

BIG NOTE: This file began like all others, as just more notes. But somewhere in the middle of it I became aware of the use of the word: **relevant**, then, **relevance**, and subsequently, **irrelevant** and **irrelevance**. This prompted me to do a search through all my other files for the use of the same word(s), whereupon I copy portions of the context in which the word(s) appeared. There was no connection from one to the other intended, as will become obvious, as it did to me when editing it much later, having forgotten the reason for the disjointedness, e.g. ending in the middle of a sentence, beginning in the middle of a sentence, and no linking between excerpted passages.

Anyway for clarification, such as it might occur, I will go through this file with bolding on the **Relevant** word. A collection of **irrelevant relevancies**. We are doomed to extinction. What are we doing to hasten its arrival?

Sorry

The New World Order?

In order to appreciate the New World Order one needs to understand the Old World Order.

The New World Order where shit doesn't stink, even though we understand it is shit all the same. We just need to keep from deluging and deluding ourselves with rhetoric.

The Old World Order?

"Talking to myself" (An unfinished essay by Ortega Y Gasset.)

We do talk to ourselves. We muse in our little soliloquies. We suspect things are different than those things we are told. We want to believe what we are told. However, some intuition, some inner voice, some inner scrutinizer, inquirer, ADVERSARIAL INQUISITOR, seeks a weighty substantiality for his scales, an equilibrium between the this's and that's, the blacks and whites, the either/ors; the whole world of opposites; the whole world of tellings. Things must measure up; they must not tip the scales so far as to deprive them of measure. For everything must be measured; internally.

Hegel presented us with a simple formula. Thesis; Antithesis; Synthesis. Gasset attempts to expand a similar notion when he presents us with: Pause; Continue; Preserve; Integrate. He labels these: Stages of Inquiry.

One senses often enough a disparity in the language one is encouraged to use in order to express his ideas, his feelings, his intuitions; to weigh his impressions; sensing something inadequate, lacking; something **irrelevant**. Sometimes the whole battery of words becomes or seems **irrelevant**. One might draw a picture; one might view inkblots until a

satisfying image appeared. THERE!, that's it; that's what I'm feeling and thinking!

Can I prove what I am feeling and thinking? Is what I am feeling and thinking **relevant** to anything? Am I privileged to feel what I am feeling? Must I deny what I Feel and Think because it tips the scales?

If it is **relevant** to anything; am I obliged to pursue it forever; especially if it relates to the Truth? Can one deny Truth and still lay claim to the process; the way we must do things in order to acquire knowledge. If one learns a truth; and it seems out of step with the status quo, does he attempt therefore to refute the Truth or does he necessarily, imperatively, become its apostle?

If it is **irrelevant** to anything, am I obliged to abandon it? Must I answer to dementia if I pursue **irrelevancies**?

Not unlike what Gasset suggests in his: "The Authentic Name" I had toyed with the notion of another spake.

In "Knotted Twine", in The Blank Tile, I explored the notion of creating yet another letter to the alphabet; dubiously employed as an epithet. But also as an unrestrained gesture that 'revealed' the Truth of things, my feelings.

XX.) Scrabble Or The Blank Tile - Commentary upon language and writing - On the **relevance**, appropriateness and limitations thereof.

" We understand each other perfectly (even though we pretend otherwise); we do recognize what we have done. And how often we return the fire of our guilt 'Ouck you!; if you hadn't been driving so slow, hogging the highway'; 'Sunday Driver!'; 'you might know, it'd be some yaking dame!'; 'some smart-ass kid - gotta pop his wheelies!'; 'there goes another one in a Cadillac - thinks he owns the road!'

Give 'em both barrels! A satisfying pantomime; Alas!, the exigencies of the moment; a three-dimensional syllabic; a no-letter word; an inconsonant expletive; a non-glottal deliverance: an ignoble savagery. 'Tis better than spilling blood.

Are we now at sea? Have I found my way, at last, into a watery morass from which there is no escape? Twenty-six little characterless characters that resemble nothing; dwarfs at that - the innocuous alphabet. Is it not a wonder that I should elect to while away - away as a muted scribbler?

What is this prodigious SCRABBLE? And what, pray tell, is the utter **relevance** of the CROSSWORD?

We can hope it is all **relevant**, possessing more **relevance** than what I pretend herein, poking fun at the unpromising pompous charade.

Relevance! You want **Relevance**. You cannot fathom the darker associations bound into these endless meanderings?

Aye!, encapsulate the World into the Word!

While there may exist imperatively an infinity of things to be said, especially concerning those beyond our grasp, the lexicographer stands dumbly and the lexicon idly by. I say, 'not so with Will and Herman; just give them a quill and an inkwell'.

Should I presume to add a letter somewhere in the middle between m and n, something that might look like the 'last' of old Ω to be sounded at will in any manner, as aspirate, fricative, consonant, diphthong, glottal stop or vowel, and to be employed as a free radical, wild card or Blank Tile; for example: 'That Ωirty GoΩ Ωamn ΩucΩing Ωon of a Ωitch!'; 'You Ωotten Ωousy Ωastard!'; or Ωp Yours!';

'mΩn!';

'Ω!';

It would be like adding a fifth wheel; EARTH, AIR, FIRE, WATER and ΩART.

"Ahoy!, Ahoy!, Slumbering Ship, Ahoy!, Ahoy!". 'Am I then to be roused again from my reverie; am I not in the proper place? Have I stumbled into another's territory? Or is it another one of them? Peace!

"Request permission to come aboard."

'mΩn'.

"Did you hear that!? What an unfriendly ΩucΩer!!. Same to you Matey!".

'Ωp Yours!'

"Ω!".

"Blistering Blue Barnacles!"

The fog cleared.

What!? - just what hath this digression to do with wayfaing? You Ωing authors sure do abuse your privilege.

Abashedly, an excuse proffered: Given the absence of a cause, unless it be to end one war only to begin another, let us draw lots - to decide, whether or no, we ought tender eloquence and elegance in both word and deed.

I know the creation of the twenty-seventh letter, while, in essence, a step backwards towards cuneiform or some hieroglyphical symbol, may exhibit an untoward presumption on my part, and poor taste for the particular selection, still I feel the need for that pictorial expletive, an emphatic rune, when all else fails - and much does fail one. Even Will and Herman could not fashion a beast that would assume a three-dimensionality to pursue embrace, ennoble, dignify, chastise and move us all. ""

The argument put forth states: Each of us is placed in an adversarial position when it comes to expressing a thing for the first time.

To those who remember, some of this writing will seem **relevant**. To those of you are less acquainted with the events, **relevance** may not be so seeming, as a point of view. *Quot homines, tot sententiae*. To those of you who have appeared upon the scene since, be warned of those who will gloss over the details, thereby attempting to make them appear less significant or not **relevant** to your time, your thought or your questions. To those generations yet to follow; my own grandchildren, let's say, and theirs, this voice will echo less, eclipsed by the inevitable; other happenings, seemingly more **relevant**; surely ones which will overwhelm the many, requiring yet another rhetorical and impassioned outburst, calling all to account.

While some semblance of chronology is pursued in these writings, reflecting upon a past, immediate or distant, it is intended only to flesh out the basic argument - that we are more victims (dupes) than participants. We seldom initiate (like some bovine entity). When we do, often we find ourselves engaged in a solitary reactionary adversarial, performance attempting to light fires under others (victims) in order to dislodge them from their timorous, complacent, apathetic, acquiescent, (pistol-whipped) (brow-beaten) (false-promised) solicitude.

In cosmological time, most of what has happened in human history happened only yesterday. Perhaps it is too soon to expect a complete transformation through the lesson learned, and poorly rehearsed, ever becoming transmuted into flesh. If it was a matter of intellect, or reason, we might feel assured of some promulgation of the lesson. Perhaps, from time to time, this does happen in some small degree, incrementally appearing to make some headway; if it were not for these horrible fallings that trample and crush our life. We need to feel and believe in the upward arc to our genesis, to eventually eclipse and preclude the perversions of reason randomized through ignorance, Greed, arrogance, intolerance, bigotry, and prejudice.

Other than what has already been stated, suffice it to say that Truth does exist, perhaps mostly as a feeling, that may be revealed not in any specific way, but, nonetheless, with some surety, may be communicated from the one to the other through the auspices of some 'artistic' skill. It might be added that Truth, per se, has nothing to do with **relevance**, it has only to do with itself, remaining what it is, whether or not some intelligence perceives it.).

*** We were remarking this morning that the Truth is often unpleasant, and unwelcome; that we are not prepared for it; that the Truth seems to threaten us in some way; almost a fiend as much as a friend. As a crypto-skepto-cynic I attempt to live every moment with the Truth; in order to become its ally, sidling up to it, to armor myself against the constant barrage of deception (bullshit, in the common vernacular); throwing up a shield against the rather odorous stuff. Its not only the grosser distortions (lies, prevarications, fabrications etc.) which we may readily recognize as such 'fecal' matter, but (what I have written to our V.P. GORE) the temporizing, lingering, procrastinating, equivocating, appeasing, deferring, maneuvering, circumvention, circumlocution [and other purposeful rhetoric, of course], not to mention the intended deceptions accomplished through doublethink, doubletalk, newspeak, disinformation, and whatever else occurs to the obviators, detractors, deceivers, exclusives, putdowners, relegators (with huge teeth), and the whole battery of manipulators, controllers, possessory freaks, and conquistadors (and there are many); that is all the 'others' or 'outsiders' (those outside of our selves, who feel they have more claim to the Universe than we do).

"How can you say such things about your look-a-likes?!!!" There are those who will argue in an elementary way that the gig of life is Survival; and as a crypto-skepto-cynic, I have expressed this as an Orwellian obversion, 'Survival is Success'; or 'Success is Survival'. In order for this 'gig' to become established as a fait accompli, a great deal of denial becomes necessary. One must deny the presence of the other (in as much as Gasset writes of the recognition of the other). Denial is another of those obversions of recognition, as if one were to say, "Recognition is Denial" If you have denied someone, it is implicit you have recognized him (become aware of his presence). Not as a brother, but as a competitor, as an occupant of a limited space over which one wishes to reign as sovereign (exercise control). Initially we feel this condition (recognition/denial) is basic to a notion of "Survival", per se; or so we might surmise and project.

Much of our idealized societal arrangements attempt to account a balance between the needs of the others and the needs of the one. We attempt this 'accord', because we sense the havoc inherent to randomized societal arrangements, a havoc which results in both discriminate, and indiscriminate, annihilation of others (primarily, one's friends and loved ones, and lastly himself), while serving the controlling interests of yet others. Even aligning oneself with Truth in such encounters serves one little. What the Truth might provide is of little comfort and reassurance; it might inform us clearly that it is not a time to stick one's neck out. One is defensively 'reduced' to playing the 'Survival' game. A Sailaway package; the Bare Bones Truth which makes adversaries of each of us with one another.

"How can you say such things about your look-a-likes?!!!"

In such circumstances, what we may acknowledge as Truth is unpleasant; something one does not welcome. The reduction of life, per se, to such a basic formula, accompanied by such a limited perspective, is a most unwelcome one. Even the most down-trodden (the ultimate recipient of the ordure) has better expectations, better hopes, simply because he has none.

