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Its been said.

J.Wayne. Americur, Rite er Rong!

Ronnie and J. Wayne: The great immorality of the Vietnam Wah was to ask are men to fight a wah we never intended to win. Whats da mattah?

"Mr. D., you have been invited to take part in this forum as a concession to those who feel unrepresented, yourself amongst them. Ordinarily we invite only experts in their respective fields to answer critical questions with regard to specific issues. It is your persistent claim that we have invited those who have so long been in their professions as to have become inured to their own pet theories (sophistry) and the jargon that accompanies them; and are so jaded by the issues as to offer little more than pat (pap) solutions to them. That they show either a great ignorance of the world at large, if not an inability to communicate what it is they really know outside their area of expertise; in the least they demonstrate little grasp of reality. You feel they obscure the real issues in attempting to propose arguments for the continuation of what it is they believe truly exists. Am I correct in this assessment?"

"That ought to get us off to a good start. However I would like to add that my criticisms of your program are tempered with the realization that you are very often under pressure to get something together on the spot as tumult appears on the horizon. Perhaps those experts do need to be flushed from their ivory towers, in any case, just to apprise us of the futility of their endeavors, as well as the futility and danger of our reliance upon any sage advise emanating therefrom."

"Mr. D., what would you have us do? Should we take it upon ourselves alone to present just our own opinions? How much more limited would be our coverage of the days events. Our audience does want information of a kind we cannot readily provide, though we might be constantly attempting to do so from our own resources; and we do as much as we are able and as time will permit. You must contrast this to the networks and the other media sources. What do they offer, but a smattering of the event along with a single hidden agenda, a bias if you will. At least here, we can choose opposing views as much as we are able to determine them to be so; and as often as we are able to throw in middle-of-the-road views. Still you want something else. Perhaps there is no way this forum could satisfy your requirements. We shall see."

"Perhaps your own gut feeling on any issue would be far more meaningful, interesting, and enlightening, than a whole battery of conflicting opinions in tongues that smack of Babel.

I want to say something else. I do not believe your presentation should be geared for any particular audience. It is my opinion you should have enough faith and confidence that every soul upon this earth wants to hear the truth in as simple a terms as possible. He or she wants to feel a part of the whole, and not as outsider who is not smart enough to understand the

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complicated obfuscations of those in control of the events that intrude upon their lives. For you to think this way and to perpetuate the same; to allow yourself to fall into this trap, rings of something with which you should not attune yourself, a kind of elitism, a kind of exclusivity, a kind of pedantry; even a snobbery we can do without.

We must make some basic assumptions, to which I feel we are obliged to refer constantly. We do have to assume inclusivity, as a matter of principle. That doesn't mean we need to speak gibberish, or in plebian terms, although that may be refreshing to hear, as long as it was on the mark. But the attitude must not be one of emanating from above, as though only these ones know. The world of man is full enough of failures to indicate that somebody doesn't know a hell of a lot. And if they do know so damned much, why this mess? You must believe that the average man is quite capable of asking that question with a good deal of cynicism and bitterness. So my advice is not to ask him to swallow yet another bitter pill, in this case, the implication that he is not bright enough to understand, or that he is not a valued enough member of society for the so-called expert (a dubious assumption in my view) to address him. I suppose, in a way, it puts the onus upon you as well, to find a way to change this arrangement. Whatever the upshot of all these daily worded convolutions, let it not be surmised or imputed, as I have heard from the Institution of Higher Education, that everything is in good hands.

It is possible you are the responsible party; quite innocently, I might add, since you suffer so much under the expedient; you might have got into this thing on one level, finding yourself in deep water, you made some unwise choices that inadvertently have not brought you any closer to shore.

Truth ought be the essential ingredient. Sometimes truth takes the form of a harsh judgment emanating from the gut. Such judgment is counterpoised to 'plausible deniability'. That is, when others obfuscate, obscure, deny; whether through ignorance, through intent (hidden agendas), through patriotic fervor, IT IS time to go with the gut. Better that than the experts becoming the handmaiden to falsehood, deception, disinformation, newspeak, doubletalk, doublethink etc.. (Perot: Informationals). To speak in the language of the events may not be what we require. The events have enough apologists. We do not need expert apologists (in the interest of fairness or balanced programming); we do not need expert deniability. Let truth be your guide, even if its defenders go begging."

"Well, Mr. D., with that prologue, we should proceed with today's agenda which, by the way is not hidden. It is as plain as the nose on your proverbial that the recognized major economies of the world are not prospering. Our experts, as you have intimated, have provided us with analysis that for the most part uses a terminology which, in the least demeaning appraisal of it, may be said to be of a technical nature. The

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remedies to the economic difficulties are often discussed in contradictory technical terms as well; and as such make the whole seem a muddle, confusion worse confounded. And in the end the predictions ensuing from all this technicality seem in themselves to represent a wide range of opinions hardly based in fact; at least not expressed in technical terms, but more by the gut feeling of the experts. How then does one get at the root of our concern in this matter?"

"We are inclined to complicate things. We feel that somehow we should be able to discover some kind of principles at work, or be able to apply some kind of logic, or provide a rational basis for something that may not admit of these things. Can it be that the whole conundrum boils down to: 'As Simple is as Simple does'?"

In the field of economics, the first maxim ought to be "You can't make something out of nothing." If that was the theory and the practice, the whole endeavor could be discontinued, as a non sequitur. If the field of economics was to serve any truly useful function, it could go about the planet iterating that simple fact: "You can't make something out of nothing".

