

Notes 15 🎵🎵🎵

For some inexplicable reason **Notes 15** 🎵🎵🎵 begins with the end of **Notes 14** 🎵🎵🎵. Really too much trouble to figure out what repeats, where it begins and where it ends. These are only **Notes** not intended as something with a beginning middle and end. I guess there is the occasional overlap and insertion from other documents. There is helluva lot of repetition in my thinking, in any case. Sorry.

17 Nv. 92 Yup! Sorta. Getting picky.

The Saurians

Evolved: Theodorians Cotystems 310 Million PaleoCarboniferians

Hello Tyrone

(Yuppies) Rex, Bruno, Georgio and Tyrone

Hello Scecil (Hippies) Stego, Triceps, Campy, Ankle and Scecil.

Hello Proto.

He's a Crock

Hello Rampho and Peter

The Unlikelies

Others.

Its pretty damned COLD here.

What gets me is they will be sitting in judgment. I mean we are destined to leave in any case. But there they will be in their Brooks Brothers, Arrows and Florsheims (Alligators OHHH!), yaking how dumb we were; pitifully floundering, unable to help ourselves; just VICTIMS! They are not victims are they; just ASSHOLES.

Yeah! If we had only known, If we had only known. Its too late for genetic engineering. We're VICTIMS all right. COLD too. I know how Franklin (SIR John, to you) felt. COLD, and Nothing to eat but putridity. What's the point if you are destined anyway? All the fffing struggle; then the utter dishearteningeningness of it all.

What saves us is we don't know we're going to perish, whereas they do. Sure, we will suffer pangs, the TEMPERATURE, OH!, if we could only be warm, in HELL. Oh! sure, we feel it coming; we sense something is coming; its not our salvation thats coming. They know they are going; they could hope for a planetesimal; a cover-up for all their mistakes Like the boozevors [Senators]. Nobody would know.

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After R(U)pture. I bet they would have been good eating; an ordure (hors d'oeuvre. Small comforts.

Can you imagine how awful it must have been? Waiting for someone to appear to rescue you after all those days; then the autumn returned again, the darkness, and the ICE, the certainty engulfing you with such power and presence; can you imagine how small he felt, (SIR John)shrinking into a wizened pitifully pathetic anachronism; Phhttt!!

Heh! Can you imagine how they must have felt when they realized they screwed it all up. Genetic Engineering didn't help them any either. Evolutionists they may have been, and Physicists too (every action has an equal and opposite reaction); even Ecologists; but too too many bad habits, and little self-control. Every one of them a CA, and a SOLA (Civilization Addict and Standard-of-Living Addict). So for all their High and Haughtiness; Down The Tubes!

COO OOOH!LD. Northwest Passage to RICHES and another Sword on the other shoulder; from the Rotund Sovereign. No No Comforts. COOHL D

They haven't figured us out yet; only that we are extinct. They suspect something went wrong with the climate (Or did the planet get ASSteroided, or Erupted?). What's The climate? Political Hot Air! Tyrone, do you suppose they really couldn't see beyond the end of their noses? Visionaries? They have been toying with the notion of taking a core sample from the Greenland Ice cap; for a martini; HA HA HA HA.

I'm sorry Rex; its another cloudy day; and I'm freezing; I know I'll never be warm again. Putrification everywhere. You and your jollies; you and your jollies.

Hey! Tyrone, I do believe we will have some sunshine today; Look! See! the orb showing through the SMOG. Cheer Up! My jollies; Hah!; if it were only so, if it were only so. They really piss me off, more than they jolly me. They were living in the garden of Eden; I mean Paradise; the planet was a Paradise. Because some dame pilfered an apple; they fell. HAH!; pin it all on some wench who can't control her urges. Forever after they were always mooning for Utopia. 1984 is what they deserved. Looking Backward; Looking Forward; Nowheresville, Lost Horizons, Atlantis, New Yawk, Fable of the Beesness, Erewhonsville. They never stopped fornicating; just like Camus said.

Rex, will you give it a rest! Sorry, Tyrone. But you know how they scared the shit out of themselves; at least those little islanders did, by imagining huge monsters like Godzilla; just a rompin' amd a stompin'. They attempted 3

to portray us as savages. When they have their oysters on the half shell with hot sauce; they're being dainty; refined. REX!

Chicken Little said "THE SKY IS FALLING, THE SKY IS FALLING!" Who said that? Oh!, its you Bruno. Aren't you ahead of your time? Chicken?

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Well, if they can do it, why can't I? I'm playing to my audience. What's with toothy over there?

Bruno, I think Tyrone has the blues. I'm relieved that he is inactive; frankly I was getting weary of running. But you know, it does help the circulation. I feel better after a good romp. But, unfortunately it makes me hungry, and there is so damned little to eat. I found only a few ferns yesterday. If only the sun would appear. You know its so damned COLD. This perpetual fog. Where did it all go wrong Rex?

Tyrone doesn't want to talk about it; he doesn't want to be humored. My guess is, he's leaving us soon; he's going to give it up; just like Sir John.

Can't say I blame him, Rex. According to the SCROLLS we are doomed. We are doomed to have ugly faces appearing in the coffee table picture books of the future. Nice color though. Laser color.

Stuff of which we have never heard. I like your grammar. There is a time warp here. If it wasn't for old Crock we never would know of these things. Imagine genesis starting long after we have disappeared. Do you realize there were no terrible lizards in Noah's little cubits; no wooly mammoths, no Neanderthals. Just some of Noah's relatives; talk about nepotism. Is it any wonder they have such vacancy amongst the troops? Any way there seems to be some disagreement concerning what the CREATOR did and when he did it. If he was purported to have fleshed out his Universe on the sixth day of creation with all that creepeth, nothing could be creepier than us, there's no mention of us. So maybe we didn't exist at all; maybe we are Godzillas after all.

Doubtlessly we are a figment of somebody's imagination residing on somebody's coffee table. But you know, Crock is the missing link. If he hadn't told us about Noah's descendants, we would not be able to appreciate the fact that we have lived so long as a species; and you know its been too long. We have evolved to these big ugly things, an anachronism; and if you look at Crock, that's another 65,000,000 years; so after 200,000,000 years or so, what is the meaning of evolution? You suppose those two-leggers will be as ugly as us after 160,000,000 years?

You know I can't imagine Noah including two crocodiles within his little cubits; stowaways, I'll bet you. Anyway can you imagine the incest; heh!, once again. Adam and Eve's little ribs were ultimately incestuous; you suppose that's where the expression "Bloody Barsteds" originates? So accustomed to incest were the hominids that Noah brought only his relatives, or so the stray story goes. But you know stories; believe half of what you see, and none of what you hear. A deal's a deal. Its a done deal. Like Al Gore with Four (hey! that rhymes). He tole 'em there were too many, that the rest of the globe had to keep it in their pants.

From GAN:

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Some would say it is sloth; succumbing to lethargy, to a loss of idealism, becoming a dusty household desuetude. Ineffectual, incapable, impotent. So impotent in fact as to infuse ones copulations with little desire to continue. Why? For Cripes Sake, Why? Why are we doing this? Doing the Inevitable?!?! This has to go on though it serves no purpose, other than to generate and reproduce more of the same. Ah! Small Comforts for the Dinosaur. Spasms. Spazzums of self-interest. The landscape remains the same; a quagmire devoid of vegetation. All that hast thriven, through which we have been enlivened, hast from this integument been driven, by our immoderate spazzums, and the Seven Deadly (Decapitable) Zzins. Our collective consequence has been sacrificed to the exigencies of self-interest. Make no mistake about it. This has been a soliloquy of a Dinosaur.

On these outmoded tracks that take us on guided tours through the backwaters of human society, we feel not enthused, or enthralled, somehow not inured, but mostly affected by some kind of lingering malaise for which we have not found a cure, a social disease, a disease of the body hominid, peculiar to it. Since it is so massive, constructed of concrete, reinforced with iron, mired in time; disposed through habit of mind; deposited, for all that, upon the landscape; thoroughly in need of remaking.

Duplicitous, ambivalent, dichotomous, two-faced, mealy-mouthed; a litany of cunning; the unholy compulsion to survive. Some animal crouched, on all fours, tentatively striving to stand upon two; homo erectus. A divination!!?? Crap! Lethargically seated upon a tattered seat in the carriage that rides the rails through the scenic wonderland in the best of all possible worlds. His creation, made in his own image, from the clutter of his oversized inordinate brain. Homo dinosaurius; the terrible wizard.

End From, GAN:

Condoms in the Park. Bud Light and a BIG Mac Wrap.

Also in the park I had pondered the similarities between the white robed KKK and the Black Robed Supreme Court. Both agree that death is not a cruel and unusual punishment. This may not be politically correct, at least it is statistically correct.

I was also thinking, and feeling that justice has a way of eventually finding its way to some; (I'll get mine eventually) re: a certain Senator from are state of confusion; one Wob Backwords who felt (hah!) free felt women as a representative of the people. A Coarse this is unbecoming, eh wot, ESPECIALLY since he wuz a lipservice cheeeampeeon of women's causes. He said he felt for all them wimen cause he wuz drunk. What iz it with a

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poison when they isz drunk, anyway? The paws that refresh, eh wot? Wob?

Anyway, this Wob, he allers had a kind of sneering twisted face, leering sorta like Dam Sonaldaughter, the CBA network hotliner (scuttlebutter). Anyway the people of Oreegone felt for it; and look what they got. Sure, he can point to a certain Massachewsets Senator who has ably, though drunkenly, served the people of Mass, and he even got off leavin one in the drink, 'cause he wuz drunk. Bad precedent. And misery loves company; and company maketh steerange bedfellahs. Now the foxes, (The Senate Ethics Committee) is going to pass judgment on one of their own, while the chickens (the wimen and usns stew in the pot).