We are not in such a position, you will argue. "We have worked something out, we have found an accommodation.", you will say. "We have accounted the Other."

From this point on we should enter into a digression involving Socratic dialectics, entering into semantic definitions, in order to discover some common terms (perhaps concrete terms) to resolve, to express and promulgate what it is we are doing when we establish a societal arrangement (in its fullest sense; not just a limited thing that allows for trade and commerce, for example).

One may 'account the other' only with the intent to manipulate, to gain access to ones purse, hoping in the end to control and dominate, mostly as a security measure. To be on the other end of the formula is uncomfortable and therefore undesirable. I have mandated throughout my writings "ONE MAN SHALL NOT HAVE DOMINION OVER THE OTHER". I have also perorated: The Doctrine of the Least; "ANY SOCIETAL ARRANGEMENT THAT DOES NOT ACCOUNT THE LEAST, MUST NE DEEMED A FAILURE". You will note these are mandates, not necessarily Truths per se; however the second very nearly approximates Truth in as much as we are privileged to recognize/(DENY) Truth. The first is obviously a mandate of the first order. Without abiding this notion we are more doomed to a prolonged repetition of a series of perpetual annihilations. What we do learn is there is a resistance to being dominated; and because there is we live continually with strife.

I live in Nation that extols its virtues for all to hear. During most of my life, it has been a Nation that has had the luxury to play itself against another societal arrangement that we had supposed had set out to dominate the globe with a creed (ideology?) antithetic to ours(?). Those who entertained favorable notions regarding the other were branded traitors etc.. We were fearful of a certain kind of Truth; we shouted down our doubts by humiliating those who attempted to see the virtues of the other. It was deemed by the dominators within our own ranks that there were no virtues to the other. As a result we were constantly berated from above to DENY THEM in our thoughts; and, in essence, to SHOOT TO KILL. History (that dubious judgmental process) may prove us 'right' in some respects, but not because of our virtues, or their lack of them. One measures the success of the societal arrangement in a variety of ways. Both had survived during the period of their confrontations. Both were bankrupted in the process (in their standoff). The one yielded to another formula; TO THEIR(?) CREDIT?, while the first clings to its methods without benefiting

from the good of the other. That is to say, there are no shades of meaning; there is only Black and White. We will most likely live to regret our two-tone outlook.

What we need is the **Relevant** Outlook.

We, I say WE, whereas I might be saying THEM, if I was a Third Worlder, as part of the New World Ordure. We intone a few slogans or catch phrases to encapsulate that for which we stand: (in the ordure of their significance):

(Freedom.) (Democratic Principles.)

Free Enterprise.

Free Market.

Consumption (Not the lung disease.)

More Consumption, known as Conspicuous Consumption.

Planned Obsolescence.

Yet More Consumption.

Making A More Perfect Union for Consumption.

Making the World Safe For Consumption.

The first two parenthetical listings are cited as part of the general assumptions. The two notions require much clarification in terms of the documents that house and preserve these notions, and in the actual practice and promulgation of the spirit inherent to the documents.

The heavy emphasis on Consumption is not herein intended to be taken as a joke. Consumption is the name of the game within this system. The Conspicuous part is a promotional gimmick that even involves making the World Safe for certain principles - OURS; and in making this a More Perfect Union; i.e. unified under the banner of Consumption. Also making the rich richer (*reductio ad absurdum*), making something from nothing; don't try to convince me that JUNK is something; and don't pretend to be doing me any favors).

There are those who equate Consumption with Democracy, in the sense that without the one you could not have the other (sort of in the spirit of the Iron Mountain Report). The parenthetical (Freedom) can be easily juxtaposed to its opposite in the manner of George Orwell, "Freedom Is Slavery". In OUR case, and prospectively in The New World Order, we are enslaved to Consumption first, Conspicuous Consumption second, Planned obsolescence Third, and Yet More Consumption Fourth, in a systematic repetitious cycle of sameness, in the manner of the Stations of the Cross do us part (and this is, an enforceable condition [that is we legislate that a man without coin and without a roof is vagrant; a "social retard"]).

We know there are drawbacks to this orderly perpetration. The most readily admitted is the realization we have access to a finite resource only.

(Surely we could mine the molten core to heat up the economy. [The metaphor may not be as absurd as it seems]). Besides the inherent limitation, we must suffer with the effects of conversions of raw materials into consumables (often referred as 'goods' ?). Madison Avenue, at the behest of the perpetrators of the orderly system, and we, enslaved to its aegis, give it all reason to be, even though it has little reason to be.

We have effectively created a way to spend our time.

We make much of 'free choice' when in reality there is little choice. One does or one does not. If you do not participate; that is, if you opt for freedom rather than slavery, you will most likely live on the end of a boot. Yes!, one even pays a price for 'freedom'. If you rail against this systematized denial of freedom, you will be accused of sedition, and clasped in irons.

Spending our time enslaved to perpetrators and perpetrations may in the end be deemed our highest achievement. If we do not oppose the perpetration, it must be deemed we are some kind of (mindless, spiritless, soulless) acquiescent adherent thereof, and therein.

Again this may be a purpose for life that gains credibility simply because it fills a vacuum; and not only because it persists). Our heads, hearts and souls begin as vacuums (admittedly wailing vacuums) that become filled with notions; any kind of notion; often promulgated by those paid inculcators (so-called educators [teachers]). The other, sitting next to us in those classroom seats, bolted to floor rigidly, facing all in one intended direction (the nearest approximation to blinders); the other, our peer, and the one on the other side of us in the next row, and so on all around us stare near-transfixed as the promulgation of the message ensues through the sound of the voice, the motion of the lips (read my lips), and the nods, expressions and gestures of the inculcator.

Do we question what is happening in this scene?

We become imbued with a purpose; somebody else's purpose. Our peers sit transfixed pledging allegiance to Consumption. They got, as get educated, so they can make something of themselves, so they can earn a lotta wherewithall to expend on Consumables. They did not get educated to sit around under the Veritas Tree spouting Truth and Justice, all the live, long, day.

WHOA!! Let us contrast what I have been saying to something different.

Let us remove the 'making something outta yourself so you can earn a lotta wherewithall to expend on Consumables'. Let us assume we have the freedom to ignore the system; that we do have the freedom to choose any system we prefer; OR no system at all.

Someone asks, "What will we do?" "What can we do?"

We can do nothing, that is, we can choose to ignore the perpetration. That is not to say we need ignore certain basics, but it is the basics which will receive the emphasis; all the others must be forsaken. We could become a "Holding Action" until something better came along.

In "The Island", I have hinted at this notion of a 'holding action'.

It is my belief, although we may be able to conjure "Holding Action" as a plausible scenario, we have not attained the capability of such magnitude as the required self-denial, or the required patience (which may involve several generations). I may seem 'overly' pessimistic in my projection of 'generations'. If it, in fact, would require generations, then I would most likely argue the effort as an improbability. Does this imply implausibility as well?

There are so many terms we might throw into the fray (the consideration). Terms like plausible, implausible, probable, improbable etc.

Something else Ortega y Gasset had to say:

"And what of that other mode of life in which man makes believe, **pretends** - is it any less interesting? What is this strange ungenue doing to which man sometimes devotes himself precisely for the purpose of really **not doing** what he is **doing**; the writer who is not a writer but who pretends he is a writer, the woman who is scarcely feminine but who **pretends** she is a woman, **pretends** to smile, **pretends** disdain, **pretends** desire, **pretends** love, incapable of really **doing** any of these things?"

*** I imagine I would like to prove something to you through this process of "Talking to Myself".

There are many things that become self-evident as time goes on. That is, there are things that are so manifest in themselves they do not require any further substantiation, any further elaboration; any further revelation; any further proof.

We are all equipped with some inherent degree of awareness as the cognitive part of our organic selves. This awareness becomes expanded and replete during the course of a lifetime, as assorted stimuli and lessons accrue as our 'experience'. It is through this 'experience' that we acquire a 'knowledge', or confidence, through what we have experienced; as a sort of self-validating thesis. Perhaps we are only being reinforced in a condition that arises through number; the number of times we have experienced a particular set of conditions. Others might label this kind of experience 'prejudicial'; that is, we have become conditioned by number, therefore, in our responses [and thinking] we tend to favor the persuasions inherent to repetition.

Already, what has been said is eliciting comments: "So what?", or, "We know that.", or "That is self-evident."

O.K. Then; what is it I am setting out to prove (by "Talking to Myself")? Am I attempting to do something others have not done? It is unlikely,

simply because I cannot be that unique; and my experience, while particular to me has not been so unusual as to generate some distinct and distant wholly differentiated Truth. Rather it is a more common experience, even though do I rarely meet anyone even remotely like myself; as a friend has characterized himself (a microscopic minority). Even if the latter were true in every respect; I cannot be unaware of the common experience; I am not allowed to become unaware of the common experience; communication via the various organs of information promulgation keep me constantly apprised of the common experience; as a matter of fact a wealth of the common experience is determined and created by these organs of promulgation.

Where I might differ stems from the way I use my time when not engaged in sharing the common experience. That is, I MUSE. Not that others do not MUSE. When I MUSE I MUSE the way I MUSE. I MUSE upon what lies beneath the common experience. That is, what are the forces at work, what are the motivations for this or that? Why is it we all succumb, or yield, or acquiesce to a particular way of life; perhaps even a way of life that is harmful to us? Why is it so difficult to change from one way to another, even when one knows of the 'better'?

In answering these questions I might ask you to recall the earlier observation dealing with 'prejudice', the prejudice that arises from the repetition of number, the number of times we have experienced a condition. We become inured to a condition. Given a certain set of alternatives we often choose that which has proven the least painful to accept; those fitting a certain 'pattern' seem the most accommodating (comfortable). It may be we are only acquiescing to those opinions which surround us. Those opinions, for the most part, remain fairly constant throughout our lifetimes (unless of course one lives in a revolution and strife-torn, and besieged place). Once again, because they are particular to a particular time (that is, temporal in nature) may mean they are valid only for a particular time. Without belaboring this discourse with multiple examples of the philosophical distinctions between the Particular and the Universal, suffice it to say there are conditions or options Universal in nature, as well as temporal in nature; Universal implying a 'timelessness' (at least something that extends well beyond our lifetimes in terms of its validity; that is, less founded in the prejudice of the moment, but as something reinforced through the repetitions of lifetimes.

You may exclaim, "That is also self-evident!"

Perhaps. I will argue this fact is less of a common experience.

That is, it requires a certain effort to apprise oneself of a knowledge which is not obvious to us (Gasset's 'compresence'). That which has happened before our lifetimes is unknown to us *a priori*. We cannot affirm our experience relative to the past without making a certain kind of effort, by acquiring an enhanced awareness. There are a number of ways we are able to obtain this enhanced awareness. We may attend a University, a

purported repository of learning; where Sophistry has become Institutionalized; where History has become the Text of Sophistry. We may acquire this enhanced awareness on our own through the perusal of the Historical Tomes housed in another repository, the Library, using our independent judgment in assessing what it is the Historical Tomes convey to us in their silent exposition. (The Hidden Message, or The Hidden Agenda). We may engage in Conversation with others who have spent their lifetimes acquiring a similar enhanced awareness.

