

The Lost Chapter

XIV

Apropos Of Nothing

The Lost Chapter
Pray For Snow
The Only Antidote
The Final Solution
Recapping The Last Inning

Since the droning has not ceased you will have surmised I did not gain the Presidency. My kind will never become elected; you may go to your grave comforted in the fact my kind will never sully the tricolor, nor the stars or the stripes. Small comforts; everlasting.

William and Rose are still together. They have engaged in many hours of boating and sailing. They have found an Island. Imagine, finding an Island. But it is not Paradise; they are obliged to SHARE it with others; Homo Saps.; and it is becoming a highly legislated place. Imagine Paradise full of Rules and Regs., and Yellow Signs. Some would righteously mock them, "Serves them right!"

William and I have adopted prayer as a means of alleviating our sense of strife on this planet. We suffer through incantations imploring the powers to create snow and other natural disasters. Snow is a disaster when it is twenty-five feet deep. We have been effective in bringing about shifts in the planetary plates. While snow becomes a great inconvenience, the shifts raise havoc, pitching people who live on the heights into the chasms, just like the Aztecs were purported to have done.

William and I have lost faith in mankind. We feel IT has no vision. It lives in wooden houses and laments the decimation of the forests. It locomotes in motorized fourwheeled contraptions and bemoans the fouled air, besmirched beaches and molested tundra. It rants of democratic institutions while arming itself and its SUBORDINATES to the teeth. It speaks of the Golden Rule but believes in an eye for an eye and a toot for a toot. It bears repeating: War is Peace; Freedom is Slavery; Ignorance is Strength; Survival is Success.

William writes a fair amount; for posterity. He hardly believes in it anymore; posterity anyway. You might say he writes in a vacuum. He lives in his head as much as he does in the world.

Rose lives in the world, everyday. On the weekends she tries to forget some of it, but, as you might speculate, a 'spanse of time is required in order not to remember that stuff; the stuff that pertains to the TREADMILL. When she and William disappear on the boat or ESCAPE to the Island, gradually, and eventually, she immerses herself in her new surroundings. Another World. A world within the world. When William and I resort to one of our prayerful moments, she shudders; she is afraid we will do something rash. Twenty-five feet of snow isn't rash; but

The Lost Chapter

monkeying with plate tectonics isn't safe. The last time we overprayed. Several dams had failed, and three nuclear power plants melted down. While it is true the world of MAN was slowed incredibly, and wonderfully, it was too radical a physical upheaval, destroying much of the good along with the bad. Rose took umbrage (and issue) with the indiscriminate usage of power (our private cabal).

If they had elected me President I would not have had to resort to BEGGING in order to remedy things. As President I might have made a difference in other ways. You see, the question arises whether to save the planet, despite Man. Both William and I are convinced that Man will not save the planet; that he will only succeed in using it up, which is pretty much the same as destroying it; or at least making it UNFIT for his own habitation. Since you cannot really destroy matter, it might be rationalized you cannot Quack-up the planet.

Speaking of attempting to save the planet, why not submit an earnest entreaty to You Know Who? Well, before that, I would beseech You Know Who to provide an ELECTRIFYING experience for all of the canine species who elect to urinate on my spouse's Honda, my pick-up, my wheelbarrow, my garden cart, my lawnmower, my bicycle, my trailer, my HOOP, merry-go-round, Ferris wheel, our ROUND TABLE; and we had better not leave our hats lying about, be caught in our customary circular motion, or be discovered wearing our haloes. I realize this is a pretty tall order. In fact one is not dealing with You Know Who as much as he is dealing with Homo Sap. who trains his best friend to urinate and defecate on everybody else's piece of real estate - every Sap except us; that is, we do not allow our canines to defile our neighbor's castle and domain (BMW, VOLVO or Ford Escort) any more than we allow our children such wanton abandonment. Ours are trained to hold for the designated areas, which does not include the curb, or the strip that belongs to the absconding metropolis (The Commons or firehydrantsville), or that spacious touchy-feely greensward next door; (known as the Browning Rule).