I was thinking if Doctor Heckle and Mr. Jyde could only have made the alcoholic attribution, how much more understandable would be their behavior? But this other leering Janus-faced jackass; Whoa!

Doesn't this chatter all sorta go along with Condoms in the park?

I was also trying to imagine what the younger (than mees) (the at-least-half-my-agers) are actually imagining with regard to the continuance of the status quo into the future; that is, how blindly they (with their offspring) imagine this continuum. They seemed oblivious. (I should mention I had attended a University graduate groupie) last night wherein I sat as a piece of stone, unable to absorb the titillating afflatus. When we returned home, we plugged in PBS and the Dinosaurs. There were the dinosaurs in their bony configurations and in our Walt Disney animations; AND there were more of those confedant University types (you know, the outdoorsey Paleoehthrallogists, the Geeeologists, and the AnthroDinersourists) passing judgment. I'll not throw all of them in heap; some of the older ones were more marveling and humble in their opinions; there were others, the larger number whose egos were more important than their subject (not larger in reality, but in fantasy).

The terrible lizards were esteemed to be good nurturing parents. They were almost like us then (nurturing); some connection to bridge the 65,000,000 years; comforting. The evolutionary thing (all those 160,000,000 years) amongst these odd inhabitants, odd in relation to more recent twoleggers, offers little hope for the current twoleggers, if it is depending on evolution to bring about any significant improvement. It is most probable the current twoleggers will remain fixed as an evolutionary prospect;' which is more than moderately depressing to contemplate. Certainly the near future offers little hope of evolutionary intercessions becoming the panacea for solving the THE PROBLEM. MAN! AN Alteration with BIG menacing teeth, to scare the beJESUS outta us. Or some Biological Adaptation to Superficiality; to Fake Gold Plating and Sundry Glitters, and Acrylic Hues.

Nope, we are stuck with our appetites and our intelligences, such as they are.

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Sour Condoms In The Park. The Legacy of Koop. You readers want something uplifting. Then don't walk in the park. There is something of a reminder of symptomology, and symbolism in this activity. The human animal is rather untidy, dirty, spending his passions with abandon and carelessness. Like OI have intimated not very uplifting.

Before the FALL of Man there was the Fall of the Dinosaurs.

The message was carried forth: "The sky is falling, the sky is falling" That aint all.

There's the autumn of life; then, there's the fall of life. And the inevitable Decrepitudes.

After the Fall, there's the winter. The Dinosaurs experienced a lengthy winter; then tumbled into oblivion. There does not appear to be any palientological finding of dinosaur condoms; they practiced unsafe sex.

I do believe we have had our spring and summer, and we have pretty much bungled it. Whats left is whats left. That is, what remains is what remains. *Disjecta membra!* Its like Al Gore with FOUR telling the rest of the world its gotta change its population habits. He's right, you know; about the habits I mean. Only Moses was a clean enough autocrat to deliver the spake. Anybody else; an' you could hear dem bones, dem bones, dem bones (rattling in the closet; dont ya know!!).

Whomever you are, they say that Condoms are not 100% safe. In my school they called them French Safes (a deviant dodge of one's religious responsibilities). Not 100 %. I never tried one.

Better than nothing. Like Sex. Pardon my Catholicity; since Sex has (re)produced more of the same (terminal redundancy), and too many, in any case, its about as useless as a Pope's thingie (and a French thingie). So why bother. Its like all our other appetites; they need to be run through the toll-booth; if that doesn't work pretty damned quick, then its time for the old padlocks. Dismemberment is a bit extreme; but you could let a person choose like the fella in Texas who had a bad rape habit; they offered him crastation (freedom [from the itch]) in lieu of the donjon; he chose wisely. Ghastly?! Perhaps. But who really cares when you consider there are some 3,000,000,000 peckers out there. Then there are the cryostats (repositories of immortality) full of seed. Anytime you want a physicist, or a fatheaded biologist, or a doctor, lawyer, or complete idiot, maybe even a Frenchie, you ask for an icicle. Thaw! Thaw! Thaw! Thaw! Aint we reeedickyulous?

Something else French: Camus both observed and speculated that man's major preoccupations were fornication and reading newspapers. Does that sound fulfilling? If only it was true; the planet might have had a chance. Fornicating did increase the probability that numbers would eventually become a problem. Now, there's need for a major design change (bioengineering). The French have invented RU 486 to further take care of

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their problem, enjoying the unreproductiveness even more, without the Canivat's blessing. I like the part about there being fewer Frenchmen.

And just maybe, if the U.S.A. F.D.A. will approve ole RU 486, a walk in the park might become a slightly less obtruded experience. Perhaps one should be thankful where it counts. Fuck!!!!

There's more to it than that. Since there has been so much humping, and other pleasurable offshoots, we are into the HIV-AIDS crysis, which RU 486 can't touch, and couldn't prevent.

So where are we? We need one of those little stickers attached to the prescription bottle that reads: "The Soigen Genrul **warns**: This drug does not prevent HIV"

Free Falling! Oblivion may be next. "Did he say may be?" "Maybe?" "Is that a hopeful utterance?"

We have had other prophets. One of The Secretaries of the Interior (or Secretary of the Interiors) during the Grade B Administration, a James Watt, Prophesied that we were all headed for after-rupture, shortly if you please; so, we might as well go ahead and use it all up. Imagine that disjunction if you will. Loose in the fortress he wuz. He also bragged how he converted the poetry of wilderness legislation into useful exploitation. And they complain of the Deep Ecologists.

Anyway Watt was into using the molten core to heat up the economy.

Note: GAWD Page 13 The Little Picture Opening Walrus stuff When I was Twelve.

Dont ya know, its awful hard to be serious. Seriousness is what we require. Since I believe, with almost irredeemable cynicism, we are destined to end the end earned by our careless (neglectful or indifferent) vices, pleasures, habits; contravening all that is possible, mostly because THE PROBABLE, inherent to our natures, will augur, persuade, direct, force us down a road from which we can never return. (This is not a judgment; its an insight [borrowing from Sigmund 'fatefully inevitable']). (Even) If we desired to return, as we foresaw unerringly to where the road would lead, there would be so many followers, the mindless followers turned into the mob, the crowd, such a huge mass, one would be pushed now, instead of functioning as a beckoning presence (No I was not the beckoner; there were the promoters and the believers, and those allured (most of us are allured for one reason or another [perhaps only not to be left out]). I believe we are on that road. All those who see what lies ahead, raising the cautionary hand, are being stampeded, or brushed aside by the swirling onrushing juggernaut. Was there really any hesitation? Some thought the hurtling pack slowed momentarily. For every caution, for every prudence, there is a hasty placation, more rhetoric, more temporizing, more lingering, more procrastinating, equivocating, deferring, maneuvering, circumvention; and impuissance; because; because; because. We seek that unerring fulfillment.

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A quaint metaphor: "Like shoveling shit against the tide." If we were all shoveling shit against the tide, there would be nobody left to fuck up the planet; so I guess that won't work. My cynicism is matched only by my filthy tongue; put the two together, not in a reproductive way, as in 'reproductive imperative' [there's no anatomy involved, unless its putative gray matter], and you get what you get; don't ya know?!

Is a filthy tongue, used in the proper context, more offensive, or more seemly, than the allure of 'filthy lucre'? Rated "R", to get your attention; until that wears off; don't ya know; then it's a return to the Walt Disney approach (rated PG - pretty grandiose). You've got the Terminator, rated R, then you've got an animated version; rated PG - with the odd lettered words removed, with ink instead of ketchup for blood. There's no real blood in either; so they are both pretty 9

innocuous, as long as it's only Fake Violence. The message is the same; ridding something of EVIL; imaginary evils. The real evils live after them, inescapably. Meanwhile we harbor bleary-eyed illusions. Like I said these are directed against IMAGINARY evils. If Bambi was redone with an eye to a less bleary-eyed planet; a more quizzical Bambi showing up one day to discover the forest liquidated; as a Japanese Freighter pulls out of the Harbor loaded to the gunwalls. Or if Swartzenager were to take on the Corporate Hegemony (those in charge of, and wheeling and dealing, the 'natural' resources) with a meat-axe (and these would include the Japanese Corporate entities that bribed government officials in Papua New Guinea to look the other way while the Nips nipped away at their forests [there's a good probability it would not be a Samurai who would wield the vengeful sword] [or Swartzenager, for that matter, who doubtlessly has a 'vested interest' in Corporate entities]). I speak facetiously of the unlikely happening, both in real life, and in the imaginary, simply because the likely is what will happen; there's very little about which to be jocular. Like I've hinted, seriousness has its drawbacks.

What is the argument to be put forth?

There is a right way and there is a wrong way?

Do we arrive at these ways as a consensus Thing, if we arrive at them at all? Our tendency is to avoid asking the question; and especially to avoid answering.

Do we have 'rights' per se with regard to the planet?

For example, do we have the 'right' to cause the extinction of other species, regardless of the circumstances? Is our survival to be put above the survival of others? Of course this is a difficult question to answer; and probably one we would not ask in the moment, but only one we would ask as I am now asking it?

What is right, and what is a 'right' are juxtaposed here. We might counterpoise our predicament to that of the dinosaur whom we presume to have lacked our acuity with regard to the Universe; they were hapless victims of circumstance; whereas we might be regarded as THE

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circumstance; no less a victim. (I avoided using ASSHOLE [please note])

Is there a contingent that is more responsible than any other?

Do those, like the Japanese, lets say, who bribe officials of another nation to look the other way while their country is raped, bear any responsibility for what they do? What responsibilities does our government bear when we deliver Bambi's forest to a Japanese freighter?

Do we assume there are guidelines for our actions; that is, outside of LAWS? Am I speaking of guidelines for our appetites; or am I speaking of guidelines, ones that we will not cross, because we would, in so doing, contravene some inviolable tenet, or 'sacred' writ; sacred, for example, in the sense of that peculiar integral union existing between some primitive peoples and their surroundings. That is to say one would never violate that which was part of him (her) self. If the mountain, the river and the forest were inseparable from a person's being, one could not violate this as a 'custom honored in its observance', perhaps ritually.