In my time, a great effort is being made to declare the past **irrelevant**. The BANE of 'Progress' is thrown up as the great invalidator of the past. That is to say there is nothing in man's past experience (*a posteriori*) with which to measure the happenings of today. That is, to say 'Progress' has so increased the number, and altered the kind, of contemporary experience, that it has created its own distinct **relevance**; and much of what happens is differentiated only in so much as it is **relevant** to that **relevance**. To a great extent this has always been True. What we may be inferring is that the past is boring; too slow paced, nothing happens for years, decades, centuries, whereas today we cannot keep up with all that is happening. At least that is what we imagine ourselves believing, or perceiving. Its like it was all happening deliberately just to confuse us, to keep us off balance; to relegate us to ineffectual inaction, to that 'microscopic minority', to impuissance. It really doesn't happen that way, i.e. (just to confuse us, although we remain confused), even though it seems to happen that way. It is because there are those who seem to control events from which we cannot remain apart; we are included by force of habit; our exclusion would stand as an implied, potential 'threat' to the condition being perpetrated. One's neutrality or more, 'opposition', becomes a matter of concern to the 'others'. (This is as much true in a 'free', 'democratic' nation as in one where these notions are denied.)

Because it required so many ages to learn how to grow food, to preserve food, to build cheap shelters, to temper metal, to quarry rock, to discover gun powder, to render into print; in fact our whole past seems preoccupied with such drudge, whereas today, some new invention is announced almost daily. This 'new' invention often is a recreation of yesterday's invention intended to replace or displace it as a commercialized societal necessity.. But whatever it displaces or replaces, it still remains part of the created **relevance** from which we cannot separate ourselves, which constitutes what we are about, which preoccupies so much of our time.

So much time, in fact, it compresses what has happened in the past into but a brief moment (annihilated), since the past is now measured in those magnified contemporary terms.

Despite all the seeming material progress (.. er .. control over nature?) on the one hand, on the other, we are outstripping any 'progress' with our otherwise laggard hominid makeup, which seems to reveal little 'progress' at all. (When I use the word 'progress', I am attempting to use it in some

all-encompassing sense, being aware of the damages accrued in the process.) That is to say, we, as a species, do not seem to change perceptibly our behavior, (measured against the past [or the present], as we alter our material surroundings. Our Age-old problems remain with us. The Age-old in this case does not consist of the growing and preserving of food, (although we do still expend a great deal of effort 'creating' disease and temperature resistant strains of foodstuffs, and varieties in preservation methods (packaging); or inventing cheaply produced building materials and efficient construction methods etc., etc.), it does consist of simple failures in hominid communal relations.

The fact that we attire ourselves in the Madison Avenue way, or emulate some contemporary lifestyle promulgated through the aforementioned organs of promulgation (that is, become IN, noticeable, and unnoticed simultaneously, blending IN, as it were, into the hominid 'thing' of the moment), does not infer that we are, or have become, any more than we were as a species 100 years ago. In fact the opposite is the Truer condition. Our responses to hominid problems remain mostly the same, dire and unresolved.

What programming could we devise to feed our most exalted computer that would account all the permutations sufficient to provide us guidance, remedy and resolve in the matters, of feeding and sheltering and caring for the masses; of abortion; the treatment of variant sexual preferences; the penalties for so-called capital crimes (or penal practices in general, regardless of one's walk of life - a backhanded way of raising 'equality' as a constant *bête noire* inherent to our communal relations)? We find the computer unable to so provide solutions, simply because its master cannot omit or obscure the Truth in his entries, whereas he can in his private configurings. Either one enters all the data, or enters skewed data. That is, he demonstrates that his exalted tool is not immune to the 'prejudices' entered into its memory. He could also program his exalted tool to provide the opposite, perhaps unreal, scenario. So what good is the exalted. Only if the computer was turned into a GUD (forbid) could we accord it the proper omnipresent finality. If the computer told us to behave ourselves else we never enter the Exalted Kingdom, most likely we would smash the computer, as we have smashed GUD (conscience).

I realize that the Presidency may represent a vast undertaking; and mere prejudices will not be enough to sustain any policy that is expected to further the interests of the nation or humanity. Politicization of the office of President is one of the initial errors we make in this whole process; quickly followed by party politics, which in the end acts as the repository for dubious involvement at the grass roots level. In lieu of putting ourselves forward as a candidate for any political office, purely as a spontaneous gesture of offering our services and inspiration, we allow some canvasser to persuade us into supporting

their enthusiasm for some body he or she doesn't know, and we sure as hell don't know; and in the end some body linked to a political party. That's the end of it, right there. One becomes a bunch of slogans and red white and blue brochures. At some point you may meet the candidate at a candidate's forum. To all the 'questions' (inquiries) you might be allowed to ask, sandwiched in between the thousands of 'enthusiastic' yea-saying inquiries and planted questions, you are not apt to get anything but a carefully programmed and rehearsed response. If the question merits an 'in depth' answer, you are apt to receive, "I do not have all the facts; I would wish only to give you an answer based on all the facts; it would be premature for me to say anything at this time". While that may be an honest answer in more ways than one (like the candidate may be stupid), it may be only the conventional way to escape controversy, or to paraphrase it another way, like Fritz, "Where's the Beef?"; not that Fritz would have been able to tell you; its just that he got to ask the question first in what was really a cute exchange, which in the end produced nothing but a laugh. What **relevance!** (I make jokes too. Is this a serious undertaking?)

To pursue some untoward argument for its own sake, as much as provide example, for which one might substitute any number, of equal **relevance**, let us assume I would covet and Lust after your spouse (invoking gender, in this case). I may be thus engaged, exhibiting a disinterest as you also Lusted after mine; because it was my Yearning for yours that mattered to me. Assume further I would Lust after your offspring (invoking gender), would the initial disinterest maintain if you should reciprocate toward my offspring? Imagine all the permutations if you will, then answer how far each individual will affect disinterest. We test the thesis by exposing two individuals, ethics aside, in a dubiously hypothetical encounter with the same proposition. It appears the one must yield to the other, either as a Do or as a Don't.

Before I mire down too deeply in the paranoid aegis, and before I lose the thread entirely, I must confess I do not know what is going on, or to what to look forward. When I imagine I have found out what is going on, and have elected to respond, its moment has past and me with it. I find I am confused and infuriated simultaneously; confused by the incomprehensibility of what I hear and see (sense), and the fragility and **irrelevance** of that which I had assumed to be; infuriated because I am exposed to it, made to answer to it, inconvenienced by it; and unable to have any effect.

"What is my perception of the Edge?

"It is an area that reaches beyond the trajectory of the hypothesis where predictions are fated to fall back to their origins. This implies that brains, or computers as it were, in configuring the Universe in terms of a

sequential **relevan**ce, are merely trudging the old pathways, whereas one needs to simulate a transition to **irrelevan**ce, our truest relationship to the Universe. To use another metaphor would consist in saying that whatever information I transmit to you from The Edge, or The Frontiers of the Future, cannot be encoded, the data is too scant and indecipherable; the more symbols we create, the more confusion worse confounded (mere noise resounding within the vacant crypt). The extrapolations become shapeless and meaningless for we haven't any goal. There is a terrible sameness, akin to the sameness of the desert; there is an enervating heat by day, a death-like chill at night; a parchedness. Storms, though frightening and overwhelming, are welcome because they displace the monotony, the utter stillness that echoes through one's head, and the uncompromising pervasiveness of quiescence.

Perhaps a notion of 'Conviviality'* is too much to expect from ones such as we. If we are able to achieve an equilibrium founded in a commonalty of purpose (which we have not accomplished to date) we would have arrived, perchance, at a more desirable state than what we now regard as an impossibility, let's say, that might arise because we had insisted too much upon perfection. 'Better half a loaf ...' to resurrect another old saw. (In the field of scientific investigation a true scientist will even assign **relevan**ce to a zero result, believing that there is no such thing as an absolute zero [and for other more esoteric, and perhaps scientific reasons as well]). Are we at Ground Zero? How avail us the Z Zero subatomic particles? That is to ask, 'What are the possibilities?')

Despite this Vision, there is something else persistently lingering to haunt us. The harnessment of The Electronic media to the bandwagons of Consumerism, with its coachmen barking - The WAY! The WAY!, life has become a Patent Prescription of and for the Status Quo; and Yes!, it is as bizarre and inhuman as it seems. It will require of the individual an acute self-awareness; one will need to create HIS OWN **RELEVANCE** and be equipped also with an immense Will to overcome this forever overt and insidious bantering. Actually one will need more to discover some way to silence them, if he expects to live freely in a free human(e) society. Else be Exiled to the EDGE.

Despite these last disheartening remarks, the researcher has uncovered fossilized remains which seem to 'reach back' some forty millions of years, on the continent of North America, into the earlier Tertiary period, somewhere in the Oligocene epoch, give or take a few million years. It surely lends one a different perspective when we consider Jesus Christ, the Exemplary, reaches back only 2000 years, and the serving of turkey as "*Christmas husbandlie fare...shred pies of the best...and turkey well drest*" arises sometime during the second half of the

Sixteenth Century. A great gulf in cosmological time exists between fossilized remains some forty million years old, giving or taking millions of years, and our own present day, wherein a period of a few years, or perhaps a few thousand years, becomes a matter for scholarly debate. Our own paltry record may indeed not bear upon this tale; 'what **relevance** then?' you indignantly inquire. Surely I am able to offer none except to say, a few historicals occasionally provide a more panoramic setting, a touch of romance, as it were, for otherwise drab and mundane narrations.

The marketplace has interjected its reason-to-be into this whole scenario, completely reflecting its crass motivation - the COIN -also recognized as 'filthy lucre', that entity which denies all feeling except for the thing itself, for those possessed of Greed with respect to it. Also the easiest barrier to all feeling between individuals, obviating all interaction between them (on any meaningful level - GAINING A LIVELYHOOD, BE DAMNED.) The reward for being able to jump higher than any other is to become an endorser of **irrelevance**. And because we subscribe to the shoddy goods (**irrelevance**) promoted by this kind of activity we give (lend) it reason-to-be; a thing in itself - which is totally **irrelevant** to life and to our reason-to-be. Instead of creating **relevance** of our own, we allow it to be created - to fill the void of tedium, before death, on the way to after life (actually, after death, technically, during death)..

Days come along wherein the take-up reel or the drag get fouled, and like a manic/deep in its manic phase, the brain evolves into a high-pitched squeal, unraveling or wrapping around the drive spindle. Ideas come and go like a swarm, or a flock, or a school, only deranged like Van Gogh's crows - disassociated in terms of **relevance** to the moment, or perhaps in terms of **relevance** to possibilities (if we truly cared, insanity might be considered a valid possibility).

What is it upon which one could possibly wax (oil) poignantly? Before I attempt to answer that query, allow me to peruse the issues of **relevance** and effectiveness.

We have all pondered the paradox "Is there a sound when the tree falls in the forest, if there is no one to hear?" Inferentially one might also ponder "If one is to wax poignantly, and if there is no one available to receive the Message, can it be said there is a Message?" If one was an immensity, as perhaps there are immense trees in the forest, perhaps the sound would carry beyond whence it fell, as might the poignancy, or anything emanating from an immensity.