Inevitably this seriousnoose must end; one ought begin to perceive the humor of the situation. After all, once one realizes he will not be able to change anything, even for the worse, he might as well figure out how he can get something out of the deal, just like everybody else. Isn't that how the Golden Rule works? And William and I know how to bugger it all up when we feel disposed, or INDISPOSED, as the case may be.

I suspect I tread where one ought not. Once you leave a touch of reality behind, launching into counterfeit, as it were, you begin to lose your audience. There are many of you feel that a carefully reasoned approach should reap a harvest of enlightened response and generate a modified behavior. If one abandons reason for some dubious metaphor, cynical redoubt, or farcical lapse, will that not bring it on all the quicker; the END, that is?

The Lost Chapter

One might seek antidote; is that of which I speak? The insidious or noxious element, or poison, if you will - is - is civilization. People will agree that civilization is not a poison, that it is the Final Solution.

Sigmund wrote a couple of significant books; one concerning Religion, and another concerning Civilization, each involving a slant on reality which any thinking person eventually encounters. William and I, being of the failed thinking type, have yielded to the religious experience in order to attempt to relieve our anxieties with regard to all the uncontrollable elements in our lives; advents in the civilizational experience. It has paid dividends. However, our powers have been limited to the calling forth of natural disasters, which unfortunately affect us as much as the noxious others. We must remain cognizant of our physical position when invoking the divining rod. The mountain top, like Mount Sinai, while closer to the source, is more vulnerable to the Shazam. The valley plays host to the collapse of the heights; we are thus consigned to the plains and deserts, hillocks and shallow depressions.

Sigmund prescribed antidote in the one opus while meditating the Final Solution in the other. We all have a crack at saving mankind from himself as William and I did in the Big Picture. Sigmund had believed man did not possess any natural inclination to morality (Adolf Hitler confirmed this view). Morality is not a sense; it is not innate; it is antithetic to motion. It involves restraint; Moses-like, Morality involves Law. It involves the OUTSIDE dictating to the INSIDE, as if it was part of the inside, which it is not.

Shitting in the middle of the Commons is considered impolite; it is considered immoral in two specific areas, one of exposing one's raw anatomy to public view (an inconsiderate gesture - not a provocation), the other as contravening a social precept regarding sanitation and health (a 'worthier' concern). Wonderfully, public lavatories have provided remedy and succor in this area of human activity; a triumph of the civilizing aegis. Occasionally one must request a key or carry the proper denomination of coin. A deadbeat, or socially retarded individual is apt not to request the key or possess the coin (you might conjecture he is unlikely to do it in his pants); I would say, in the last analysis, the Final Solution consists in making all the lavatories available to all the people, in the greater interest of public health - dismantle the locks and turnstiles, and throw away the keys (another amendment to the Constitution in the making).

All in all, the 'march and advancement' of civilization has had a great deal of positive success in the area of Sanitation. It involves a simple, uncomplicated approach to a common problem, common to rich and poor, black and white, alike. Pack it out, carry it off, etc. are worthy objectives to which many ascribe, almost as though, innately, one sensed their rightness; about which we often become righteous.

The Lost Chapter

In a way this achievement does represent a Final Solution. The more enlightened, at least more imaginative, become involved in recycling; a methodology that requires some awareness, some thought and some effort. It is easier to shit and flush, like the shit and run of old, and like the non-Sapient creatures do everywhere. And one might imagine Sap in the forest shitting and running like Diane Fossey's gorillas. It is a matter of training - toilet training; and recycling training - the advanced degree! Another kind of Final Solution.

Now, we are getting somewhere. But then, there is the URBAN solution and the non-urban solution. "Is there a solution to URBAN?" is a reasonable question. URBAN is not a Final Solution for human existence; it is a happening that guarantees discontent while only marginally relieving certain anxieties; and it acts as a barrier to recycling; it favors shit and flush, although the chaff from a consumer society is more easily recycled (only because you cannot flush it [one may pitch it into the street]). Foo Foo is reserved for the porcelain.

Loves throw-away diaper biz. makes a distinction between the sexes (neuters have more options). The idea remains - not so much to accommodate - but to consume. Then what do you do with them afterwards - recycle them? A raw example of why the planet doesn't stand a chance; that old Yankee Ingenuity in servitude to the Admonition (SUBDUE). Somebody has always got the jump on you, whether or not they are feasting on anabolic steroids.

