lauded as the apotheosis of a way of life, all out in the open, contingent upon one's abilities with a six-shooter. Even if one was 'slow', he earned his place in history as he became part of the legend; his opponent was always worthy. Now, we forlornly perish in the alleys and byways by the droves without so much as an obit. On the stage, one could come out blazing, awaiting the fatal projectile; but real life is hell, then you die.

So, I'm coming out blazing, taking potshots at the world. I'm a bit slow, and the trajectories of my missiles mostly fail their mark. But, as you

know, it doesn't matter. If I had said nothing, it would matter even less. Why not be content to be an observer; why must one become a shooter? Our little conceits. Market your conceits. If one would remain offstage, operating the lights and the curtains, prompting (and promoting) the principals, he might vicariously live ALL the roles. Even those whom one catharizes do not really bleed.

A Latter Day stream off consciousness.

Yes!, life can be a moving experience. The poets, dramatists, composers, sculptors, painters. have been moved to move us. So, why not become a 'poet'; a mover?

Poets sang of Potiphar's wife. A newsworthy event that found its way into that thumped (read as thump ed) tome. Neither Mr. Potiphar nor Mrs. Potiphar would have come to the world's attention unless the even less notable Joseph (only in name), the real father (however unnotable) had not become the object of scandalmongering. It has been implied Joe had been cuckolded by the All Mighty. He got a carpenter out of the deal, but the tomites may have been attempting to suggest that his MALE ego had suffered some diminishment through the unwanton act of Mary. Hence the juicy temptation by a serpent of the Nile. What do we really know of the bewitching scheming pyramidal temptress? Perhaps no more than we know of the unfortunate strumpet we find discombobulatedly allying in the alley; or the stockbreaker working the margins. Its rated PG (parental guidance) Certain passages must be viewed with discretion, or not viewed at all.

Wondering the back allays of a fragmented mind. There is no story line. There never has been; so stop looking for it. Having expectations that exceed the confines of the script is not unusual, but you gotta keep your perspective.

Never having been subjected to the discipline of the classroom, where one is drilled in coherence, I have lived in the outside world where one is mostly confronted with incoherence. The classroom traffics in the ideal and illusory, possessing the luxury to dabble in more structured, formal arrangements. One finds a rational to best suit his own situation. Of course, I cannot know how much I may have benefited form the formal. If my particular brilliance had been given some purposeful direction, it might have been harnessed to save the world in some particular way, that would have 'received the blessing' or endorsement of one of the recognized categories of establishment. As it is, I cannot save anything because I lack an approval rating; I lack the credentials. You'll find an unsuffixed or unprefixed name in the scrolls; in fact it may have been omitted (deleted) entirely. One must realize there are so so so many names. And you can imagine what kind of face might go with what kind of name. When you were in the classroom you might have heard of some great historical figure, who led an army or who had written a great book, but you don't know what the hell they looked like; so it might as well have been a

fantasy; seven toed, three headed, and ding donged. More than likely it was a fantasy anyway, constructed of the flimsiest of hearsays that followed many centuries after their advent, sort of like that famous tome that gets thump ed so much. Some will argue: "Seeing's Believing". Others believe what they want to believe. You can argue what I am writing is all bullshit; but is it believable bullshit? You gotta admit, I do ask some pretty tough questions, I do throw together some pretty good juxtapositions, and some pretty good injuxtapositions. Pretty, pretty. I stimulate (sometimes amuse), I challenge; I play with words purposefully; and in my very own way I move, perhaps not always poetically; maybe through anger, and desire for revenge; or even through sheer disgust; and preposterousness. You get more for your dime. I try not to leave too many blank spaces.

Sure, its a monologue, sometimes all too repetitious; as are so many of our lives. Caged within ourselves and our routines.

(Kakistocracy. Gingrich, Damato, Helms, Hyde, Hatch, Amry. Flimsy.)

The only things missing from my dia(mono)logue are sex and mystery (all of life is a mystery), two ingredients that really sell themselves, juxtaposed to their absence which rarely sells itself. I cannot relate of conquests and how they were pursued, even though I was an ogler par excellence. Ogle I did, ogle I did; ogle, I do, still. Perhaps a fantasy titled, "The Ogler", or "The Oglethrope" is in ogleorder. Instead of 'Oglethrope', perhaps "Miss Ann Thrope". Give an ogler enough (th)rope and he will dangle himself (danged if he wont.). How about "The Anthropometricist and Aphrodite". Or "The Disappearance of The Anthropometricist". Or "The Proposed Fate of Ogler's During WW III". "The Strange Case Of The Ogler Turned Anthropophagite". "Extenuating Circumstances Of an Ogler". "Blinders Removed". More tritely and aphoristically, "Seein's Believin".

"The Apoplectic, Apocalyptic Ogler". An Ogler is a Seer; perhaps extrapolated to Prophet. He became apoplectic in his early years, when he spotted something eyedazzling, mindboggling, and self-engorging, simultaneously. Not the dazzling, not the bogging, but the tumescence that got him. When you hear the expression "Seein's Believin", you have to know that some seers do not believe what their eyes tell them. Absolutely!!! Awesome! and (it goes without saying, but said anyway) Fantastic!

