

For The lack Of Anything Better To Do

Prelude to the Fulkins

To the Ramparts!! Avaunt!! Rosinante!!!

The nag's tail rises, with a sudden expulsion between the buns, leaping from the chocks in a cloud of dust superimposed upon the clank and rattle of armor as the thudding gait gallops unsynchronously beneath so great a burden: the savior of mankind, the righter of wrongs, the mender of fences, the shuttling diplomat with epistle and sword, invincible in spirit, tireless, dogged and determined to restrain the baleful legions.

And Lo!, bringing up the rear, a nameless ass transporting aloft, the faithful one who administers first aid and applies a soothing balm of homespun admonishments.

We had miscalculated his penchant for retirement into his o'er-fabled libraries; certain he had earned his dotage, more than most.

But, alas, reactionary to the last, he does not seek disengagement; vigilance has been his credo; one must not dally with indecision; one must not sit about in his finery cushioned up to his elbows, discussing the merits or the advantages or the costs; one must 'Go For It'.

Time and Tide... He who hesitates.... Avaunt!!! To the Ramparts!!!

Normally, the faithful squire would have cunningly managed to make it impossible for the Noble Knight to have charged off with such intrepidity. He had usually taken the precaution, making certain the erstwhile Rosinante was some distance away, lost in reverie; or that some Knightsweat was misplaced, thus causing the Don to expend much energy in gaining a readiness; also allowing Sancho more time to dissuade him and lure him from his bold designs.

But on some occasions, this being one of them, while the sky fell at night, as Sancho slept, and as perchance the Don was found to be wide awake, the Knight perceived the direst condition of the world in its fullest extremity and merciless reality, which others viewed as specter; or so it has been told.

I am but reiterating the tale, being second in line; what you read then is not conjured regurgitated verbiage from my own sensations, but a recreation from another's on-site observations.

Thus it has been conveyed that our champion had charged off responding to what he had learned from the Omniscient Media, that there was an altercation fraught with undercurrents of incipient WORLD WAR, the likes of which the tired motherhood of the earth could not produce enough sons to maintain, and much more, provide sufficient breeding stock for the future generations - Oy!

What Future ???.

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"The last World War purported to end all Wars", thus assuring the Future. This refrain is difficult to set to music, perhaps accounting for it's failure to succeed as an active 'first principle'.

However, lest my inclination to become sidetracked, while I chit chat, gain the upper hand, I best return to the narrative at hand.

Sometimes we narrators play to empty seats.

It appears, then, that a barroom discussion which had endured some marathon one-hundred and fifty years, others say longer, finally, from the sheer monotony of nothingness, gave way to physical assertions of a kind that displayed a very rude intent. It appears also, as in the way of all things, the Lord above in his lackadaisical inadvertencies (in his infinite 'wisdom') failed to create perfect beings. In so creating deficiencies he permitted to evolve the notion of private property, that is, Man acquiring unto himself ownership of segment of the Earth. It is a notion which, in the final accounting, will bankrupt the species, unless the notion is abandoned; simply because VIOLENCE becomes the Specter of Righteous Ownership (Private Property arms itself with Violence).

The origins of this tale began a long time ago of course - with Evolution. But the larger part of that process will be eclipsed, narrowing the time to some ten-thousand years ago whence the southward migration of hominids took up residence in the American Continents, thereupon building civilizations peculiar to themselves, in as much as we can determine and would venture to say, marked by an absence of any principle of private ownership of our Great Mother. It is, of course, difficult to determine the origins of the ownership of anything, since you 'canna take it with yuh'. Well, needless to say, ownership did begin, hopefully only as an evolutionary aberration, since it is the source of immense conflict which has resulted in the decimation of several populations - a none too subtle antithesis to the apparent and wildly guessed-at purpose of generation and evolution (some questions do arise regarding what purpose evolution actually serves). In any case evolution without generation seems an unlikely possibility.

The American Continent thrived in its own raw, and simple way; uninitiated, to be sure, in the ways of the other continents, those burgeoning areas of the Great Mother. The early Americans were not saints; they too suffered through the inadvertencies of an imperfect manufacture, the strong and belligerent seeming to claim their 'fair' share of prominence and dominance, on occasions. However, there appears to be a conspicuous absence of the notion of Private Property.