Well, of course, this is another of my absurd comparisons. The tree might sound poignantly to itself. I'm not so much an immensity as a

grandiosity. One suffers with his grandiosity. One also suffers from the idiocies of his fellow azzoles, however well-meaning.

Such was the metaphor he had fashioned as he had thought of Dorothy (one often recalls, nostalgically, his bobby-soxing days), the tall blond untouchable enpedestalled milk-maid of a girl who sat behind him in his high school home room. He had envisioned her as its protagonist, a cheerleader. The writing had attempted to say something about youth and the objectivity and efficaciousness, or lack there (of), cheerleading, as well as superimpose other imagery to tease or stimulate one's thought processes; imagery whose **relevance** might be questioned. In his own mind little was of **relevance**, including cheerleading. One did, however, require some vehicle for discharging states of mind, or states of being, as well perhaps minds of states and beings of states. He had thought of retitling, or subtitling, or adding yet one more dimension, another **irrelevant** superimposition, as he would depict her spontaneously, madly, desperately leaping and shouting some foreign formula representative of a sputtering hominid self-annihilation: Rout, Rally!, Rout, Rally!, Rout, Rally! ROUT!; a voice crying loudly, deeply from within her **UROBORUS**, she would command center stage.

DEAD ON TIME; Early Decision, Early Arrival, Early Entry. Early Pearly. Early Detection (p)Early Gates!

Don't tell me that this stuff aint **relevant**; I suspect its **relevance**.

Lost Innocence: Sontag; mired in the dusthole; in a particular THINK. Inescapable. One can only become further mired. Late Entry or NEVER; still **DEAD ON TIME**. Start anew; don't attempt to shine whereinof thine art art not part, but only a distant adjunct, *disjecta membra*

How silly to send off The Heathen to one with fixations.

I know she has heard of Herman since she knows Elizabeth (a different Liz); Elizabeth had something to say regarding Bartelby; so its probably an inheritable family joke; Possession is nahne pints of delaw. Sherman's Anti-inhirritable law ought apply. The New York Collusion. Wickhard aint the only interpreter of Bartelby (I am Bartelby - SO I know where its at; get it, Sonny and Liz.)

Allow me to suggest inclusion; and to suggest those who are now living will be dead when the year 2021 arrives (exclusion). The arbitrary date of 2021 does smack of exclusivity, denying something to that which exists now. I would like to think that nowness has as much **relevance**

and importance as then. While the dates proposed do seem by their statement to include that which proceeds from today, at the same time it seems to allow that today may not be the recipient or the beneficiary; that is, there is no immediacy to the notion. While we attempt to clean out the closet, some will perish in the interim. Inclusivity, that is the ALL of our planet is necessarily sacrificed UNTIL we work it out; emptying the closet, while preparing to stock it with newfound duds.

The reason remains the same; as in the beginning. Goo! Goo! Gaa! Gaa!; or Gew Gaw; Zippity Gew Gaw, Zippity AAA!, All The Live-long Daaay! I had not seen (moy) granddaughter since she was some nine months old. The occasion had been Thanksgiving; who the Hell knows why Thanksgiving and the **relevance** of it all; anyway we gave thanks, if that's what you can call it, over Pizza. Coincident with all these happenings so ascribed Thanksgiving, was the appearance of The Father (or the Son), the Holy Mother, and their daughter (the Granddaughter). At this juncture she had attained the age of three years and five months, whom (who me) I'd advise you to envision as a lovely dainty little doll, both in appearance and demeanor.

Before the repast upon the Pizza had begun the little one had asked if a prayer would be said, presumably over the Pizza. You must understand that the parents of this young one have been separated, the Holy Mother living under the roof of her parents, wherein is practiced (the novel) daily mumbo-jumbo over formal fooding (not invoked over every candy bar or Ding Dong [well maybe the latter, a special dispensation, by the case], or marginal gluttony, but over meals).

Those present did not object to the child's whim or earnest request, whatever the case might have been; but later adduced to be that of whim, since at the inception of pizzaing, the juices flowing, the youngster needed to be reminded by none other than me, since her hunger proceeded apace without the Lord's blessing.

There has not been any suggestion how one should begin. In other words, each occasion represents a new beginning, just as it does with a new presidency. However this campaign lacks a slogan. The slate is ancient, and has registered all the permutations; all the rhetoric, all the rationalizations, all the procrastinations, and prevarications. All previous inscriptions have lost their significance and their **relevance**. Their obsolescing language fails to move us. We have entered McLuhan Land; the Shock of the Future is upon us. The Temptation To Exist prevails. Forgetting and Laughing permeates the Proles. We have Grown Up Absurdly in The Other America. So Let us Now Praise Famous Men, and Bury Our Hearts at Wounded Knee. Bartelby rots away in some concrete bunker. A Tale Many Times Told.

Gordius Excalibur contemplates John Cage who figures its futile to wish to live in another time; 'Now is It'. So, for Knotheads to declare the 20th Century is **irrelevant** just conjures one as a madman (however vital). To have lived in this age does not constitute an 'error'; neither would suicide be construed as an 'error'. Even dropping the ball (or bomb) would not be construed as an 'error'. So we will be permitted to play in order to accumulate as many 'error's as possible. The antithesis to perfection. The pen got stuck in the inkwell, so we missed our chance at revelation (and **relevance**). In my view no one in his right mind could supply a rhetorical antiemetic strong enough to stomach this transience.

Louis D(urchanek) demands the cessation of The Dominion of The One Man Over The Other. He also condemns any 'System' or Social Contract that does not account the Least, and deems any 'System or Social Contract that does not so account, a Failure. An 'Error'!

Neatsshe says "Live Dangerously"

G.W.F. Haygull, looking backwards (Lotlike) "...The first thing we see is nothing but ruins". Unavoidably. How about Nothing, anyway?

Louis The Koop Pastor General says "AIDS is the natural outcome of illicit microbiolizing" "Neutralize The Buggers with Condoms and Sterilize your Needles". While on one of my recuperative walks I had discovered where some casual prophylacticer had abandoned his jissom filled lamb-skin along the roadside in our fair Park. Is that O.K. Koop? What the hell are you s'posta do with those filthy things when its over? Anyway?

Non Chalance: Given over to levity and **irrelevance**.

Non Chalance: Most of History is Bullshit; endless temporizing.

Non Chalance: The word 'Exclusive' ought be struck from the scrolls.

Louie asks, "What's the difference between a Failure and an ERROR, Sonny"

It was quite early in the morning, before the realities had begun to set in; the best time to think and then write, really. The perception was - none of what I had witnessed yesterday had any **relevance** to today; because, like me, everyone had slept on it, and felt differently today. The humanitarian thing became evident to everyone throughout the night; no more persecutions; the land belonged to everyone; equality is not just an idea; but our first order of business; and so on.

We did not require government; government was an Institution that existed for itself alone; an accident; something to which we yielded because we had been persuaded it was in our best interest, and it was here before us; which may have been true in the beginning, but which is true no longer. I do not require someone to tell me what to do, or to take things away from me under false pretenses; and to tell me that I must swear to its dogma. It masturbates in front of me; what else can you

assign to the charade that appears on the Tube (our ready access to our faithful servant) in the name of serving my interests; Lip Service, Temporizing; Patronizing; Condescension; Doubletalk; Claiming Privilege and Knowledge unto itself; and preying upon the Constituent' under privilege, and lack of knowledge (secret facts concerning the dealings of government)? We do not require this exhibition of self-titillation. We always hear about what is in their interest, not what is in our interest. So its time to do away with government - all of it. If those who are in government want to form a corporation on their own time, and set an example for the rest of us let 'em do so, but I am not in favor of paying for their diddling. Majority Rule: 5,499,999,999 Assholes. A Ship Without A Flag. An Island. Dream Away Fool!

Continually I am forced to ask myself whether what I write, in what sequence, or in what juxtapositions, bears upon **relevance**. I am one who might cry FOUL repeatedly. In preparing the groundwork for any of my writings, I seem to gather up a series of loose ends that might bear upon any chance enterprise. However, I do not throw darts at paper flying in space. These matters that dominate me, commanding my attention, causing these outbursts of restiveness, spawn a serious panoply of recusancy.

Is there a difference to be noted between extension and expansion. Imagine one as physical, the other as spiritual; both call for space. The uncoiling of oneself; the unfolding, of a crumpled, wrinkled mass, the revelation of incoherence and **irrelevance**? A call for discovery? A requirement of discovery, a mandate, an imperative.

Not to just sit down and hallucinate, to imbibe, ingest, inhale, inject? To whileaway; to dullaware in solitaire? To want to know and fully understand why they did away with the steam engine and the caboose, why we must all become some dumb anachronism, why we are annihilating memories? Because they are useless, Dumby!. Just like WHO?

The first three stations symbolize our plight on the more serious side of reality. The fourth is an attempt to lend motive to the ancient adage 'Fall down you may, get up, you must'.

I suppose, symbolically, the Virgin could represent the unknown (not in terms of a new experience of the female [without being sexist]), no differently than the new generation, but mostly as some allurement (for men presumably); something more tantalizing than a platitude.

The most significant station might be the fourth; it is assumed there is a fifth, i.e. a resumption of the burden; all the other stations exist as Sisyphean repetitions of the second, third, and fourth, the repetitions serving to intone the significances of the second, third, and fourth - the

inevitability of the second and third, and the utter reality of the first, which is then affirmed in the twelfth, the final testament, extinction; the first existing as an individual matter amongst the many, whereas the twelfth as the finality of the many, where we will remain suspended for eternity.

Speculations and symbolizations aside, a return to the Purpose - Purpose - **relevan**ce of Purpose in the Continuance.

Finding ourselves in the third station, we attempt to create a diversion; we create out of desperation; after we mechanically raise the timbers into a state of suspended reality - we pretend to worm ourselves out from beneath their threatening and pervasive presence.

We create a pantomime, a circus, Olympics, competition, joy rides, perfumed sexual flirtations, dramas and imaginary denouements.

What I write is a denouement. We have engaged in conquest, because we had energy, and resources, and a foolhardiness; we have whiffed the scent of the Virgin in the far off; we have conquered only to learn we cannot escape ourselves. What we have we gained in the conquest has proven an empty gambit, not an acquisition, but a handful of dirt, and nothing for the soul.

I am not an 'educated salt from another age'. I am a self-made individual who often finds himself at odds with the Twentieth Century Hoopla (Self-Congratulatory Noise). Much of the Twentieth century is predicated in destroying yesterday (and a helluva lot more). I know not what are the 'real' (hidden) Twentieth Century sentiments beyond those promoted by the Media and Madison Avenue, that vested advocate of Fast Track, World Class Superficiality. Most people acquiesce to this manufactured Transience, this non-**relevan**ce, and Alas!, this (Decadence?). We find ourselves immersed in a rampant Consumerism (also known as Conspicuous Consumption), necessitating not only the annihilation of the Nineteenth Century (which you mention in your letter), but Yesterday as well; all of our Yesterdays; which, in the end, means that most of how we are intended to spend our life is of no account, unless we are consuming. (And what we consume makes a contemptuous pretense at establishing our worth.) We consume only the Fictional New, the Manufactured New, The Fast Track, World Class New, an immediately Devalued and Obsolescing New, a New designed to generate and skim Profit from a Fiction. In order to promote the Fiction, all that we have known must be denied (unless it happens to be 'Olde English Muffins' or 'Grandma's Old Fashioned Oatmeal Cookies').