The Apocalyptic part came naturally. What he could not see on the surface, he could see concealed. I know that sounds farfetched, but he was a true Platonist, born with the perspicacious art of recollection. That is, he was programmed from the beginning; all the ages of knowing and seeing were invested in him. Just like Plato (the great intimator) intimated, he he he recollected it ALL. All the past developments, endowments and progressions toward anatomical perfection had been catalogued (stored [data crunched] on disk [hence the diskus thrower]). Some people throw the bull, others the discus. Throwing the discus leads to a huge discussion. A discussion is the result of a blow to the noggin suffered by

the errant discus. The outcome of the discussion often leaves the participants with a feeling of discust; and a sense of inflation; often, with a ruptured disc.

Although born with it all, Ogling was an attempt at affirmation, and the necessary activity requisite to man's search for the truth. AffIRMation and Truth, side by side. He would have prefurred a touchier-feelier methodology (all the senses brought into the play), but circumspection forbad any hands-on approach to AffIRMation (Like pinning the tail on the posteriorkey ASCII). If he chose he could be shockingly obtuse by inquiring, "Are those for real?"

"AffIRMative!" If those are for real, where lie the truth? Is all truth therefore anomalous? It might be deduced that truth is always confounded by substantiality. One of the first philosophical principles, 'To generalize is to omit'. To generalize from anomalies might enhance a fantastic exploit, but it does not convey the pleasure that might be experienced from a more commonly diminutive apparition; that same objective of reintroduction being served. Truth measured in terms of pleasure and reproduction. What had appeared absolutely awesome and fantastic in the original observation seemed less significant, although still of substance, once the ejaculate had passed the threshold of the more commonly diminutive.

The whole script could be enhanced through eons of foreplay, thwartings, foreplay, thwartings of foreplay, coincidences, contrivances, a doubtful series of occurrences, triangles, asymmetries, jealousies, rages, calamities, interruptuses, interventions, and forestalled denouements. But the truth of the matter is the same, the inevitable is the only satisfactory resolution. Otherwise we are suspended in a pang. Who gets the girl may matter to some. The script writer may emphasize the implausible, where Quasimodo gets the girl, especially since the majority of us feel so deformed, or inadequate, to qualify for the Absolutely, Awesome and Fantastic. Whereas, for the Jock to be the one who always succeeds may represent some kind of truth about perfect opposites perfectly attracting, very often there is no follow-up. We mostly get to see the their backsides as they disappear off the stage. Most of life is downhill after the big denouement, so why dwell on the negatives. All the broken marriages, the betrayals, jealousies, petty bickerings. Yeah!, and even though Quasimodo gets the girl, we never get to see how long she can resist the temptation of the real hunks (Prince Charmings). Of course, the script writer can always avoid the truth of things by going moral on us. Since most of us are immoral, we feel more comfortable if the subject is left unmentioned. Shocking! Utterly!

Controversial Cross erected upon public property is coming down after 30 years of ruses trying to avoid the separation issue. One Jewish Fellow remarked "They will have no place to put him up when he comes to town."

To continue with the monologue.

Lineage: Indo-European. White; easily parboiled in the sun. Must be more Euro than Indo. No more xenophobic than anyone else, I suppose; however I'm inclined to homophobia; more agitated in the latter instance when differences are obvious. Often the outward differences mean cultural differences as well. Even though, in the very very last analysis (which we seldom perform), we are arguably all in this together. However neither of us might take any affirmative action to demonstrate this very last insight. I'm really put off by arrogance, hostility, superiority contests, machobull, etc. to such a degree I adopt a somewhat testy attitude I am angered by the pressures inherent to these inevitable confrontations It leads to WMDs. Its all a most individual thing which does not involve brotherhood, God's Children, morality, or altruism, etc.. Some of us can do just as well with a dog or cat. This is on the male side of things. On the female side I suspect conditions would be altered. That is, my awareness of difference would not presume upon my homophobia if the she were; well, you know what I mean; its a technicality having to do with opposites. And an extension of opposites, which in this case, if serving an intended purpose, would result in assimilative similitude, where one could obviate all the negatives through proper schooling of one's haphazardly produced progeny.

Not hypocritical, just basic. It goes without saying the she would need to possess certain alluring qualities that would assure the inevitable; as in: "What were they doing?"; "They were doing the inevitable". The 'inevitable' is not a matter of just finding a place to hang your hat, just because nature has designed hats to be hung on hat racks. People find all kinds of places to put their hats. My hat keeps its form better when it is hung with loving care.

Some people quite openly speak of sex; whereas I speak of hats. Its too bad you have to read this stuff in order to find out all about me. Since I am not mentioned in the classrooms, or in the places of worship; and since there have been no books written about me, you enter into this reading with fewer prejudices, biases etc..

If I was a notable person, or a celebrity type, you would have heard all about me through the organs of dissemination, dissimulation and dissipation. What you might read by me thereafter would be affected by what you had harbored from the guttered utterances (albeit gutterances). I know, because I am guilty of the same practice. It all goes to say there are some disadvantages to notoriety. And when you become a cult hero like old J.C., all objectivity becomes lost. You become a possession, manufactured-to-suit-ones-needs. People even invent nose shapes, skull shapes, hair styles and colorations, and skin hues. In fact one becomes a creation pieced together from the image-makers who are in the business of controlling various destinies. Good Luck! with your destiny.