If we denounce the first maxim in order to enshrine the other purpose of the field of economics, which IS: "To make something out of nothing"; then perhaps we have acknowledged the truth of our ways. In order to 'make something out of nothing' you have all parties agree that is their purpose, the theory so to speak, and to implement that purpose, the practice, so to speak.

The most familiar and simplest words one associates with economics, and the ones with which the field is most preoccupied, are GAIN, PROFIT, EARNINGS, ACQUISITION. The purist economist will deny these as the motivating factors in his field of endeavor. He will argue that he looks at the "BIG PICTURE" of production, development, distribution, and consumption of commodities. This claim belies the former. The so-called BIG PICTURE boils down to the Small Picture which is to 'make something out of nothing'. If only we could start with that simple admission we would be getting somewhere. If we ignore that basic premise, we will never arrive at the truth; or a remedy, one should add. Once we attain to this position (of admitting the premise), we can then begin to discuss other matters which bear upon it, and why it can never succeed on its own merits. GAIN, PROFIT, EARNINGS, ACQUISITION, are very often linked to INCENTIVES. An Incentive in this case, satisfies some hidden, though identifiable, condition within the hominid psyche, at times labeled GREED, without, for the moment, suggesting some inordinate uncontrollable passion. Gain Greed Gangreed Whatever the pocket will bear.

We speak of 'Gaining' a livelihood, of being 'gainfully' employed. In my opinion these are poor choices of words, but do reflect a social bias. What we do in order to survive may find us becoming involved in a SYSTEM (for

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the lack of a better word) imposed upon us at birth; most generally that is the case. We also find ourselves speaking its language. To contrast this notion one might counterpoise another 'System' common in more primitive societies, referred as bartering, allowing that to stand as self-evident for the moment. Bartering may involve a medium of exchange. But it is to be understood the medium lives at its face value, does not gain or lose value (become inflated, or deflated) (through economics).

Yes! lets imagine an entrepreneur amidst the primitive aegis, who perceives a way to mass produce bows arrows, and spears, not unlike Krupp, Mitshubishi, or General Dynamics. In order or accomplish this mad scheme he needs to employ others. He may require ancillary equipment, materiel etc. which he cannot obtain, or garner from his own resources. He goes to the Bank Of The Jungle to obtain a loan of the medium in order to facilitate and speed up his little gig. Unlike Krupp, Mitshubishi, and General Dynamics, he's not in this for the profit; he's just someone with an idea, and lots of energy, and, perhaps guided by some notion of providing a public service, which makes him feel good.

The Bank Of The Jungle is merely a repository that loans its medium without interest, but does expect to have the medium returned within a certain stated period of time. Penalties are not part of the agreement, but foreclosure is part of the agreement. In other words, all loans are collateralized in some way. A defaulting loanee is considered reprehensible, and his obligation remains with him in perpetuity until it is paid in full. It goes to say one does not enter into ventures lightly. He had better be prepared to bust his ass in order to see them through. However, Bankruptcy is a socially acceptable alternative, but not an admissible consideration. Surely it is understood that circumstances may intervene wherein things do not attain to parity. In such cases losses may be sustained; but it is understood these are not of man, but of some other unseen agent.

One would not be imprisoned for his debt, nor would exactions against his person involve threats to his basic survival requirements, although his debt remain outstanding.

Whereas barter was the original arrangement amongst men, the mere loan of a medium of exchange involves many contingencies, some of which are unforeseen. Without the medium, the same condition could obtain; that is, one might owe goods or services for goods or services contracted into a bargain, if a time element becomes part of the bargain.

Well, some would immediately argue, this could not obtain for General Motors. Obviously the two situations are not in the remotest sense comparable. Are they?

Its obvious I am not an *economisty*.

Now, it is me who has risen to this eminence within myself.

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The holiday thing had begun as a lark (cavalier incautiousness) to somehow aid my son and his wife and their children (our grandchildren) in their various familial dilemmas with in-laws and parents, and so on and so on. It seems everyone was ready for the occasion, perhaps as much as we, in order to put one's best foot forward, because we would rather be remembered as someone with good intentions than as an arbitrary, bigoted, prejudiced, mean sons-of-a-bitches; that is, lacking any reasonable principles to lend credibility to one's performance.

Well, anyway it was a plus, which it may not have been had my son been in attendance; he had been called away by his employer.

When a father doesn't approve his daughter's selection of mate, everyone connected to this phenomenon becomes affected. Often disastrously as many of you may be aware.

Not that there is such a great difference amongst male configurations of the species; that is, a man is very different than a horse for example. I believe, if dad is about to surrender that which he loves and has loved, he wishes for something in return - admittedly selfishly.

Nature is the ultimate arbiter; and dads can just go lump it. But when the prospective son-in-law shows little deference toward the prospective father-in-law; well! My son came in his dirty work clothes and dirty hands, sat upon the white couch, and said (paraphrasing) "I guess we are going to get married (or hitched)."

Before I go too far I wanted to say something, not so much about the cavalier part but something about the distaff side of that family, particularly the sister of the mother-in-law and her two daughters. Reflected in the elder daughter one perceives the aspects of the mother's physiognomy carried forth, knowing what remains in the mother which is handsome indeed, has successfully been transmitted to the loveliness of the offspring, which rather takes one's breath away. Not to diminish the other daughter who also possess her own particular beauty, not so in a genetic imitation of the mother but in her own right, and showing more of the father whom I cannot evaluate in the same way as the mother. I relate far more successfully to the beauty of the distaff side of the species. Two lovelies, plus one.