You might argue this latter is more fortuitous than conscionable. One might suppose so if he (she) did not examine the relationship. We might say 'fortuitous' because we had some object in mind, like 'we'll take anything that will save the planet', without acknowledging there was anything valid to the relationship between some more primitive man and his environment. The point in this is: there is something valid in that relationship that bears closer scrutiny. Perhaps WE imagine are too sophisticated (above it all) to emulate that particular relationship, but we ALL might derive some ponderous awareness of our own lack in not having any relationship whatever. Oh sure, we breath the air, drink the water, stare at the mountain (the object of our pleasure - as though it was put there for our pleasure). Our predominant awareness is of ourselves as separate, even here temporarily on our way to another place. Even as a conscionable (or grateful, if that frames it better) individual, do we really see ourselves as custodians, as stewards? We are users, occupiers. We are users, without making the best use of; we are occupiers, but with possessory intent, depriving others.

Even our modern day farmers are punishers of the land; inadvertently, they would argue. The land is intended to serve mankind, in order, not to provide him with sustenance, something he would provide in any number of ways as long as it equated in a 'standard of living', measured in terms of material goods, that observe their own peculiar 'social' equation. There are mathematical equations that are the product of configurations with numbers only, bearing no relationship to anything three dimensional; a series of numbers, substitutions, functions, constants, derivations, exponents, etc.. In the same way it might be said the land is converted into a balance sheet (bank balance) (or a 'standard of living'); the only part of the balance not showing is what was really deducted from the land itself. We are occupiers, 'right'eous occupiers; and users. So, we now have three possible distinctions to be made in the use of RIGHT. The 'right' way; what

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are our 'rights' (with regard to the planet); and hinging on this last; as possessory holders of land, we assume a 'right'eous tenancy (the taxes in themselves argue [on the pain of forfeiture of the land] for exploitation without conscience; let the assessor be held responsible); but more, the land, even as a ritualistic recipient of the seed, is expected to produce some kind of sustenance; such is what we have learned, as users. As users we take.

As we know, the small farmer, like the big farmer, has taxes to pay on the value of the land. The big farmer has many tax writeoffs that hardly apply to the subsistence farmer (even payments for placing land in a soil bank); the subsistence farmer cannot afford to pay his taxes; he must force his land to produce the revenue, or he must cease to subsist, entering the (money) market, labor-force place in order to exist, and to retain a possessory hold on the GLOBE . A guaranteed separation from the land. Once achieved, what is there?. Once separated? Sure he could work for another monoculture farmer who pours fertilizer, pesticides, herbicides onto the earth, like he does fuel and lubricants into his machines, with little perceptible deference showed one or the other, perhaps being more solicitous of the machinery. I belabor the point. Anyway TAXING the farmland, at least at the subsistence level, seems ABSURD; harkening to the time of the Romans, or whomever thought-up taxes, absurd taxes.

One blindly assumes there will be a future generation without making the necessary moves (sacrifices) assuring that generation. LIP SERVICE, and a sort of wistful hope.

It amuses me how much we pour into the basic research intended to solve the riddle of childhood diseases, while at the same time we burn the wick as though they did not exist; but only sorta as a wistful artifact, some nebulous extension one loves as he might love his foot. We are EXPOSING the future Generation to OUR rhetoric; bad precedent!!!!

Someone just suggested leaving a message on the message machine. Heh! Message Received; Reply: Go To Hell (blazes)!

Other Notes. She was telling us of her student teaching experience, practicing in this rednecked village high school. She was standing in the hallway waiting for the classrooms to empty in readiness for the next session. A female student standing next to her suddenly shouted in a loud voice to someone she had either been expecting or with whom she was continuing some previous conversation: "Get the fucking keys, an' bring them too".

The student teacher was taken aback with this outburst. She immediately reproached the teenager. "You can't use foul language like that. It offends people. it offends me!" Whereupon the student seemed utterly indifferent. This response irked the teacher trainee even more,

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causing her to shove her face directly in front of the obtuse student, demanding, "Did you hear me?". The student responded with a sulking, indifferent "Yeah!".

Dont laugh! CoNdOmS iN tHe PaRk is for REAL. It might serve as the title for the Great American Novel, as written by Norman Mailer, who has failed in his mission in this life to write the GREAT. I believe this association is a big promotional thing that comes from overseas or from the offices of publishing houses in the entertainment business. OR it might serve as the Great Global Novel. We need a Global thing. It might have been titled "Rubbers on the Spheroid". No matter the title; it would propose to become the greatest love story ever; greater the Psyche and Eros; Orpheus and Eurydice; Dante and Beatrice; Paolo and Francesca; Tristan and Isolde; Romeo and Juliet; Rima and Mr. Abel; Rick and Mrs. Lazslo; George and Mrs. Simpson; Tabloid Charles and Diana; or Woody and Mia.

Don't Laugh! Dont Laugh!

'Condoms In The Park' might be retitled, 'RU 486'; or "Spayed"; "Nuttled", or "Otherwise Anatomically Altered".

WHY?

So the park would remain pristine in Appearance, even though it served as a befouled sacristy in thought and deed. Doing it in your car in the street just aint the same as doing it in your car in the park.

I make light of a the makings of a great love story. I know that (fatal) attractions occur, although ill-advised. They occur, they occur. Often fatal attractions involve individuals who are otherwise purportedly, purporting to associate with yet another, These purportings lead to complications, which if not accounted lead to clandestine activity, often involving drive-bys in the park.

"Guess who I met in the Park?"

"What were you doing in the Park?"

See what I mean about complications.

Often these attractions abate after a little action in the back seat; a little guilt, or a disturbing odor; but often enough they become sticky goeey entanglements where desire, passion, visceral

delights, and outright sinfulness drive a person toward deeper entangelvolement. More frequent encounters in the park. Fewer explanations to, "Where were you; I've been trying to reach you all day"? "Have you got something on the side"? "How could you even think such a thing Hillary"?

Anyway its cheaper than a motel; and the surroundings are really not that bad.

The moral of the story is: Control Your Pangs.

Just ask Madison Avenue; Hah, Hah Harr Harr Harr HARR HARR HARR.

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Pang! Pang! You're WHAT!
SHOOT Footage; WHAT!

Charles Dickens will never be the same after Madison Avenue gets through wid im, wi dim widdim.

Lets talk about Pangs. There's this U.S. Senatore who has his thing for the distaff side. He doesn't send flowers, or dine and wine, or got to the opera, ,or the movies, or for walks along the Potomac; he just gets one alone, unobserved, perhaps in his office, their office, somebody's office; after hours; distaffers who align themselves with causes he espouses (spouses); he literally steps on their toes, grabs 'em by the hair and dives in. Diving in will be anything he can away with; fondling, kissing, maybe even dicky doing. Everybody thinks this is unbecoming conduct.

When approached about his ductcon, he blamed alcohol; his first line of defense. Everyone knows when one is on alcohol he is a bit SLOW to realize the person with whom the alcohol is consorting is one nice looking chick. (Would you believe that the alcohol had all the fun?) Sure; everybody understands. Everybody understands what a big crock looks like too. Everybody Understands that the sunuvabitsch is human, and as such ought have his ass kicked form one end of the planet to the other. But do you think that will happen? Those sumsabitshes is above reproach. That sumbitch gotta go, thats where - GO! We dont need to be reminded no noe. The shrimpy dirty old man.

Bob Assbackwards. Ridgoodance. Now he admits he is a dirty old man and says its wrong; gimme, gimme another chance.

"Talking to myself" In "Knotted Twine", in The Blank Tile, I explored the notion of creating yet another letter to the alphabet; dubiously employed as an epithet. But also as an unrestrained gesture that 'revealed' the truth of things, my feelings.

The argument put forth states each of us is placed in an adversarial position when it comes to expressing a thing for the first time.

What is this prodigious SCRABBLE? And what, pray tell, is the utter relevance of the CROSSWORD?

We can hope it is all relevant, possessing more relevance than what I pretend herein, poking fun at the unpromising pompous charade.

Relevance! You want Relevance. You cannot fathom the darker associations bound into these endless meanderings. Aye!, encapsulate the World into the Word!

XX.) Scrabble Or The Blank Tile - Commentary upon language and writing - On the relevance, appropriateness and limitations thereof.

To those who remember, some of this writing will seem relevant.

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To those of you are less acquainted with the events, relevance may not be so seeming, as a point of view. *Quot homines, tot sententiae*. To those of you who have appeared upon the scene since, be warned of those who will gloss over the details, thereby attempting to make them appear less significant or not relevant to your time, your thought or your questions. To those generations yet to follow; my own grandchildren, let's say, and theirs, this voice will echo less, eclipsed by the inevitable; other happenings, seemingly more relevant; surely ones which will overwhelm the many, requiring yet another rhetorical and impassioned outburst, calling all to account.

While some semblance of chronology is pursued in these writings, reflecting upon a past, immediate or distant, it is intended only to flesh out the basic argument - that we are more victims (dupes) than participants. We seldom initiate (like some bovine entity). When we do, often we find ourselves engaged in a solitary reactionary adversarial performance attempting to light fires under others (victims) in order to dislodge them from their complacent, apathetic, acquiescent solicitude.

For the balance of what was being attempted here refer N16.

Return to N15:

As I was digitizing this unit, this erstwhile computer terminal, I had remembered being wowed by the monkey (OOPS! PHD in Chemistry) who was hired to 'interface' the test tube to data display and data retrieval, and whatever else could be done with memory, plots, predictions, averaging, coordinating, screening, etc.. Anyway, he turned into an alcoholic; I think his wife began to run around with a mortician.

I was thinking I had better not get too good at this computer thing because I might end up in a bad way, like the other fella did.