Our destiny differences are only imaginary. You find some kind of comfort in believing your destiny is to live for ever in a special place -

promised to you by someone else - requiring that you merely 'have faith', and do what is to be done to get there. You believe also that we are going to different places, whereas, I KNOW that where I am going is the same place you are going; and that there is nothing special about it. How do I KNOW this? Much of what I do in the way of forming opinions is based upon direct observation. My body-person was equipped, at birth, with certain sensory devices that have enabled me to gather information about my surroundings. I could choose to ignore what these sensory devices convey in the way of information. That is, I could attribute meanings to observations that were not evident to the sensory device. Often such a condition is described in the journals of psychology as delusional. In other words, imposing upon reality something not observable. I do not choose to impose upon reality conditions that are not verifiable through observation. Do I make allowances for honest misperceptions? Only if the misperception is allowed to be challenged by further examination. Is it possible for two different individuals to 'see' reality differently. Through the eyes, ears, nose, taste buds, body-surface receptors, differences in sensoriness may be characterized as possessing greater or lesser degrees of acuity, when compared to one another. Such is a given. What is relevant is differences in interpretation, not in perception. The use of the word 'interpretation' obviously changes the whole direction and tenor of the discussion. For example, "How do we assess a person's thoughts from his (observable) behavior?" Such a question harbors such implications. What is the length of time required to make an accurate assessment? Some might answer "You have to eat a peck of salt with a man before you really know him." You can figure out pretty quickly how he eats his salt. If he ate a peck of salt overnight, observations would become short-lived and moot.

Before I wander too far afield. Sensory devices, observation, perception, examination, evident, acuity, assessment, interpretation. Is there a common ground in all of these terms? These are attempts at the identification and definition of a sensory process and what is actually observed, and how well observed.

How does what has been stated bear upon how we determine our eventual destiny? Is it simply a matter of belief, or is there something that is observable that will tell us with irrefutable certainty?

There is nothing that we are able to observe will convey to us any instance of perpetuity, permanence, or immortality. Some things have the appearance of an enduring quality, such as daylight and nightlight. One could ask does the sun exist at night; do the stars exist during the day? But more significantly we observe with acuity that no two days or nights are completely alike; the same could be said of a stone over a very long period of time. Since we are less interested in the immortality of stones, but more interested in our own, we may observe other animate forms of life (as opposed to less animate objects such as stones). None of the former directly observed over time will assure us of perpetuity, permanence or

immortality. In fact, the contrary is observable. Impermanence, and mortality prevail, without exception. Even stones become altered with time. The stone may be said to show the best instance of permanence over billions of years. Obviously such a statement is an extrapolation or a deduction; and perhaps a fairly conceited (or presumptuous) statement.

Possessing beliefs, or being possessed by beliefs tends to short-circuit the whole process. Sensory devices are not required, although some will argue that sensory deprivation leaves one 'without' (vacant). So, some innate ability allows us to function outside of our senses, where we can ignore them for the most part. We do not have to pay any attention to a sensory input that would ordinarily be funneled into assessments of our surroundings. The outside has already been assessed; sensory input only confuses the issue. Even though we are not able to observe any direct evidence of animate immortality we are able nonetheless to believe it is true. In order for us to survive, it is (observably verifiable) that it is not either necessary to know, or to believe, that immortality exists. Sensory evidence is not required to substantiate any claims of one's own immortality. To say that all others have perished, excepting none, does not invalidate one's own claim for himself. After one perishes, he will transubstantiate and transmigrate as a matter of wish, or as a wish of matter. Obviously one's own rotting carcass will never do, hypothetically. Can something be obvious and hypothetical simultaneously?

What's most important to me in this discussion is the fact that I live in the knowledge that I will survive until I perish. It is truly an either/or proposition. Once I have perished, other forces take over. Until then I have done my part to stay alive, and will continue to do so, even if I bring about my own demise deliberately, for one reason or another. In any case, I will be deprived, of course, of making the final observation I would love to be able to make. Since observations are so intimately linked to sensory devices, I would be precluded from making that very last observation. End of sad story. If I do make the observation in the very last breath, I will not be able to be resurrected in order to appreciate my discovery. Like the man said: "If I cannot continue to take a leak outside, I'm leaving this place".

Actually he left because he became too old; oldness beset with decrepitudes. He didn't want to die THERE, so he decided he would die nearer a doctor and a hospital. Life was dearer than an octor; taking a leak inside wasn't so bad after all.

From what I have seen of hospitals, I think I'd rather die sumplace elze; so it might as well be THERE, whether or not I take a leak. If I get on morphine, I'll also be on POWER PUDDING. If its in the bowel, well, I guess I'll throw in the towel. Cyanide or Lead; with sumbuddy holding my hand?! Or set loose in the dinghy with Grand Marnier until capsized and overwhelmed by the utter depths.