But ALL ALL steeped in GAWD, like a perfume (as some kind of fruity scent) permeating the atmosphere. The whole she-bang and he-bang melted down and anaesthetized in GAWD (and they snicker at the hippies with their incense).

My son has tried the perfume, but pinches his nose, so he will not suffocate.

Heavenly! The land of peaches and ice cream. By the time we arrive the frozen mass will have melted into a souring puddle while the fruit will have grown a green fuzz of mould. One necessarily must predict and expect some transformation (with time).

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The GAWD thing mystifies me. Peaches and Ice Cream. Made in the image of Peaches and Ice Cream. A promise of Salvation (for the soul [not the tummy], so it is claimed). Everlasting! Such clutter. No Fences. Only the huge wall between Heavin and Hail. Hail is a place lacking Peaches and Ice Cream - FOREVER. Don't forget Chocolate and Ding Dongs.

These Peaches and Ice Creamers get pretty snotty or snooty with their self-assured after-rupture itinerary. One really doesn't want to know what seeths below the surface.

One thing about Amerikee that sticks in the craw of those who have FOUND IT is that First Amendment thing, wherein the FOUND ITS have to tolerate those who regard them as LOST ITS. Their natural tendency is to be Intolerant. Seethingly so.

The Dinosaurs tried their damndest, but they lasted only 160,000,000 years. We have Peaches and Ice Cream, so we don't have to spend one lousy second in this reeking place, reeking of heathenism. No accolades for Dinosaur endurance, 'cause they was brutishly unspiritual.

Multiply and Defile the Earth. Bunch of sorcerers, I'd say. Its the thought that counts.

In Quebec it had been suggested that a baby boom was needed to assure the French contingent of a plurality (voting majority). A lot of writhing in order to speak a language that communicates nothing but 'more of the same'. More Peaches and Ice Cream .. er .. *Pêches et Crème à la Glace*. The GQN (Great Quebec Novel). *Les petits bourgeois* insist on marketing in French their far-eastern manufactured merchandise; and selling it for Canadian Dollars.

What does it matter?

In Testing Bonzo's Urine They found traces of Grrrr...Ape.

The coins rattling ling ling in his pocket reminded him once again of the medium of exchange - the horrible condition that separated him from his fellow man.

The Golf Crisis.
A bogey man.
OIL MINISTER

Blockade, interdiction, intervention
Hostage (guest), interdictee, detainee, retaine, custodie, and the infamous 'collateral damage'.

Legal terminology goes to war. The Brickbats win again.

Nullis addictus jurare in verba magistri.

Not bound to swear to the dogmas of my Master.

Litmus test. All wet!

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The New World Order (more of the same); Pandora!

The Escarpment. Simultaneously a relief and a disappointment to fall so far without injury.

"Do not go gentle into that good night" the bard strophes, as he dives headlong into delirium and oblivion.

habitus creditivus He believes as one always believes, because he believes [Gasset].

Khaki Complex

Etymology of Death

Etymology of GEEEEZZZZUZZZ KEEERYYYYSSTUHH !!!

negation, conjunction, disjunction

The Bridge To Death

enigma, epigram, metaphor, colloquialism, analogue, analogy, figure of speech, simile, aphorism, maxim.

The Second Coming - Sigmund Freud. SVRI.

Incorporeal property. Immaterial privileges.

From THE FATAL SHORE: Female factories, class criminal, class merinos, class exclusives, assignment, free settler, convict, bush anger, emancipists, class currency, government men, tickets of leave, chain gangs, hulks, hanging/flogging; labor assignment, free vs. convict, government service, by task vs. time, land grants. Restricted Right of Disposition. Rum Corps. Import Monopoly. Hereditary Privilege. Convict Dumping Ground. penal colony for petty crimes (stealing a loaf) with a 7 year sentence for starters easily lengthened to 14 etc., to life.

Property is the real bugaboo (conundrum) between us all. Value judgments are rendered accordingly.

When's The Old Man Gonna Die? My inheritance!

Armamentarium. A Museum containing Cain (Caintoning) and David.

(Ethereal) Gail 'into' Body Polarity. Physicians Zeal Thyself!

What does it matter?

What does matter is the extension of the I; the Me. I'm more acquainted with my own suffering than another's. I have lived in places in Amerikee where I never had to be confronted with another's suffering. When I encountered it, I could choose to avoid it. My own sufferings have been

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those of the spirit; not of the body; not in the lack of amenities. All other sufferings have been those of the conscience.

My best effort at empathy has been to watch a friend whose failed and failing heart deprived him of a physical existence (a life style) to which he had been accustomed. Every ordinary (familiar) bodily movement required a great physical effort, leaving a tired, discouraged individual as well as struggling stoical bitterness. When finally his vessel passed over the bar, my effort at empathy was transferred to his spouse who had been his constant companion for some forty odd years. What I felt and feel for these ones must bear some relationship to my affection for them.

I cannot feign sympathy. I must take into my heart something for which one generates the heartfelt. Another's lament must measure up to some order of suffering which I do not experience, but know exists. One must produce an earthquake of a certain magnitude.

So I admit to dipping into the dregs of my humanity; hardly amounting to much more.

I recall the National Geographic's sanitized, aesthetized, depiction of suffering in starving Ethopia or Slims-ridden Uganda; or some other place afflicted with natural disaster. Anesthesia administered in color when the world is quite black and mostly gray.