These images periodically appear in my consciousness. I still remember Saturday. Recently RCWD did one of those Sunday things in the laboratory, pursuant to some problem with fish diseases which she had researched rather avidly and thoroughly, feeling that it was an important thing to do. Her employer seemed remote from the problem, as did other 'principle investigators' [P.I.s]. A knowledgeable visitor coming through town was available only on Sunday. RCWD became the facilitator, i.e., coffee and doughnut person, projector operator, hoping her employer would make an appearance to hear what 'a recognized authority' might have to say regarding fish diseases. (Apparently she did have an ally in this cause; her employer's wife, who was also concerned regarding the diseases.)

RCWD indicated the visitor didn't have anything new to impart regarding their problem, at least differing from what they had already learned. She told me that, afterward, one of the P.I.s had told her it was

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good to hear it from an expert. (Certainly not just to hear it from the coffee and doughnut person.) [My comment to her whole experience is rather succinct, since I had been through it before many times; when I doff my hat to these arrogant campus arcadians, may they get a whiff of noxious gases].

The Physical Therapist had mentioned the curse of MONEY (as being the only thing between he and the next person). That is, what he does is measured (ultimately) in terms of its monetary value. The coffee and doughnut person might make the same observation concerning her indifferent campus arcadian employer.

Ultimately our world is measured in terms of MONEY. WORTH. Without WORTH, one is declared irrelevant; certainly a useless redundancy; occupying space that might otherwise be filled by something of value; again, measured in monetary (pecuniary) terms.

Eugene - STALE is the word.

Sometime in January '93. It might as well be 1093, 1593, or will it be any '93, like 2093? If this continues there aint going to be a 2093.

"If what continues?" This godammned agitating. My entire life has been exposed to agitating. Its like a huge pimple on your ass (excuse me, your gluteus maximus) wherein every time you position yourself for repose, there's this thing back there that will not allow measurable comfort. Only this thing on your ass turns out to be more than a pimple, its a cyst-like formation that festers without relief, the result of some foreign organism, like a brown recluse, or some befouled tick. Only it aint that eeether. Its the reaction to the hominid thing that goes on and on and on.

The legacy. Violence.

It is as Will has said, "Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out."

A huge pain in the ass. For sixty years its been going on (thats how old I am). Its like the dinosaurs; Eat Or Be Eaten; alternatively one might develop a thick hide, or invent disaster for the Eaters. Its not even as simple as that; there's the innocent bystanders. When does one lose his innocence?

Imagine, as we close the 20th Century as it had begun; what is happening in Yugoslavia? Just imagine that it is happening, then try to imagine it is not happening. What would the world be like if it was not happening? Try to imagine that the wealth of nations does not inspire conquest, either as one who is in or as one who is out. The outs want what the other guy has. The guy with the in feels the world could do with a little of his kind of thinking; Brash! The downtrodden (ignored) (outcasts) (nouveaus?) want to even the score.

Sure it's coming; more clashes, they are never going to end. There are so many belligerencies yet to come, so many scores to settle, so many righteous causes, so many dubious alliances with hidden agendas, not to

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mention the Creeds, and the Greeds (sales of armaments to those with Creeds, that backfah, for example), and what we have recognized as the 'arrogance of power'. Some argue, "All we want is a homeland". "We want an exclusive place wherein we can exercise our own Creed, (etc., or whatever)". There are no homelands left; its simply, 'Who's in and who's out'.

The United Nations, when not riddled and besieged with hidden agendas, is easily overburdened with the task of keeping natiions from each other throats, easily exploited in that capacity, easily rendered inept in that capacity. The United Nations becomes a coterie of stuffed shirts, carrying about bags of rhetoricisms, insults, maneuvers, ill will, righteousnesses, feignings, insincerities, concoctions, cunning machinations, conspiratorial schemes; SHIT!!! Useful, and useless, simultaneously. Ineffectual.

So the Moslem thing (feeling its OIL) will agitate more arrogantly and belligerently than some of the others. And the Chinese will side with the Moslem thing because they want to see the others squirm, and maybe fall by the wayside; if the Chinese can capitalize on the strife, expand their own boundaries, their influence, while the other guy does the agitating and blood-letting and blood shedding, more for them; and there you have part of it.

I examine our (MY HOMELAND'S) motives in all of it. If we could truly escape what is coming, that is, if we could find a way to be self-sufficient, or self-controlled; if we could wheedle Mexico out of its oil, lets say, in exchange for our way of life, HAH!!!, then maybe we could put a big poultice across our ass, and get reasonably comfortable for a few years while the other idiots bashed each other until death did them part, and they discovered it aint what its cracked up to be, and that it is all short lived, and unless you have complete and unequivocal domination you haven't done it, and that in order to maintain complete and unequivocal domination, you must destroy all that is human in yourself (as if that mattered eh?), that, if history lives beyond you, you will be judged by your actions, and scorned if they fail the basic test; the seemliness of your precepts. Watch your presteps.

You see, (IDEALLY)the argument, these days, must point in the direction of an accommodating civilization as a higher objective than wantonness and barbarism. Oh sure, if one is in complete control, he or she can burn the books, the record (truth), etc; he or she can even cut out the heart of man; but what is left, ONE HUGE EGO for Jesus Christ, Imam, or Allah Or Buddha, or some Hypothetical Jackass created from out our abysmal ignorance? And our inveterate treachery? Who can really stomach this return to the barbaric, after the long struggle to become something else?. Have we learned finally that we are nothing? Is that it? That life is nothing? And that we are setting out to prove that it is nothing?

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When we slaughter indiscriminately, without conscience, the innocent, have we not proven what we are; and how would you so classify us? Well?

Hang it in your ear Cordelia! We deserve what is in the wings.

If I am not constantly fighting against what it is you are attempting to do, then I become part of the We; I do not deserve any better if I just lie down hopelessly. What is there besides the We? Do I have a right to seclude myself? Am I to be privileged to know that all is futile, to know it with such certainty, that it is pointless to fight, that the only gain reaped from fighting is merely to locate upon a temporary ledge upon the mountain we must climb to achieve this thing we haven't begun to recognize yet (we imagine we climb, at any rate)?

And after we have scaled the mountain following the painful series of redoubts, and have gained the pinnacle, are we really doomed to the horrors of Sisyphus? Is it all as plainly written as that?

If I mention to you, 'I so believe' will you shun me? Shun me as you have all the prophets?

The MADIA is the sole beneficiary of the strife; and all else that innocuously pertains to our ways.

For a non-participant I sure do complain a lot. The big items in our yestersay's MADIA was the dispensing of Condoms in the local schools (if you can imagine it), the two-minute, damaged-neck, and stangulation-until-dead death of the convicted killer Dodd, and the big sell of Elvis in the U.S. Post Office (making a few extra bucks that have nothing to do with postage). On the networks and PBS, we heard of the strife in Bosnia, the strife in Somalia, the strife in Israel-Lebanon and on and on (more Palestinian uprisings and deportations), the immediate potential for strife in Iraq, and future potential for strife emerging from Iran, and on and on it goes. Nobody is happy, everybody is cheated (better believe it).

So I complain a lot; I do not have a homeland. I have only THIS. THIS is what you have allowed me; even that much is subject to change (to whimsy). There are no constants in the human community. Jesus Christ! Home Home On The Range!! A Huge Dubious Pile! You are gonna tell me to "Love It, or Leave It!" Dunk! Slam! Stuff It!

I was thinking it was a happy circumstance that the Mayan civilization disappeared before those Spanish bastards showed up to destroy it, the way they destroyed everything else in their rapacity for GOLD (filthy lucre). The GLORY that WAS Spain's. HAH!! Lots of earthquaked Cathedrals (dumb bastards). They say the dinosaurs laid down and died to make way for us mammals; they could see the footprints upon the cave walls; DOOM!.

As I foresee DOOM! The sound of the different drummer; Doom! Doom! Doomity Doom!

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Doom is O.K. as long as you confront it; don't shy away. When you confront DOOM, what are you indeed confronting? Something you had not planned, or anticipated.

The promised land strewn with the litter of hominid activity, and carcasses, carcasses everywhere. Rampant copulation in the wings, attempting to produce an imbalance in some ideological or fanatical scheme; but the bodies never reach maturity; they are consigned to the sacrifice, the nates of the ages. Carcasses instead of whatever was intended in producing MORE.

There are too many; the case for more has been overstated and overplayed. No Gnus is good Gnus, since they are dashed upon the pyres of progress (let me explain: progress is the conversion of the planet into a standard of living for the swelling redundancy, leaving no room for any other creature; Now that's a shame; I happen to like birds, even when they appear to be too many, which is only an apparent thing -- O.K. -- ENOUGH IS ENOUGH !!). Gnus are useless migratory four legged creatures that presume upon grazing lands set aside (intended) for cattle. I happen to like GNUS. But no chance; see what I mean by DOOM! Omega! Its time to invoke the twenty-seventh letter of the alphabet; the fricative (My apologies Will and Herman; polite language just doesn't cut it these days, and may never again; we will never shake this crassness until we reduce our number by 1000%, then its a matter of unlearning or lobotomizing [excising] this what we have done, and beginning again) OH YES!, the Fricative, Omega Ω. Once again, please: Ω! A universal gesture, ever since the Pueblo (not cave dwellers, dumby; embarrassed sailors).

I know the new meter doesn't cut it either, but at least I get to wave the wand, the wand that has got us into this mess, the overuse of the wand; an admonition deserving of the biting talents of William Burroughs. Just where has the wand got us; no, I haven't omitted the repository.

No, I'm not envious in the particular, not given what I know now. I might have done some things differently, and if I had, I might offer mealy-mouthed rhetoricisms in order to justify what I had done. But as it is, what I know now, does influence my perspective. I cannot ignore what I know (and what I intuit from what I know).

Titillation and pleasure, sensation and innate responses, or as we characterize them, Biological Imperatives, bear the onus of our dementias. Be envious if you will, but know the inevitable aspect.