Enough of Crap. Aeroplanes (these include helicopters) that fly over URBAN areas are Shitting in Public. In the United States of America (that 'We The People' place) the Air???? Pilots Association is a self-policing organization while the FAA requires only that an aircraft fly no less than 500 feet above the highest point in the URBORB. This permits any jack(ASS) (or idiot) to hangout above your house in his aeroplane because there is no morality or sanitation governing his actions. To me this is a man-made disaster (NOISE) as bad as Shitting on The Commons. So - what do we do about it?. William and I pray for a VIOLENT updraft - total and absolute disintegration; and you know very well why we resort to prayer - its the only way you can beat the arrogance. I have aimed longirons at them, but have allowed morality to restrain me, arguing I might hit the bugger causing him to fall upon one of my few friends who doesn't like 'em any more'n I do (such would constitute a very wrongful and woeful disaster).

What might be said of aeroplanes may also be said of all URBAN Racket; and peripheral racket; the stuff I had proposed to eliminate as Prez. Mankind loves racket; that's why I did not get elected. No, I wasn't elected because I had advocated the release of a malfeasant from incarceration, who, in turn, had used his release to malfease some more. His actions became a reflection upon me, as though I had instructed him to engage in a 'free-for-all'. The new guy on the block, who will be

The Lost Chapter

amongst those inheriting my political shambles, has already gone on record as not advocating the release of the malfeasant; this is intended to enhance his chances of winning the confidence of the electorate - next time. You may observe how reedickulus is the political process, and why it appears as so hopeless. The Peeple want Noise and they want Malfeasants behind bars (they probably want something worse for them [the 'eye for an eye' stuff] ['turning the other cheek' doesn't work as you well know]). And this latest Aspirant better keep his love life outta the Rice Bowl or he ain't gonna get his chance to lock-up everybody.

Sure, William and I recall Herman's question, unavoidably: "Is civilization a thing distinct, or merely an advanced stage of barbarism?" Well, is it? Are you able to answer the question?

William and I have engaged in many absolutely futile attempts to identify any areas of human endeavor that might find common ground in each of us, where it might be said we could act in concert to save something for posterity; and I do not infer learning the same old lessons. I have spoken of Good Intentions. We (the species) seem to recognize most readily that the Road To Hell Is Paved With Good Intentions. I do not know whether this is indicative of our awareness of the Good; sometimes we resort to LAW to assure for the GOOD.

As many become Lawyers to subvert the Law as to create Law. As we know, many covenants exist as tenets full of loopholes. A loophole is an indistinctness in legal semantics; a lack of clarity in legal jargon; a technical laxity in the spirit of the law. Where these loops occur, the courts exist to pronounce a different interpretation than their intent if prejudice, and not jurisprudence and the spirit of the law, is to be preserved. One might even gain the attention of the SUPREME (this word is often used to describe OIL) COURT whose composition is comprised of a bigoted majority that will decide, e.g., Capital Punishment is not a Cruel and Unusual Punishment (just like they did in the Dark Ages).

When a Liberal Congress invented flowery language, embellishing language, creative, emotional language, in its attempt to legislate Wilderness Areas, National Parks and National Forests into posterity unharmed, it failed to account the semantic interpretation of flowers (or did they - in the National Interest? I do not trust Congress in any shape or form) by the opposition who simply interpreted them to construe the opposite meaning, all perfectly legal when you have an Attorney General who agrees with you. So when you attempt to save the Wilderness with flowery rhetoric only to have not closed the more practical loopholes you have paved the Road (or the Primrose path) to Hell with Good Intentions. It is also obvious the Lopsided Bigotry of the SUPREME C. is not an example of Good Intentions.