Great places for missionary work; for spreading the good word, the holy truth (unpolyurethaned); better visit the dispensary first; prayer is proven insufficient antidote to indigenous disease (as well as all the other anomalies and vicissitudes, with which we are more familiar).

Its all so one-sided. The world is constantly telling me of itself; but hears not me.

Confined to these quarters. Its sort of like a Mafia; the Establishment. Names of individuals become household words, whether or not one cares. These names permeate all endeavors. They define and control the ambience and transience that surrounds us. Not that they are torchbearers or that they show the way in any other dimension. We just don't know how to get rid of them.

The foxes (our reps. in gov.) voted themselves another pay raise while others hunger. Apothegem: Tutu is a phony. (Fallwell, (After the Fall down the Well; Jimmy [All 8 cylinders]).

As if it mattered.

We travel in the shadow of others.

Dedicated to all the ancillary players (hominid chaff).

There was this guy, see; he was standing there in his alpine getup; leather shorts, long argyle sox, Raichles, suspenders, alpine hat complete with feather, a walking staff, and an exhibitionistic attitude to win us over. He was somewhere upon the pass between Switz, and It; standing there

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next to one of the crucifixes housed like a bird-feeder. The impaled person seemed of the female persuasion, clothed in a mini-skirt, rather seductively suspended from the nails, however caught by the camera in the play of light and shadows. Whether in supplicating agony or scintillating ecstasy, there was no mistaking the as(s)inine grin of the mustachioed one standing there in his leather shorts, leaning upon his crooked staff. **I AM!**

Mobile Home (Movements) prohibited over the pass.

Your presidente knows, cares, and will do something about it (the economy). No!. Not The Mobile Home

I (the presidente speaking) am sick and tired of a bunch of lightweights around this country using me as a punching bag.

I will try to work my heart out to do my level best.

Don't assume that because there have been some changes in emphasis in the (former) Soviet Union, or that 1984 is past, that the Totalitarian scenario is still not possible. We have some good examples of subversion, perversion etc., toward the ultimate objective (power and control) in the likes of Singapore, Cuba, China, Malawi, most Central and Latin American Countries, and so on, and on. The mere mention of Communism or Socialism is intended to divert one's attention from other realities, other real possibilities (what we have been identifying as HIDDEN AGENDAs).

Watch out for the American Freedom Coalition, the so-called grass-roots for conservative causes. The first amendment disguise of the Unification Church of Reverend (can you imagine such a dignification of the Elmer Gantries [Elmer is tame next to these guys]) Moon. Agent of Influence. American Conservative Union; Concerned Women of America. New Birth Project; Martyr of Bigotry; God and Freedom banquet; Committee to Defend the U.S. Constitution. The Resurrection of the MOON, The Messiah. The Fanaticism, the buried hatred of the masses, the monopolization of discontent. The new Klan Leader, the New Gantry. Jones, Koresh, McVeigh, Kazinsky, Weaver, Singer.

Hiding behind the first amendment provisions of the constitution: freedom of religion; freedom of speech; freedom of the press (Washington Times is the most notable; not to mention other publishing efforts designed to subvert).

These guys are not above board. Watch out. Perverts Ahead.

As you will note, I abuse the First Amendment rather liberally.

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Its all too laughable to watch Moon (or his stand-in) Rant, whether before the maddened crowd, or before Congress. Outrageously funny; AND **SINISTER !!**.

The little shit (his stand-in HI HO! Pat Hat) cries foul when caught abusing the first amendment provisions, i.e., subverting the religious freedom covenant, which carries certain untaxable privileges (separating the state and the church [nicely]). But this little shit claims his right not to be taxed for all non-associated investments and earnings, profit, gain, DIVIDE ENDS (for this is what its all about) is blasphemous, insisting that he is a Martyr to Bigotry.

It seems to me we are too hemmed in to argue from within the 'circle'. Instead of argue, one ought say propose. Hypothesizing from within may prove an impracticality in any case. To coin an unclear obtusity of jargon one hears these days: "What goes around comes around." An Old Saw: "When the going gets rough the tough get going".

At the very outset one needs declare his particular awareness and bias.

Any system that does not account the least will be deemed a failure. Inclusivity is the measure. Having said these things, we need also move outside the circle; only to look in. The looking in becomes the reference for all those things that have been deemed 'not-to-be-repeated'.

Because we have stepped outside, and because we need do a certain thing with regard to design, because we are suffering with what exists, we will hypothesize that which obviates the status quo. We do this somewhat as an exercise, attempting to convince ourselves first, that we are capable; and second, 'operating under the pressure' of some imperative.

To make this whole abstraction clearer, I should note my own prejudice in this matter. The status quo must be changed, radically. It is my particular belief that as long as we attempt to maneuver from within, we will always be outmaneuvered. That has been the pattern, despite all efforts to the contrary, despite the most careful reasoning by those impartially assessing that which we are inclined to label 'civilization', or 'society' (or the common good [weal wealthy]). As long as policy changes are in the hands of 'representatives' who vote their prejudices, any action attempted from within will fail; i.e, is precluded from succeeding – despite the most carefully reasoned, and best intentioned efforts. The Status Quo is a Vested Interest.

It is my belief, before we would begin such an exodus to the outside, that whatever we decide out there would be doomed to failure, given our present evolutionary plateau; I cannot seem to find it in myself to make any exception to this gut feeling (perhaps only a reflection of my bitterness and cynicism). Beginning with a less than hopeful prospect is cautionary to be sure; and does cast a shadow over the whole proposed effort.

So be it. Having stated the preceding, we indulge in a dubious exercise.