I don't perceive how we can avoid the repetitions until the final (inevitable) downfall. We cannot continue to climb over one another in order to prove some nebulous point.

Emerging from all of this, some have imagined a super-race (Superman, if you will) , a grand edifice; a testimonial to the trajectory of the species. Risings from the ashes, risings (new erections) from the ashes. Zarathustra! "The reabsorptioin of semen by the blood is the strongest nourishment, and perhaps, more than any other factor, it prompts the

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stimulus of power, the unrest of all forces toward the overcoming of resistances, the thirst for contradiction and resistance. The feeling of power has so far mounted highest in abstinent priests and hermits (for example amongst the Brahmins)." This came from our Syphlitic; [dirty toilet seat?]. Paresis! (And in some priests (M) it has developed into a fondness for boys, despite what Balzac has revealed in the Droll Tales). (I would say that flocking to the priesthood seems to pervert something, if not give new meaning to body parts [called imparts]). Perhaps the Superman will become some kind of monkish creature; not only macho (mule-like [fooled, you didn't I?]) but relieved of his bass voice.

Father was one of those Supermen who chided the sex-of-wands offspring by uttering such fond epithets as, "Your brains are in your pee pee." If it wasn't so funny in hindsight, it was truly a hypocritical putdown. Wand-envy. Father would have loved to have had a fully charged battery when the repositories cried and lamented by. The Lamentations of Repositories played unto the wandering wands. (Philandering; which is a do-funny for 'philosophical wandering'). The feminine of wand is wanda. Wand upon a time there was THIS, shortened to, 'Wanda time there was. THIS.' Anyway Wand and Wanda went a wandering. They produced a lotta wanderers,

Just imagine what might have happened if'n all them prospective HIV AIDS whatevers had listened to the old syphlitic Neatshe; them thar skinheads, neonazzzees, would hadda find sumpin else to brain. I imagine certain ethnic groups were thankful for the HIV AIDS bonanza. Guess its worse to have illicit wanderings than to lend at high interest.

I had a potential for being a skinhead when younger (not just because my old man wanted to scalp me), but it woulda been a purely local thing, like doing in the Irish Catholics; only because they was a majority; not especially a hateful majority, but just a majority, most others being excluded implicitly. Well, with a name like Durchanek; not exactly the same as Heinrich or Rothstein, but unmistakably unMcEnroeish. It would have been awful hard to shave my head, fake a sullen demeanor, and persecute and swastika Dorothy's locker. So I just sorta wilted; and I wasn't going to take them on all alone. I wuz forced to eat my gripes, and clandestinely brush up against the untouchables. And of course we wuz expected to root for and emulate them, just like we are sposta root for and emulate the home team, the rayed, whaaat, and blooo.

All a diversion, I guess you realize already.

But its true, nonetheless.

We have organized bigotry in our fair state, The OCA. They are primarily against wandering wands. But if given 1/2 a chance they might find other things to stylize.

You will have to excuse the diversion. These irrelevancies hammer one daily unless you happen to live somewhere there aint nobody else. What's the use of livin' if you cant live next to sumbuddy else. All those

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sumbuddies get a little clannish, they assign purpose to life in the name of the LARD, or CRISCO, or CANOLA, or MAZOLA (the cholesterol free false idol). Anyway they tend to exclude everybuddyless else. Its a case of twotoo many. Geezzzz, its an old story. Ancient! As old as the planet. You gotta have a tough hide, like a hippo puh taymus.

I really dont belong here in THIS. Ω!

One day I shall return from the edge in a triumphal march, stridently confident, ready to sweep Dorothy off'n her tootsies, an' gallop off'n into the erstwhile sunset.

A coarse I've red whut Candydid; I know the outcome of all this rhapsodizing. All those pretties of my youth did indeed age; something musta been undeveloped in my vision; either earlier or later, for I failed to detect that prettiness at the later date. But maybe that's whut happens to yuh afta yuh has been emulatin' the methods of the rayed whaaat and blooo. Nothing, to be sure, but, Regard! what nothing does to yuh! Maybe thats just whut happens when the romance wears off; maybe the rayed, whaaat, and blooo is incidental to whut happens to yuh, in any case. The romance wears off soon enough when familiar odors lose their appeal (their novelty). The rayed whaaat and blooo wears 'pretty' thin too. So its a net loss, once you leave the stable. Thats the moral of what Candydid.

Its no wonder that folks do aberrant things; what else is there to do? Just imagine linking up with Dorothy in the height of a fermone release, then waking up one day to the reality of whatever it is that suddenly appears. Is it really her fault? With or without studying her mother, surely the most minimal observation of the species and the wandas, would reveal that, at best, or in the beast, age does weather some of the glory. Truly sad. Dorothy is sad.

We seem so perplexed when sumbuddy goes aberrant. Going aberrant seems to be the natural outcome of going straight. Thats just a wild guess. The opposite of straight aint necessarily crooked. More like bent; following one's natural or unnatural bent (aberbent [etym(y)]logical insignificances)).

In order to highlight some of this, many Third World (Fourth and Fifth too), in their thirst for civilization, skipped right on past Sanitation, and went for it, they got Fords, and then FHondas, and Nuclear Armaments (The Wealth of Notions, Smitty).

We are flabbbbbbeeerrrrgasted when the leaders of these Worlds become Deficators.

Last night we were recalling the 'Pop' singers of our earlier days, more or less departing from Elvis who had once again received notoriety through the U S Post Office. Its time for a Marilyn stamp, before some other craze eclipses her entirely. Both she and Elvis suffered from vertigo. Loneliness on the pinnacle. I was thinking of Clinton on some kind of stamp or coin, Yuk! We'll see what he's made of.

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Anyway I got that old feeling again, of not being part, just like I feel most of the time. That most of what I see is zipping past, unidentified, consigned to the eons of nothingness; MYSELF included.

That's O.K., so long as I understand what is happening. If I didn't comprehend what was happening I could get awfully depressed at being excluded, or not being included, whichever seems to state it more succinctly. I am included in the last chapter. When you get to my Heaven there aint no rank. So all you self-aggrandizing butts better rethink where you are going after this is all over. Its O.K., all those you stepped on (in your innocence) will not be allowed to call you to account, BUT, neither will you be allowed to LORD it over your fellow heavenite. The placard will read: "Heaven is the people." Implicitly that reads: "No Dominion!" So, if somehow you managed to persuade the ice cream man that you didn't mean all those things you inadvertently did to your fellow earthites, even though you ate your ice cream regularly, if you try that stuff up there, you're in for a fall. Its a long way down. No stopping places. No more ice cream. Only Jalapenos.

The four walls were unimpressed. A bird stirred outside the window, lending comfort. More birds. The walls disappeared momentarily. Father died within the four walls; they remained unmoved. Its sort of like that.

More from last night, continued unto today. We had been viewing some photos of fathers works, etc. which somehow always affect me longer than the moment, so I had reVIEWed them in my own solitude. I was most struck by the photos of my grandmother who died 22 years before I was born (having died at age 32 [cancer]). Anyway the photos, one in particular, reveal her as a very beautiful woman. Of course, to the nine year old [only] child, father, her passing was a great loss, whom he had revered as the only love of his life. Well, O.K., if you insist. He has attempted to possess her. I have no way of knowing his attachment to her, since I barely formed any attachment to my own mother.

Although my daughter, on the one hand, might be made to feel ugly, I seem to feel in some of the photos of father, a resemblance in Cassandra. On the other hand Cassandra, who does suffer from identity problems, would welcome the artistic association with her grandfather. She is ambivalent about the artistic association with her mother, since her mother ended strangely disturbed. I don't imagine Cassandra forms too many artistic associations with her father, although she does notice things about herself that come from her father, not all negative; sometimes humorous associations, e.g., we are both scrounges (in the best use of the word). Her grandfather was also a scrounge. It is doubtful her great grandmother was a scrounge, coming from a nouveau-riche upper-crust bourgeois family.

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I attempt to imagine what she was like, my grandmother who never really was a grandmother (my father had begun his escapades at nine, although from his own preoccupation with Oedipus and his later attempted possession of his mother, one might conjecture other things, though most likely improbable. One does retain the right to be innocent until proven otherwise.

Of course here I am at 59, looking at a photo of a woman half my age, wanting to know every little thing about her, not as a grandmother, but as person with a heart and soul, and as a woman. This musing (time-lapsing) is sort of like an earthquake wherein two integumental plates slide by one another, their previous relationship totally altered. I realize what I might imagine about grandmother may be more to my liking than what I might otherwise learn about her.

But imagining a relationship with grandmother, I realize I would have to metaphorically slay father in order to again access to her. Father always imagined I wanted to take mother (his espoused) away from him, or mother desired a relationship with her son, or however he construed it. There was little threat from me. But I can imagine, if he was reading his own desires with regard to his mother, projecting them upon me, he might have had room for concern. However, I might find his mother more interesting than my own; so he missed the whole show.

It is difficult to know how grandfather might have felt about grandmother. In the photos he does not reveal solicitousness with regard to her, more a kind of showy selfhood, bordering on arrogance. I suppose he had reason to feel proud of her, as the tale goes, having married above his station. He moved on, remarrying after her death, the new woman (stepmother) not particularly fond of the begat of 'the other woman'. Father was sort of farmed out to keep peace with the new woman. His father did not seem too sentimental, a dubious distinction, trait, genetic disposition, learned happenstance father seemed to carry on to the next generation. He was sentimental only where warranted, mostly regarding anything to do with his mother. Its hard to know these things with any certainty. One probably allows his prejudices unbridled eloquence in preference to deferring to the truth, which will remain unknown. That we would be willing to hazard guesses; instead living with a blank slate must be construed a phenomenon attributable to our dim vision of the world, partly constructed of reality as we might perceive, and partly from desires over which we seem to exercise little control. A *tabula rasa* like the traditional abhorrence of a vacuum. Blank revelations to flesh out the void.