The Lost Chapter

We do not have long; according to the rabbinical legend, the world was to last 6000 years. They got high-centered on sixes, thus we are remaindered to a six instead of a five or a seven. It might have been 5000 which would mean we would have been in a state of After-rapture for nearly a thousand years already (perhaps this is in fact what we are experiencing; it is a plausible explanation); or if it had been 7000, we would have had ample time to test Malthusian Math, and carry the exponential rise in "progress" beyond Infinity. As it is, if 4004 BC was the beginning, as many Believers will profess and assert, we (or they) have until 1996, give or take a few to allow for new theological readjustment of dates). Perhaps you might understand why William takes a dim view of posterity, and why the Fundamentalists are in such a rush to use up the Wilderness areas (converting them into WATTS). Even if Eric Blair had miscalculated with 1984 (not a theological projection) the triumph of Big Brother (or Little Sister) would have been short lived - only 12 years (one must assume even ten minutes in Hell is still ten minutes in Hell). If we can beat them off for another seven years (the now being 1989), we might have the place to ourselves - yet; they can have the other Paradise. I suppose this ranting is absurd, which in a few years will become readily apparent, as often our temporizing does.

Now, so distant in time, ever growing distant in our memories, the Fathers of 'Love It or Leave It' relentlessly hold court and sway, as they smear desperately the record with Red White and Blue objectivity. From Biggie # II through Vietnam into Grenada, Libya and other places distant, we have been there; making it safe for You Know Who.

What have we learned? Some would claim we have persisted; we and those awful French allies who resented having their pompous asses saved by the British and the Russians and U.S.A. - the egotistical bastards. Now look at them - with the BOMB! What are the Lilliputions going to do with the BOMB? Beat up the Brobdignagians of the South Pacific? No, they are planning on terrorizing the defenseless Federal Republic of Germany. Napoleon and Hitler, like the Hatfields and the McCoys, created disturbances, but settled nothing.

Humor is the Antidote. But humor is easily transformed into cynicism. William and I, 'bless' our hearts, are bitter poets first, and reluctant cynics second. Is there no humor then? The olde spelling (humour), the olde meaning: some cardinal fluid, blood or phlegm, even choler or black bile, responsible for one's health or disposition, or temperament, sometimes perceived as caprice, fancy or whim; finally these last evolving into something perceived as amusing, funny, comical, and ludicrous.

Perhaps William and I, as bitter poets or reluctant cynics, belong in the category of olde humours, of yellow and black bile. While we might perceive the world as amusing and ludicrous on the one hand, or as a

The Lost Chapter

conundrum or puzzle, lets say; if we were not part of it on the other, we might escape with a good belly laugh; as it is we weep often.

Weeping is not manifested externally, lest ye detect the refrain and lament in these writings. Not a brave front, or stoic march; as much as yielding to a sense of absurdity and inutility; these producing a touch of sickness within.

We are not convinced of the Good Intentions. While such may exist as part of one's declaration, we demand proof. If hindsight (judgment) does not accept the proof we seek, then the Intentions go with the Fall. The question arose whether the manifestation of the Good should belong at all to the individual; does an individual retain any proprietary interest or persuasion in the Good, or must he accept the external definition whether implicit or explicit. If he rejects the imposition will he be able to claim *Ignorantia legis neminem excusat*? Whether or not he benefits is not a consideration.

Is any man capable of managing his own goodness? We recognize our liability. What of his; must he suffer under the mandate; must he conform? Must we conform? In lieu of anything else (lacking comparatives), must we? The answer only seems obvious, even though we can only provide a weak rationale. The weak rationale would gain meaning if it was not already so patent a response. To say it is all for the greater purpose (good [weal]) is only a token assent, as a mere holding action. Is this holding out for the fulfillment of the Promise? Surely these must appear as non-sequiturs, as jokes, at which one shudders, mistaking the response for chuckles; one does shudder and chuckle at absurdity. In order to compound the absurdity, we legislate. Oft' repeated - what is it about oft' repeated absurdity that produces mirth? When closely examined, the absurd causes frustration and anger; when we become inured to it, we laugh; not heartily, of course. Yet it is apropos, and apropos of nothing. The Good escapes or eludes us.

The anger and frustration subside when one discovers he is not in the thick of the fray, when the exposure is minimized, when one has something else. For William there are two something else's; one is writing - this involvement in the word; the Noise of oneself escaping into the Universe. The other is the thoughts and existence of The Island. A Third is Death.

