

Notes 23

Starved for companionship?
Bored with life on the planet?

We have been Hubbeled.

We are free to imagine the galactic Helen. Even more alluring than your average street walker. OR.

We might imagine a test tubey thing. Remember the disappointment with the moon. No green cheese, but gold (maybe) too heavy to transport. We got moon rock; expensive stuff that certain well-connected geologists get to carry as amulets, while the rest of us have become lighter than air, having been shorn of our wherewithall in order to get that dehydrated stuff here. Boondoggle.

The new galactic (Universal) life form will greatly resemble HIV. Millions of Helens would suit me; anything nice to look at; and maybe even to Have and to Hold. Probably have to wait in line, like we have to do with all those other Heavenly Fantasies. Preferably a Helen who did not fart, who did not have halitosis, who did not have B.O.. That's all part of the Have and Hold thing. On a pedestal wouldn't matter; except perhaps her feet did not reek of herself and where she had been.

Some will excuse me of attempting to deprive others of their rightful fantasy.

Outer space, while inner space goes begging. Balderdadblamedwash

Just like a Westurn. A Bad Turn in the affairs of MEN. Foibleoids; like us.

I'm not being obstreperous just for the fun of it, although what I write is often intended to appear funny.

Trying to save mankind from itself becomes a very funny enterprise, indeed. Just reconnoiter Don and Sancho. An endless source of chuckles. Laughter is the best medicine in a world where everybody is sick.

The thing that sickens us the quickest is finding out about corruption in high places. Pure Sleaze!

Blind Faith in Blind Trusts. Talk about loopholes and wormholes in the same breath.

If you were a voter (I'm not) you should protest like I do. If nobody voted, nobody would get elected; then (hypothetically) you could represent yourself (of course, others would find a way of not letting you); like I'm doing by writing this stuff. It should be obvious to you why I do not vote. I refuse to hang my hat where its going to pick up odors I do not wish to tolerate.

'They' tell us 'nobody's perfect'; all the more reason! What! To Tolerate something you don't like? 'They' say also that 'You (meaning me) aint no better'n anybody else.', whatever that's sposta mean. The gist of the argument is not good polemics. What do 'they' call it: Projection. Personal

Notes 23

accountability is thrown off on the other guy; if he's bad, its O.K. for me to be bad; and versa vice Ah! Seeking the lowest common denominator.

Some people are born without scruples and without a conscience. Even though they appear to be governed by these things, judging from what they say; and despite what they say, their whole life is predicated on 'getting away with stuff' or 'not getting caught'. Opportunists. Realize: The voter (and the designated system) represents an opportunity.

So you (not me, since I've abdicated [voter abdication]) get a lotta HOGWASH. That makes you a hog, not an enlightened, served (although serviced) plebe. OINK!

That's why We live in a sty.

The only redeeming thing about those other galaxies is they are so far away. However they are threatened by the junk we throw out there. One of our contraptions could get sucked into a gravitational field, crashing thereonto, spilling its guts, which might harbor some deadly MICROBE.

Indeed, we are a bunch of presumptuous OINKS, believing, of course, that we would be welcomed with open arms (open active sites); sort of like Magellan in Melanesia, and Cook in Hawaii, (only to suggest all those other little helmeted Spaniards and Englishoids, and those GOOD Americanoids). Let 'em colonize the MICROBES. Fascinating.

Stuck! Stuck on this planet, with its quakes, quirks, and jerks. Unfortunately there are too many of us. Underneath it all we fear and hate each other. Tolerance is not natural to us. Tolerance is not a visceral thing. Fear is. Fear of number, of being displaced, of being relegated, of seeming redundant, of being surrounded, or enclosed (homophobia); that's more natural.

Instinctively we do not trust the lipservice, the temporizing, the promises, the 'brotherly' stuff. We have no reason to, therefore we do not trust. The Golden Rule is dented and tarnished, a vessel holed by its reversion: "Do unto others before they do unto you."

Yes!, soon it will become unnecessary to write another word, because all will have become hopeless (some claim 'pointless'). The cynic speaks. There is nothing to be done. All will have to run its course. From what we have been able to observe, when something is allowed to run its course on this planet, some things flourish for a while, only to wane or disappear, while another arises, not necessarily better than the last, but only in affirmation that life, per se, while not wholly incarnate, becomes validated when compared to its absence. There are those of us who must serve as sentinels to observe (and record) the phenomenon; sentient life is required in order to fulfill this task. The dinosaurs left no record of their 160 million year passage. We imagine we can read bones. About all we can read is their teeth. From their teeth we imagine we understand their alimentary

Notes 23

canal; but little else that matters. We look at lizards and crocodiles (crocks) with a sense of hopelessness. Is that all that is left after 160 million years stuff to be poached for bags and shoes?

We are twolegged like some of them, both carnivore and vegivore. Eat (or consume) or be eaten (consumed). Judging from our behavior with respect to each other, this premise seems mostly corroborated. Those in power know they have to stay on top. The only time some of them will step aside is when they have all their hidden, secreted vaults full. Believe it. Believe it. Believe it. If you believe as I admonish, you will be better prepared for the eventual disappointment than if you believed the opposite.

Just beware of the Rhetoric; O.K.?

Remember the politician who asked for your vote by claiming, "In your heart you know I am right." Whatever was in the heart resulted in one of the worst political defeats, although he still received 27 million votes (whether negative or positive seems to matter little). Maybe 'right' was construed as 'rightwing'. Rightwing hearts. Who knows. The guy who won; well, what can you say? "Who's in; who's out."

I believe the electorate (the plebes) vote their prejudices (suspicions, hatreds, creeds, albeit biases, their mere opinions) more than from some more enlightened position. In the first place: How does one obtain enlightenment? The average voter must distill many sources of (dis)information, some of which he takes on a faith whose credibilities are found in word-of-mouth contexts. In the end, for the lack of absolute truth, one settles for approximate truth, the latter of which is a damned poor substitute for the real thing. One guesses, mostly with his gut, not with his intellect. If the intellect is not satisfied, one is left to his gut. What's that, another prejudicial outlook?

One suspects deliberate obfuscation on the part of all those who attempt to gain your support; those all who intend to become your representative, as in Representative Government. We do not question the premise or need for government. It is a fait accompli by the time we arrive upon the scene. Those in power have already divided the spoils (from the very beginning). They need us in certain ways, but not all of us. I mean they need only part of us. Disposing of the part they don't need comprises their biggest problem.

In part of the disenchanting political spectrum we make book on those who find themselves surviving at the public trough (welfare recipients, variously regarded as social retards). However we do not envision those Representatives as occupying that same position, when in reality we ought. Its complicated, for often they are bought. So not only do they feed at that trough, but they receive bennies from all those who are out to pervert the system in order to serve their particular needs. Some people believe in Government because they can influence it to serve their needs. They could choose to not believe in Government, instead, taking up arms

Notes 23

to achieve the same end. There is a risk in taking up arms, whereas there is none in attempting to influence Government.

Like I say, disposing of the part they don't need comprises their biggest problem.

The only argument For Government is that if we did not have some kind of social order, life would be more of a free-for-all than it already is, even under the poorest form of government. I realize this is a piss-poor argument. Its a form of 'holding action' that never ceases. We dread a true free-for-all more than we do an oppressive government. The live bullets of the free-for-all frighten us too much, while the implicit holstered bullets, [mostly] allow us to sleep (barely) when night falls. Neither condition is to our liking, but Holy Christ 'its the best we got' (That's what they say about OUR Democracy too).

Windmills, love!

For a while it was believed that Government existed to serve the people. For some this became construed to mean that it also served as the last resort for the needy. The principle has been variously applied, misapplied, etc. However construed or applied, periodically, the principle wanes for the lack of something. Originally it may have arisen from an altruistic impulse or it may have arisen from a 'Christian' precept concerning the treatment of one's 'brother'. We become disconnected from the origin, somehow finding ourselves saddled with too many mouths to feed. We 'chill out'. Human warmth sort of leaves us when things are not going as they are sposta (in that great realm of fantasies [pipe dreams]).

Instead of Government stating that 'we are all in this together, no matter what', it somehow gets to say something else that suggests that those who are 'not in' are 'out'. So what the hell good is Government? The premise of Government is that we are all in this together. A Government (of and by, as they say) cannot become exclusive; it is by its very nature all inclusive (hypothetically). Anyway, Government is something that exists as a functional entity. It is true that we are able to shape said entity many ways, and we do. 'Shape' is to say 'create something better', not to say 'manipulate'.

We often hear of the bad apples running the show. We have ethics committees that are sposta scrutinize the bad apples; however, and unfortunately, we find vested interests lobbying, and politically manipulating these committees in order to bring about changes that enable their ends to be served. Corruptible? Obviously. The record demonstrates the fact. Instead of going after the windmills, we need to go after the wind; what say Don and Sancho? We have learned that ethics committees investigate the slimmest of fabrications (allegations of wrongdoing, or apparent wrongdoing), and quite willingly paralyze the system for a mere political petulance. In so doing the 'committee' leaves itself open for a charge of complicity in something that serves nobody;

Notes 23

certainly not 'ethics', whatever that could be construed to mean. Everybody should come clean, then leave office; close up the shop.

It has become a show for the plebiscite; one that grates, exacerbates, irritates, demeans. The low road is what we all get whether we deserve it or not. The process has run its course, now flailing in its death throes. There are some who deserve to be offed for finally bringing it all down. Not that we were ever better served; at least there was the appearance of better service.

Elsewhere. She died. It was a most superficial relationship; a condescendingly superficial relationship. I imagine I was sposta feel something. The passing of a familiar face? A reminder? Empathy for the 'loved' ones? I never felt any bond to them even after twenty years of superficial condescension. A servile irrelevancy. Yes, Mastuh.