Add: Quote: from Vol II Stephens Travel in Cent. Amer. Page 303: Add to: Knotted Twine, The Old Salt:: ""Blessed be the man who invented smoking, the soother and composer of a troubled spirit, allayer of angry passions, a comfort under the loss of breakfast, and to the roamer in

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desolate places, the solitary wayfarer through life, serving for "wife, children, and friends"." Also recall story of Funeral of young girl starting on page 359.

It was the unfeeling remark of a jaded man sitting in his San Francisco office. 'Nothing new under the sun', he might say. Instead he said, "You might have better luck with a publishing house that specializes more in memoirs and contemporary fiction." WHAT!

There are so many of them out there looking for some 'hot property'. The tabloids have the jump on them. So does the 'Readers Digest'. These latter two induce a very depressing effect upon me as well. An avid search for the least common denominator. This represents a very different interpretation of the notion of the LEAST.

While it may be true that the Least are indeed the Least, especially when one allows the persuasion of number to influence his judgment, it is nonetheless true the only argument that requires greater attention, for the sake of all our egos, is that of the humanitarian, who makes note of our worthiness even in our shabbiest attire; in our ugliest most wretched ignoble nakedness. We might adorn ourselves in silks, ermines, diamonds and gold, but what are we after all, but the rind of the potential thing, obscured more in our raiments than revealed; unrevealed in all our wraps, nakedness notwithstanding.

One must go with the flow. If one's life ends in isolation, as a consciousness of isolation, I suppose we have the makings of a sad story, but not any sadder than those who end less consciously in isolation, of which there are millions upon billions. A rather redundant infinity of nothingness. No longer a repository, a passer of a flame; more a refuse (an ash) of prejudice, perhaps less interesting than the dirt which is inevitably heaped upon one. Yes! we have come to that. There are so goddamned many of us; we are a tiring (boring) repetitive lot.

I suppose the man sitting in his S.F. Office has a right to be cynical about millions upon millions of redundant egos. There really is no 'hot property'. There are a series of dull existences. Even our exhibitionists prove shallow; little flares of activity that mean nothing; just little flashes without inner illumination. What can we deduce from that?

Illusionists abound. We yearn for the perfect illusion, the one that allows us to forget for brief moments the awful truths about ourselves. We instinctively sense there is nothing out there amongst the ordinary virtual images (*deceptio vis-s*) (*ignus fatuus*), which those of us peering down might classify as fallacies (flickerings).

Each of us succumb to certain political arrangements, which inevitably disappoint us. This might be the least of our disappointments in the end, once we realize the mechanisms at work in the political process. That is, this process rarely involves the better parts of our natures, unless we are

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in fact creating new political illusions ourselves. To merely be enlisted as a participant in others illusions is a dishonest concessionary gesture, better understood as acquiescence (for the lack of other motivation - a combination of fear and laziness). In all fairness, often we are in agreement with certain principles which we assume are understood by others and which we assume receive the same degree of assent as oneself (therein lies the error, and the source of usurpation of what is rightfully ours, and remains ours throughout). We are eager to be led; we are persuaded by the rhetoric which finds accord with our illusions. If this were any more obvious, it would almost be embarrassing to observe at this juncture, since, if we are so gullible, we may deserve the end that becomes ours; one of disappointment and frustration, and even a sense of futility. Its all because we allow the process to overwhelm us. Simply stated, those who knowingly manipulate the process become our knowing enemies.

I do not wish to stray too far afield into politics, however tempting. As ever, I wish to continue with the prospects for the individual amongst the many; too too many. Needless to say, there are few prospects, if any. Oh Yes!, we may carry on with this thing we have started through some kind of enforcement p(r)ogram (pushing and shoving). That is, those who, Yes! who?, but Yes!, who have a vested interest in the all too familiar status quo. Even those who have no investment therein, feel that the only way for an individual to become anything is to find a way to worm one's way into the game plan of the status quo. There is no real game plan other than to bind up all that exists as the status quo into enforceable tenets, the old "To Have And To Hold" extension of "Who wins, who loses, who's in, who's out". A pretty grim prospect for the individual. But individuals sell their souls into this very same prospect. Of the range of alternatives, the easiest path is chosen. This does not mean necessarily the status quo is the worst alternative. Some of us conceive of working within the 'system' in an attempt to modify it. The measure becomes calculated effectuality. I would sit in harsh judgment regarding this methodology, because it smacks of wanting to have one's cake, while eating it. Our first gambit arises from a supposed requirement of security; to that I would contrast the security one might feel in a jail cell or dungeon (in actuality the physical security may be greater behind bars).

Does any individual retain inalienably the right to exist antithetically to that which is thrust upon him at birth? Well, as they said in The Republic: "Justice (or whatever) is in the interest of the stronger" (however refuted by Socrates). As a matter of principle and a matter of rational juxtaposition, one might argue as an illusionist constructionist that Justice serves its own ends, uninfluenced by Strength, strength in this case construed as intelligent strength. What confronts us however is Number, a mass of something, blind, plodding (or racing, whichever seems appropriate), which overwhelms as one might imagine a stampede overwhelming.

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However this Mass of Something moves influencing those upon the edge, even as whirlwind. Not necessarily equated as Justice, but certainly as a persuasion beyond our mere incapable selves to check, divert, or alter.

Perhaps it is easy for you to take the measure of me by intimating, because I was not born into it (the status quo), I take issue with its premise as a matter of course; all my arguments, rational or irrational bending against what is found. That I take my sense of inferiority (lack of strength) seriously, cowering a bit before this Mass of Something which I fail to understand, and into which I refuse to become insinuated without a full understanding. What I do understand leads me not to want to become a part. It is the shallowness of the endeavor that leads me away (repels me).

Why do I chose the word Shallow? If we all did indeed become the same, clones, mirror images, fully sharing in whatever was, not only look-a-likes, but real a-

likes, illusionist or otherwise, would that appear as less shallow than that which we are expected to become as a participant in, maybe even as a member of, the status quo?

I choose Shallow because what we have done, and what we are doing, and what we propose is a convenient cursory invention carried out in crudest terms: THE DOMINION OF THE ONE OVER THE OTHER, with no better persuasion than what has been suggested in the quote from The Republic. Supposing the Dominion was executed through the 'highest' achievement possible, or the highest achievement recognized amongst the endless upward-tending endeavors of mankind, would that contribute anything at all to alter the notion of Shallowness? If we were asked to conform to this 'crowning achievement' how might it be construed we were exposed to so shallow an operative?

If we were denied choice, in the first place, then what is there?. The Shallowness (lack of depth) is a judgment concerning the achievement, not acknowledging it as an achievement, but as ruse that is perpetrated through the fiat of the Dominion of the Stronger. In addition, what exists as the expression of this domination, is in fact Shallow. The improbable Illusionist notion of Converting The Planet into a consumerist Standard Of Living for 5.5 Billion must strike the majority as the most implausible scenario, given what even the average ignorant yea-sayer knows or suspects. Despite what one might know or suspect, the One More Tankful mentality takes over, and those who promise that one-more-tankful become our heroes. The Consumerist thing is a materialist thing, a thing thing. All outer, therefore Shallow by definition, and by definition, not an achievement. Throw away the skin and what have you? What would you like to think we have?

Even if mass transit were to supplant the necessity of the one-more-tankful mentality, where would the transit be taking us?

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The mass transit may carry us to mass extinction.

I am mindful of the Mayan Civilization (as we are wont to identify it) having disappeared without much mention of the cause of their walking off the stage, cheating us of a particular piece of knowledge we are only free to guess. Guess again. We will leave ample record of the paths that led to our extinction, but who will be around to read the script? Do we not intend to remove all the witnesses (we have cannibalistic tendencies); its all so damned embarrassing of the most presumptuously ascending species, not even to have lived as long as a stupid dinosaur, even after consuming everything in sight.

There are unforeseeable events that might occur. We might underestimate the unscrupulousness of a foe, whose intent could as easily be genocide, merely to reduce the number. Cortez, Hitler, Stalin, Saddam Hussein, Idi Amin, and Pol Pot, would pale before the expedient.

From N16 We are doomed to extinction. What are we doing to hasten its arrival?

The New World Order?

in order to appreciate the New World Order one needs to understand the Old World Order.

The New World Order where shit doesn't stink, even though we understand it is shit all the same. We just need to keep from deluging and deluding ourselves with rhetoric.

The Old World Order?

"Talking to myself" (An unfinished essay by Ortega Y Gasset.)

We do talk to ourselves. We muse in our little soliloquies. We suspect things are different than those things we are told. We want to believe what we are told. However, some intuition, some inner voice, some inner scrutinizer, inquirer, ADVERSARIAL INQUISITOR, seeks a weighty substantiality for his scales, an equilibrium between the this's and that's, the blacks and whites, the either/ors; the whole world of opposites; the whole world of tellings. Things must measure up; they must not tip the scales so far as to deprive them of measure. For everything must be measured; internally.

Hegel presented us with a simple formula. Thesis; Antithesis; Synthesis. Gasset attempts to expand a similar notion when he presents us with: Pause; Continue; Preserve; Integrate. He labels these: Stages of Inquiry.

One senses often enough a disparity in the language one is encouraged to use in order to express his ideas, his feelings, his intuitions; to weigh his impressions; sensing something inadequate, lacking; something irrelevant. Sometimes the whole battery of words becomes or seems

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irrelevant. One might draw a picture; one might view inkblots until a satisfying image appeared. THERE!, that's it; that's what I'm feeling and thinking!

Can I prove what I am feeling and thinking? Is what I am feeling and thinking relevant to anything? Am I privileged to feel what I am feeling? Must I deny what I Feel and Think because it tips the scales?