Outsiders will condemn us as quitters - copping out. William and I will live with that. I will; I cannot speak for William who writes for posterity. He is able to envision 'the other' getting the jump on him - always. If he put his blinders on he would know still, from experience, 'the other' would succeed in being the first off the blocks. It only matters in that he is obliged to live in the same space. He is not a competitor, but he is forced to respond, not as a competitor, but as one about to be trampled in a stampede. William resorts to a kind of paranoid observation of the process. He imagines patterns of behavior, rather basic patterns -

The Lost Chapter

obdurate, inflexible - predictable. Since all he is able to do is react, not initiate; since he will not compete, i.e., he will not force the issue, and because he cannot get out of the blocks, he is left standing surrounded in a cloud of dust, risking the stampede of followers, bent on pursuing the illusory Promise. Others do follow those who get the jump on them. It is not a rational thing, but it happens anyway; trampling indiscriminately.

For posterity, William leaves behind something that resides in Silence on a shelf; a distillation; spirits to be added to real life happenings, for those in the days after, who are not unlike himself. I construe this as a gesture, a gesture of hope emerging from the bitterness and cynicism. He knows there will always be those who lead, even in total darkness, in abject blindness, exuding a taint or smell for others to follow. But he insists on leaving behind this faintly shimmering flame.

William is one, and one only, but he is one who gives all of himself; the love, the hope, the doubt, the bitterness, and the sense of fatality - and Yes! - the humor, the relief (tragic as it may appear); a convulsion perhaps vaguely resembling a sob.

William and I are not always on the same wavelength; he often takes exception to my .. levity. I believe our differences arise from within our reflexes. Often I find myself wanting revenge. And it is I who has persuaded William to assist me in a sort of malevolent prayer. While he perceives the humor of prayer, that is, the absurdity of prayer; whereas he is able to abide nature as he finds her, and would use prayer to influence man, whereas he is able only invoke it to influence nature. I suppose that indicates we both perceive man as unnatural, as operating beyond the confines of his own physical universe. It is to say William does not seek revenge; he earnestly seeks solutions. It is my constant persuasion to despair that influences and affects his judgment. If left to his own devisings he would end in being nailed to the cross. While it is he who would save mankind, it is I who would save William. Mankind does not deserve the Williams.

You and I, and William and Rose more likely, could recall all the 'good' people you (we) have met in our lives, declaring to each other it was worth every effort to 'proselytize in the dessert'. Believing that Goodness deserves the benefit of the doubt, we might persist in this, endeavoring to preserve it as a precious generic substance.

I suppose, if abandoned to my own devisings, without the counsel of William, I might advocate a modified sort of anarchy; an annihilation of Corporate Executives, Vested Interests, and Aeroplane Pilots, AND Sundry Others.

In order to carry out this plan of action I would necessarily be inclined to 'throw all caution to the winds'. I would fall heir to my own practice, being forced to look down the snout of the .357 Magnum. While it may be true the Vested Interests already corrupt and manipulate the system

The Lost Chapter

to an irreparable degree, what would anyone have to lose in severing any part of it? An escape would be preferable if there was a place to go. Just let it happen allowing it to run its course; if we had another place to be. Without this other place; what am I about to do? Ask yourself the question? How would one recognize his friends? Many is the dog that behaves as a common cur; which will slink, which will bite, and which will wag its tail?

As part of a conscionable performance I cannot acquiesce. One cannot strike at the head for its headlessness. Without total evisceration, we will not slay the beast. The choices that remain are few. Acquiescence being impossible, overpowering the Man-Eating Monster being impossible, escape remains.

The Big Picture Idea was probably afoot long before I heard of it, traveling in the company of another generation. Since that first instance some ten years ago, there has been a time lag before I have begun to hear it in common usage. It first arose upon the face of a short note I had received from a young lady to whom I had loaned a booklet containing descriptions of the hiking trails in the local National Forests. She was a lovely from Georgia, perhaps a surrogate daughter, a married graduate student at the big U. who sought assistance from me in my various capacities therein. Often my presence would guarantee, as free dispensation, some comment, platitude, or philosophical speculation with regard to the world of man, or the cosmos in general, being a compulsive palaverer. At times the young lovelies' research endeavors proved frustrating to tears, at which times I would offer some consoling remark not unlike, "You ought let someone else become the center of the Universe for a while".