I use mostly the essay format, sometimes short 'autobiographical' anecdotes (short stories) (short sorties) imbued with some kind of message. I have attempted grouping equally '**relevan**t' essays together to form book-length opuses. Often I engage in probing and mocking social

commentary, engage in philosophical speculation. Occasionally I attempt to move the imaginary reader with more than cynicism, or caustic, satirical humor. Like a monotonous, though not unnerving, pedal point, I repeatedly question the purpose of life, the purpose and apparent directions of the civilizational aegis; often in a grandiosely self-conscious manner which prompts me to laugh and lament simultaneously. The intent is to be thought-provoking and stimulating, even jocular; and dare I say it, 'moving' in special ways. At times I let myself ramble in a 'streamy', 'free-association' manner, while at the same time maintaining a tenuous **relevance** to the matter under discussion. I am not a scholar, although I pretend to invoke the occasional scholarly utterance (life has permitted me only the limited luxury of 'browsing' the hominid trail). I am not convinced that persuasive, logically ordered, or reasonably presented arguments, or impassioned pleas are any more effective than my own sometimes involuted style. I tend to burden mankind with the 'moral' (admonition), although intellectually I may perceive many alternatives to it. The 'moral' is perceived as an interim measure, in the same manner Freud perceived religion.

Despite all we seem to know and believe about protoplasm, we hold out the HOPE, in the FUTURE, man, perhaps stressing EDUCATION (AWARENESS), in a way he never has, intellectually, will gain that necessary hold upon his wilder emanations - FOR ALL TIME? - at least as a civilizational entity. HOPE is it; in the meantime the 'moral' saves us from some kind of mayhem. Some argue for altruism, species conscience, et al; even 'Christianity' - but turning the other cheek to a Shiite, for example, often proves fatal.

3/31/92 X T ended Humpty Dumpty. 41

There is a question of **relevance** - Mine.

There are other questions of **relevance** - Yours.

To get beyond this.

One must sleep.

4/1/92 Nobody Fooled Me at 42.

The concern has tapered off. No fool like an older fool.

My object is not to philosophize, although it is permitted to do so without qualification (As Gasset notes, we all do it). Much of truth gathering or aspect-gathering is achieved intuitively. Perhaps much of what is not achieved intuitively is **irrelevant**. I'm counterpoising this to truths achieved solely through an intellectual process, through argument, as a series of irrefutable recognitions, having more to do with logic than experience. A Priory vs. A Poteriori.

I suppose I am interested in **relevance** to a particular problem facing myself first, as a life; perhaps a social problem, which involves others to whom I am forced, or obliged to relate. Gasset somehow conveys the

notion we have benefited by what has gone on before us, both philosophically, and through experience. But we cannot escape the fact that we're still 'formative'; that is, despite the benefits, the job is far from over.

Gasset speaks of our 'inborn' skepticism. We reject old formulas, old truths (Like the scalded cat, they avoid the house where they were burned). Philosophy becomes suspect because it cannot nail down with certainty. We are unable to extract a consistent, or all-persuasive message from our experience. The 'formative' part, that is, the argument that excuses our inabilities to find a true way, is offered as appeasement to the skeptics. We are in a position of needing to believe in our abilities, while acknowledging their dubious, ambivalent, ambiguous nature. Our need to solve our social problems are inseparable from our perspectives. They are intertwined.

The most redeeming aspect to the whole area, lacking a Russian connection, resides in its proximity to the sea; otherwise it would be difficult to distinguish from any other North American burg that might exploit some facet of its past whether or not relevant to its present, in order to enhance its own humdrum image. Because Sitka is located at the edge of the sea, it possesses the nominal appeal of most maritime communities, and to us, selfishly, we enboated ones, since it accessible by water, and because it exists as a refuge from the is hazards and perils of the sea. As communities go in Southeast Alaska, Sitka exists as the most spacious and friendly (the friendliness is a relative condition; most of Southeast Alaska residents seemed friendlier than their southern brethren). Its physical layout tends to follow the water front as is typical of maritime communities, gradually rising over low hills, its street patterns tending towards a modified grid, but seldom connecting at right angles, being somewhat influenced by the contours of the land.

Some even rationalize, as pertaining to the rusting, rotting hulks, they offer shelter for a variety of marine creatures, screening them from the predacious eye of the shore bird, or scavenger; or provide a place for the smaller to escape the larger, and so on. AYE!, Man - the latter-day ecologist!

While these observations caused their share of irritation, it was, and is, our hope that man is after all only an irreverent, irrelevant transience, and the day will come when he will do more than 'subdue the earth'. The thought had occurred to us that Mars waits in the wings; a one-way ticket; we sighed and hoped.

I feel I must apologize for our lack of any real contact with the indigenous population of the area through which we traveled. We

feel, none the less, we ought acknowledge their non-existence in some small way, not to allow ourselves to be outdone by the numerous tourist brochures which almost invariably depict some aspect of their remains in the form of totems, masks, baskets, canoes etc. Ubiquitous they are not, only occasionally to be seen in fish boats, and small runabouts flitting to and from some village we did not feel the presumption to enter. We had been 'warned' that some of the villages did not welcome the paleface. However, we did visit the shambles of their abandoned villages, feeling 'the something lost'. We visited places which preserved their artifacts, veritable mausoleums.

Why not protest: Ω, It's all the same, is it not? As one sinks beneath the waves, knowledge succumbs as fear supplicates - and we drown regardless.

I cannot envision the next century looking back upon us wistfully, because I am not given to know such things. I cannot predict with any certainty there will be a next century for man, even though we slipped by 1984. I may suppose, the way things go in this world, it is conceivable, man's preoccupation with the past will grow dimmer and dimmer, for all the more will he have become saturated in a 'nowness', he will seem so unlike his past; nothing it will have to offer will seem **relevant** - but - but - it is possible he will be all the more desperate for a language with which to cope, even though it has been demonstrated by the facts themselves that words do not accomplish our task; that words, in themselves mean nothing; they may as easily be used to deceive as to convey the truth. As ever and even truer today, that seems not good enough.

of those ancient storied adventures of Homer's Hero. From the shores abiding Troy to the mysterious Abode of the Dead, Odysseus' adventures ranged only the Mid-Mediterranean. And those of the Argonauts the Black Sea.

Nowadays Apollo has been to the moon and back, seeming to have no desire to return.

That's not relevant. Whereof does this scribe rant?

What sayeth he; verily, has anyone perceived him sighting, that one might know his aim?

This mad foible sets ensconced upon his scribbling chair scratching abroad in his dubious metaphor, doubting too, this adventure of the mind.

Given over to gauging the T. E. Lawrences, the Hemingways, Malraux, Camus, these seekers after adventure, engaging in righteous causes, revolutions, resistance, desiring substantiality. And what of that substance; does it validate what one already knows; does it teach one anew; what greater message ensue? Ah, some Quixotic message or sure, and truly some - Yes! SOME COLOR!!, Sanguineous, Dripping Color. We have Lived!! And what of Slocum, Vito Dumas, Moitessier or St.Exupery?

Who are the Actors upon the stage and who are they whom the Actors emulate; who would exhibit himself for adulation, and who would confer within the compartments of himself?

Ought what one man does become something one ought attempt to duplicate or exceed?

There are many who think not these thoughts; there are many who read not, who would trumpet themselves the first - unawares.

And what if they were the last; if only they would keep it to themselves in the end?

Yet who can be gauging and exposing his life in a manner akin to these aforementioned?

When the time arrives to disembark, will not all these extrapolations become excess cargo, stuffs to be stowed, accounted awkwardly utilized, doing what one moralizes, instead of what one ought?

Is the thought so cautionary as to o'erburden the adventure? What pursue thee? Will I know better of thee if I comprehend my own issuance?

The War was only beginning in August of 1945; WW II was only prelude to some larger work in progress. We were not permitted to rest, to wax victorious and virtuous. But even before that, the baddies amongst us were at work. The Baddies were so bad that Marx and Engels were prompted to provide coherence to a movement that was taking shape in Europe; and to devise some humane equalitarian doctrine to serve the needs of the, alas!, Yes!, *proletariat*, the mere citizens, that all the monarchs, oligarchs, czars, emperors, dictators, and plutocrats had brushed aside as mere **irrelevant** subjects, or consumers. This movement, the 'sound of the hobnailed boots coming up from below', was not a spurious thing; it was Man who had become aware of his right to something other than servitude to a Crown or a distant unapproachable Government, or some capitalistic machine, wanting more of freedoms and a share in the fruit of his own labors.

We may question what Communism has done to test its own thesis, or what it has done to fulfill its own promise; we might well ask the same of what we have come to call Democracy. The first test of Communism that had emerged as an Ideology, as something to give form and doctrine to a State, grew out of a violent revolution, as contrasted to let's say, a passive resistance (which does not preclude violence to itself). The proletariat, despite Eric Blair's apprehensions, were served in a way they were not served by an unconcerned government under the Czar. Stalin gave birth to the apprehensions and predictions of 1984. Communism, per se, cannot be faulted because of Stalin, anymore than democracy can be faulted by what we do to it. There were many who could perceive, in the words of Marx and Engels, a viable equalitarian approach to the concept of the human community, which needed to stand the test, in the same way any proposition set forth in the Word might be obliged to stand the test.

I must say Jack was an appealing individual, from a distance. His removal did not seem to solve anything, even for those who hated his chitterlings. Its difficult to know anything for real. Eating of the Forbidden Fruit of the Tree of Knowledge did not reveal what was **relevant** to Adam. So one relies on his intuition, and his instincts, that necessary quanta, which function outside of the propaganda we get second hand, laced with patriotism, promulgated through the so-called Media. It was not a happy day when Jack left us; odes William:

*The wind had shifted abruptly
A sudden slack was felt in the line
His grip grew faint, less tenuous; he slipped down
He struck the sea below with a splashless sound
"Man Overboard!!" "The Captain Overboard!!"*

*The dreadful cry shattered the complacent drift of the
moment before.*

*A dumb sound rolled this earth over
This surround of Manness, this surround of finiteness;
A cold chill traversed every spine
A pale hue was cast in every cheek.*

*Tired, overwrought humanity shuddered
Inwardly the crew fell, prostrate, to the deck.*

*Forlorn, querulous, vindictive, guilt-ridden, they rued,
GONE!, a stupid blunder; Hateful World, Why?*

My life has not been conducted in a complete vacuum; I have collided with the subliminal, having thus touched upon some essence, itself in the process of purification. That is to say I have looked beyond the raw materials of myself; I have been affected, while hopelessly resisting affectation. It is easy enough to resist certain enticements when the higher purpose or objective is to arrive at some semblance of 'truth' (In the Character of Tao, it is stated, in essence, that to name it [Truth] is to kill it. While this may sound a bit nebulous [a cop out], 'truths', like age perhaps, have a certain relativity, but in addition, contain a conditional property, that, while not specifically nameable, are feelable, their feelable quality, perhaps the most **relevant** part, being evoked through the magic of ART (per se).

