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Charline has suggested I put some of my letters to Nicole into your box. I shall soon be told to go to hell by her parents for messin' wif her mind; so these entries are apt to be short.

What a surprise - a little voice on the telephone.

And another surprise ! Nicole, somebody has been telling you stories (informing on me) - that I don't believe in GOD. I'm not as sure about some things as are other people. However, I do know for sure I believe in chocolate. I do not pray to chocolate, but when I eat it, I generally feel pretty good. (It does something for me, and generally speaking, I have had faith chocolate will always do something for me, which is more than I can say for other things, like spumoni , for example, or B.S., for another.

Hello Nicole

Gee, sweetheart, I hope because you suspect your Grampa D. is not particularly religious that you will not turn yore back on him like some stuck-up little snippet from the school playground. That would make me go all tearful inside.

I never was much of a believer in anything, and I've had no reason to believe in one thing over another, unless it was chocolate, like I wrote you before.

But you can take comfort that yore mommie and yore daddie believe in God, and probably when Darwin and Kendall wise up, they will too. And then, yore uncles, ants, granduncles, grandants, cousins, so many friends, almost everybuddy you know is a believer. And your Grandpa H. believes so hard, they made him a Beacon of his church, and yur Grandma H. is a hard believer too.

I don't think its right for you to squeal on me though, and if you're gonna tell everybuddy I believe in chocolate, then you're gonna hafta tell on everybuddy else who believes in chocolate, whether or not they confss to it; and judging from the size of some people's girth, they believe in chocolate a heckuva lot more'n I do. So please start with them, and please don't rat on yore Grampa D.

Your Ant Cassandra came home from school when she was your age; she walked in the door after her first day in school and tole me "GAWD SAID". Of course she didn't hear GAWD speak to her; she was only repeatin' what some little curly red-haired snippet of a girl had tole her on the school playground. You see, sumbuddy tole this red-haired snippet that "GAWD SAID", then this snippet tole Cassandra, and then Cassandra tole me "GAWD SAID". It wasn't as though Cassandra had a conversation or nuttin like that, ya see. And to my knowledge, ever since then, Cassandra, has never had a conversation with GAWD, and that's for twenty-five years. Oh she's had a one-sided conversation allright, with GAWD, but where she does all the talkin'.

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If I wuz gonna talk to anyone, not even GAWD, but just anyone, an' I tole a joke, I'd expect 'em to laugh, especialloy if it wuz funny, and not hold anything back because of no scruple or prejudice or whatever, but jus' laugh 'cause it tickled. But to tell a good joke an' not get a response, why that would take the (heart) fun out of anyone; so I tend to tell jokes to people who I can count on laughin'. I cant' tell a joke to no folk, or to no GAWD who aint even gonna chuckle.

Tell ya whut Nick, I can't be all that BAD, 'cause when I hit my thumb with a hammer, I let out the loudest prayer you ever heard, to the supposed SUN of GAWD: "Geeeeezzzuuhzzz Keeeeeerricethuhh!!.

And when I wuz yore age I went to Protestant Sunday School and cut out papper dolls, and made mud pies and things out of flour, water and paper. Then I went to a CONVENT for threee years, where I attended Mass every morning at 6:00 A.M. (before break fast) in the chapel with all the stained glass windows, the stations af the cross, the big white altar, and the staues of the VIRGIN and the CRUCIFIED SUN, and with all the black-robed nuns, and the Latin talking priest (Oh he could talk English all right when he wanted to ream our pattoties). And I ate the body of Keeeerricethuhh every mroning during Mass at the Communion Rail. And I said a lot of mumbo jumbo and jumbo mumbo to curry favor with the FEARFUL presence of the LAWD!

But , you know whut, GAWD hid like the boogey man, so's you couldn't see 'im. They said he wuz awful busy keepin' the world together - that's why he gave his sacrificial SUN whom we (not me) promptly slaughtered and have been slaughtering (sacrificing - pore lamb that he wuz ...er... iz) ever since.

After the convent, when I became a teenager, I joined the Presbyterian Youth (for Christ) Group, just to get outta the house away from the ole man (yore daddie can tell you about wantin' to get away frum the ole man). And besides our Youth Group (boys and girls) got to ride in the minister's car to the Youth Camp to play softball. The ride in the car was the best part, where there were so many of us we got to sit on each other's laps. Sometimes a girl would sit on my lap, and depending on who she was, it could be quite a thrill. In cases like that I'd hafta say sumbuddy (maybe GAWD) was lookin' out for me, although nobody mentioned his name - and hadn't even prayed.