Being unaware of the barbarian hordes across the seas, they were unprepared for what became the eventuality.

I could utter derisively, 'The little Spanish Bastards' or 'The little Portuguese Bastards', but, to what end. Should one also perorate 'Adam

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Bastard?'. There are no end to Bastards, or there has been none, for the little Bastards were followed by others; some were 'Good', well-intentioned folk, but most were bad; at least the bad prevailed in their self-acclaimed superiority over this New World and its inhabitants. To them - another civilization - pshaw !. The Lord Helps Those.... Gold, Spices, Slaves....Riches...Onward, Hominid Brute.

[Aside - Alas, mourn with me, brothers. A Men !].

No, they didn't kill them all. Cheers!!

And, No, the Great Don couldn't, just couldn't, that's all; he reached Lepanto, surviving to become an Hildago; it was just too large an undertaking for one crippled, though inspired, Man.

To continue with the part that was related to me.

A piece of southwestern Europe remained in America (New Spain) importing and mingling the principle of Private Property, which eventually congealed into Nations of peoples who looked alike, spoke the same language, maintained the same religious outlook, yet proclaimed "What's mine is mine and not yours". Testy little buggers, eh what?

All jokes aside, there have been lotsa journeyings and pokings about, and upon the planet and the oceans, for one reason or another.

Wherever *terra firma* appears, he that can and will, does fix his or her, as the case may be, urinate upon it. Ah!, but to Have and to Hold!!

Anyway the English and the Spanish have been disputatious with this concept of "Mine" - "ITS MINE". The rights and wrongs of "Mine" are founded in physical strength and at other times in mere proximity. And so we call into evidence the elements that conspired to precipitate this marathon barroom discussion.

The Fulking Islands; we so seldom hear of them. If you are a reader of sea stories, you will learn the Fulkins are a bleak haven for those who round the Horny Cape in need of rest from the incessant rigors of the Southern Oceans.

Some time way back when (when back where) a mariner touched upon thee, my love. From thence forward wast thou no longer free, but now trothed to the itinerant sailor; others came and moved on, trothing away, 'til she wept and was heard to say 'For Gudsake, who wilt have me ? And, at last some came to love thee.

"Mine - you canna do dat!".

"Mine, Mine, Mine - Possession is nahne pahntz of da lah".

"What law ? Mine - Mine".

Thus proceeded and unfolded the discussion, her trothship always in question, but dearly loved by these barroom suitors. Then, after one-hundred and fifty or so traverses of the Mother about her Sun, one of the "miners" takes a poke at the other, bloodying his nose, taking his troth away, one-hundred and fifty year old troth - away.

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Well, well, well.

The Omniscient Medium, ever alert for Copy, ever alert to Alarm its captives, surely aroused our free-lance Savior. HI-HO, Rosinante!

Avaunt!! To the Ramparts!! Avaunt!!

The Don charged into the Thatch at 10 Downy Street; there he was repulsed by the Straight-Backs and Stiff Upper Lips and one Helluva Righteous Demeanor. Undeterred, frightful of the ramifications, if abandoned to mere Chance, he rode all day and all night hoping to arrive at the Presidential Palace in the city of Air and Good Will before the Thatched Legions of the north could effect a bloodying reciprocity, engendering the possibility of a full-scale barroom brawl. You could sense that others were itching for some enlargement of this Fracas. Beats doing push-ups.

The Great Don knew the Dirty Bastards would be spying on all the activities taking place around the Fulkins; it was not to be a private affair between two suitors; the voyeurs made it their business to take sides, some wisely, some foolishly. And the Don was once again repulsed by the Brass Buttons and the Proximal Recalcitrants, and the National Honor Society.

However repulsed, he may have been, in his tilting at Windmills, it seemed he had forced the antagonists to yield to the principle of Unpossessed Troth'; Loved, Yes !, but unpossessed.

But alas, the discussion persisted; hum drum, hum drum your time away; do not war and make the world turn - Oh, so gray.