The title of the opus: "Available" Trite it was; or contrived, sort of like "Kangaroo Dandy" wherein in the inback you have this nondescript guy and this pretty gal not getting along. Then in scene two you discover this pretty gal on assignment in the outback with a good part of her clothing removed for comfort, when appears from the backout the local lotherio attired in dudey duds. Immediately a snarling Kangaroo reaches out for the nearly disrobed pretty thing, whereupon none other than the local lotherio, the very same, being also "Kangaroo Dandy". He sure slew that kangarew. Of course he tried to pretend it was an everyday thing, but at the same time he sure wanted the pretty thing to take notice. She noticed, but did not feel obliged in any special way. So in good Hollywood fashion she kept her distance. They parted their ways. But somehow in all that vastness of the outback they kept running into each other behind every other bush. Eventually, after so much exposure, the inevitable happened. But, she was a person of integrity and honor. There was another in her life. She returned from her assignment to her life in the inback, and attempted to resume her life with the other. Well by this time the script, the nondescript, turned into a real asshole, so that you could not possibly identify with him any longer. He deserved to get what he got when the man from the outback came to the big inback, calling upon the pretty thing. Of course, by now your suspicions are confirmed; BACKIN the saddle again, and off into the sunset, er the streetlamplight. Moral: Try to make it with a pretty girl at odds.

Well, "Available" was sorta like that, only it was given one more twist so that the pretty girl did end up with the nondescript she started with. That is, like Kangaroo, the lotherio and the lotheroine, were at odds. Then came along the handsome triangular man, to whom the lotheroine took a fancy; or rather they fancied each other. Until the contrite and repentant nondescript lotherio made an appearance, whereupon the pretty one contrivancely became circumspect. Meanwhile, during all the circumspection, the attraction tension not particularly lessening; at least, enough intimation of further close encounters, the audience suspended. Then the cloud darkened over the triangular man. He was a man with a deadly past. He was attempting to do other deadly things whereupon the nondescript was forced to summon his depths to save himself and his lotheroine, and their springoff. Anyway, eventually he did that, as the triangle was getting meaner and meaner. But nondescript didn't do it alone; the pretty lotheroine was very resourceful, and some of their intimate knowledge of each other's signals proved the undoing of the Euclidain phenomenon. The angle was unfairly disadvantaged, caught in a web of intriguing revelations. The original pair rode off into the sunset, granted a respite from their odds, leaving us guessing. Moral: Don't try to make it with a pretty girl at odds.

Kissall and Regret gave both of these flicks a thumbs up for the scenery. They admitted their boredom with the plots, somehow having to

confess to being jaded by the human condition which affexsexes us all. Alas!, there are no new triangles on the horizontal. Stirring up Iago is one of the oldest tricks. Anything to get a guy to watch the scenery. Sometimes a little skin helps it along. Trying to keep it under budget; high-priced skin, the more the expense; so much for a bun shot; so much for a nipple exposure. Scenery is definitely more cost-effective.

Then there's the old standby; the most famous set-piece of them all, guaranteed to make you go BALLISTIC!!, that incredible Edible Complex. Such an Awesome display of emotion. We remove ourselves from the cloying twentieth century (soon to be twenty-firstieth) of the Equilateral to the times of our earliest beginnings where Isaucealeees reigned supreme, when (quite) innocently Swollen Foot inadvertently (so they say) unintentionally, accidentally, without malice and aforethought, but with a degree of finality, absolutely, stuck it to his father, whose dying breath one could not hear; but if you were into lipsink, or reading lips, you might have detected lip-service to a noble exit, "Look after mother, will you." A dutiful son was he, with none of those twentieth century hangups.

My familiarity with these hangups arise mostly from MY father's preoccupations with matters psychological, that were initially intended as subject matter for artistic endeavors. It was attempts at applying subject matter to real life that apprised me of his perceptions in these matters, as he imagined parallels in his own family; with the God's not forbidding. His view was uncomplicated. Mother was simply Jocasta; he was Laius, and I was Eddie. When Jocasta retired Out West where Eddie was living with his family, Laius, the arteest and latter-day psychologist, perceived this aforealludedto Euclidain arrangement, with little improvement over the vast centuries. Crude as ever. Basic. Indecent. A More Perfect Union. Making the World Safe For Democrisy (well, I wouldn't go that far). 'Love it or Leave It', maybe. The denudement forever remains the same, even though oriental depictions show any number of almost fully clothed cuckodlings. Thank you, mam. NOTE: 'It goes without saying' while the principals may be lacking in certain restraints, they are not big fat and ugly.

The hopeful prospect is that we will learn from our parent's mistakes. They will not learn from ours. Evolutionists and perfectionists will argue we are in our ascendancy,. although ambivalently (not quite sure) we often hear it stated we descended from something we view as inferior to ourselves. We can never be certain whether our fortunes are going up or down. We do learn there is always a price to pay for our indecencies. If we are not blinded, or, if we do suffer the other 'slings and arrows', we are often rebuked, or silently shunned. AND to make sure you understand me clearly, I am really embarrassed by father's projections (for their infantality). He had some unfinished businees with his mother who died when he was nine, an only child, she herself only 32, probably from ovarian cancer. Father often intimated that my mother (Jocasta) yearned

to play with my peepee (as she had done presumably when I was an infant). If one is allowed to extrapolate from this projection one must assume that father longed for his mother's caresses wherever they might lead. I never had any unfinished business with my mother. At this juncture I am 63 and she is 95. Recently she has been in my (our) household while recuperating from an injury associated with her decrepitude. The only unfinished business with her had been the removal of her from our household. I listened to her daily lament, "I want to die" Finally, I had had enough; I told her to, "stop breathing."