If you only knew how I got along with girls, you can't really appreciate how much this Youth Activity meant to me, and whoever was responsible for it.

Nickie, I'd write more, but all this GAWD stuff has given me writer's cramp - so I'll hafta let it go until later.

More chocolate to yuh!

Cheers! Lots of chocolate.

Lots of Luv.

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Nicole is an achiever; she received an **A** in Jesus.

WRITING There has to be some motivation for this kind of activity. A combination of things need to be in evidence. One has to have the energy, then the ego, then the belief (long spelling for beef). In conjunction with these, one requires an audience, and some form of feedback. Others might add that one has to have something to say (bull, another spelling for beef).

All my writing has centered on my crankiness. A lot of people are cranky, but tire of reading other people's cranks. They want instead romances, or travelogues, or even mysteries, where they can lose themselves for a while, wherein they may escape the realities that make them cranky. By the time they get around to reading somebody like me, they already know all there is to know, so the writing better be pretty good.

If I was to stand before a jury of my peers for the content of my writing I would be banished, or condemned to the hemlock. I write a lot of stuff declaiming the STATE. The STATE is a cohesive whole set in a particular time. The STATE insists upon its imaginary prerogatives: rule and control of the masses (the masses include individuals like me). I do not happen to believe the STATE has any rights over me.

Like You, I was matriculated into the so-called 'school system' at an early age. This was forced upon me by my parents who had it forced upon them by the STATE. There must be apparent purpose to schooling. But there is the rarely examined part of the process; that it gets repeated for its own sake rather than for its designated purpose. And the purpose that seems apparent is often encumbered by the hidden agendas that accompany it. Often it is conducted in order to provide a vehicle for those hidden agendas, forsaking the original purpose. Whatever the purpose, attendance ought to be a matter of free choice. But somewhere it is writ: YOU CAN'T HAVE FREE CHOICE.

So most of us come out of the system parroting: "Polly want a 4 cracker?" The Flag and Pledge (that's no furniture polish) is part of the message, like being a Tin Soldier in the Social Regiment, kind of like that drum-beating (how appropriate) battery advertisement:

"Still Going!" Robot-like. Its not a very flattering image, I know. But the sooner one -Well, I don't have to go into that, do I?

Question is: "What are you going to do about it?"

You can do like me. You can take up the pen, or the typewriter, or the computer keyboard. You can even invent your own secret language, code, or metaphor. You can question the whole damned perpetration; or if you already think you know all the answers, you can rail against the system like I do. I don't know all the answers, but I rail anyway. If everybody railed against the system, those who scrambled to fill the bureaucratick ranks might beat a hasty retreat.

You have to realize, those who fill the bureaucratick ranks are the same ones who came out of the system beating that "Still Going" drum, robot-

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like. They only look human, like those props beating the "Still Going" drum only appear human. Being able to visualize oneself helps a lot. Understanding oneself helps even more. I'm not convinced understanding the system helps.

One could hypothesize a White Knight who came along to rescue all of us from this dire predicament. Some say Jesus offered an alternative to the STATE. Don Quixote attempted to right all the wrongs. Sigmund Freud attempted to understand our hidden motivations. Many writers have imagined the Utopian solution. As a writer I have doubted the viability of Utopian schemes but cannot write without suggesting corrective schemes that most likely are unrealistic; therefore might be perceived as Utopian. Nothing wrong with the latter; its that these schemes just will not thrive on this planet.

Most of us could envision a better deal. The Fourth estate is forever hyping us with Shangri-La and images of the Rich And Famous. Maybe if they could supply (guarantee) us a little of that froo-fraa, we might be more content. But when you really look closely, the images are more-of-the-same; a proselytizing of the STATEUS QUO. Shangri-La may be around the corner; but what or who will people it? The Rich and Famous to which one may enviously aspire wear the same dirty underwear as the rest of us.

Yes!, it was all gone when we got here. Gobbled up, the best wrung from the fabric; and the fabric rent in the process. Those parents who copulated without restraint put us here unconscionably; just because it was something to do. Fucking was better than not fucking, regardless of the consequences. And we have done the same. What was all gone is even more all gone; forever. An alteration in the fabric is in the making. All that froo-fraa that has been included in the matriculated system will need to be expunged; in its place the gone forever reality must be acknowledged. The reality "You cant make Something from Nothing" will become evident enough to be included. Only writers and capitalists can make something out of nothing. The capitalists all live in impregnable fortresses, whereas the writers are easily accessible.