Appreciatively, the note had thanked me for the loan of the booklet and included the statement: "Thanks for trying to make me see the "Big Picture". And during her Orals, she deemed it part to include he that had uttered certain pontifications with regard to the center of the Universe.

Is it possible there is a "Big Picture"? She had at least given it a name. Perhaps it is true after all; since we most often define by opposites and either/ors; conversely it must be true also there is, and hence, a Little Picture.

When I had departed the big U. she offered some exculpatory remark, "I hope you find what you are looking for." Perhaps it was not apparent as graduating with a PHD at twenty-six on a career track that ought find one on a tenure track by the time they are twenty-nine; and they got it made. I'm still looking.

What's in a name? Who is painting the Big Picture? Part of the Big Picture must have included the tenure track. And a contribution; some order of progress, and advancement. Looking ahead to the future, it just

The Lost Chapter

sort of happening without any interference. I suppose it is better than measuring progress in terms of a perfected and perfectible materiality, the faster and more fuel efficient this or that, the computerized this or that, the fully gauged existence; what I would characterize more as pathology than progress, the pathology of consumerism in our materioeconomical society; an argument or polemic; and a form of slavery.

If mankind was in this all together, these materialities would belong equally to all, as a matter of course. Economics (the accumulation of wealth) would become an anachronism.

I must be wary of carrying my arguments too far in this recapitulation, for I will tend to scoop myself in another writing titled "The Island" which was begun before *Apropos* was finished, (naturally enough, because I spend part of my time on an Island; subsequently snatching at its aura). In that other writing I touch upon the conversion of the planet into a standard of living. Being obedient to the message found therein I will mention only the fallacy of progress in relation to providing all an equal share in it. Those with Vested Interests have quite a chore planning the protraction of their aegis into a future where they don't overdo the liquidation. The planet must endure; how, wherein an equal share would bring about its bankruptcy? They (the vests) must develop a cogent argument that challenges those who would call into question the basic premise of the materioconsumereconomic system. With my peculiar perspective, I identify theirs as a fear of the end of Death. If you are not alive you are dead; being a perpetrator and a slave to the system is death equivalency; respiration does not signify life; observing a rat will confirm this notion somewhat.

So, how do we measure progress, if we gain and lose simultaneously? The Big Picture is an all inclusive panorama, not an exclusive depiction. The Future becomes a throw-away word; not necessarily meant to convey hope as much as to soothe and placate. Progress signifies nothing if not measured in Social Terms, as well as in the other terms. 'Trickle-down' belittles. It must be obvious where the argument leads.

Perhaps the Future contains the Generic Human. Is this something for which we may yearn? A new slogan to abrogate our responsibilities of today; a social happening or a genetic thing? Imagine the practical possibilities if you will.

As anthropologists we often write in terms of advanced civilizations whether of stone, bronze, gold, iron, babbitt, or plastic; we assess the damage. Advancements in Bullshit; doublethink, doublespeak, disinformation; privatization of We The People in Thier Interest (the National Interest - you can readily appreciate the necessity of patriotism). There they are, not to faulted: Casey, Poindexter, North, Secord, Hakim. Now its the Congressman and

The Lost Chapter

Senators with their 50,000 dollar pay raises; the former misguided patriots who thought they could better manage We The People than the People; and the latter, the foxes guarding the chickens; anachronisms to the man. We ogle them, envy them while being usurped by them. (The outraged, (excluded) public railed against the 50,000; reluctantly they were Heard!? - For Now. Remember, chickens, they are still foxes.) IT DID HAPPEN; the 50,000.