If it is relevant to anything; am I obliged to pursue it forever; especially if it relates to the Truth? Can one deny Truth and still lay claim to the process; the way we must do things in order to acquire knowledge. If one learns a truth; and it seems out of step with the status quo, does he attempt therefore to refute the Truth or does he necessarily, imperatively, become its apostle?

If it is irrelevant to anything, am I obliged to abandon it? Must I answer to dementia if I pursue irrelevancies?

Not unlike what Gasset suggests in his: "The Authentic Name" I had toyed with the notion of another spake.

In "Knotted Twine", in The Blank Tile, I explored the notion of creating yet another letter to the alphabet; dubiously employed as an epithet. But also as an unrestrained gesture that 'revealed' the Truth of things, my feelings.

XX.) Scrabble Or The Blank Tile - Commentary upon language and writing - On the relevance, appropriateness and limitations thereof.

***We were remarking this morning that the Truth is often unpleasant, and unwelcome; that we are not prepared for it; that the Truth seems to threaten us in some way; almost a fiend as much as a friend. As a crypto-skepto-cynic I attempt to live every moment with the Truth; in order to become its ally, sidling up to it, to armor myself against the constant barrage of deception (bullshit, in the common vernacular); throwing up a shield against the rather ordurous stuff. Its not only the grosser distortions (lies, prevarications, fabrications etc.) which we may readily recognize as such 'fecal' matter, but (what I have written to our V.P. GORE) the temporizing, lingering, procrastinating, equivocating, appeasing, deferring, maneuvering, circumvention, circumlocution [and other purposeful rhetoric, of course], not to mention the intended deceptions accomplished through doublethink, doubletalk, newspeak, disinformation, and whatever else occurs to the obviators, detractors, deceivers, exclusives, putdowners, relegators (with huge teeth), and the whole battery of manipulators, controllers, possessory freaks, and conquistadors (and there are many); that is all the 'others' or 'outsiders' (those outside of our selves, who feel they have more claim to the Universe than we do).

"How can you say such things about your look-a-likes?!!!" There are those who will argue in an elementary way that the gig of life is Survival;

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and as a crypto-skepto-cynic, I have expressed this as an Orwellian obversion, 'Survival is Success'; or 'Success is Survival'. In order for this 'gig' to become established as a fait accompli, a great deal of denial becomes necessary. One must deny the presence of the other (in as much as Gasset writes of the recognition of the other). Denial is another of those obversions of recognition, as if one were to say, "Recognition is Denial" If you have denied someone, it is implicit you have recognized him (become aware of his presence). Not as a brother, but as a competitor, as an occupant of a limited space over which one wishes to reign as sovereign (exercise control). Initially we feel this condition (recognition/denial) is basic to a notion of "Survival", per se; or so we might surmise and project.

Much of our idealized societal arrangements attempt to account a balance between the needs of the others and the needs of the one. We attempt this 'accord', because we sense the havoc inherent to randomized societal arrangements, a havoc which results in both discriminate, and indiscriminate, annihilation of others (primarily, one's friends and loved ones, and lastly himself), while serving the controlling interests of yet others. Even aligning oneself with Truth in such encounters serves one little. What the Truth might provide is of little comfort and reassurance; it might inform us clearly that it is not a time to stick one's neck out. One is defensively 'reduced' to playing the 'Survival' game. A Sailaway package; the Bare Bones Truth which makes adversaries of each of us with one another.

"How can you say such things about your look-a-likes?!!!" In such circumstances, what we may acknowledge as Truth is unpleasant; something one does not welcome. The reduction of life, per se, to such a basic formula, accompanied by such a limited 31

perspective, is a most unwelcome one. Even the most down-trodden (the ultimate recipient of the ordure) has better expectations, better hopes, simply because he has none.

We are not in such a position, you will argue. "We have worked something out, we have found an accommodation.", you will say. "We have accounted the Other."

From this point on we should enter into a digression involving a Socratic dialectics, entering into semantic definitions, in order to discover some common terms (perhaps concrete terms) to resolve, to express and promulgate what it is we are doing when we establish a societal arrangement (in its fullest sense; not just a limited thing that allows for trade and commerce, for example).

One may 'account the other' only with the intent to manipulate, to gain access to one's purse, hoping in the end to control and dominate, mostly as a security measure. To be on the other end of the formula is uncomfortable and therefore undesirable. I have mandated throughout my writings "ONE MAN SHALL NOT HAVE DOMINION OVER THE OTHER". I have also perorated: The Doctrine of the Least; "ANY SOCIETAL

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ARRANGEMENT THAT DOES NOT ACCOUNT THE LEAST, MUST NE DEEMED A FAILURE". You will note these are mandates, not necessarily Truths per se; however the second very nearly approximates Truth in as much as we are privileged to recognize/(DENY) Truth. The first is obviously a mandate of the first order. Without abiding this notion we are more doomed to a prolonged repetition of a series of perpetual annihilations. What we do learn is there is a resistance to being dominated; and because there is we live continually with strife.

I live in Nation that extols its virtues for all to hear. During most of my life, it has been a Nation that has had the luxury to play itself against another societal arrangement that we had supposed had set out to dominate the globe with a creed (ideology?) antithetic to ours(?). Those who entertained favorable notions regarding the other were branded traitors etc.. We were fearful of a certain kind of Truth; we shouted down our doubts by humiliating those who attempted to see the virtues of the other. It was deemed by the dominators within our own ranks that there were no virtues to the other. As a result we were constantly berated from above to DENY THEM in our thoughts; and, in essence, to SHOOT TO KILL. History (that dubious judgmental process) may prove us 'right' in some respects, but not because of our virtues, or their lack of them. One measures the success of the societal arrangement in a variety of ways. Both had survived during the period of their confrontations. Both were bankrupted in the process (in their standoff). The one yielded to another formula; TO THEIR(?) CREDIT?, while the first clings to its methods without benefiting from the good of the other. That is to say, there are no shades of meaning; there is only Black and White.

We will most likely live to regret our two-tone outlook. What we need is the Relevant Outlook.

We, I say WE, whereas I might be saying THEM, if I was Third Worlder, as part of the New World Ordure. We intone a few slogans or catch phrases to encapsulate that for which we stand: (in the ordure of their significance):

(Freedom.) (Democratic Principles.)

Free Enterprise.

Free Market.

Consumption (Not the lung disease.)

More Consumption, known as Conspicuous Consumption.

Planned Obsolescence.

Yet More Consumption Two Bee Announced). Making A More Perfect Union for Consumption. Making the World Safe For Consumption.

The first two parenthetical listings are cited as part of the general assumptions. The two notions require much clarification in terms of the

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documents that house and preserve these notions, and in the actual practice and promulgation of the spirit inherent to the documents.

The heavy emphasis on Consumption is not herein intended to be taken as a joke. Consumption is the name of the game within this system. The Conspicuous part is a promotional gimmick that even involves making the World Safe for certain principles - OURS; and in making this a More Perfect Union; i.e. unified under the banner of Consumption. Also making the rich richer (*reductio ad absurdum*), making something from nothing; don't try to convince me that JUNK is something; and don't pretend to be doing me any favors).

There are those who equate Consumption with Democracy, in the sense that without the one you could not have the other (sort of in the spirit of the Iron Mountain Report). The parenthetical (Freedom) can be easily juxtaposed to its opposite in the manner of George Orwell, "Freedom Is Slavery". In OUR case, and prospectively in The New World Order, we are enslaved to Consumption first, Conspicuous Consumption second, Planned obsolescence Third, and Yet More

Consumption Fourth, in a systematic repetitious cycle of sameness, in the manner of the Stations of the Cross do us part (and this is an enforceable condition [that is we legislate that a man without coin and without a roof is vagrant]).

We know there are drawbacks to this orderly perpetration. The most readily admitted is the realization we have access to a finite resource only. (Surely we could mine the molten core to heat up the economy. [The metaphor may not be as absurd as it seems]). Besides the inherent limitation, we must suffer with the effects of conversions of raw materials into consumables (often referred as 'goods' ?). Madison Avenue, at the behest of the perpetrators of the orderly system, and we, enslaved to its aegis, give it all reason to be, even though it has little reason to be.

We have effectively created a way to spend our time.

We make much of 'free choice' when in reality there is little choice. One does or one does not. If you do not participate; that is, if you opt for freedom rather than slavery, you will most likely live on the end of a boot. Yes!, one even pays a price for 'freedom'. If you rail against this systematized denial of freedom, you will be accused of sedition, and clasped in irons.

Spending our time enslaved to perpetrators and perpetrations may in the end be deemed our highest achievement. If we do not oppose the perpetration, it must be deemed we are some kind of (mindless, spiritless, soulless) acquiescent adherent thereof, and therein.

Again this may be a purpose for life that gains credibility simply because it fills a vacuum; and not only because it persists). Our heads, hearts and souls begin as vacuums (admittedly wailing vacuums) that become filled with notions; any kind of notion; often promulgated by those paid inculcators (so-called educators [teachers]). The other, sitting next to

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us in those classroom seats, bolted to floor rigidly, facing all in one intended direction (the nearest approximation to blinders); the other, our peer, and the one on the other side of us in the next row, and so on all around us stare near-transfixed as the promulgation of the message ensues through the sound of the voice, the motion of the lips, and the nods, expressions and gestures of the inculcator.

Do we question what is happening in this scene?

We become imbued with a purpose; somebody else's purpose. Our peers sit transfixed pledging allegiance to Consumption. They got, as get educated, so they can make something of themselves, so they can earn a lotta wherewithall to expend on Consumables. They did not get educated to sit around under the Veritas Tree spouting Truth and Justice, all the live, long, day.

WHOA!! Let us contrast what I have been saying to something different.

Let us remove the 'making something outta yourself so you can earn a lotta wherewithall to expend on Consumables'. Let us assume we have the freedom to ignore the system; that we do have the freedom to choose any system we prefer; OR no system at all.

Someone asks, "What will we do?" "What can we do?"