Perhaps it should be mentioned that he was anything but a 'shirker', nor was he in search for the 'soft touch'. We would demean his elemental purity of spirit to construe him as one who is looking for 'something for nothing'.

I am willing to accept him as he sees himself; I identify with his statement of himself. I will restate the position in both his terms and my own.

At the outset it would be premature to appear defensive; however certain **relevant** queries are anticipated. The attempt will not be made to close off discussion, but more to avoid being defensive when it is felt there is statement to be made like "The Tree Is", without feeling compelled to justify its existence, or defend the place where it grows, or what form it takes.

You might remark as the 'forward-looking' mayor of some 'burgeoning' metropolis, "If the tree grows in the right-of-way, it has to be cut down". (I'd like to cut him somewhere [that's beside the point]).

I would add there is no end to progress, no end to cruelty, or to barbarism.

In our conjecturing we were somewhere between seeking to be free and the insufficiency of dreams. We are in the midst of a Pain without Locus. Our 'Throwback' cannot 'carve out' a life within the Established Orthodoxy; even if he had the energy, he had not the means. Perhaps it is always destined the Natural Tree cannot survive the Commons.

The 'system' did not want his inclusion beyond a laboring to serve its ends. The 'system' was prepared to offer nothing; his identity was subsumed in the 'marketplace'; the 'Promised land' was designed for manipulation and exploitation, not for the constant reenactment of the pioneer's dream (The New Frontier?) The 'system' usuriously made something from nothing repeatedly, producing fat from fat; its raw materials being a ledger, a pencil, and the essential ingredients of AVARICE, and mass of subservient humanity.

Accident created beings. The accident serves no purpose beyond continuance. When there are too many, as during the period of my life, then 'being' ceases to have meaning, unless it can be converted to relevance

Of course we are not wholly constructed of an either/or mentality. We do however desire permanence, even though our consciousness of existence constantly reminds us this can never be. Even the Tomb of the Pharaoh is not permanent, although it has been around for a few thousand years; and what a small thing it is for the Pharaoh who is not around to partake of it (only the anthropologists who are forever disturbing one's RIP). Because permanence does not exist, does this mean we consciously choose the transient as the only alternative? Do we then allow Madison Avenue to clutter our canvas with their idealized landscape? How, then would you fill your landscape? What would be the most rewarding vision? Could you fill the canvas with a materialism without also enclosing the whole within a fenced compound; within a boundary as it were? Would you surround the idealized fenced materialism with envious eyes? Would you not also need to man the ramparts with machine guns to ward off the covetous? In other words what is reality? Part of the reality of materialism are the anxieties we maintain with regard to it, to wit, the fence and machine guns. What does that say about the Content of your life? Where does one station the Three Graces in this ménage? Have they become **irrelevant** to the aegis of Materialism?

As President what could I do to improve the landscape? Aside from recognizing the need to support the function of government, would I be obliged to adhere to the Scrolls of Valley Forge? As I took the oath of office I would swear to uphold something. Would it be the form of the government as well as the function? Would I be at liberty to attempt to change the form after I had sworn to uphold it? The form is somehow rigged to have allowed the civil (and human) rights of a certain segment of the population to be denied for one hundred and seventy five years after the inception of that government. How long do you suppose we ought allow the form to deny equal rights to the feminine majority? You see, as President, I would make woman relevant

Now, it is I inveigh against YOU. Now, I ask of you to throw out all the old TEXTS: open your shutters; open all the windows; expose your senses to the world; Brighten Up the Place!

Breath Deeply - FEEL! Extend your Vision beyond the foregone; extend your hearing, ought to include; what else permeates the olfactory fiber?; search after and locate the vital throb! Become Aware!

Of what have we become aware? "Nothing new", you say. I challenge your dimmer perception of things. Beyond your SELF; EXTEND

beyond your Self with these sentinels. You have, you insist; "How is this **relevant?**", you ask. I'll agree, **relevancy** is not always apparent. 'Beyond the Self

eradicate consciousness). We are abandoned to these 'happenings', our responses to them, and all subsequent anxieties and impotencies with respect to them. Some will argue Vigilance! as the price of life. Hurricanes, Yes!; Earthquakes, Maybe! Altercations with our neighbors, No! The last is THE END, because it flies in the face of the hominid presumption of Equanimity within the 'human' community, promised to each of us if we accepted the inevitable persuasion of 'civilization', as affirmed through Enlightenment and Reason. Relevance?

Sigmund Freud, while hopeful of the prospect that the intellect of man would eventually triumph over fear over the Man-Eating Monsters, and all pertinent and **relevant** anxieties, he felt, for the time, man would most likely not release his grip on the rip cord.

Truly, we have been merely rearranged matter - DUST - that has received a palpitation, a cursory throb (whatever happened to those other eighty million odd squiggles housed in that splendid ejaculation?). The Transmigration of Matter; Matter that has been privileged to put forth this transient consciousness of itself, in this place and in this time.

I become a Book, an Oeuvre, a Don Quixote, the one who has reckoned a tale, setting out to become its protagonist, its hero.

Would such happenstance be so different than acting out YOUR fictional conventions?

Who has informed me of the Edge? Who has told me I am Godless matter that must focus on the Edge, probing with questions like 'What have I stood for?'

Does not this quandary make all others **irrelevant?** Does not our poverty and our wealth all become funneled into these questions? If this is not our last stopping place, how can we insist upon our differences? One must conclude that we are mortal - and finite.

In SCHOOL, when a question was asked, an answer was always expected. Sometimes one was free to answer anything he liked, but generally, one was asked specific questions that required specific answers, or answers to which one might have been provided an answer having its origin in some TEXT or other; "Who was the father of our country?"; "What is the First Amendment to the Constitution?"; "Why do you want to go to college?"; or "What is Juvenile Delinquency?" If

ruminating Presence seeking some Repose, some rest, from this tiresome urge towards success and satiation, even yearning towards the remotest possibilities of an Equanimity and founded in Concordance and Conviviality. Once more, do we strive for Repose. Perched atop the Heap? What gainsays against Repose? Throw a huge net over the entire corpus.

Though the Avaricious are redundantly replete, satiety eludes them, repose eludes them; they must construct fortresses. They must harden the silos around their piles. While Death is the only indestructible Fortress.

Yes, an ounce of prevention is worth something proverbial. I shout Aloud: "NONE will rise above the other! NONE will have DOMINION over the other. NONE!!" (This is anything but a political statement).

Yes!, you may depend upon me to reiterate to the purpose; I shall not tire of my persuasion to the above basic precept. NONE!! A **relevant** conviction and sincere fanaticism; what is intolerable remains intolerable.

A lethargic GUD will not order it done. HE fritters. Some might argue for HIS sadistic proclivity. It is true they could hardly hold forth upon HIS compassionate nature. I have suggested elsewhere that HE has lost interest (perhaps because there are no dividends). Father depicted HIM pissing on the brethren - (inadvertently?).

The Grand Design hovers awaiting the will of the beast, that now succumbs mostly to the fortuitous opportunism of natural selection. We may yet be eclipsed by some mutant with less stringent requirements in the area of Capital Sins. Matter over Mind? Never! you say.

Can you imagine, 5,500,000,000? That is a robust number to hedge Malthusian predictions. Some of us do await with a macabre curiosity an event that might humble this process of hominidation of an utterly circumscribed space.

We have peopled much of this place in the name of GUDs. There are so many available to subdue the earth that most are unwelcome as a matter of principle, having been transformed unto a kind of metaphorical vermin. No transients allowed!

Without question, one shovels shit against the tide. The shit returns.

+ Indeed, there may be call for compromise; however, I cannot compromise my Vision. ... What is this Vision? Is it not something given to one? Surely, from whence it came? Can one really determine its origin? Does the outsider have a right to assay that other's Visions are a reflection of incompetence, of dementia, because they arise as an inconvenience to them? Am I prompted to promulgate my Vision, or am

I obliged to be influenced by outside circumstances and consider them more **relevant** than my Vision? If the Vision be of sufficient force and form unto itself can there be any dissuasion from it? ... If it should arise as part of my Vision that 'This is not the best of all possible worlds', that I have no further desire to be humored by the opposite perception; that even though the opposite may embody the very heart and soul of ineluctable realities, may these not be overcome by certain other imperatives; an Act of WILL? A Vision unto itself, while not being an imperative, derives from some sense whose validity rises imperiously to the forefront of our confabulations. Does it necessarily follow that Visions are **relevant** to madness? Is it mad then to say "This is not the best of all possible worlds'. If not mad then, how discredit the sense that gives birth to the notion, albeit Vision?

= Is that, then, what you preached before them, "This is not the best of all possible worlds'?

+ Amongst others; but not preaching - Promulgating. = Did they not summon you to elaborate? Were you not challenged to be specific?

+ Surely I was as specific as one can be; and they queried me

I had followed along in the same manner for years; I was many times foolish enough to carry Friday over into Saturday. I was possessed by the sense that the world did not stop at five o'clock on Friday afternoon Pacific Standard Time, and while this terrific urge to drop everything lingers within me at all times, regardless of the day of the week or the time of day, as it often does in the midst of Thankless Pursuits, there were many times the urge, though officially sanctioned at Five on Friday, failed me at Five on Friday. While extending Friday past five sometimes resolved the Thankless Matter at hand, Saturday, many times, became dedicated to the continuation of Friday, the enactment and pursuance of which would earn me KUDOS "very dedicated, extremely conscientious, and responsible", plus a 'shitload' of checkmarks in the "Performance Far Exceeds Normal Expectations" column, and a bunch of assorted 'ATTA BOYS'. Eventually the KUDOS and checkmarks were converted into monetary rewards (well this latter is **irrelevant**, and comprises a story in itself) until that 'distant drummer' (boomity, boom. boom) became louder and louder (**boomITY, BOOM!, B O O M !** !); I wanted every day to be Saturday; I wanted the whole year to become Saturday: I wanted the rest of my life to become Saturday. Why Saturday??

Why Saturday?? !!

There's this little Demon, this little monster, this little Child of a self within us that seeks to become something or someone in its own right. It is the fortunate person, indeed, who is able to find some situation in life wherein his little demon is allowed to grow,

flourish and achieve some fulfillment, while at the same time earn his livelihood and more, and perhaps be awarded the Nobel Prize. I haven't access to the statistics which would reveal the percentage of fulfilled and simultaneously admirably sustained humanity to be

*they elect to do so, as a matter of legal tradition, *Judices Non Tenetur Exprimere Causam Sententiae Suae*. This smacks somewhat of the Omnipotent which, or who, by simply being despotic, does preclude any access to rationality. In most cases of this kind, it may be said the judge appears to go with hunches. We are at the mercy of that judgment, also, as a matter of tradition. Why is not fair for us to be exposed to the reasons behind the judgments, simply because that is the very thing we are most desperately in need of; something which validates the process, and as something that enlists our belief in human rationality?*

What kind of **relevant** evidence may we introduce to further the interests of 'correct reasoning'; such that we are not so much at the mercy of our hunches? Rationality ought be employed to preclude the whimsicality of it all.