Because man is slow to respond he is outmaneuvered, not by dinosaurs, but by his look-a-likes. Not only is someone always getting the jump on him (The Forces of Darkness or Man Eating Monsters) but man, in general, seems to learn little from his past (errors if you will). The power is seldom in his hands if he does learn (e.g. he does not learn that the pursuit of advantage destroys both the environment and the society in which he lives). Advantage over Nature (even if, for the sake of argument) as an acceptable goal (within reason), is one thing - presumably meant to benefit ALL EQUALLY - but advantage over one another? that, by fucking God is Barbaric! - and backward, the opposite of advanced.

If the power was in the hands of those who learn the lessons, What would they do? - a good question - unanswered. Some who possess said power claim to have learned, as the rationale to support their actions; so far, a case of advanced bullshit. If nothing happens, nothing happens; no amount of bullshit will compensate for accomplishing nothing. Holy Christ, Actions Do Speak Louder! WOW! Bullshit and rhetoric, as well as sound reasoning fail us, whereas Madison Avenue succeeds. (Survival is Success!)

Apropos of Nothing, the individual is overwhelmed. Those who belong to the Big Boys Club feel they have some control over things, like keeping the radical elements from getting loose; while they are able to strengthen their own hand. Even the Big Boys are made of flesh and blood; living with their anxieties, afraid the dead will rise. SDI is an example of their anxiety. One does not wish to lose his favored position, which one very much deserves to lose because it isn't right - in its exclusivity (Using another premise, it might be Okay Doakay).

If we leveled this whole hierarchal thing, filling in all the valleys, the Low Countries, would everyone be content or would some always need to climb on top? A growth spurt!? We shall Overcome!

I have been unable to field an argument that favors snobbery, superiority, Hierarchies. To produce a Superman? To Worship? Envy and Hate? Why Worship? As a Model - for what? All aspirants cannot become? Who lives by the Wayside? SuperHeroes - What in Hell For? To Promote Underarm Deodorant? To Emulate - What For? To break records; to destroy yesterdays Heroes? There's something small and cruel in that; emulating, just to promote Underarm Deodorants (Take that Joseph Campbell). Ah Hah!, but, its an instinctive thing to ward off

The Lost Chapter

the forces (smell) of darkness - NAW, we prefer darkness - we operate better in the dark than out in the open. Demons, Godzillas, Devils; Mr. Hydes.

The .357 replaces the SuperHero.

Mr. Hyde is the Force Of Darkness.

Hierarchies are evil.

Money is Evil.

Property is Evil. Evil is four letter word like Envy and Hate.

The Big Hero of our times is SuperFuck, the guy who best screws the hell outta his fellow man (not literally). Figuratively.

Before I mire down too deeply in the paranoid aegis, and before I lose the thread entirely, I must confess I do not know what is going on, or to what to look forward. When I imagine I have found out what is going on, and have elected to respond, its moment has past and me with it. I find I am confused and infuriated simultaneously; confused by the incomprehensibility of what I hear and see (sense), and the fragility and irrelevance of that which I had assumed to be; infuriated because I am exposed to it, made to answer to it, inconvenienced by it; and unable to have any effect.

It is William who has attempted to persuade me follow the precept advocated in the paraphrasing of I.F. Stone in the opening of *Yellow Dominos*. The effect one would hope to have emanates from a response to something that is a result of a distorted projection produced by the MEDIA (Madia), whether from a 'network' or syndicated source, or the enlightened, moderate, objective pap. Yes, something happens; that happening is part of our world somewhere. It is imposed upon our space despite its irrelevance to us, somehow construed as relevance by its mouthpiece (in short someone has attempted to create relevance where it does not exist, simply to annihilate time and eradicate consciousness). We are abandoned to these 'happenings', our responses to them, and all subsequent anxieties and impotencies with respect to them. Some will argue Vigilance! as the price of life. Hurricanes, Yes!; Earthquakes, Maybe! Altercations with our neighbors, No! The last is THE END, because it flies in the face of the hominid presumption of Equanimity within the 'human' community, promised to each of us if we accepted the inevitable persuasion of 'civilization', as affirmed through Enlightenment and Reason.

Sigmund Freud, while hopeful of the prospect that the intellect of man would eventually triumph over fear over the Man-Eating Monsters, and all pertinent and relevant anxieties, he felt, for the time, man would most likely not release his grip on the rip cord.