I remember one time, having trespassed upon a neighbor's property, of being jailed, accused, and for emphasis, piled upon with other slings and arrows 'a prowler', 'a peeping tom' (this last was incorrect [if I had been anything it would have been 'a peeping louie']). Anyway, it occurred to me that that upon which my peepers were purported to have gazed was verily perhaps a septuagenarian. At the time I was a mere 24. It has been said some people have been known to be pretty hard up or up hard; after much consideration of the matter, whatever hardness of upness might have been my wont, it warnt for no septaugenarian. It was a huge pain in the ass to have suffered through the jail-court experience involving such idiocy. But THAT IS the human condition. And the bastards responsible for it are long wished in HELL. Marvin T. Warlick and Judge John Barber. In the archives I am a trespasser. The evil lives after them, Will. Tell me who has not been a trespasser. Crossing the line. "Just taking a short-cut judge." 'Ats allright boy, look you may; peep you may not. There's no law with regard to lookers. No looking-toms on the books.

While in Judge Barber's Municipal Court, I received a lecture on decency from his HONOR. Somehow decency became a factor in considering what it is trepassers are, rather than what they do. If we had been allowed to stick around, enlarging the dialogue, we might have queried what it is that judges are. Honorable. That's a kick. The cartoon shows a judge leaning over the BENCH, peering down upon the accused appellant victim, saying unto him, "Prove to me you deserve justice." Well, you black-robed boob, "Prove to me that you deserve HONOR." The LAW, per se, is something that exists outside of us, but outside of which we are not allowed to function. We are ordered to submit to its whims, on the pain of answering to lawlessness. We are not permitted to be lawless. We cannot be a LAW unto ourselves; so THEY tell us. Those guys in charge of the LAW, per se, are amongst the worst insisters upon this state of affairs. Somehow it is intended that LAW makes Order Out Of Chaos. Because it fails in its mission is no reason to reject it. Logical, No?

Order out of Chaos is maintained on a very simple level all by itself without our interference, embodied in the maxim: "Life Is Hell, Then You Die"

So much for triangulations. It would seem our story has come to The End. Let the next generation improve the script. The hopeful prospector ... er ... proscripitor.

The 'generation' of human chaos stems from nature's variety, which seems to make a point of inequalities. The great designer does not offer compensation for what one is lacking, whether it be looks, health, or fortune. As well, there does not exist an overriding condition that allows everyone the same degree of dissatisfaction regardless of his/her shortcomings. An individual with perceived shortcomings, while not intended to feel inferior, does feel inferior, because somehow those 'with' cannot refrain from disdaining those 'without'. How do these comparatives serve the ends of the designer? The human condition must be like any other condition that man may observe in the balance of nature. While man can wish for something that does not exist, his privilege, one would assume, he must acknowledge what is real as well. It would seem that some will be subservient to others, regardless of the lip-service man pays to dreamy democratic equalitarian notions.

Somehow, through his considered judgment, man may imagine ways of maximizing the contentment of each within an encampment surrounded by fences. None are allowed to live outside the compound. One might declare that none shall live outside the planet, which would be an acknowledgement of the first order. But it is also stated that one may not live in another's space. This is a carryover from ancient ascendancies, preserved through inheritances, trusts and sundry. The space available to each succeeding generation (of chaos) grows ever smaller, because of number, and the number of preservations. The remaining spaces come at high cost to the occupant both in terms of capital outlays for acquisition and necessary armaments for defense of the occupancy. Some would characterize this as conflict awaiting a revolution. And indeed it is such, even to any casual observer. There does not seem to be any way to alter the condition. Man is destined to war, simply because this kind of rutted behavior leads naturally to war. War is inevitable; or - Police States.

Only the most complete idiot will not notice disparity, and only the most unfeeling and crude will not feel want for those things that seem to others to offer such a pleasurable circumstance. (This is the basic operative in the market place, upon which even the crudest entrepreneur relies when he hangs out his shingle to peddle even the shoddiest of merchandise, and lackadaisical service, in obedience to the consumerist imperative, implicitly promising some illusive quality to life that may be obtained through such materiality, to which the crudest consumer will respond). One may easily be diverted into this materiality as a 'holding action' against the dissatisfaction felt generally, concerning life's inequalities. Then, before one realizes it, life is over, or so near its end; and having expended one's energies and wherewithall in pursuit of the shallow

endeavor, it is too late. Nature takes over, dimming the memories; ending the life.

Somewhere along the way, through THE Enlightenment perhaps, and through the development of more sophisticated mechanical contrivances designed to lessen man's labors, or transfer them to a mechanical slave, it was thought that total man would become the beneficiary. All would share in the lessened labor, human slavery would become anachronistic, all would share in the production of plentiful, necessary, life-enhancing, goods (Almost wrote 'Drugs').

This changed way not only made slavery anachronistic, but the slave itself became an anachronism. The changed way may have disposed of one aristocracy, only to be supplanted by another. The imperative to control, and to dominate, remained. The changed way was characterized as, "The Revolt Of The Masses", whereas in reality the masses remained trapped on a planet that was ruled by forces that would lead to further enslavement; with the same slavemaster as before; MAN.

The comparative serves as the whip. Mass man does need to be whipped, to want more than he needs. The rulers are not interested in individuality, per se, only in as much as it entertains, only in as much the individual mind mechanically, mathematically or scientifically serves the controller's purposes. You have heard of intellectual property. Every mind signs a waiver declaring that his intellectual property belongs to the organization that HIRES him. CUTE. Whipped, mass man responds sufficiently to sustain the system.