Meanwhile, the faithful squire has taken his ease by the wayside somewhere in Central America, his nameless ass browsing contentedly, as nameless asses have been accustomed throughout the centuries, in a greener pasture, to which the Spaniards of old dothed aspire, to which, now, the mestizo and compesino doth - who knows what they doth? Thar's mestizos and compesinos in them thar hills - Sancho felt right at home..

Forgive the digressions; I believe this caustic and lunatic levity cannot begin to convey any part of the vital message I would insert into this narrative; the Don has been wounded in his endeavors; Assist Him!!

I have just returned from a brief intermission; I shall continue with my absorption into the Fulking Islands.

Thus we spend our time, the waste of which becomes our purpose, lacking any other.

In the midst of the ocean wide, the conquering orgasm issued forth, a parody of the real thing. And a paroxysm of violence, no doubt. All the raw parts were exhibited, as indeed they should be, since the affliction is better exposed than concealed; a good airing might prevent or reduce the festering, and the spread of the disease.

No, I am not humorous, nor humored.

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It is all raw - raw something - the rawness that continually surfaces to accomplish some elemental purpose, unknown and undefined.

I'll accept any explanation you will offer; it can only add to the dearth of hopefulness contained within this long march from out the darkness.

That anyone can presume to own anything, can presume to insist upon fealty from another; what should we say of such presumption?

Crassly? - That's the Name of the Game ! In the least, both cases exist as patent denials of one's brethren.

What is the basis for this denial? There can be no basis unless the weight and force of might are so intimidated to exist as a basis; surely we suspect this to be the truth; and if we are not amongst the mighty, then we are consigned to another fate - the Name of the Game!

He that does not own and who is subject; his fate is to discover the means to turn the tables, while the other aims to maintain the uprightness of the table; is that how it is writ?

Thus we spend our time, the waste of which becomes our purpose, lacking any other.

We have not progressed markedly, despite the new uniforms; if we would but remove the uniforms we would appear more suitably attired for the death that awaits us, where all distinction, all property, all fealty, all, all is of no avail.

So, soldier, soldier, whether you don helmet or beret or go less encumbered into battle, it will be stealth from your rear that will assure your demise; it will be the inherent betrayal of mankind, and life, by your mirror image, upon which will hinge your fate.

The puny cloth banner that proclaims the State's idiocy becomes the purpose of time, the coursing of the pulse; the Chant !, the Chant!, the Chant!. Sis Boom Bah, Who are we Fah ? Rah, Rah, Rah!!!

The Fulking Islands - Boom Boom Sis Sis - Boom Boom Boom Sisssss!

They stole upon her repose, they raped her, they raped her as she had never been raped before; they smiled arrogantly at her helplessness; they said 'We now possess her. She is Ours! ... Ours! Ours!

Ours!'; Cock a doodle doooo.

Hah, but her master, her overseer, her protector, her champion?, would not assent to this overbearing ecstasy. A principle had been violated. Yes, like her, the principle possessed a shape, an allure, a meaning not to be sullied in the raw milieu of purposeless adventurism. The stern rebuke must follow the violated principle. Onward to Helen of Fulkins.

Thus we spend our time, the waste of which becomes our purpose, lacking any other.

Lacking any other method of disposing of our time, this rashness will then surely suffice. Time, then, is heaped upon time, already an ugly

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pyramid reeking of the ignominy of violence; still - it is our monument; our testament.

"Ours! Ours! Ours!" Adam said unto Eve." This is all Ours!"

Without fences and flags, Eden became an intolerable place.

One can never say enough about this rawness of ours. Yes, Herman, every one-hundred years we needs inquire, only as a point of reflection, only as a means of adducing the meaning of time well spent, only to signify the essence of purposefulness; Yes, do inquire, by all means ask, again and again, *"Is civilization a thing distinct, or is it merely an advanced stage of barbarism?"*

Wearisome banter, NO ? Such negation, such pessimism. Yes, and Madness too. The pathways are frozen into their patterned futility.

Yes !, one ought leave off in this dubiousness. Surely other horizons beckon wherein hope may flourish - on another island? The last stronghold of Madness; this yearning, this yearning, this yearning.

We have proclaimed again and again that Gud had existed, that He Does exist; and yet we know that He does not exist and never did. The profoundness of our ignorance and the utter concealment of the truth leaves us little choice; that is, our feeble egos, little choice.