We can do nothing, that is, we can choose to ignore the perpetration. That is not to say we need not ignore certain basics, but it is the basics which will receive the emphasis; all the others must be forsaken. We could become a "Holding Action" until something better came along.

In "The Island", I have hinted at this notion of a 'holding action'.

It is my belief, although we may be able to conjure "Holding Action" as a plausible scenario, we have not the capability of such magnitude as the required self-denial, or the required patience (which may involve several generations). I may seem 'overly' pessimistic in my projection of 'generations'. If it, in fact, would require generations, then I would most likely argue the effort as an improbability. Does this imply implausibility as well?

There are so many terms we might throw into the fray (the consideration). Terms like plausible, implausible, probable, improbable etc.

Something else Ortega y Gasset had to say:

"And what of that other mode of life in which man makes believe, pretends - is it any less interesting? What is this strange ungenue doing to which man sometimes devotes himself precisely for the purpose of really not doing what he is doing; the writer who is not a writer but who pretends he is a writer, the woman who is scarcely feminine but who pretends she is a woman, pretends to smile, pretends disdain, pretends desire, pretends love, incapable of really doing any of these things?"

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*** I imagine I would like to prove something to you through this process of "Talking to Myself".

There are many things that become self-evident as time goes on.

That is, there are things that are so manifest in themselves they do not require any further substantiation, any further elaboration; any further revelation; any further proof.

We are all equipped with some inherent degree of awareness as the cognitive part of our organic selves. This awareness becomes expanded and replete during the course of a lifetime, as assorted stimuli and lessons accrue as our 'experience'. It is through this 'experience' that we acquire a 'knowledge', or confidence, through what we have experienced; as a sort of self-validating entity. Perhaps we are only being reinforced in a condition that arises through number; the number of times we have experienced a particular set of conditions. Others might label this kind of experience 'prejudicial'; that is, we have become conditioned by number, therefore, in our responses [and thinking] we tend to favor the persuasions inherent to repetition.

Already, what has been said is eliciting comments: "So what?", or, "We know that.", or "That is self-evident."

O.K. Then; what is it I am setting out to prove (by "Talking to Myself")? Am I attempting to do something others have not done? It is unlikely, simply because I cannot be that unique; and my experience, while particular to me has not been so unusual as to generate some distinct and distant wholly differentiated Truth. Rather it is a more common experience, even though do I rarely meet anyone even remotely like myself; as a friend has characterized himself (a microscopic minority). Even if the latter were true in every respect; I cannot be unaware of the common experience; I am not allowed to become unaware of the common experience; communication via the various organs of information promulgation keep me constantly apprised of the common experience; as a matter of fact a wealth of the common experience is determined and created by these organs of promulgation.

Where I might differ stems from the way I use my time when not engaged in sharing the common experience. That is, I MUSE. Not that others do not MUSE. When I MUSE I MUSE the way I MUSE. I MUSE upon what lies beneath the common experience. That is, what are the forces at work, what are the motivations for this or that? Why is it we all succumb, or yield, or acquiesce to a particular way of life; perhaps even a way of life that is harmful to us? Why is it so difficult to change from one way to another, even when one knows of the 'better'?

In answering these questions I might ask you to recall the earlier observation dealing with 'prejudice', the prejudice that arises from the repetition of number, the number of times we have experienced a condition. We become inured to a condition. Given a certain set of alternatives we often choose that which has proven the least painful to

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accept; those fitting a certain 'pattern' seem the most accommodating (comfortable). It may be we are only acquiescing to those opinions which surround us. Those opinions, for the most part, remain fairly constant throughout our lifetimes (unless of course one lives in a revolution and strife-torn, and besieged place). Once again, because they are particular to a particular time (that is, temporal in nature) may mean they are valid only for a particular time. Without belaboring this discourse with multiple examples of the philosophical distinctions between the Particular and the Universal, suffice it to say there are conditions or options Universal in nature, as well as temporal in nature; Universal implying a 'timelessness' (at least something that extends well beyond our lifetimes in terms of its validity; that is, less founded in the prejudice of the moment, but as something reinforced through the repetitions of lifetimes.

You may exclaim, "That is also self-evident!"

Perhaps. I will argue this fact is less of a common experience.

That is, it requires a certain effort to apprise oneself of a knowledge which is not obvious to us (Gasset's 'compresence'). That which has happened before our lifetimes is unknown to us a priori. We cannot affirm our experience relative to the past without making a certain kind of effort, by acquiring an enhanced awareness. There are a number of ways we are able to obtain this enhanced awareness. We may attend a University, a purported repository of learning; where Sophistry has become Institutionalized; where History has become the Text of Sophistry. We may acquire this enhanced awareness on our own through the perusal of the Historical Tomes housed in another repository, the Library, using our independent judgment in assessing what it is the Historical Tomes convey to us in their silent exposition. (The Hidden Message, or The Hidden Agenda) . We may engage in Conversation with others who have spent their lifetimes acquiring a similar enhanced awareness.

In my time, a great effort is being made to declare the past irrelevant. The BANE of 'Progress' is thrown up as the great invalidator of the past. That is to say there is nothing in man's past experience (a posteriori) with which to measure the happenings of today. That is, to say 'Progress' has so increased the number, and altered the kind, of contemporary experience, that it has created its own distinct relevance; and much of what happens is differentiated only in so much as it is relevant to that relevance. To a great extent this has always been True. What we may be inferring is that the past is boring; too slow paced, nothing happens for years, decades, centuries, whereas today we cannot keep up with all that is happening. At least that is what we imagine ourselves believing, or perceiving. Its like it was all happening deliberately just to confuse us, to keep us off balance; to relegate us to ineffectual inaction, to that 'microscopic minority', to impuissance. It really doesn't happen that way, i.e. (just to confuse us, although we remain confused), even though it seems to happen that way. It is because there are those who seem to

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control events from which we cannot remain apart; we are included by force of habit; our exclusion would stand as an implied, potential 'threat' to the condition being perpetrated. One's neutrality or more, 'opposition', becomes a matter of concern to the 'others'. (This is as much true in a 'free', 'democratic' nation as in one where these notions are denied.)

Because it required so many ages to learn how to grow food, to preserve food, to build cheap shelters, to temper metal, to quarry rock, to discover gun powder, to render into print; in fact our whole past seems preoccupied with such drudge, whereas today, some new invention is announced almost daily. This 'new' invention often is a recreation of yesterday's invention intended to replace or displace it. But whatever it displaces or replaces, it still remains part of the created relevance from which we cannot separate ourselves, which constitutes what we are about, which preoccupies so much of our time.

So much time, in fact, it compresses what has happened in the past into but a brief moment, since the past is now measured in those magnified contemporary terms.

Despite all the seeming material progress (.. er .. control over nature?) on the one hand, on the other, we are outstripping any 'progress' with our otherwise laggard hominid makeup, which seems to reveal little 'progress' at all. (When I use the word 'progress', I am attempting to use it in some all-encompassing sense, being aware of the damages accrued in the process.) That is to say, we, as a species, do not seem to change perceptibly our behavior, (measured against the past [or the present], as we alter our material surroundings. Our Age-old problems remain with us. The Age-old in this case does not consist of the growing and preserving of food, (although we do still expend a great deal of effort 'creating' disease and temperature resistant strains of foodstuffs, and varieties in preservation methods (packaging); or inventing cheaply produced building materials and efficient construction methods etc., etc.), it does consist of simple failures in hominid communal relations.

The fact that we attire ourselves in the Madison Avenue way, or emulate some contemporary lifestyle promulgated through the aforementioned organs of promulgation (that is, become IN, noticeable, and unnoticed simultaneously, blending IN, as it were, into the hominid 'thing' of the moment), does not infer that we are, or have become, any more than we were as a species 100 years ago. In fact the opposite is the Truer condition. Our responses to hominid problems remain mostly the same, dire and unresolved.

What programming could we devise to feed our most exalted computer that would account all the permutations sufficient to provide us guidance, remedy and resolve in the matters, of feeding and sheltering and caring for the masses, of abortion, the treatment of variant sexual preferences, the penalties for so-called capital crimes (or penal practices in general, regardless of one's walk of life - a backhanded way of raising 'equality' as a

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constant *bête noire* inherent to our communal relations)? We find the computer unable to so provide solutions, simply because its master cannot omit or obscure the Truth in his entries, whereas he can in his private configurings. Either one enters all the data, or enters skewed data. That is, he demonstrates that his exalted tool is not immune to the 'prejudices' entered into its memory. He could also program his exalted tool to provide the opposite, perhaps unreal, scenario. So what good is the exalted. Only if the computer was turned into a GUD (forbid) could we accord it the proper omnipresent finality. If the computer told us to behave ourselves else we never enter the Exalted Kingdom, most likely we would smash the computer, as we have smashed GUD (conscience).

There had been some talk of our new administration psychophanting its way into Washington, succoring up to the Insiders.

What we do not need is another Insider. Its not just Insider Trading that's bad, ya know, ya know.

Our new administration became convinced it could do nothing without sucking up. It wants so desperately to do something.

Obviously we must assume that we are all Outsiders. So be wary. My advice is to start your own government, and push those Insiders into the Potomac and out to sea. You aint getting NOTHING from the Insiders, except what they say about womanizing Congressman (they all do it [that makes it right, ya know ya know] Jennifer Flowers will be right at home). Corse a guys gotta git lit fore it counts. Lit is it.

The Insiders do not only creep around the Washington Monument, The Jefferson Memorial and the Lincoln Memorial, and so on; there are those extensions who glue their ears to what is happening there, serving it up as our pap (sustenance) Ω . Guardians. Patriots. You betcha.

And then I fell asleep whilst reading something momentous; something momentous in my life is reading something that confirms my suspicions concerning the good intentions of man (tongue in cheek). When this happens it affirms me, without denying anybody else. But I do sorta want to run away and hide, 'cause I know, I do I do.