LATER:

It has been conjectured, and even asserted, that WE are made in the image of HIM. "If the truth were to be known" its the obverse; HE is made in the image of US. And that aint saying much.

The crude succinctness of the above , that is, devoid of grandiose firmament expletives, and sundry flowery language, or showing deference to the Centuries of Cathedrals and Temples dedicated to such a proposition, serves to indicate the severity of our predicament.

She had asked, "Did you make this table?" as had many others. I had answered in a manner not too differently than I had the others. "I had very

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little to do with it; the guy upstairs is responsible." She said, "But you're the guy upstairs" referring to the upper level of our home. "Further up than that, way up." "OH!, you mean God?" "Well, not quite." "Jesus?" "That's not what I call HIM, but whatever works; first came the tree; then a guy down the street cut up the tree, and I fashioned this table from what he had done; so I had very little to do with it all." Modesty?

Fact.

Indicative of ways of thinking about the Universe; and of tables, so often the object of discussion in philosophy classrooms; usually because they are the nearest thing at hand when the Professor begins his delivery on REALITY, or visual/tactile presences. The table is heard to utter: "I think, therefore I am.", "Feel Me!, "Feel Me!".

The table gets metaphored in other ways with expressions; "Under the table (dealings)"; also when the going gets rough for the Council) in a City Council Meeting, the issue at hand often gets "Tabled".

The table exclaims assertively, "I am the erection.", as a take-

off from, 'I am the resurrection'. A table may properly be labelled 6

an erection placed mostly upon four fallacies, although I have constructed a three-fallacied one terminating in a singular attempt to defy the Coriolis effect (Northern Hemisphere) of a whirling planet. Precarious, as are all defiant things. When I get my new computer I will insert some kind of graphic illustration and verification to amplify and enhance the spake. The Promise. You have heard of The Promise. Promised Land, Promissary Note; things devolve rapidly after that; some kind of a volve job anyway; retrograde, not the best grade. Promises are intended as something to be KEPT. They say that women are often KEPT; perhaps the latter as a keepsake. What are one's promises to a keepsake? Will one be able to travel with his keepsakes to the Promised Land? This matter will KEEP, as others are TABLED.

Helen, Medea, Jocasta, Cleopatra, Laidee Macbeth, Goneril. Antigone, Desdemona, Juliet, Calpurnia, Portia, Elizabeth. Great Grabo, Merryland Moron. Injured Rosapasta. Princess Di.

See what I mean about retrograde devolution.

Someone asked if she was a great great great (GREAT) granddaughter of James Moron, our FIFTH.

Divagations: Abort, Ignore, Retry (reentry). Mainspake: To Follow.

Everytime I contemplate a great Romance, I become mindful of Cunegunde; I mean, how she grew rotund, and sort of began to take on the appearance of a cow. Behold what is before thine eyes. Helen eventually suffered the ravages. We are not put here to think of the consequences, only to endure the inevitabilities. And it doesn't help to know its going to happen. But one may carry HCN upon his person. Cynicacidicism.

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Like I've said before, all I want to do is sit by the seashore with my feet cocked up; in absentia. Every life needs to be able to make its peace; the more sentient have a more difficult time of it.

We wail in the beginning, and at the end.

The word is confined to the species; a great miscalculation. They stand unmoved.

The species is confined to the planet; it will take a while for 'them' to get rid of 'them'.

All this crap about the intellectual relating to the common man, for which one may be awarded the NoBell Price. Magister Ludi.

The common man is quite capable of making up his own mind without the, heh!, guidance of the 'considered opinion'. Bunch of fucking know-it-alls, is what.

I'm a common man with certain aspirations. I've dabbled enough in the word to know it isn't right for the species. Its not only a futile endeavor, its indicative of dementia.

We are possibly all illegally imprisoned by the word. Well, what's legal? We are imprisoned from the start. We need to fight for our freedom from all the crap that is imprisoned upon us. Heh!; go willingly, or else. Just the kind of ultimatum; aint it though. Enough to make you want to do what you can to shake 'em up. SHAKE 'EM!??, More'n 'at buddy.

When you're dead they talk about rigor mortis. But just imagine the rigor mortis of the living stateus quo. Motto: Love it or leave it.

Nicole really was a fizzle.