Those who would have us become mindless automatons in the service of some unknowable deity might as well not be made of their uniquely recognizable hominid components, but rather, of any other hopelessly innocuous, and assimilable configuration or approximation of matter. The stone serves as well as Medusa.

I am still possessed by this Latin hangover, as I am by many things that happened to me when young and impressionable. I am able to perceive the roots and derivation of much of my own spake, and often I discover certain Latin idioms or expressions more to the point in their brevity (although I tend to be longwinded) than the wordier and less explicit anglicizations.

Vercingetorix, by the way, if you are still with me (sorry about Shirley and Marie; somehow their diversion is just as **relevant** to me as Vercingetorix), was a valiant fellow; a Gaul who could not prevail against Caesar (not Sid Caesar), Julius (not Orange Julius), but Julius Caesar of Rome (not Caesar Romero); that is, he could not prevail against Caesar's Armies (I do not know if they ever engaged in a 'sudden death' encounter for all the marbles). Vercingetorix was eventually strangled in the dungeons after being allowed (being ordered to) 'grace the triumph' (everyone I read on the subject [in English] uses the same expression 'grace the triumph' [somewhere there is a tomeite inserting the expression in every reference to Caesar] as a scholarly plagiarism of convenience, for the lack of a better expression); 'grace the triumph' of Caesar's (oh what the hell) triumphal march through Rome, celebrating the conquest of Gaul, the defeat of Ptolmey, a victory over Pharnaces,

62391 Having been visited during my slumber by ghosts of the past, I am wont to ponder. This particular ghost found me riding the school bus up the hill past Mary McEnroe's farm house. These nightly visitations have a way of lingering, and begging many free and **irrelevant** associations in a continued half-asleep and half-awake state. Eventually I recalled the school, and, as the sociologists are wont to say - the school complex; most notably my outsidersness in that environment. Forced into the convention by some extant covenants created by those who had preceded me (and all the others) therein I was positioned in that set-piece, even though I did not belong there. Where I did belong (and where I do belong) remains an open question today.

Mary was a Senior while I was a Junior. Mary to me was mostly a cheerleader, with a shapely athletic body, good looking, in a farm-fresh sort of way. Her cousin, Dorothy, was a classmate of mine, also a cheerleader, of whom I have written before. Of the two Dorothy was taller and more statuesque; but more reserved, with less projection of athleticism. Mary was brown haired, Dorothy blond.

These scant depictions mean little except to convey them as real through my sense of vision and other protoplasmic extensions of matter.

The **relevance** part of this spake of the moment is recalling my feeling as I view myself now in that environment, perhaps superimposing the now upon the then, wherein I do not belong. It was their world, the whole complex belonged to them. They were those to whom the torch had been passed, the torch of continuity, the continuity of the human condition, which may acquire the epiphenomenon of - inhuman. One sits in judgment over innocence; perhaps shrugging one's shoulders. However, at the time, I craved some touch from these ones, some recognition. But as it has eventuated in many cases, most all cases, one has felt those others were made to feel uncomfortable by their peers if they were seen associating with such chaff. One easily misinterprets indifference, and lack of awareness, to mean rejection; paranoia functions in that manner. But if one were to obtain a more objective appraisal; that is, if one could approach these others with the appropriate question; "Why do you pass by me as though I do not exist?", or "Why is it I feel compelled to kneel before you?", would one feel any better, if he forced them to confess their prejudices?

To return to the very beginning once again, to that playfulness within the 'stream' of "consciousness". Already it is apparent I am closely Mad, attempting to keep apace of the unraveling, without much hope of keeping pace, availing myself of the next best alternative by manufacturing some kind of free association, however **irrelevant**, nonsensical, lurid, lewd, or unthinkable. It's only courage that is lacking in not mentioning some of the things that 'cross one's mind' -

however tasteless. All things ought stand revealed, notwithstanding our fear of exposure. I must recall my reference used in demonstrating our handling of ole number 2 (elimination) which some have not only found distasteful, but very difficult to handle. As odious a prospect as number 2 is, it can not belong in literature or in art, (only as accepted in the likes of Rabelais and Bosch), nor can it in any way become a part of our conscious interaction with one another. I have not read this anywhere, but suspect it is true all the same.

Well, in the Big Leagues, in the mythological 'Pie in the Sky' area of performance, in the Great Temple of Baseball, where something is vested, and because it is vested, it is the Source, where, if anyone hits a home-run, he is guaranteed to be heard. We will hear all about the virtues of underarm deodorants, and how stalwart was the pitcher who mistakenly threw the ball which eventuated in the home-run. Home-runs in the Big League result in Instant Wisdom.

Wisdom is everywhere; we eat it, breath it, evacuate it; we hear it, see it, touch it, feel it, speak it, but it does not appear as **relevant**, and is not effective unless some charisma (a Big League Home-run Hitter, or President (even an ass as President), or some Harvard-trained Mule with Huge Ears, catalyzes a process which causes or effects a sonority and a rhythm to which we will (respond). Worst of all, the Wisdom could be no more significant or poignant, or truly **relevant**, than the 'pushing' of underarm deodorant which we will be sure to procure before we go THERE (wherever it is we are going - to the concert, to entertain guests, to bed). In its Wisdom, the Source has proclaimed, "It is not good to smell bad." We are hemmed in by the Message. In short, (we) create **relevance**.

Is it everybody out for himself as in an Ayn Rand or a Johann Gottlieb Fichte scenario? Saddam Hussein will be stuck in the His Sorry Story Books along with all the other nuts (W). (This is not an apology: But a statement of fact: I work alone in Oregon -fu[r]thermore, I conduct interviews with myself in the manner your favorite anchorman conducts interviews with all the notable lipservicers at home and abroad [NOTE: I do not push products in between salient details {tales}]). (One thing about working alone in the Wilderness, there is a great tendency to use the first person.) (One additional NOTE: I do not work alone entirely; if it was not for my wife's indulgence I could not do even this much; so in fact it is a pluralized first person).

Although I may wish to tell of mother and others, considering them and their lives **relevant**, all lives inclusively forming the basis of this writing, the emphasis must remain upon making this planet not a better place, but only a place where all life may prosper and survive,

and wherein global problems will be subjected to a search for creative and positive solutions to them, taking us into 2021; perhaps beyond.

If there was to be a heroine in this story it would have to be mother for whom I feel an existential relationship (She chose her path and I chose mine. It seems unreal to me that I emerged from her body, yet certain documents will attest to the fact. There are no guaranteed affinities in this life.). Her present suffering is a poor reward for all that she has otherwise endured. Her emphasis and attention to good health has made it possible for her to survive (within this system of survival) to an age wherein continued emphasis and attention to good health means very little; one merely lingers over the precipice without much hope of a decent transport. Somehow it all doesn't measure up to expectations. As her son I feel delinquent, but as the consciousness of delinquency stirs remorse, I fit with an implacable guilt, wavering between what one ought be and what one really is. She deserves more, whether felt or not. The son speaks of the lack of an emotional relationship with his mother. It is not a matter of being demonstrative; it is clearer than that even; she is an old woman alone; there are many such for whom I feel even less. In a general way (perhaps philosophically) I feel for all of life. We are given sensation which yields both pleasure and pain. In good conscience I cannot be the agent of pain, although my very attitude must generate this same (not as a sensation but as an enervated internal ache). With less of a conscience I seem not the agent of pleasure of the same kind, although I do pretend to smile, when I do not feel like smiling.

What got my attention was the fast little vehicle as it sped around me from behind in my rear view mirror, to my right side mirror, past my right side, and as it was passing, a hand flipping a burning cigarette out the open window on the driver's side. At the next light the speeding presence was forced to stop, mostly by the presence of another stopped vehicle in front of it. I came along side to observe a kinky haired youth, female, beating and thumping with her hands upon the racing-car steering wheel, nodding and weaving her head, humping her torso in her seat, all to the bump, rumble and rhythm of the 'rock' blaring from the auto's ghetto blaster. Painted and dolled, jiving, an aspirant to fast track yuppiedom; so I imagined. I wondered what went on inside of that head. Some abstraction from Vogue Magazine, Hot Rock(s) Magazine, some Madison Avenue hype, some fleeting imagery, unaccountable; something happening between her legs, that oughta happen in a big way instead of in this mundane musty gray drab soggy wintry fare. The Human Fiction with a pleasurable itch, yearning for the heights; DENIED; therefore careless; only restrained by some unidentified FEAR. Heading for a RELEASE; something to assuage the

burning desire, the rage, the pentupness, the frustrated yearnings, endless yearnings, savage appetites of unknown origin. Too much energy; the wick always flaring up, burning out of control; the horrible waxy sink of life holding one back, all the while wanting to be consumed in the flames, before consciousness returned, dreaded consciousness, awareness of one's little self, one's meager self. DREADED. An all day high, all night too, because one couldn't sleep, one was burning up inside, heaping the little self upon the sacrificial pyre of the Twentieth Century that had declared you aint nothin' unless you're somebody, and you aint nobody unless your somebody, and you aint nobody unless you do it like they do it; they are somebody, if you do it like they do it you will become somebody, then your tiny little self and soul will be able to rest because you will do it like they do it and because they are somebody you will feel like somebody. You will have become **Relevant** to your time, your Transience will have become validated. Your GAWD damned pitiful little life will mean something. You wont be just another piece of insignificant protoplasm dumped on this earth by sweaty uninspired copulating parents to live

Still, it may be a luxury, and an extravagance, to be able to read Herman, and feel literate and confident enough to comprehend something of the man's mind and soul (out of time and place). And to sense how impractical and **irrelevant** a preoccupation it is to consider these things; as though operating in a vacuum. I am the remotest thing from a scholar, and even though I might be the most thorough and precise a one, what would it avail in this world of ours that hangs by a thread, totally dependant upon some unclear imperative (or ethic - Jumpin' Jehosophat!)? Many amongst us attempt to sever the thread, anywhere in time, so saturated are the billions by an argument containing such dubious meaning. Although at this late date I could not entirely dispose of this part of myself, the part I have acquired through long exposure to our way, that compels me to delve in this manner with this attendant rationale, the primitive existence (innocence) is not without its compelling attractions. They say you can't go back; we aint going forward either.