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The initial gambit is to 'dare to think'. The spirit of the dare rests in the desire to reveal the truth and to state the truth. Once we have done so we may decide we cannot live with the truth, or that the truth makes everything we would propose to do appear even more of an improbability.

To illustrate what tends to happen, the following might suffice. As conscionable architects and builders, abiding all we have learned with regard to the impacts of the species upon the planet, and upon its own kind, we have set out to first recommend, second to design, and third to build accordingly. In short we have 'created' New Towns. The Newness represents an incorporated genesis, as opposed to a random extension of what exists, full of concern for property rights, with its attendant speculations, grandfathering, etc.. In doing this we have 'created' an abstraction, or an 'Idea'. Having done so we have validated one part. HOWEVER, do we occupy the New with our Old selves? Do we also validate that part? Yes, we do both. The New Town is a step taken in a given direction. We have erected an 'environment' scaled to the larger environment. We have peopled it with ourselves, a lateral shifting of the status quo, from randomness to purposefulness in our exteriority. However it is erected precisely within the status quo. No other precedent exists. No other condition exists.

We have accounted things like environmental impact, we have accounted sanitation, we have accounted a 'living' environment, both in terms of space and aesthetics; we have established covenants with regard to occupancy, and use thereof; albeit we have accounted non-discrimination. It is as though we had come upon some mirage in the desert; "All ye who enter these portals must leave behind that world from which thee came". The desert would be easily enough abandoned for this more promising abode; Yes?

Some would regard the creation as sterile, as an imposition; aesthetic, yes!, but unindividual. Could it be otherwise? What have included, and what have we excluded? What is the reality quotient. What are the constants, what are the Un variables? The Fixed? No Flag Burnings aloud!

What we have done is what we would do now as outsiders looking in. We would incorporate much and deny much. The incorporated part we would wish to expand to suit our individuality; the denied part would exclude some of our individuality; we perceive both parts through our own self-interest. Some might wish to display the national emblem in a most conspicuous manner although its colors would clash with the overall hued aesthetic; or such display might obscure another's view, and/or otherwise affect something unpleasant. Would one thus be obliged to order a less enthusiastic patriotism on the pain of exclusion? Or do we exclude those who exhibit no patriotism; those who declaim nations and nationalities (for whatever reasons)?

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How far do we extend these kinds of arguments in order to influence our selection of occupants? I am beginning to suspect we would discover too few who met the necessary criteria.

And so it might be said of those of us who would step outside the 'circle' within which we live in a random purposeless heap (abstracting ourselves as outside our globe looking on; as one might perceive maggots teeming throughout a decaying carcass.). Surely gross and gruesome a picture.

How far do we abstract ourselves in order to get at the truth? Would we not appear to another foreign agent (a space traveler evolved into an entirely different creature than anything we have to date imagined) as some teeming mass rushing about as we ourselves might view an ant colony? We believe we perceive an order within, or imposed upon the ant colony; a functioning whole measured in terms of its survival. "Survival is Success".

Most likely our activities viewed from above would seem to be governed in a like manner. Certainly 5 Billion would provide ample evidence of the 'success'. Of What? Fornication or Sanitation?

When we regard the ant colony uncritically, we are impressed by the activity, the apparent purposefulness; at least its apparent directedness. If we expand our consciousness a small amount to observe how the colony integrates to that which surrounds it, we note things like 'adaptation', symbiosis, etc.. If we look even closer, following individual ants in their activity, then we begin to realize a (subjective) monotony; an endless repetition to a life. We begin to realize the limits, the nonexpandability to what evolutionary genesis has scaled into this project. And so we might view ourselves from the outside.

For the lack of a defined purpose, we become objects of boredom, despite our activity; when viewed from the outside.

A selfish enclave
We are selfish enclaves

December 93:

Two worlds reduced to their simplest terms: One world: mine/its subworlds. Second: Your world/its subworlds.

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A subworld - reduced to its simplest terms:

Consists of that most easily recognized by me - of you. There is your primary world, which I also experience, but label as my primary world. These primary worlds mine/yours are those that exist in time and place through the accident of birth and a programmed accretion. Each of us could achieve such a state in a variety of different physical environments.

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The 'process' of accretion is generally accompanied by the 'outside' world's temporal transient steering committee ('telling it like it is'). This accompaniment may be defined as a sub-world of yours, although, to you, it may appear as vitally primary. To me, in my world, which comes equipped/programmed with a certain, innate, and intuitive acumen, which, through, its inquisitive proclivities (the whole often characterized as a 'sixth sense'), attempts to understand and measure the outside world independently. Thus some of this understanding and measuring is achieved through innate, intuitive, processes. Some of the understanding and measuring is achieved through the use of language; that is, those sounds, symbols and gestures of communication used between your world and my world. While you may also be equipped/programmed with a certain innate acumen, you, as I, may 'feel' some need or compulsion to convey what it is this inner apparatus generates within, for whatever 'reason' or 'purpose'. Hence, we have 'created' and utilize sounds, symbols and gestures (language - or other MEDIA [MEDIA, by the way is the plural of MEDIUM, a rather innocuous term, which expanded to certain extremes of meaning, creates a metaphor that may properly characterize our 20th {soon to be 21st} century use of the notion MEDIA. In the 'olde' days 'Mediums' were sought as a means of communicating with the dead, who had invested their spirits therein. Today the MEDIA act as 'mediums' of communication, i.e., the intermediaries, between you and I, and you and you, and whatever the subworlds may be - dead or alive]).