Mass Man becomes sold on an idea of himself, one he does not determine for himself, one he does not want or does not need.. The idea is ready for the taking at his birth. Not unlike the invaded, in StarTrekese, wherein the invader transforms and clones his new subjects, the parents of the newborn, clones themselves, imbued with the milk of the system, so inculcate their offspring. As long as he is fed and bedded, there is hardly an infant will question what life is beyond those basic comforts. And if he is not fed and bedded, he will wail until exhausted to death, without even the hope of receiving the message.

Sound hopeless? As one continues from infancy to a more advanced age, as long he is fed and bedded, he remains relatively acquiescent, and fairly responsive to the suggestion that his continuance is dependent upon his following the script. There are many reminders along the way; many seductions that are intended to enforce the designated way, and many implicit and explicit threats to one's continued existence if one should not stay the course. The Love It or Leave It banners wave everywhere. 'Leave It' is lip-service to a knowtion of Individuality, and Freedom Of Choice. One Noes or senses that he cannot Leave the planet, and more than likely he cannot go anywhere else, because 'anywhere else' wouldn't want him (not without lots). The implication remains 'Love It' because you are stuck with it. Since Love is important to us, we had better get used to the idea of

loving the big fat and ugly HERE because it is at least familiar. Anywhere Else, you might not get Ice Cream.

What we have then, a lot of running about, sort of like ants, called living, making a lot of dust and noise. In this flurry of activity, called living, we convert (transform through conversion, production, consumption, obsolescence and waste) the planet into something called a Standard (ironically and obliquely) Of Living. The Standard refers mostly to the Consumption part of the equation. Living can be equated with breathing (respiration). If you consume, you will continue to breath. The alimentary canal forms the basic notion of consumption and what purpose is served by it. Once the notion is accessed as necessity, (through comparatives) its a matter of making the whole system as elementary as the basic notion.

Furthermore, the Clones are in the business of perpetuating the notion. Its identified as, making 'Order Out Of Chaos', and in some circles, 'A More Perfect Union', and in others, "The World Safe For Democrisy'.

And, we all know, or suspect, at least, the transient nature of things. We do not know what in hell we are doing. We keep doing it because we do not want to be in the minority of One. If we oppose or question, we are in trouble. All our instincts that function to tell us 'this ain't good' we find a way of ignoring, or 'sublimating?'. Of course, we become depressed, sickly, psychosomatic, dysfunctional, drunks, druggies, malcontents, abusers, and downright dangerous to ourselves and the rest of the Clones. The Walking Wounded are recovering addicts and alcoholics, on other drugs, being analyzed, and counseled, imprisoned on nut wards; and become Social Misfits, and/or, as one Great Astrological President claimed, Social Retards (OH! GEEZ!, On Welfare!). How did clones ever qualify for welfare? Paroled on welfare. Fall down you may, sometimes you have to get up. The system is trying to figggguresure a way to make everybody get up, to move on, out of sight, out of mind. Minimum wage if you can find a slavery nitch, so you can participate in the shoddy-'good' way of life. You may aspire to, but may not achieve the Standard, but you may take pleasure in watching all the sellebrities achieving the above and beyond the Standard, where ALL glitters, Conspicuously. Yeah!, you got that right, somebody's got your share. They call this living. And they make vested LAWS that assure their perpetuation. But we know, or suspect already, It Aint Gonna Last Forever. All we want is a ringside seat to carthartically pleasurably watch it all collapse. Heh!, so we can pick up some of the pieces, like all good revelers and rioters do; they break down the walls and abscond with the 'goodies' the bane of their existence. Once they possess them, watching them deteriorate before their eyes, turning their stomachs, realizing they have sold out to a false promise, without redemption. "Holy Christ!, I have squandered this one precious thing, my very own to these swindlers, my fellow men, clones, inculcators; all just because I couldn't do without human companionship in those early years. They exploited my

dependency and my weakness, for their own purposes. Frickin' whatever, not even deserving to be labeled "the lowliest of swine". Some soliloquy!

Is it time to turn over a new Leaf It or Luff It?

Mother had this thing about 35 Perley Street in Lynn Mass. When her niece moved in she suspected a grab by an opportunist. Mother felt she was as entitled to what was there as any other family member, especially a niece. She has said so to me many times. So when the last of her sisters died in 1995, the last nominal occupant of the place, actually residing in a nursing home since 1981, the resident being the niece who eventually became the inheritor, per stripes thereof. I received a phone call one December day from a rather brassy-sounding female voice announcing the death thereunto, having only once before received any communication from this person, presumably my cousin, in all of her 60 odd years. She could have called mother whose name and number were public information, but she called me whose number was unlisted. I was the designated messenger, as was her son to be later.

I chose not to tell mother at 94, who would only have another milestone to mark her own diminishing years.

So this niece, cousin's son-attorney gets on the back of mother with a communication regarding the will of the deceased sister wherein it states that niece got what sister had through last will and testament. Never before had mother received any a communication from any legal entity from the state of Massachusetts upon the expiration of any other of mother's siblings, of which there were quite a number, assuring that a legal oversight had not occurred, and that something else was afoot.