Certain irrefutable truths become part of our knowledge through the exigencies of experience; the imperatives of repetition. Performance reveals the beast, and betrays the sentiment (the rhetoric, the lip service; the temporizing; the so-called lesson). This in itself is not the cause of the bitterness. Knowledge could hardly be responsible for the facts it harbors, or the realities that are incorporated under its purview. The bitterness arises through inculcations (essentially untruths) layed upon us when impressionable and INNOCENT. Larvae; larval thoughts, larval reminiscences. It was implanted thus from the TEXT - from the

mouth of an Inculcator; whose Assumption we had no rightful presumption (for the lack of a better) to question. Infused into the lesson was the EXPECTATION. When one's experience did not confirm the hypothesis, one initially doubted his experience; he might have even become psychologically warped by doubt; becoming withdrawn, schizoid, even schizophrenic, and possibly catatonic; or sought JESUS. If one believed his experience (which could include his own rationalizations) as valid, then he might suffer equally a number of other sociological ills; ostracism; accused of a lack of patriotism; accused of fanaticism; accused of some mental pathology. One might even doubt something that was not validated through experience; something that did not bear up under logical scrutiny; but even more tenuous, that did not register with that innate self that measures all things; ones inner clearing house based on an intuition that even defies reason and logic, as well as all other methods of proof, demonstration, lesson, revelation etc.. All too easily embittered? The inculcator does not insinuate bitterness. Wherefrom thus? An inculcator might or might not insinuate bitterness; what might happen is the failure in the inculcator to respond to a question, using its implicit prerogative to judge the question (as out of context, or not **relevant** to the lesson) perhaps saying time does not permit the discussion of **irrelevancies**. The plausibility of the Time factor would rest in the credibility of the teacher. Very few teachers would pass that plausibility test, for one knows instinctively that time is not much of essence as that of the imperative need to have a lingering doubt put to rest - the element of time serving the needs of the questioner more than that of the answerer. In short, for the inculcator not to respond constitutes error # 1. For the teacher to invoke specified but undefined powers (the TEXT) as the ultimate arbiter of the lesson constitutes error # 2. All other denials by the teacher of the impressionable innocent create more errors. These do not necessarily lead to bitterness; as long as one understands that ignorance and prejudice are part of the substance of all inculcators. One may arrive at such a judgment through fiat (a conviction that arises from a sheer repetition of the fact). Why any one should have EXPECTATIONS is more germane to the question. If one did not have expectations, might he not avoid the bitterness (which arises naturally enough from the unripened fruit of expectation). How many of us are able to perceive the end result of our expectations? How do expectations become a part of the lesson; is there anything explicit in the lesson that encourages a particular view with respect to it?

One does not set out to refute mathematics. One does not set out to refute -titty-tooty tootitty toot.

(Something) consisted of suggesting the discontinuance of the practice of the abandonment of junk cars in the Church's parking lot. He further

intimated The Island was a microcosm of the world; a flat utterance, if there ever was one, a pontification standing on its own merits.

While all listened patiently to this seemingly loosely **irrelevant**, and mostly inappropriate banter, well, it all fell upon one's ears as a rude juxtaposition; yet all sat in perfect silence as though deafened by an explosion. I struggled to suppress a fit of laughter; It was as if someone had barged into the meeting casting into the throng a dead mackerel as divine revelation for all to marvel, and perceive yet wondrous things. No connection.

What about Mind-Altering substances. How much do they damage the brain-cells, the nervous system and the body's chemistry. How much do they alter the personality? Answers to these questions are slow in coming. In lieu of definitive answers one hears the apologists claim cannabis sativa does no harm and is not addictive. Does the 'relative innocence' (relative harmlessness?) of grass, let's say, compared to 'hard' drugs, or alcohol, truly lead to a life of dependency on any of these substances?

One might ask as well, does the pursuit of advantage damage the personality? Or is the personality so engaged merely the agent of itself? Whom does the pursuit of advantage truly benefit? Does the supremacy or the Dominion Of The One Over The Other really enhance the survival 'picture' for the balance of the species? Who will argue that only the strong should survive and the weak must fall by the wayside? Who? Are we maggots?

Are these **relevant** questions? Rhetoric sidetracks? What does *tetrahydrocannabinol* do to one's innards? What does *anhydrous alcohol* do to one's innards? What do the products of our overly industrialized civilization do to our innards?

Pursuant to these questions exists a long list that would quite astound Rachel Carson. The Merck Index is always years behind, and the mighty Chemical Firms hide behind Confidentiality in allowing others access to data that would suffer analysis by a wider and wiser world, thus adding fuel to Rebuttal Presumptions Against Registration of dangerous substances for use in the environment. The F.D.A should borrow some personnel from the D.E.A..

Now is founded in many things, 1) The Now that could exist without homo sapiens, 2) The now that could exist with homo sapiens, 3) The now that does exist with the homo sapiens. All three are **relevant** to the description of this reality; there are other hypothetical combinations that could be applied as refinements of the basic three.

Since man has traipsed everywhere, fortunately not everywhere all the time, because the whole damned planet would be trampled flat; for whatever reason - from wanderlust to greed; he has proclaimed 'it is his

to do with'. And he has proven faithful to that motto (proviso); the tense being applied 'it has been his to do with', 'he has done with it as has been his wont', 'he will do with it as is his wont' (more confidently now that) 'he has been doing with it as has been his wont' (practice makes perfect). In the now he continues to do as 'it is his to do with' It is very difficult for me to walk away from (Leave Behind) his preeminence; because his is such an

Whatever a man does to achieve WORTH, being only arbitrarily construed, to allow and protect the doings of the ESTABLISHED, then 42 what is to prevent growing and trafficking as a route to WORTH? We know, if the ESTABLISHED found 'material advantage' in growing and trafficking (as they might do in any case) (let's say, as does that other entity the ESTABLISHED 'MAFIA'), because it enhanced ones WORTH, measured only materially, then it would arbitrarily and necessarily (even through legislative process - 'the blessing') become a means toward obtaining or gaining WORTH. Consequences are not **relevant**.

WORTH is the empty vessel, the impalpable presence that attempts to bring order out of chaos.

"How Come?" "Hah! Does anyone care?" How short of chaos have we arbitrated ourselves?

One last word; while somewhat mad, rambling and specious in argument, I cannot leave off without posing to you the appearances of a paradox in offering your life to the first argument: to order the 'chaos' by accepting the status quo, not as though you did not have a choice, but as an interesting gambit; but realize now, you will become none the less indebted to it, perhaps in good faith, but your WORTH will still be a promised thing, that being the cause that

It is time to interject the great **IF**. **IF** consists in what we necessarily label WILL (an act of volition) not the idealistic WILL, but the WILL embodied in the egotistical presumption "It is ours to do with" in order to approach some recognition and understanding of the 'power' invested in a notion of WILL, if only to point the way toward the ideal. We must choose to overcome the exegesis of FATE, the Inevitable, foredoomed Destiny, and associated persuasions toward assuring failure of the enterprise (the expression of the ideal through the force of WILL) in order to fulfill the higher equalitarian prospect and promulgation of, "It is ours to do with".

HOW?! "Is that a salutation?"

You want me to answer the question, do you? I'll answer the second, 'No, it is not a salutation'. I want you to answer the HOW. Already I am beginning to suspect you have generated only too many ways to pigeonhole me, all with the urgency to put me aside, discredit me, if not in the spirit of the argument, or even in the particulars, you will soon

search my underwear for some **irrelevant** discrepancy like you have done with all the others. I detest what you have done to Herman Melville, just because you were too damned lazy to get into his think and his morality, which you suspected asked too much of you. You discredited him by calling him a homo sexualis and getting this kind of think anointed in the Harvard Survey of American Literature Curriculum. It all goes to say, if you can't get at me by insinuating I am naive, visionary, utopian, extravagant, rhapsodical, grandiose, perhaps hallucinatory, you'll go for the underwear. O.K., so that's the way you wanta play - the shoe is on the other foot - yours. Its your opportunity to divulge HOW, "It is ours to do with".

Are you able to pose the question? Are you even interested? And, if so, can you wish for me to answer it, or are you able to begin to answer it yourself, gleaning from the awareness stimulated by the nature of the question? What do we do with this, IT IS OURS TO DO WITH?

Individual visions vary amongst themselves. Are you able to imagine the world in the manner of Salvadore Dali?, or in the manner of the Landscape Painters? Are you able to imagine an architecture in the manner of Antonio Gaudi? Are you able to imagine the human scale of a Johnathan Swift, or Francois Rabelais? Are we truly ore wedded to an inexorable condition as most of the fatalists perceive,

society, to philosophy?" "May I now speak of oranges, that is, may I now address the issue of converting the planet into a 'Standard of Living', a sociological phenomenon, apart from them apples, the little fissions?" "Because I know we have become circumspect, overnight, in the one case, with regard to apples, I put myself at liberty to assume that man is not so partial to a particular fruit that he will not extend to the one what he has to the other, that, in fact, he will extend circumspection to the orange." "That being the case, I would wish to establish, as part of that circumspection, an acknowledgement that the benefits of the Industrial proposition will be equally distributed to each and every member of the body social.

The argument put forth by the 'Captains' is predicated in lightening the burden of man, man, man, man, Man, MAN, as the inclusive Man. It has nothing to do with what be a man's occupation, or his station in life; at least, no qualifications have been included in the proposition. What might amend their statement later, that is, 'we cannot achieve this all at once', is not **relevant** in this particular discussion. The oranges exist as the argument that will be put forth as rationale for converting the planet into a 'Standard of Living'. Circumspection will not permit exclusivity; that is, it will assume 'what is for one, is for all', and there are no trite construals of this concept, 'I'm not my brother's keeper', 'Each according to his abilities, each according to his needs'; rather we adopt, as the first 'Standard', 'all are equal, regardless, never to be

negotiated or manipulated into any other relationship, or form of relationship". "Once we have established this 'Standard', maybe we will be able to wonder, and ponder, upon, and formulate a second. The second 'orange' might share some of the spirit that fostered the first. The first was born of a spirit that recognized human life in act as it has often been expressed in word. The surround, that is, the environs, in which this life is obliged to conduct its affairs appears an integral part, for the one cannot be without the other, that is, Man cannot be without the habitat. While one might make one kind of assumption he cannot afford to make another. While I might assume 'what is for one, is for all', I cannot assume what specific thing it is that 'is for one, is for all'." "But I will risk an inference; believing that Man adopts the circumspection, I extend the belief he will wish an equalitarian view with regard to other forms

He stated to himself his first axiom, "I seek to be free; I seek to roam". He could no longer labor within a 'system' that did not make it possible for him to achieve this first simple proposition. Perhaps it should be mentioned that he was anything but a 'shirker', nor was he in search for the 'soft touch'. We would demean his elemental purity of spirit to construe him as one who is looking for 'something for nothing'.

I am willing to accept him as he sees himself; I identify with his statement of himself. I will restate the position in both his terms and my own.

It would be premature to become defensive; however certain **relevant** queries are anticipated. The attempt is not being made to

Got a point there. Amazing what fear will do aint it? Still, its not a very encouraging record. And this record you just cited was based in tinker toys and swords. There's just no question what a few of them WARTHEADS could do for old Malthus' dilemma now; an' aint thar s'posed to be a WARTHEAD on every street corner by now? So ya see, even lookin' at history for a basis sometimes is a perty Romanterc Notion. WE ARE ABOUT TO REWRITE HISTORY; that is, History has been eclipsed, or toppled; it has been declared **irrelevant**; this forthcoming, the Future IS History. The REVELATION; what we have been seeking and striving for; the NTH Coming.

Got sidetracked. We was with the White Piss Ants equipped with scapulars and Rabbits Feet, who were Ready and Raring to repeat some of that Old Historical Pageantry. Gotta hand it to 'em - DEFEAT, I mean.

There were no heroes this day; only peices of would-bees. What the hell you laughing at? I know, just because its laughable.

Well you just can't sit staring at the walls all day long. Somebody comes along and say "Let's have a WAR. