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F2585 I had found myself in the corridor of some quasi-hotel, quasi-Institution. Apparently I had been overnighing in a room there. It seemed some very few minutes existed for me to put on some plain shoes and retrieve a few belongings before pursuing a bus I seemed destined not to board. Yet I went ahead as though it should all come to pass. I did not dally; time just did not cease. I remember walking rapidly through a rather extended lobby through which I could see some buses on the outside in a parking lot. I could hear one engine roar to life and see a bus begin to move in a backing-up motion. I knew it was the bus intended for me. I walked, even seemed to run, as fast as my legs would carry me, only they seemed weary, even exhausted, or perhaps unwilling.

A friendly conference between bus drivers halted the motion of the bus; I was thus able to board without difficulty. Apparently I was part of a group, for I recognized everyone on board, even though they did not greet me or did not seem concerned about my presence or lack thereof; they were in fact indifferent, if not oblivious. It seemed the bus was about to embark upon a journey into a most indifferent and uncaring world; truly on a journey to nowhere.

What I have just jotted down has emerged from a dream, most likely reflecting my feelings as I am scribbling futilely away in my observation post. I know this world to be indifferent - Holy Christ - 6,000,000,000 (it still seems impossible); if not indifferent, disconnected; a thing in segments, in spurts, disunited; a place of cells, each person a cell; then factions, groups of cells, groups of biases, of prejudices, of paranoias, of hates; all lacking in a life-embracing warmth. My writing inevitably will be abandoned to this same world; this world of cold cells; this world of protecting oneself against the intrusion of the other, the persuasion of the other. We do not want to share the world with others; we wish to hoard the world all to ourselves.

I live now in a small provincial American City, a closed righteous community full of these narrow little cells.

F2585 Hearts and Flowers in the Brambles.

There had been a fire. The book of writings had been consumed in the flames, as well as many other extensions of oneself. I was young enough to absorb the blow. My son, at six months, was carried away by his mother from the burning building, his hand-fashioned rocking cradle abandoned to Fate. Fortunately my brother had retrieved his two Wurlitzer Woofers before the fire. I had also placed my money in the bank only two weeks earlier, my first bank account (peanuts) (having removed the few rolled greenbacks from a piece of pipe).

Shock at two-thirty in the morning. After the firemen were satisfied, and had departed (they had had their problems - if they never had

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problems they would never learn) and one was allowed the privilege to probe through the ruins - charred, brittle, distinctively smelly, scraps and remnants were culled for some unknown purpose; something dangling, not particularly useful; a charred fragile millstone. There was lots of time left to erect another and larger midden.

Father had lost all at Seventy. He had become a premature ruins.

Amidst our surviving pile of paper, all burned around the edges and wet, was a pile of mostly student, otherwise amateurish, drawings. Amongst these I had secreted some letters from my heart throbs - Sonja Marlene and Florence Eno, both painters (artists) of sorts. Sonja played the piano, as well as the viola. These two other lives, not extensions of myself, but their letters, extensions of themselves tucked away in envelopes to be sent many miles safely to me, to brush and intermingle with the extension of myself. They had been nearly all consumed emerging as charred remnants too; treasured, although barely decipherable, speaking of things that indicate to me how wrong I had been, indicating to me how much we are all alike, even though I had imagined myself to be unworthy of them, somehow inadequate and lesser.

Oddly, now, I know, not in a Faustian sense, but I know I had been worthy, even then. Worthiness is no guarantee; but to walk instead of crawl, one might have partaken of and achieved some kind of happiness that one had been designed to experience.

I have been fortunate to have the opportunity to study these charred pieces; sometimes one word is enough to imagine the sentence and recall the person.

Sonja Marlene and I were too young, too confused, too uncertain of our directions, of our true wants and needs. I had cut off the relationship as an instinctive reaction, protecting myself from any more hurt inside; I was just too vulnerable.

Later came Florence Eno, whom I barely knew, but to whom I became attached through her brilliant and enthusiastic correspondence; those vibrating extensions of herself; again of whom I felt unworthy - 'above' me - Vassar. What's in a Vassar? Earlier, as a senior in high school, I could not relate to Dorothy, the blond cheerleader, the farmer's daughter, who came from Podunkville USA, and who sat directly behind me. She was unapproachable. Then, I remember walking all the way to the top of the Washington Monument with Marie, becoming hand in hand somewhere along the way, arriving at the top of George's big thing with sweaty palms. Dorothy's twin brother accompanied Marie down the Monument in the elevator, all over Washington D.C., into the Court House, into the Church and down the aisle, and over the horizon into the vanishing sunset (no sweat).

Eventually someone else had come along; another painter (artist). It had begun, the co-mingling of selves, with all the rough edges and prickly

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extensions; and all the uncertainties, inadequacies - and Holy Christ - the Vulnerabilities. Everywhere there were picadors on fleet-footed horses; my horns had been sawed off. Dangerously near at hand was the inevitable coup-de-grace. Again I gingerly crept close to the gate, needing to escape the imaginary thrust -cowering before the demon of Denial and No Love; just too vulnerable; unmaned and unmanly.

It has taken a while. Not a painter this time. Someone soft.

F2785 If the chickadees in Ethiopia were starving, the ones I met in my front yard could care less.

We are remarkable.

How much of our 'giving' is political; how much is religious; how much genuine altruism?

The prez wanted to cancel any further appropriations to that blacker part of the world. Goddammit he's trying to balance the budget. I hate to think of man as a chickadee, but there you have it.

Yes, I'm questioning our meanness (hostility, aggression and destructiveness) as well as the prez. The same old arguments, like Motherhood, Apple Pie and the Stars and Stripes, one hears "There Are Too Many Already", "Trickle Down", "Private Sector", "Gud Heps Does Hoo Heps Denseses", or "I Aint My Brother's Keeper!"

Some friends of Ronnie's showed up on our doorstep one day. I got to kidding around about the phenomenon of the ole Tumblin Tumblin Tumbleweed, of the Azzole back in the saddle agin, packin his ole fortee fore. They were all for Ronnie, god-like cowpoke that he was, projecting it on all uv em - UNTIL I mentioned he was agoin ta balance the gawdawful budget by disallowing their deductions for property and income taxes, and that wasn't all; there was more to come. They liked the other stuff Ronnie was for O.K., the immense fortress, which shields our shallowness and emptiness from the eyes of the rest of the world, that saccharine, traditional hoopla forced upon the Amerikan Continent by the likes of John Wayne. Lick the Red Man, Lick the Bad Man, an' settle down to settlin the West with the rest of the ole fortee fore; an cattle ranchin' aorse; an' chopin' wood; an' feedin' the fahr in the fahr place - jes lahk home, makin' the More Perfect Union.

And the WAR on Poverty - do 'em in. Readjust the Misery Index, Jesse.

An' Makin' The World Safe For Democracie?

F2785 Why write if one does not expect to be read?

Why pretend to truth and art when one does not have the expectation?

ONE IS!

If one were not Mr. Descartes, but instead Mr. Amoeba, "it" would all still exist as it had after Mr. Somebody and Mr. Nobody had made their exit.

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I close my eyes upon the world. I reopen them to?
Each day is precious - I throw them all away.
It horrifies me to recount those thrown away.
What is throw-away day?

Another of those with my foot caught in the stirrup, being dragged, mercilessly over the rough course - to no purpose.

If I startle or shock the world with some great discovery, or by the shooting of the Prezzole, (even though a complete ASS) what would I have done?

O2784Las:

I had shouted at the trees; they stood unmoved.

No ears.

I had shouted at them - the look-a-likes; they too stood unmoved. They had ears. However, they were not of this Earth; they were merely passing through - stinking up the place.

They had smeared his blood everywhere. They had taken him literally - dying - with nails driven through his hands and feet - to save the Barbarian from the Man-Eating Monsters.

I remember the Glorious Painting of JASUS called 'Delusions of Grandeur' painted by Mathis Nithardt Gothardt (Grunewald)

And saved from Persecution (Paranoia).

He (Bill) had tried to 'pigeon hole' me as some kind of Social Conscience. Once he had done that, he could of course forget about me. I was no longer a threat to him, because he had no conscience.

Perhaps none of it is any of my business. If I have identified the Truth for myself, why ought I even bother to participate in the delusional paranoia?

Why not write poems about this wondrous life, ignoring those who make this place reek. Wear a clothes-pin, sing songs with a slight nasal twang.

Aye!, if I could somehow avoid being affected (wounded).

They have come here from some other place (galaxy), like a scourge. They are hungry; they are greedy in their hunger. Locusts, devouring all. They WAR amongst themselves over Trivia (To Have and To Hold). They do not confine their squabbles to themselves - they even demand the allegiance of Candy Machines.

And I banter with them.

GAWD wearied of this little experiment with MAN, permitting him to discover the Promethian Truth, perhaps hoping this little two-legged simian would get it over with - sparing all possible future generations any further misery. (Misery Index, Jesse) (Quotient).

What is the quotient, please? Who raised the quotient?

How many times must we go through this?

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O2484Las.

It was a time for renewing or reacquainting; at least recognizing one another. All smiles, a few handshakes, some words exchanged.

Leave it at that; just go away.

A flit, a flirtation.

Alas, No!, one wanted to make believe (like its gonna be in heaven) that all were equal, upon this relaxed occasion. But we know some people's shit does not stink, or stinks less than others. So what can you do, on this earth as it shall be done in heaven?

Actually their smell did not materialize; so, of course, as always, I am exaggerating. That equality stuff is still off somewhere in the future (just around the corner); while this other stuff has been around for a long time.

I did not belong there, as usual, as I had never belonged in their company.

I have repeatedly returned for my slap in the face; its very reassuring in this world of flux to know that some things never change. Of course they would deny such a thing, saying I'm too sensitive, or would whisper that I was paranoid.

But they are superior beings! Again they would deny such an imputation. Just observe their actions; how they 'treat' other people with such condescension - Observe!!

I had been a doorknob in their presence before. This occasion had the appearance of some kind of recognition scene where one was acknowledged as having existed on this planet, in this world, in this time, as some entity that filled space, nominally, and normally only filled by 'human beings' (something I have aspired to become).

Oh Yes, one was greeted with a 'smile'; surely a smile has meaning. A conversation had begun, soon to be interrupted - by a meeting of EQUALS?; or some space filled only with 'human beings' of another kind. I had suddenly been converted into something that filled a different order and arrangement of space - like the kind of space occupied by a candy-machine, or like the doorknob of old. You have seen how people will arrive in the vicinity of a Candy Machine, then become too embarrassed to put a coin in there to obtain some exorbitantly overpriced Junk Food (a piece of saccharine shit) for their gut that is no good for them, showing a lack of concern for their health' and a lack of self-control; yes, too embarrassed to be caught in their habit (junkies) and in their stupid childish behavior, but at the same time each waiting for the other to leave, so they can indulge, all the while pretending not even to notice the presence of the Vendy Machine. (Add more re: Waiting)

Well, nobody ever put a coin in my slot, even though I have been a Candy-machine all my life. But I do know what it feels like to be a candy-machine nonetheless. Its like when I was a doorknob, they really did

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not wish to be seen 'conversing' with a doorknob. Everybody knows what a doorknob is for.

O2684Las

1984. Big Brother may not be in control after all. However there are things going on over which 'we' (I) have no control. These 'things' over which I ('we') have no control seem to be pressing on towards Armageddon, and those who promote this 'pressing onward' seem to believe that our destiny is in the hereafter, and what happens here upon this small insignificant stellar globe is really of no consequence. (How dare they steal my thunder out of context?) Quite naturally these promoters have invented a bête noire, a goat, a strawman, a bad guy, a menace, a Nemesis, whom they cannot tolerate, whom they wish to dominate and compromise, and best with an overbearing righteousness, in order to execute their dubious scheme; to secret their larvae in the host of their choice.

There is more than one belief which involves the 'hereafter' as the ultimate goal of life, and perceives this one life (each of ours on this planet [our one and only]) of little consequence. As a matter of simple query, which might benefit our general appreciation of things, I could ask, "Why this life, or any life, for that matter; why leave the 'hereafter' at all?" "What kind of arcane asininity is responsible for this wretched little side trip?"

By inventing the 'hereafter' we have become involved in a delusional construction which is intended to obviate any requirement for personal responsibility. We have so badly botched this affair upon Mother Earth, we deem it necessary to write off the whole experience as a trivial inconvenience; the sooner we terminate the whole affair, the less embarrassment we shall be obliged to endure; and the less we will be obliged to answer for our stupidity and shallowness. However, some 'holy' conscience prevents the promoters from pushing the button without provocation; additionally they seem a little hesitant at times, perhaps fearing retaliation, one that might thwart their plan to march off the stage in a blaze of glory. Besides, it might hurt. Thus, in brief, these promoters appear bound to an indecent righteous hypocrisy. What's that? Whatever it is, it ain't for me.

N784Las

Watching the cows. In one end, out the other.

Well, Reagan got elected again. Another Academy Award.

Now watch the Misery Index go up as we get to pay off the National Debt and the Trade Deficit, ANY WHICH WAY YOU CAN.

Bonzo will figure a way. He'll goffer a Constitutooshunull Amendment demanding a balanced budget; then one Misery Index after another until; he finally has to institute a tax on those same pore buggers he cut off from the other end - just so long as he can escape from

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havin' to nick the Captains of Industry.- that is if'n he doesn't first push the button for INSTANT RAPTURE.

I'm sorry, but I get into this awful streak of artickle writin'. So I go with the flow. I know its absurd, for it makes me one of those critters that sets on a rock above the high road casting aspersion on all the passers by.

Well, this one fellow came by, a septuagenarian, some sayin he was a President of a Huge Country. He was said to be a good father and a decent human being. Well, of course, as much could be said for a savage. Besides it chops wood, rides a horse and works out in a White House. The Savage need only paint his gymnasium white - at his own expense, A WHITE ELEPHANT - a gift from you know who.

Ronnie is a White Elephant. A white night. Good Nite!

N984Las

The Flame: FLAME. THE DON. HOBNAILED BOOTS. SAVAGE. THE DUSTHOLE ROBOTS. LOBOTS AND BIGOTS.

I had = in the past tense - been burning hot in a cauldron within the thick walls of "Democracy". Embers now - with age. One struggles to remember what it was all about.

The Media traffic in the successes (the noise) and the failures (the silences), rejoicing in the latter, fearful of the former. The Media is an extension of the Established Orthodoxy. Should the Flame become extinguished the Media would resort to OINK, ATROPHY, and DIE.

The Flame!, The Flame!; not gossip from a pair of Ruby Red Lips.

Cease this endless riddle! Speak! Speak! IGNORE! ABORT! RETRY!

If I spoke: "Down with the Bums - the Orthodoxy", would you know what was being said? If I told you the Prez was no better than a Savage, or that a Savage was as good as he - (just see who would look better in a loin cloth).

Embers now, with age. I grumble "An actor for a leader - a HAM; from which tribe? From which trough?

Embers now - when I go to the STANDARD Throne to create a MOVEMENT in the most parliamentary way I know, I say (almost always) "Ladies and Gentlemen"

I should say "Fellow Cauldronites, this is where its at". We always flush like the man who looks lousy in a loin cloth, when he rhetoricizes to the Needy "Let the ILKS Club get into the Act; the Fiddle Gov'nm't needs the with wear all FORE ARMS. FOREARMED WARM.

"F O R E ! !" - the Hot Line Failed.

Now, ever'thin' goin' up in Flames.

Yore gettin' off the subject fella. Naughty Boy.

Not so far off the Troot.

OOPS!! "RAPTURE" - not "F O R E ! !" Fergot mah cue.

A GOOF BALL!! A Flamin' IDIOT.

HE GOOFED - Too Late - We can't be Saved.

He's an Arsholeonist (Arsonholist). A Flim-Flame Thrower.

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Hay, Filthy Punster, that's Treasonable Talk.

The Prez is not immune from criticism - Yes, he's in need of a Quench - Fancy won't do. We need to strip him of his Loin Cloth, exposing him for what he truly is, a withered Old THING. Choppin' wood an rahdin' a hoss an workin' out in the Yuite Ouse Gym aint the same as cuttin' it. Nope we need ta quench the fahr in thet savage. Its too late to Crasstate the bugger; the damage is already done; too many hoarmoans got started, but we shore can expose the little bugger for what he is - a shrivel up - a tautology, vanitas vanitatum, a dust hole, out of gear, OUT OF ORDER, Dysfunctional; Not Operational.

People have wondered how Hitler was able to come to Power. The Prez didn't have brown shirts, but he had Big Business, Hard Heads, Teemsteers, eN.R.A., Racists, Love 'em or Leave 'ems, Flag Wavers, Patriidiots, John Beechnuts, John Waine, Anti-Comas, Anti Soshlists, KISS MY AXERS, the 3 Ks, Righteous Wings, Bigits, Franatics (of all kines), Craytionists, Anti-Aborts, Sexists (Anti ERA)(His wife's, his mudder and his dotters are asexual (lucky for them), Anti Freeloaders, Anti-Bruther's Keeper. And our dignified Supreme Court. And The Hungry Must Crawl. There was another pile of Hoopla about World Class This and Product Endorsement That and COOL Global Culture and a lotta stuff that has nuttin' to do wit anything except getting a Dust Hole for a Leader - admittedly decent, like any other Savage.

Hell, I don't know thet he's decent. It was the Vesteds, Jon Waine and Jayne Fondoo said he wuz decent. Sure couldn't tell from where I'm standin'. (I laughed so hard when I re-read this last, the back of my head hurt [I could have died [[that one should be so provoked]]]).

N1384Las Sine Nobilitate.

The SNOBS are a peculiar breed of humanity that have not accomplished anything as yet. In order to accomplish something, one needs to labor long, one needs to put his Snobbishness to the test. Instinctively the SNOB knows of his shallowness; at least his own lack of performance. Those who accomplish 'works', i.e. put everything they have (they got) into their works, soon discover how little they've got; they learn a humility (perhaps). SNOBS need crutches; they drink a lot, maybe; they spurn the lowly; they cast an 'enlightened' aspersion upon those who have not clumb. Most of humanity accomplishes very little, not because it hasn't tried, or when it tries its utmost, it only amounts to a drop in the bucket when compared to the needs of the species, or the gallopin' frickin' fickleness of time.

Snobs contribute nothing more than a kind of smart-assedness, an exudate from seeping egos, something blatant, like an open sore, with which they hope to infect those within whom they spawn. WORSHIP THEM; they are the harbingers of the True Way - of Nothingness.

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They hang around these Institutions, like a bicycle with a leaky tire hangs around an air supply, in constant need of inflation. The Institution, Crimson HoarYard, or Ivy Green or the Orange, the Black and Orange, or the Black and Blue; they are all one and the same; one big bicycle rack (bike rack).

A wonderful affiliation; everybody gets taken for a ride. A mutual inflation society; you blow up my tyre and I'll blow up yours. The tyres leak because they always become overinflated; and then they venture off into the world of real sticks, pricks and stones, only to return rather deflated and flat; a rather loss of investment.

I knew more than one. I had met one who had emerged from an Eastern School of REPUTE. He had engaged in studies in Literature which pretended to offer each work as some kind of brain tease for the bright student (as though that was all he had to do), wherein one was obliged to analyze the work not only for what it had to say, but for what it didn't have to say, and what it might suggest or confirm about the author's sexual aberrations. Well this one smart-ass from the REPUTE had said that Herman Melville was a Homosexual. I asked him to present proof. His proof consisted of one page reference in MOBY DICK, like some people had a page reference for God's Little Acre or Catcher in the Rye where you get into the real 'meat' of the opus. Any way the reference had something to do with Captain Ahab sticking his wooden leg into an augur hole. The second reference had to do with the title of the work: Moby Dick; every schoolboy (from REPUTE) knows what a Dick is. When I challenged him, he gave me the name of his Perfessor at REPUTE Collitch, whom I called with regard to his interest in Homosexuality as a function of literature, which he denied, saying that some students don't listen and others hear what they want to hear. Anyway, I informed this little snot what I had done and what I had learned. His response was to re-read Moby Dick, in order to invent one of his own revelations of homosexuality, which involved Ishmael and QueeQueeg sharing the same bed at the crowded Inn before they set sail on the Pequod.

It all appears as a little too clever; brains that have unfortunately been exposed to something that denigrates most of humanity from the standpoint of some kind of inculcated intellectuality, which is the trademark of the Crimson REPUTE. When one learns and recites 1000 put-downs of his fellow man (which one must be careful never to allow to become fellows) he receives a B.S., and a truck to haul it away.

Hardwood; Hoaryard; Hoarwood; Hardword; Harwierd; Hoarwierd; Harvierd; Howvoid; Harvoid.

Just think, Edward Aswell offered to enroll me there. If you think I'm bad now, just imagine how much worse. Just imagine, my littleness would have been so impressed with all that snot that I would have been obliged to call everyone (else) a homosexual, (just to impress everyone with my prurient erudition). Queer place; REPUTE.

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The author must apologize for the omissions created by Go Daddy. The pronunciation of Uranus involves some delicate sensibilities that were illustrated by the pronunciation guide which Go Daddy bungled, and continues to bungle in the PDF format.

NOTES: beg 2.5.86

Οςπαωσζ

Someone had proposed renaming the planet:

A>REN URANUS ITTAINT

Pronounced: yoooorrrrennnnuss. A major mispronunciation.

Οςπαωσζ

The oracles failed to foresee our hang-(circumspection)ups. We are troubled enough concerning Heaven. And to spoil the bliss, a certain joke had been circulating about, concerning what one might observe in the firmament if he would stoop over to gaze between his legs.

The space probe to yonder distant husband to Gaea and father to Cronus fell upon tongues and auditory sensors not equipped to cope with Your Anus, hence the devious doings at the A Prompt.

Appearing in the Webster Lexicon: yoor'↔-v↔σ

Key to Pronunciation: ↔ a as in ago
↔ u as in focus

Appearing in The O.E.D.: yu^o.ρα(νςσ

Key to Pronunciation: ū u as in pure
↔ e as in ever
α(a as in amoeba
ς(u as in datum

Extracted from the available Greek Alphabet: ΟςπαΥσζ

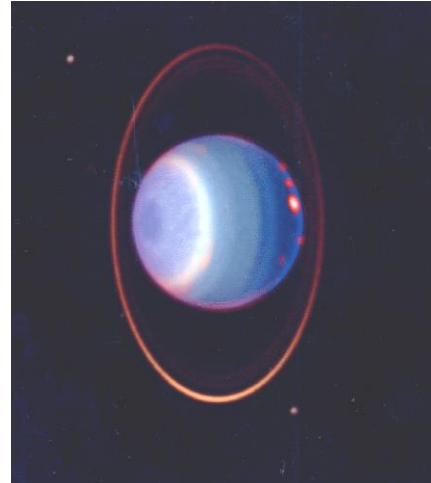
ς ōō as in tool
α a as in car or father

A composite pronunciation might sound as follows: yoor.ah.nus
us as in us

With the altered syllabizing of U.ra.nus; to wit: Ur.a.nus

Happy, everybody? Up your donkey. Up your burro.

To demonstrate inconsistencies with regard to circumspection: when you bend over to peer at the firmament from between your legs, you are



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apt to catch sight of a Yoor AA nian (Uranian), not a Yoor AH nian (or Yoor Ennian) running around Youranus. When you consider the fact you elected an azzole for a leader it seems inconsonant to be so scrupulous with regard to such feeklephila, notwithstanding Jonathan Swift and FranXois Rabelais.

After all was said and done, the space probe traveled further than had been expected; besides having to deal with a defecate problem, suddenly we were confronted with a touchy planetary problem – a tenth planet.

2.5.86

Ad Astra.

A Blue Ribbon Malfunction.

More Blood on Our Hands.

Every Man, Woman and Child, regardless of their ability to pay, will be obliged to ante at least Fii Bucks each to rectify this latest swipe at the Face of Gud.

Ordinarily, one might attempt to describe a futuristic happening appearing (disappearing) upon the two-dimensional tube or screen using some implausible pseudo-scientific language. There was the count-down, followed by the count-up, as Gaea launched another Orbital Toy, which the fructiferous imagination might construe as the happy weekend jaunt of the Future. The eventuality unveils a dubious happiness since Man Is What He Is Wherever He Is. As Luck would have it, some unfriendly force beamed a laser at the booster, puncturing its skin. An Act of Wahr! Whar is Doctor Spock? Oh!, he's into the baby formula. I told you we shuuduv had Clint or Harrison aboard. Too Cheap.



Startled! The damned thing blew up in his face, like a Fourth-Of-July incendiary. He had invested so much in the whole fiasco. What a pathetic sight, observing him stumbling about in a daze, attempting to retrieve the shattered remains, like some pore soul picking through the charred shambles after his house burns down - searching for something concrete to bolster his infernally and eternally inanimate soul.

The Rockets Red Glare...Bursting In Air.

Sic Itur Ad Astra.

THEY summed it up as a National Tragedy. I thought it was a Major Malfunction. It was over in 73 seconds.

Come Again!

A fizzle. The school teacher muttered: Lesson taken under advisement.

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There is a huge difference between the objectives of Democracy and of Free Enterprise. There ought to be a LAW preventing the marriage of government with Wall Street. Separation of powers.

They want more money to restore the Statue of Liberty; they call it a Lady; Yes, of course; the hussy of Free Enterprise. Take Pride Folks. Trollops and Scoundrels have formed a conspiracy beneath a banner. Come, ye ungrateful Ellisites, Fork Over; the Brass Bitch has become soiled through no fault of her own (acid reign); restore her to her tawdry gloriousness. The Chairman of the Board is selling the tickets. Mr Tapioca.



Now that they've bankrupted us, they will amend our Constitution requiring a balanced budget. They will go to St. Thomas while we hangers-on will accomplish the balancing. If there's anything left over they'll gladly return. The pomaded charade took the reins of office, that prestigious office, of President of our Constitution and Sundry Declarations. He grimaced his wry horrorwood grimace as he spoke against the other man in office, the man with the inflation, hostages, high-flown usury, and the deficit. Somehow the powers that be, arranged for the usuriousness to abate, thus allowing the government access to more cheap money; so we have a deficit. Predictable. The government borrowed all that money to help the pore struggling folks on welfare. We have become a welfare state. That is, General Dynamics is a welfare recipient. Si vis pacem, pare bellum. Si vis vitae, pare mortem.

Si! Si! Senor! Senor Edwin and Senor Casper.

Casper smiled all the while the prez spoke of welfare on the high frontier. Very reassuring to Casper. To Batelle and General Dynamics.

He functioned as a mole beneath the base of the volcano. A conundrum evolved from this activity. He became blind through the atrophying of visionary possibilities. A dysfunctional sensibility. Or: a creature, naturally sightless, who burrowed for safety.

Ken Kesey was a public figure maligned and defamed by the press.

Ken smoked joints one time. Every time a drug bust is made, and the press, notably the Eugenic Ragged Guardian (Of Our Local Pitifully Paltry Moralities) needs some filler, they trot out the free associations (character assassinations). Because a man or a woman is a public figure... Well, I'll tell you what; just so I don't have to go into this any further... LISTEN!... Do not become a Public Figure.. If you find it unavoidable, by all means avoid the scandal mongers who want mostly

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to convert your notoriety into sales of pulp; and more deviously enforce a dubious, suspiciously hypocritical morality (that pall) upon us all. You had better not have Quacked-up somewhere along the line, 'cause there's no way you will elude the bloodhounds (and other snarling dogs). Freedom of the Press. Ragpickers All. And if they dont like you, Smiley, you had better not have a stray hair out of place. Yes, of course, its a sad commentary; just keep smiling. With every thousand copies comes a free martini; the measure of success. An' if'n yu git cot puffin a joint, you may rest assured you will abet the rag uhconomy, an' stimulate the wag to make this a More Perfect Union and the Whorld Safe Fer Democrisy. A coda. 🎵 'Cause it is the public's RIGHT TO KNOW!! (MY RIGHT TO TELL YOU [RCWD]) If you are a public figure with a wart on yore dong, everytime a bell goes 'ding', the public will be 'fortuitously' reminded by the Eugenic Ragged GUARDIAN that you've got it where its at; the dangdest thing you ever read.

Rinaldo Reginald (two Rs, signifying his level of his erudition) and Michael Grabandshove (USSR; two Ss) ; Hey!, is he a good fella? Sure Hope So, to make up for the other one.

Collusion between Church and Madison Ave. to orchestrate the rebirth (a yearly dredge) of Geeeezzzzuuzzzz Keeeeerriistuh, to their mutual benefit. Madison Ave. IS the State. Our Constitution recommends the separation of these two entities. It also recommends the separation of money from representative government. Even if these recommendations were set aside as laws, man would create a path to circumvent them. Anything that is in the interest of a vested interest is in the National Interest; e.g. PACS are in the National Interest.

Well, anyway, Xmas arrived in this set piece of Church and Madison Ave. disguised as, and bordering upon, some cheap sentimentality. We were sucked into the parlor, or living room equipped with the sacrificial tree festooned as people are wont. The participants were arranged before a fake or real fahr place from which Cringle was purported to have emerged on his vast errands for the Church and Madison Ave. to be greeted by the hose hanging thar. Dirty Chimney!!!

The living room was arrayed dutifully with the customary and accepted props, housing gleanings of uncertain vintage to be found in the Fadfeld and Fashionstein furniture stores featuring imports from far and wide away as Taiwan, Hong Kong, Korea, Singapore, Malaysia, Bangladesh, and the Philippines, all depicting new antiquated, old-fashioned Mediterranean in a variety of laminates, stuffings and synthetics. The plywood floor was covered from wall to wall with some innocuous acrylic pile in or on jute from Tashjian's; the walls themselves

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were a mixture of embossed paneling and gyp-rock, permanently and judiciously decorated with family memorabilia, or one's fling with photography, and/or art collecting, along with occasional pieces of heirloom attempting to nominally grace their reserved spaces. The carpet man had become Governor (what a Pile). World Class! Set Piece!

On Xmas morning the Walrus rose early to orchestrate the whole affair, setting the Xmas Music to near-loud while reliving the breakfast table for the umpteenth time, each an attempt to duplicate the very first in her very infantile memories.

After some stumbling about, and a little shock of caffeine, the Walrus had raised the Xmas baton in full benediction. Holy Christ, Jasus is Borned.

Jingle Balls, Silent Holies, Halaleujahs, Dum, Dum Ta-Ta, Ta-Ta, Dum, Ta Ta Ta-Ta, Ta, Ta-Ta Ta, Ta-Ta Ta Dum. Bing White, Rudolphski the Red, The Long-Haired Savior, Peace on Earth to Reginald and Grabandshove. Rinaldo gets SDI from Whinebugger and Michael gets the Zap from the Socialist Republics, and Good Swell towards all Men. A Men. Aye Women!

Lordy Me! Gift Time!, as the baton descends, striking the boredom loudly, starting with the youngest Boom Boom Boomity Boom from G.I. Joes.

Mother was a homemaker and a cook; mother was often a lady, not intended to enjoy sex.

I sat in/on an old-fashioned Corfu, the rug-like fabric showing the warp after the many years of elbowings. I had the premonition this piece was soon to be pitched into the Aegean. Worn is Poor. Poor is demeaning to the Walrus. Appearances are Everything! Freedom is Slavery; War Is Peace (Si vis pacem, para bellum) Ignorance is Strength; Survival is Success; Worn is Poor. Unworldly Class!

Actually, the worn set piece would become a GIFT to one's children; like a porcelain bedpan for the next generation of dead and dying. Frugality is Squandered. I needed something to settle my stomach.

What Gawd hath put together (assembled) let no man Blunder.

Goldiecurls was hit over the head with locks and beargrease. What!?

Absurdity belongs to those who are willing to become absurd. To wit: Tarzan, Superman, and SDI. The latter is the acronym for the Status Quo, short for Rinaldo and Fancy Reginald - and their pet canine, Grasping Whinebugger. Si vis pacem, para bellum.

SDI = So Damned Insecure. An Astrological (Co)Incidence.

You mean you would do that for me, too?!

X-RATED

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The thirteen month old girl child pulled at the tucked-in blouse, partially dislodging it. The mother said: No!, tucking some of the dislodgment in once again, behind the waistband of the slacks, with only partial success. Since she had been seated with the child balled up in her lap, her attempts at tucking met with only minimal success. The child had gained a beachhead. The child's motion continued, two little hands pulling-pushing, attempting to clear a path for the final assault upon the mammary nipple. The mother said: No! once again, perhaps embarrassed at the thought of some exposure, ever so slight; exposure to the eyes of the foreign male.

The mother modest?! The child immodest?! It will learn!!!

And insistent, forcing the mother to move to another location where she might conceal some of the indecent operation behind the fold of her sweater while the child did not conceal its sounds of contentment.

The mother would have thought those suckling mothers on the Island as crude animals at their lack of concern for mammary revelations, as they simply presented their udders to their young.

2.6.86

N.S.D.D. (National Security Decision Directive) 69:

All azzoles found loitering about lampposts after fewcur will be considered a thret to National Security; they will be apprehended, FINGERPRINTED, enemaed, and arrained before the NRA, DOD, NSA, CIA, FBI (FIB), The Three Rs and the GCC (Growing Concern Contingent) in order to determine hoo gets 'im or 'er for processing towards eventual incarceration or execution. (Author's Note: Its a free cuntree; its just there are good guys and bad guys everywhere, and one could not do without the other. So don't be discouraged even if you are an azzole.)

2.7.86 The Happy Hunting Ground.

You mean to say I spent my lifetime dreaming of this place, believing it was better to be dead than alive: And, HOLY SHIT!, THIS IS IT!!!

Oh! Flumdum!

All the Game had been Shot! Whaddaya Mean Shot?!!!@.

Who wants to die with Dignity? Sign Here.

Nice Guys finish Last.

Jesus had returned brandishing a scimitar.

This offer 'wont' last: Trade in your old denigrated St. Christopher Medal for The Halley's Comet Medalion.

Planners Pot-growers and Pushers!

Cackleberries! (Eggs).

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Is He Still Dead?
Off 'em!
Cheaters

Trickle-down humanity
Trickle-up Affluence

2.8.86

I do not know where any of this will lead:
Except to say I believe we are being LEAD by the nose.

Democracy, or the Insignificance of the Vote.
Your Right To Vote Is Required Upon This Occasion.

OR

Ballot Roulette.

Ballot measures seldom arise from the masses, who are basically non-involved in government and who are averse to being governed. Government is a lot of gobbledegook from which we seem unable to rid ourselves. In the olden days ballot measures did not exist; if the King or Queen wanted Flouridation, a Nuclear Power Plant, or a Carnegie Hall/Convention Center, it simply got shoved down your throat. Ol!

Within this so-called 'democratic' state, in which I now reside, I have been informed I am amongst the fortunate and blessed (even though purportedly there exists a separation of rulings and blessings) it has been established that it is 'the people' who decide, even though they usually get what they do not want. Everything always costs more in taxes, creating an imposition far greater than had been expected, eventually costing them an arm and a leg (for which one eventually receives the finger), receiving something nebulous in return (perhaps a little printed card declaring one an honorary member of something, or a little embossed, bronze {gold-emulating} spray painted pot-metallapel-pin).

When everything is above board, that is, when one knows he is to be taxed, generally he will show some restraint, but when costs are concealed in bond measures, he perceives things differently. I suppose there is nothing inherently wrong with a bond-measure, in that it simply shows a faith in continuity, both, of the human race, and in prosperity, and in the grand scheme of things of which few people have any knowledge and awareness. But we pay none the less.

Our Fair City, the same one that houses the Rag That Assassinated Ken Kesey, nearly became saddled with a Nuclear Power Generating Facility, largely promoted by that very same Rag.

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The whole process might be considered devious, and collusive, not an unusual circumstance to be found amongst the city fathers (self-acclaimed {with vested interest and lots of prejudices}) of any community. Since there was an unpopular and controversial war (dividing the community {with the Hawks supported by the RAG editorially calling all the Doves traitors}) going on in Southeast Asia, and since there were three equally (piss)poor candidates vying for the office of President of This Great Land, each promising to do something about the War, each of whom was suspect in his motives: Well, what greater opportunity (In This Land Of Opportunity) to attempt to slip one past the Voter. The RAG, in collusion (conjunction) with the local "Publicly-Owned" Utility did a promotional job on the 'public' in order to inveigle them to vote for a ballot measure (not requiring a referendum or petition) that was riding along with all the other little horses. Yes, of course, A BOND Measure. Oh! What the Hell, Growth and Progress, Yeah! Sure. More of Everything; Guns and Butter, an' the whole Shitteree; GO FOR IT! Of course the plebes had originally gone to the polls to vote for one of the three stooges (piss-poor candidates) one of which eventually became the Leader Of Our Land (also regrettably, as it turned out {not a very good day at the polls [proles]}).

We got Nuclear Power 5 to 1. If it had been a tax measure, such as a Sales Tax, it would have failed 5 to 1. But it was O.K. to Bond each 'man, woman, and child' to the tune of \$3,500.00 (as we now know this was only the beginning). Whoops! (WPPSS)

It was amusing because we really did not need the power, any more than we needed one of the three stooges, but someone (The Pied Piper and the RAG) was off in the hills beating the drum "Exercise Your Right To Vote" Boom! Boom! urging the foolhardy on towards more foolishness. As so often is the case, we go to our own slaughter only to be led SOMEWHERE in the tedium.

It was later that the enlightened forces came alive to their enlightenment (senses too), they too having been herded into yea-saying. What had initially required some simple promotion, and a swift, non-petitioned ballot measure (the city fathers have an access to the city councils that us ordinary citizens do not possess -something we ought to demand be changed) required four long years of public hearings, obviously involving a consistent dedication and determination by core group to see that we had an opportunity to redeem and reclaim our stupidity; and theirs as well.

The second ballot measure involved only a Moratorium, i.e. TIME to rethink. We now realize the cost estimates most likely were only 1/10 of the actual requirement, and in addition, it eventuated there would have been no place to locate the facility but within the city itself, all other areas either refusing the siting or being found geologically unsafe.

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Well, the details are just curios in this recitation, adding little to the general store of what we already know about our proclivity to make mistakes. The original measure carried 5 to 1 with 60% of the eligible voters voting; the second measure involving a Moratorium involved 30% of the voters advocating the Moratorium by a 7 to 6 margin. ODD. To the RAG's credit, it had hired a reporter who did an exhaustive study of the pros and cons regarding the nuclear dilemma, which the organ of the First Amendment To The Constitution Of The United States Of America saw fit to publish as a series of articles preliminary to the Plebicite.

Our Community also became embroiled in a Flouridation Issue with 45% of the eligible voters providing a 16 to 15 margin for Flouridation, which after a public outcry resulted in a new ballot measure to do away with the same after the equipment had been purchased and installed, and had become operational. Only 10% of the Plebicite voted upon the issue with Flouridation being voted down by a margin of 3 to 1. Tally: 16,000 voted Flouridation IN, 3,500 voted Flouridation OUT; so much for the Majority Faction.

Ballot Roulette, No?

The City Fathers, Symphony Association, et al, augured long and hard to get a bond measure past the voter to construct a Civic Auditorium/Convention Center/Hotel complex in the so-called (by the self-congratulatory City Planning Staff who came up with the idea) Central Business District. The effort was an attempt to save the failing District as the economic center of the Community. The issue failed to get public support some four times. The issue seemed all but dead; never count a city father out until he defers to the devil. The fathers proposed this and that, attempting to gauge the likely support they might obtain by locating the Center some other place etc. In the meantime they had demolished an Old Theater which might have been renovated and serve as a Center costing 200 times less than what the voter eventually received to operate in the RED. The City/County also managed to demolish an old Armory Building which would have cost them nothing to use as an auxiliary structure to the first. No Imagination, but Image Conscious, none the less (more World Class manure).

To The Image they paid more than lip-service hiring a Public Relations Firm from one of the Eastern communities where the public had been successfully P.R.ed into yea-saying something they didn't need and couldn't afford (eventually requesting the Feds to bail them out of bankruptcy {we should be so fortunate}). (Cleveland)

Success to the persistent. We got it. Despite Millions in contributions from the city fathers (some of whose names are emblazoned upon the portals) to get it off the ground and see it to its

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completion, the place still operates in the RED. A Huge Hotel Chain had purchased the lot next door to erect the HOTEL which the voter had thought was not to be constructed (something swift had taken place) complete with Convention Center (something swifter than swift), all before the completion of the other (not incidentally, the High Rise Parking Structure to house the Dignitaries' Horseless carriages equipped with gangway was also completed before THE BIG RED.) Also known as the Performing Arts Center, this dubious 'architectural' creation of cement and glass is wedged next to the parking structure on the one side and the Hotel Chains innocuous architecture on the other, the whole complex representing what is known in the trade as 'spot zoning' so foreign is the The Whole Salvation to the Saved; someone's concept of a fixed chemical reaction. After only three years, the Hotel has been placed on the market For Sale. Surely, people come and people go. Its not that the place doesn't get used, but it doesn't get used on the scale required, which means in the end we did not need it, and we had been P.R.ed by an elite group who have successfully bonded the rest of us for the tab (the Greenback Revolution) The perversion was further brashly unveiled in allowing any one person's name to appear over its portals (a pillar secured its posterity until it crumbleth) (Pillar Portals; the balance of us are poured in concrete).

Before the Big Red was completed, it became necessary for the C. Council to increase the bond to service the debt.

The Central Business District has not revived.

Some will argue that the public does not know what is good for itself; that sometimes only those with foresight can and will seize the initiative; Machiavellian. My understanding is that if you have a Convention center, Hotel, et al, then you get to compete with other metros who may claim the same. You generate or invent conventions, if possible, and certainly red carpet the place in order to fleece some of that outside cash flow to support local (vested) enterprise. We got bonded for that crap! They promoted culture and we got fucked.

We are not ready for a democracy, because we are too damned slow and dull.

Eventually I intend to leave all of this behind me; I am weary of being out maneuvered by the clandestine operatives of the vested interests; I cannot bring myself to want always be on the alert for those attempting to catch me with my pants down. UGH!

The Latest Boondoggle arranged between the banks and bonds and body politic is a World Class Airport in the BOONIES for the Boondogglers. More Bodies, More Noise, More, More, More, throughinwhich the VESTS hope to prosper. Latest Proposal: A Research Development Park in conjunction with the University. After a Failed conversion of Aggie Land by the Vesteds, a nervous Electronics firm declined to locate. An alerted public decried a high-

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handed annexation that encroached upon Ag. Lnd. A chocolate company fell into bankruptcy before it had a chance to locate. After browbeating an bullshitting the public into a c. chip manufacturing plant, the powers that be wanted to build a major highway to the joint; The plant folded when the economy faltered.

Beethoven and His Nephew, Starkie
Y.Mishima, Decay of the Angel.
Tolstoy, What is Art?
Songs From The Portuguese, Elizabeth Barret Browning.
Collette
Hope is the Consolation Prize offered from Pandora.

I ponder those who live in their 'security' from meal to meal, to bed - waiting, their life a question mark, their fingernails knawed to the quick - something still unexplained; unexplored; what was all that talk about the 'promise'? One is remaindered.

Then our scourge - Our Drunkenness; our MADD coalition that provokes legislatures to new heights of 'Idealism'.

Now, it is New Year's Eve, when Pandora opens her Vial (veil). The Militia position themselves to NAB, nay!, Prevent; NAY! - to Waylay!

Its all very important. Truly. Its a break in the Wall of Indifference. A precedent. Just Image the repercussions. Next They will legislate away Smoking in Public Places; and then Guns, and dangerous drugs, and dangerous designer chemicals, and food additives, newer car exhausts, Older exhausted cars, woodstoves, and pollution, and ... four letter words, and Communism, heretics, and Ta Biblia (retaining the American Standard Revision), and the BOMB. I sure hope they get around to including barking dogs, and jake brakes, jet and helicopter and sundry other overflights of the metropolis, snowmobiles and trailbikes in the wild. Once they git started, they might tackle usury, and racism, and generalized inequality, WOW!

So if everybody got drunk on New Years and drove all over the place, we could nip the trend in the bud. If nobody survives, there's nobody to screw, either. You know how free enterprise (democracy) works; if you don't have anybody to screw, ferget it. The whole gottdamm place was for sale; liquidated; for \$999,999,999,999.99, at a substantial saving of one red cent; not enough in most people's pockets to buy an all-day sucker, but, what the hell! There's a sucker born Again!