I do believe mother did write a communication at some point to said niece regarding her feelings with regard to 35 Perley Street and her, at least, emotional claims to the place being more significant and rightful than the niece's. At least mother indicated to me that was her intent and that those were her feelings.

This at least provides a plausible explanation for the copy of the last will and testament of said sister from the son attorney of the 'usurping' niece. Since it was felt by me that the niece was using her son to stationary mother with some legal prattle, and I seeing it for what it was, uncalled for, since the right was theirs anyway, I felt supportive of mother, esteeming theirs a perfunctory guilty response. So I marked each of the documents with a 'Duly Noted' sending them to the niece, per stirpes at 35 Perley Street.

Once again, the niece, cousin, invoked the son and stationary to mother, this time I intercepted same unopened, since I believed it served no other purpose than to harrass a 94 year woman who was losing it on all fronts, returning said mailer once again to Occupant, per stirpes, 35 Perley Street. May the message get through all the guilt and usurpation

and righteousness and whatever else exists so that no further communication will pretend or portend.

Its none of my business, as none of my mother's business is my business, but somehow I have become saddled with a lot of my mother's business in the hope of letting her die in peace. Perhaps I do wrong in letting those who have done what they have done know that mother is uncomfortable with what they have done, and no amount of legal shenanigans will contravene her perception of wrong.

St. Peter is the final judge. If you never engage in these little mystery/dramas, you will never know the outcome. Unless I misjudge the whole business, this should be the last communication. If I do misjudge it, then one can expect an attempt at self-justification and expiation before St. Pete gets a look at the bill-of-fare. I know for a fact that Pete is not in the least interested in what takes place in a Gaeian court. A legal brief is no better than gobbedegook to the gatekeeper whose criterion for passage lies in other messages and other languages. Guilt seeks its own resolution, sometimes in devious ways. If in fact the niece did at some point in time make an opportunistic move, whether or not it involved her estranged aunt, is immaterial. People make opportunistic moves all the time. That's part of life. If the move did in fact in some way deny my mother, then its on the conscience of the denier, who knows best all her own motivations. Perhaps mother does know something that none of the others do.

Anyway, more power to them if they can successfully beat up on a now 95 year old 80 pounder. A pound of flesh ain't gonna leave too much.

Last night more discussion on the necessity of the evil of government, whether or not you like it. Government must answer to my simple formula: If any system of government does not account the least, then it must be considered a failure. (It goes without saying that Action Speaks Louder Than Words.) All extant systems of government are failures.

The discussion was prompted by our catching on the tube the last acts of one of the political conventions wherein was an implicit promise of the moon without green cheese. Translated: the moon is an illusion; but since that's what you want, we'll try to get it for you; and it will not be for want of trying that you don't get it.

Am I implying or stating that our system of government is a failure. Most definitely. Stop-gap government, variously motivated.

In theory; in theory, government is a hedge against full social and political liberty. If you can't tax a man, you can't educate his son. If you can't educate his son, his son will most likely not understand government. You can't have people crapping all over each other, you gotta get them to use the can. As part of government you gotta have a bureaucracy that collects the tax, and that makes sure people use the can. Of course there's a lotta other things in which government becomes involved; each

involvement requiring more bureaucracy, ad infinitum. Then you gotta defend the stateus quo.

Full social and political liberty is condition that can be allowed to those who are intelligent enough to engage in such activity, and who will also assume full responsibility for their actions. Government exists for those who cannot meet these criteria. Government therefore assumes that those who require governing are stupid. And because they are stupid, which is mostly true, you can snow them with lip-service, and operate in the shadows with powers that go unchallenged for the most part. For what happens in the shadows is often excused as a necessary evil; or that such form of governing has many precedents. In actuality we are saying that those who are in government have the full potential not to be answerable to anyone, almost as if we lived in a state of anarchy wherein each governmental entity had abolished government and the spirit thereof in order to serve his own desire; usurpation of perversion of powers.

These are attempts to imply there is big difference between theory and practice. Practicing government to the extent that it gives credence to the theory, involves dedication and self-sacrifice, and an amount of personal integrity that most people do not possess. One wonders if there is really very much difference between representative government and government by fiat. In representative government one reserves the right to periodically throw out the bums. But the pool of bums is large indeed. Even if we could not throw out the fiat, if the fiat served the people, it could be said to be better than the other. Probably what is implicit to either form is that neither form has any guarantees; you get what you get. If it wasn't for the compulsion to self-perpetuation inherent to ALL governments, and all attendant usurpations toward that goal, we might feel comfortable with token figure heads and community activists who perceived the social need for this and that, albeit a conscience operating at the local level; but not as a political entity.

BIG Government is sumpin' else, especially when it becomes POLITICAL. POLITICAL translates very easily into VESTED INTERESTS. Then its all over.

Is there any difference between community activists, or local consciences, per se, and the notion of VESTED INTERESTS associated with BIG Government. The latter operates in the shadows; the former out in the open.

So what!?

No man will have dominion over another. (Very clear posit).

Doctrine of the Least: Any system of government that does not account the least is deemed a failure. (not such a clear posit; to avoid any interpretive confusion; 'accounting' does not signify a token recognition, like say a social security number, or an identification number; it means a helluva lot more'n'at; so stop lookin' for some way outta the doctrine; if you are a government.

Utopia is a visionary scheme that does not account the inherent lacks in human nature. (which fails to recognize the defects inherent to human nature.) Failure seems a common occurrence.