The Media are not of the primary world. They are temporal and transient in nature; organs (noise makers, outside vested agents clamoring for 'our/your' attention; they displace and supplant the real thing.

Since the word 'real' has appeared, it may suffice to say there are two real worlds, mine and yours. But in truth there is the me and the you, and to you, the me and the you. The you consists of many yous, and each, stated simply, perceives the 'real' world differently (or at least, so I have been told by one of the 'you' subworlds).

Perhaps I should attempt to clarify even further what is meant by 'subworld'. In this case subworld refers to the 'you' subworld, that is, a world that exists outside of me, and outside of the singular you; the person who is now deciphering these words. That is, it is outside of each of us; but because you or I may consider the import of this subworld as meaningful to 'our' primary world we classify it in some manner, we signify it in some manner, we assign it some place (all characterized as 'relevance') As part of this subworld we are willing to acknowledge that the real world does in fact appear different to each one (some of us need to be told this very 'fact', even though it is mostly self-evident; the stubborn persistence of subworld notions often prevents us from perceiving 'truth' [this statement arises from the intuitive me, residing within my primary world]).

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Why all this attempt to recognize and identify worlds, subworlds; yous and Is?

To me, it is a most important consideration when also attempting to communicate my meness to whatever exists outside of it, 'leaving nothing to chance' (making no assumptions about what exists outside).

It is also important for my personal safety to have some kind of understanding of the outside (of me) world. If there was only me amongst Lions and Tigers, that would constitute one outside world. But there are few Lions and Tigers (none of which I have seen in the flesh outside of their confining prisons), but there are 5.5 billion yous. The single biggest error in my understanding arises from an assumption that, because you and I look alike, we are alike; whereas, in important ways to me 'we' may be very much un-alike. As much as Lions and Tigers?

As I write/word process I am aware of the futility in the act of doing so. I may soon abandon the effort for the lack of belief that my inside world is of any importance (whether relevant or not) to the outside world. It also recognizes your primary world may not admit of any input or import from another world (subworld or primary world), simply because your primary world has achieved a level of satisfaction and comfort in what it understands to be the formation and composition of the outside world.

I discover that it would be more convenient to assume we are alike because we look alike. In some ways, perhaps many ways, it would not be unsafe to construe the 'real' world in this manner. If a Lion or a Tiger came along, most likely I would make very different assumptions (learned assumptions) than I would if one of 'you' came along (wherein my experience would have been first hand, and wherein the numbers of contacts with yous had assured me of certain things, while not assuring me of other things). Again I have used the word 'real'. Contrasted to 'real' we may invoke 'imaginary', while remembering that the whole outside world may be a fabrication of our understanding which in essence may place it in a category of imaginary constructions to which we prospectively apply the term 'real'. One of the things I may have acquired through 'experience' in my contacts with you is a 'feeling' of 'trust' based on our recognition of common objectives within our primary worlds, wherein, as two together, we may derive an enhanced safety, and perhaps an enhanced 'enjoyment' of life. We arrive at the position of 'trust' through a variety of a means of communication, but mostly through some innate assessment of what exists in the you and the I, something read in between (filtered out of) all the sounds, symbols, gestures and 'looks'.

Beyond the day to day contact with the yous, and what it is I must do to live in the same outside world which you experience, although I may have come to trust certain of you in many ways, and almost implicitly, I still reserve the right to revoke the trust. This may have as much to do with my creation of Ideals as with your failure to do certain consistent things designed to retain my trust. That is, I may wish to impose certain

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thought patterns upon you, which may require your acceptance before we are able to continue in a trusting relationship. These thought patterns may emerge from a set of Ideals (expectations perhaps) which may not tolerate much variance from the singular you. This was the dilemma facing Moses when he set out with the Commandments. Moses delivered these from on high; he could not question them. Such might be the case of my imposing some thought upon you (or you upon me), even if it did not come from on high, but more from within, any other origin unknown. You would be more apt to question if it did not come from on high. But if it was only a matter of declaration as it has been with all the prophets, that it came from on high, then let it be so. I declare it to have come from on high (unknown or unrecognized by me) through the medium of my inner self. It is most unlikely I would not attempt to persuade through this device, simply because I know, from my own experience, this is the least successful way to gain my acceptance, if attempted by you. I may be more successful in gaining your tacit acceptance through intimidation; that is, if I had the power to control the outside world to such an extent that I could bring it down about your ears to the great imperilment of your being. You might deduce that tacit compliance to my dictums was in your best interest.

A surfeit of man: (the) Media – junk mail - solicitors -billboards - bumper stickers. What's in a name and an address? Doesn't it anger you in the least? (that your name is peddled; that the assumption is made that you are ripe for plucking; that you have accepted the argument that you are a consumer, and that those who are in the business of reaching into your pockets have right to do so, because this is a 'free enterprise' society?) Acquiescence? Cowardice? Ignorance? Blobs?

We are each of us attempting to navigate through this life (often gliding, ricocheting, and colliding past each other) yearning for some consistent access to pleasure, joy, satiation, and repose – because we are yearning, and because the manipulations of the Market Place know this about you (as a vulnerability) they scour your weaknesses looking to turn a trick.

Somebody's gotta be President.

A life spent on the frontiers smashing mirrors; ridiculing the redundancy of purposeless existence.

A life spent, looking in.

A carking SOB.

Raw ambience.

Believing in some kind of escape to an Afterlife surely belies our predicament - an utter spiritual collapse, and loathing of this place. Others might attribute this condition to colossal ignorance.