Because we can comprehend nothing, we attribute this lack to an all-knowingness that has taken it upon itself to safeguard us in our stupidity. At least we recognize something; we recognize limits within ourselves. In the last analysis, the comprehending individual will acknowledge his limits, although he cannot know even these with any degree of certitude. But does that cause him to hesitate?

In my ignorance, I do not feel obliged to demonstrate, thus compound the effects of my ignorance, by proclaiming something exists when it does not exist.

There is conclusive proof that Death exists; we are often its instrument, as a rather dangerous plaything.

This Gud that you proclaim exists, cannot reside in this Universe; He is an absentee Deity, like one of the degenerate European Monarchs of olde.

If this Gud had anything to do with the creation of our little Eden, he certainly gave it up as a bad job long, long ago.

Your prayers begging for his intercession augment the cacophonous symphony that eulogizes the purposefulness of wasting time.

It is our pleasure to idle along believing that Gud tends his flock, that the passage here is but brief, and of no consequence, save to learn something of the consequences of ugliness and meanness.

Yes, this, your Gud, is the Gud of Ugliness and Meanness - Pray to Him! Pray to Him!

It is He that made the Fulking Islands, as it is He that set armies against each other upon these Islands; as He has bizarrely promoted

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conflict through out our history, setting the ignorant against the ignorant, the beast against the beast. Surely this Gud is a wonder...You say it is not he, but, conveniently, Satan. What you say, that the Omnipotent is Impotent, that the Virile monster is Satan?

Alas, the Virile monster is he that ye see reflected in the still waters; and it is 'Virility until Death do us Part', and the Mighty that will prevail.

Yes, Satan is merely another convenience, another putting off, another spat of ignorance. 'We are not evil by nature; we are evil because Satan lives within us; we must avail ourselves of Gud in order to dispel Satan'. Simple-mindedness! Awesome simple-mindedness.

It can be said once again that we recognize something lives within us; we will admit to this something as Evil, as not Good. But we will not admit our ignorance, our ignorance of our beginnings and our purposes. We cannot live and be humbled by darkness; we must create a blinding light.

How can one exist without Gud (or Satan) - ALONE ? We do!! Thus we will remain at the mercy of the principle of 'the survival of the fittest' (fit for what?) underneath all those flowery rhetorics. And as always one may proclaim "Gud helps those who.....! "

You perceive this as some gross travesty of what you think you believe. You would rather kneel before your ignorance and worship it as Gud, Allah, Imam, Buddha, Flumdum.

For Flumdum and Country - Avaunt!!! To the Ramparts!!!

Sis ! Boom ! Bah !

Come all ye faithful little Fuldings.

And for another tiresome encore we will watch the Israelies whack their way through Lebanon anon, anon, anon, and on, and on, and on. Yassir, Yassir, Yassir, three bags full. And so we spend our time, lacking any other enwhilement.

And for another encore? Nicaragua, Honduras, El Salvador, Guatemala, Chile, Afghanistan, Poland, South Africa, Ethiopia, Libya, Sudan, Iran-Iraq, Iraq-Iran, Iran-Iraq, Iraq-Iran; Timbuctoo, Shangri-La, Paradise, and whoop-de-doooo, Grenada; Northern Island.

Blood has become the acknowledged and accepted testimonial to our perseverance. Take a bow.

The Righteous fervor hatched in the brow of the O'erfamed Don vaporized at the scene of battle where he now lay wronged in his rightness - his eulogies of Dulcinea, his denunciations, his invocations and appeals to a Higher Order - a pile of shredded nonsense.

Afterward.

Really, what an unlikely encounter - Now! Perhaps a carry-over from the Armada.

Pathetic little England (Great Britain) - a contraction; not even a real one, from 'is not', to isn't, to ain't.

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Still tempestuous though, like a hobbled prisoner.
And Argentina; will it ever unshackle itself from that Latin thing?
893 Dead.
Argentina is rearming itself. To ward off bankruptcy.
Four Digits next time.

Coda To The Fulkins

This happened before the Golf War; after the other Golf War, and before
the Terror War, and before the Preemptive Strike War.
We're into more than four digits.