The facts emerge only too clearly. We are a lot less than we pretend. All of what we are and what we do is ultimately conditional; er, duplicitous.

Ideally the planet would become a gigantic vending machine (one huge nipple); that didn't require the medium of exchange to be operated. This would constitute the first step in our emancipation. If we could be free of dependency, then they wouldn't have us where they want us. We could waive the school thing (pomp and pap), we would waive the tax thing because we didn't need any of their services; user fees would die on the vine, along with the bureaucrats that suck on them (while denying others). We would profess allegiance to ourselves, and the vending machine (mother nipple), which we should be doing in any case. No more salutes, and hands held over hearts for some nebulous, fictitious, ideation of self-perpetuating bureaucrats and vested interests (who deny others the fruits). No more slavery to the bureaucrats and vested interests (who deny others the fruits); no more bullshit about democracy. Fuck democracy and dominion. The least would have the same opportunity as the fat (and fast) fuckers. Utopia could suck (because it inherently denied too many).

The planet would become our home with no boundaries, nomadically, especially if there were nipples (vending machines) everywhere. You think I turn my attention askance at Utopia, that I mock Utopia. You think I think that Utopia is not worth the paper its printed on, or the powder necessary to blow it to hell. You still wanna talk more about Utopia? What in (---) do think planetary nipples are if they are not Utopian? O.K. We will throw in a planetary crotch too; that sound better? Self-cleaning?; consider it done. For the distaff side, sorry?; Yes! companionship, at least. Fallacies too?; well, O.K.. Visionaries, be damned.

No more Lawyers (promoters and defenders of the failed status quo); no more Health Professionals (constantly retracting what they claim is good for you, while maintaining malpractice insurance); no more bureaucrats (we all seem to know or at least suspect what they do most effectively, succinctly summed up in one word: DENIAL); no more politicians; HOLY SHIT!; what are they (you really wanna know?)?. O.K., a politician is a failed potential bureaucrat, who seeks power by dubious means. What is power? Juice! And lots of the fabled extracurricular activity that comes with the territory. Anybody who seeks power has got to be dubious. You mean people actually seek power with the idea of changing the whirl (short for whirlwind): hoping to make it a better place? No wonder, dubious. Not dubious; delusional. Any attempt by man to make a better place of

what would be a perfect place without him, has got to be either a politician, or delusionally grandiose (you know, like J.C.). Was he a

politician too? If the sandal fits. Hey! Come On Man!; you're throwing the bathwater out with the baby. You're looking for a gift horse with a mouth.

Vending machines; tits up. Utopia? After all is said and done, the one who crosses the finish line first has proven the point, that all is futile, "Who then to frail mortality shall trust, but limns on water, or but writes in dust." The glory one seeks is not commensurate with the rush of victory. Well, then you better recross it, and recross it. The one with most toys wins. Another shitty day in paradise, albeit, complete with rainbows. My cynicism seeks a turn of phrase. LIMNS: illuminates, portrays with words.

Another matter. Sometimes I catch myself meditating upon common everyday things. I realize the following is not generally considered proper subject matter for the printed page. There are just some things that are not talked about in polite company. I ponder, without being scatological, because I wasn't being scatological when the observation was made. I just happened to be sitting upon the throne when my glance caught sight of the nearly empty dispenser. Then it was it occurred to me there were many things in our common everyday life we took for granted. Ever since I can remember toilet paper has been a part of my life. Seldom have I been forced to improvise. I then thought to myself that this convenience cannot have been around for too terribly long, perhaps a hundred years, if that. Of course, one thought freely ASSociated with the next, suggested the next, what had people done before that? Yes! there is the bidet, as long as you had one. Was water enough; and certainly things were still wet. So, anyway, there I was imagining all sorts of improvisations, as well as standard practices, that one cannot find in any kind of literature. Heironymous Bosch made it very clear pictorially that man's alimentary canal functioned then as it does today. Rabelais and Swift indicated that bowel movements were part of the scene in their times without giving any specific details. Of course one imagines all sorts of things about J.C., Mary Magdalene, Nobucketnozzler, Moses, Claptrapta, Calpurnia, Helen and Paris, Psyche and Eros, Orpheus and Eurydice, Jocasta and Oedipus. Odysseus and Penelope, and the constipated ones, like Anaximander, Anaximines, Anaxagoreass, Democritus, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Diogenes (that' a tough one in a barrel), Aristotle, and so on.

Elsewhere I have speculated, when the third world catches up to the civilized (first and second???) world, how much toilet paper must be consumed when 6 billion assholes (literally) and/or crotches are being served on a daily basis, give or take a few hundred million constipations. The catching up will act on two fronts; presumably they will be eating more; therefore. Will the pulpy trees be able to sustain the yield? To my knowledge, t.p. isn't getting recycled. I do not know what I foresee; but a shortage will most likely not occur in my lifetime unless marketing to the third world speeds up apace. Most likely the average wage of the third

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world will not be able to afford such luxury; so for the present, there is no danger of my having to contemplate improvisations, at this late date.

What then remains to contemplate? Why one so contemplates? Is it perhaps because I have lost interest in romance? Well, of course, contemplation and romance are not mutually exclusive. The romance of supplying the toid world with all its artificially created needs, converted into insuppressible wants - the bottom line.