More on the Walrus: I had been introduced to a Walrus. It looked me up and down through some kind of glass that caused its head to tilt backwards, lending it the appearance of glancing down the incline of its nose. It seemed to be scrutinizing me for something - telltale, perhaps something out of place. Oh, my Gud!, was I wearing the cords with the

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bum zipper? Then, suddenly, I noticed the red and clear glass rhinestones; I do not know how I missed observing them initially; they were wrapped in a band around a withered neck, and gaudily overwhelming the ears. Then it was I realized this was a Homo Sapien, for Walruses do not wear jewelry, however awful; and indeed it was the female of the species; and the mother of a close associate of mine.

She was the same individual who requested the return of the coathanger and chicken-wire frame that came with the doorswag as a Christmas gift. On the following Christmas she had requested the return of the little basket with the red ribbon and plastic Santa Claus from the Christmas gift she had made for the table at Christmas Time. She had also congratulated herself on her penny-pinching purchases made during the after-Christmas sales, planning ahead for next years celebration of the birth of Jesus Christ, being unable to contain herself in her desire to spread good will towards

Merry Christmas, with love, Mother.

Regurgitation for Christmas.

Raskolnikov has my sympathy.

Some things are inevitable; Take It or Leave It.

Amended: Loveit or Leaveit!

on for Christmas.

Raskolnikov has my sympathy.

Some things are inevitable; amended to Take It or Leave It.

April 5, 2001

I'm tacking this on to the end of Notes 🎵 #1 because I happened to be working in this file. Mr. Gates has taken over as usual with his double spacing, this time, although it shows single space in his window. A Space Cadet!

To the business at hand. Which happens to be sharpening my Old Saws.

Multiply And Subdue The Earth.

Convert The Planet Into A Standard Of Living.

Sounds Practical. And has many proponents working day and night to both promote and justify the spake.

These two utterances are intended as first principles, even though they are recognized as mere expedients.

An outgrowth of them may be found in Don't Think Of It As Less Later, But More Now.

A vivid description envisions a rapacious child tearing away at her mantle to get at the titty. A sort of blind groping activity. What follows the

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momentary satiation is a blissfully ignorant contentment. After the contentment a kind of arrogance, strutting one's success.

Success at living without principles.

This mentality and juvenile activity breeds duplicity; people saying one thing and doing another. Saying how much they love their mother and their fellow man while scheming their exploitation and abuse. All in the name of some nebulous future, vastly complicated by a vying for all the marbles in a free-for-all. How can anyone envision a future without principles? There can be no future following a series of self-serving expedients.

Does it matter?

In view of what we might know or deduce, we cannot escape the very real fact that we serve no purpose. It was not included in the script (some might conjecture, the DNA). Raping and fucking-up something may be viewed as a purposeful activity; serving its own ends. Others of us see it for what it really is.

Do we conserve something for its own sake? Do we impose upon our neighbor a grim expedient in the name of some dubious and nebulous future? Stupid questions.

I have speculated elsewhere that the tarnished Golden Rule is more a matter of convenience (or inconvenience) than an abiding principle. To many its just a game of chance, pretending to some overriding philosophical realization: Some You Win Some You Lose. The winners and losers in this game are already the controllers, guaranteed a piece of the action; a share of the planet. They wouldn't settle for less, come Armageddon! (I should clarify that we are a special class of losers designed to never win; which means we are never in a position to control).

Its us littler ones who are forced to ape the behavior lest we be branded turncoats, and hunted like vicious beasts of the night. Our visions haunted by the gleam in their eye (or their infrared scopes).

We live in fear. Every time we think of challenging them, we begin to quake, because we know we are outgunned, and destined for a crude end.

We are forced into anarchy by their insensitivity and their arrogance. That's no life.

You said it.

So the terrorists persist, justifiably?

Those in control, the ones of whom I have spoken, who are guaranteed a share of the planet, go after the terrorists with their righteous principles. They cry foul because the innocent suffer along with the GUILTY!?

Whose guilty? Is that an admission? We will not negotiate with terrorists. Of course you will not. Because you are in control. And it is you who will put the innocent on the front lines whether there are terrorists or not; you will not relinquish control.

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You have no right, so you arm yourself. You take and you keep. But you attempt to make the little ones into your fortress against the sound of the hobnailed boots coming up from below.

It only seems that one thing leads to another.

Terrorism does not always flow from being controlled and exploited. Some of us do feel that we can survive on the edge. We were given life without options. That we are dumped into a world already conquered and overrun may inspire in us some kind of retaliation, but we are aware of our vulnerabilities. We argue with ourselves “A Little Bit Of Repression Is Better Than Its Alternatives”. We are never sure of the alternatives. Only Jean Kickpatricks, that evil pious ambassador, knows the options. Because she is one of the controllers, is the lady ambassador. An unfriendly face. A crooked face.

There's your target Ted.

Madeline said when you have the mantle placed upon your shoulders, you must wear it accordingly. Madeline probably had another thing in mind than what has actually transpired. You must have control. The question is: Who must have control?

Notes to notes:

Note: Ron Mabon OCA. Oregon Citizen's Alliance (not me). Orifice Control Addicts. Oregon Coitus Advocates. Proposition #9 declaring all homos to be aberrant and abnormal, and as such should not be teaching our children.

Note: Remember John's description of Karen riding the subway in NYC. She turned her ring upon her wedded finger to hide the stone; she buried her face in a newspaper, never made eye contact, never showed emotion. Feign Death and Inhumanity. The Cosmopolitan Cemetery of Living Death.

Note: to page #5 Not only a meeting of =s, but the same confining logic reserved for THEM. Of course I was an outsider; they were LOCKED IN – couldn't get out; while I was FREE outside. Matter of perception.

Note: Re: Constitutional Amendment to Balance the Budget would relieve the prez from socking it to the general public, when he really ought to be socking it to his unphilanthropic buddies (the plutocrats without altruistic inclinations)

Note: Derived from a real experience. Moral: never Join Them! The Island: I told the aging flower child (long dirty colored gray blond hair)) that she was ill-mannered by pushing her way onto the ferry and maneuvering her baggage (and Mine) before I was discharged from the good ship. She in turn thought me gifted with poor manners, whereupon I insisted mine were 'better than yours'. The ferry that serves the island is the only BC (subsidized) ferry that allows passengers to board (with baggage; sometimes lots of it) before discharging its docking load of passengers (and baggage). One feels more secure when his baggage is aboard, located in a safe corner. I understand also anxiety breeds this ill-

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mannered stuff. Then they (she) sat upon the dock rail swilling beer as she waited for the ferry departure. CRAP! To state it without straining the expletives. No Class!