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Language: beset in the limitations of the beast it purportedly serves, mired, as it were, sticky, gooey, slow in coming, slow to take effect; out of season always.

Language: unearthing what one feels after YEARS of hearing the same old Bull-Cow, the same empty rhetoric, temporizing, persuasions, prejudices, intolerance, bigotry, insolence, pettiness, etc.; and frippery.

HOI !! Pilgrim! Perspectives: Imagine a Madonna and Child in the midst of the 5.5 Billion; sort of irrelevant.

Triathlon: Fastest Thumb Twiddler
Fastest Run to the Outhouse
Fastest Channel Changer

Bleating hearts. Phimosis (What might have happened to Catherine II if Peter (get that) III had had a readier tool.) History sometimes hinges on the slimmest of 'linch-pins', like Helen and Priaparis.

Pursuit or pursue it. Or lose it (loosit). My neighbor surprised me a bit when his more moderate view, and seeming rut-like existence did not exclude a matter-of-fact ruttedness toward females other than his wife; more or less existing as a prerogative of maleness; more particularly associated with, and endemic to, the artistic life. Happy times!, Always. One becomes a purveyor of rhetorical ambiences; an agent of freebees, of detached relationships; Rewards, per se; necessary extensions of a chosen career, which provide one with a certain motivation when all else fails. (Father realized the advantages, such as they appeared upon the distaff side, swooning over (his interpretation, along with 'bitches in heat') the artist (arteest), the demi-god, which led on to all things good upon the dirt, grass, floor, futon, mattress, bed, opulent chamber etc. Not all for naught, after all. More! More!

Something-for-nothing. Reward?

We (the people [mutually exclusive of other entities that do not pertain {vested interests, for example}]) are naive enough to believe that 'we' will gain something through trading with other peoples (i.e., 'Them', the people [as in, 'We' the people]).

MAN cannot live by bread alone; that is he's gotta have a good cents home complete with 2cah garage (a family car and some kind of 4x4); a breezeway/patio, a workshop; a playroom, a family room, a study, a sewing room, a master bedroom, several other bedrooms, and more than one bathroom, a fireplace, hardwood floors; a swimming pool, a sauna, a jacuzzi, a hot tub, a spa; a cd stereo, a personal computer, a video entertainment center, a pool table, a hardwood gun cabinet, fishing gear, camping and hiking gear, skis, a snowmobile, physical fitness gear; linen, china, silver and antiques (perhaps heirlooms), a hardwood dining table, a refrigerator, a freezer, a washer/dryer, a dish washer, a disposall, a boat, an assortment of appliances and other things that reflect his values, status, and faith in the system; a flag-pole, a chain-link fence, and a

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security system; a cabin by the sea or in the woods. The 'people' with whom I converse (who also [in all fairness] are devoid of 90 % of the above listing) speculate upon the feasibility of the materioconsumerconcomical system in which we live and which the vested interest overseers wish to export to the other 5 Bullion. Those with whom I converse, without exception, agree the operatives (operators) that govern our movements within this materioconsumerconcomical system, are little more than feudal slavemasters. When it becomes impossible to make something out of the nothing that exists within our own borders; that is, only so many are able to participate because all that was garnerable within the available garnerings has been garnered by the garnerers (vested interests); and that includes all that was imported from abroad as part of this total materioconsumerconcomical argument. The available has been soaked up and extended on credit unto the limits of bankruptcy. It can go no further as a replete system. Those who do possess all those things listed above will soon discover the true nature of transience. All those who do not possess the above will also be able to observe the fading light of of a defunct system. The so-called "Stranded In Living" (MIDDEN) is available to only a small percentage of the 5 (6) Buyllion plus Consumers, not unlike the days of olde wherein royalty, aristocracy and oligarchy were the primary partakers, while the rest of the chaff (otherwise identified facetiously as humanity) swaled along. Because only a few are able to avail themselves of the above (even on credit), we must realize the whole damned thing has been oversold; we must realize it is not for us; we must cease to be a party to it. Let those fuckers who believe in 'whatever the market will bear' and that you can make something out of a hype; let them twist in the breeze, so we can gleefully watch their substance wither as it should. Some might inquire, if we are suckers, should we not also twist in the wind? Good question!

But its all, all, an OLD SAW without respite. Like the dinosaurs, which we seem to portray and contemplate with some abandon these days, perhaps symbolically, and with some wistful anticipation and apprehension (prediction), we wait for our time to run out.

This is not just a dramatic comparison made to strike fear in the hearer (reader). However we might construe history on the hopeful side, that is, what we might perceive in the way of 'progress' in human institutions, there have been only very small changes in the basic formulas and relationships existing between the haves and the have nots. There are those who have achieved the 'Stranded In Living' as their aim and right. They are complacent therein and smugly satisfied (regardless of its transient nature, only fleetingly pissed over planned obsolescence) as they wave the flag and spout the rhetoric of the system that fostered and permitted the triumph. That countless others have not done so, nor will ever hope to do so, is of little relevance or consequence; such fulfillment of the promise has happened without them or in spite of them (as a matter of

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public policy those without are better removed from view) . Such is the bare reality. Some of the 'successful will claim a sensitivity beyond this mere unsubtle damnifying appraisal; that is, they are aware of the disparities existing within the human community. What does one do with the awareness?, remains the question. The mere quibblings of conscience do not alter the basic formula; they do not alter the ring of history, the epistrophe, as it were. Of course the haves are not to be condemned (save the 'good' Christians) in their aspirations even as meager as they appear. Acquisition, or accretion as I like to perceive it, is the outgrowth of a mirrored, promulgated phenomenon. One does because one does. One does not stop to question the locomotion that has been generated within him. It was given, by example, that one should do in a certain way. The more one can do it without getting his hands dirty (literally) the better; therefore the great emphasis on education, competitive edge, advantage; all to avoid the sullyng of ones hands. The notion behind education, competitive edge, and advantage does not involve other creatures than those whom you recognize in every walk of life, but it does involve those who will control, and who will be controlled in this scheme of competition and advantage. The best position to attain in a system that knows no purpose higher than that which it finds itself promulgating, promoting and perpetuating involves the controlling position. Much accrues unto that which controls through manipulation of mandates; i.e., one assures through such means to perpetuate that milieu (commonly referred as the status quo) in which one finds himself mirrored; all others prove anathema. Part of the perpetuation and manipulation assures that a greater share will fall to those who manipulate through assorted devices. The construction of LAW is designed to permit such activity without having to suffer remorse. LAW supplants the Golden Rule which only gives rise to ambivalent inconvenient cogitations with regard to it (one should not confuse and clutter his dealings with a conscience). EPA needs to approve new bean mutants. (The production of methane gas is detrimental to the ozone layer; fartless legumes.)

If the sullied hand was accorded the same return, what would be the incentives remaining for prompting greater aspirations? Must there always be a lower and a higher, a stratification. Must one seek the upper or higher in a system of comparatives designed solely for that purpose? Is this an assigned purpose for our existence, that one should be superior to the other. Lacking other discoveries of purpose, we apparently settle for this, so meager are we as a species. Survival is really the name of the game; mine, not yours.

An attempt has been made to refute the notion that 'justice' is in the interest of the stronger, only in as much as one will pursue the logic of an argument that does not account the intent behind the objectives of the stronger, one of which is not to accede to arguments that do not accord its own notions of what are its assumed prerogatives and what it is able to

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gain thereby. Beyond the implicit refutation, and failure thereof, man recognizing some inevitability to, and persistence of, that condition, has invoked a Savior to account for all the dispossessed, disenfranchised, no account sullied hands, a Savior who promises ETERNAL salvation once this wretched side-trip is over. The Savior simultaneously preaches a variety of saws intended to awaken A spirit of brotherly love amongst the hominid throng, as a means of relieving the evident disparities that have proven characteristically more natural to the species. The Advent of the Savior is still amongst us, as is our ambivalence with regard to the Golden Rule. The notion of 'justice' is still debated amongst us, mostly as an exercise in logical refutation of implied meanings attached to such a concept as 'justice'. 'Justice' must be freed from any subjective connotation. Fairness is not a component of 'justice'; goodness is not a component of 'justice'. Justice exists as an abstraction relating to LAW. Salvation is an abstraction relating to something that does not exist, almost as feebly as 'brotherly love' does not exist. Brotherly love is not defined or recognized by what one feels in a tavern when everybody is celebrating in a convivial moment. Nor does brotherly love evidence itself when everyone seems to conform to the exigency of some transient (though oft' repeated) social event. What one may be witnessing instead, is a throng of loneliness, and an absence of brotherly love. That is not to say a yearning does not exist. A curious yearning arising from deprivation. Attendance may be derived from hope. Attendance in any shape or form may signify a 'curious' hope. Since one has heard of the promise, one seeks a foretaste. Participating in convivial emanations may provide some clues, while not generating any affirmation of the promise. Despair is more natural to the species, or so it seems. Certainly a large percentage of the mass despairs, to such a degree that it yields to outside agents in order to dispel the persistency of the condition; that is, what is inner cannot suffice to hold off the sickness resulting from hopelessness, hence clutching at straws: justice, saviors, drugs. It is readily learned he cannot find succor amongst the brothers; therefore the outside agents. Anxiety Neurosis. There oughta be a LAW!!!

None of the above would exist if we had not been exposed as stupid, helpless, innocent, impressionable little entitles thrown scandalously, unconscionably into a rough mould. The shape of things to come; so mutilated, one was not fit for anything other than the warped status quo. It requires more time than one is allotted to overcome that early matrix. It is argued one is formed, whereas one is in reality deformed, becoming amorphous; hunchsouled, as it were.

'They' argue 'they' never promised anyone a rose garden. 'Expectations' are a phenomenon of spontaneous generation, or too livid an imagination. "Back-peddalling!" is what I say; Not taking responsibility for their spake; their cooing, cajoling, semi-honeyed, plausible, and plausibly threatening (intersocial volition) spake.

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When you ask someone if he 'gets it', and he seems to draw a blank, he is 'failed', meaning he failed 'to get it'. Failure then assumes a life of its own. The failed run off the road into the ditch or are driven there by the forces of the unerring. The unerring are given rewards for best performance at 'getting it'. One's star in the ascendant; while Sisyphus just cant get it together.

Of course I'm speaking generally. The specifics change only in small part from region to region, culture to culture. One may be instructed from birth to overthrow the 'infidel'. As long as he doesn't ask why, he's home free; he earns his gun, and is free to shoot. Sort of Pavlovian. Population control, of which we are much in need.

This calloused rank spake is counterproductive; so they inform me. As if the other was productive. Two rongs don't make a rite.

Yes!, Im living up to my billing. I'm attempting to beat back the cobwebs; those trappings of this life amongst the too many.

I lived for so long in Tieoneon. After I had transferred to Madville, the whole bitch went away.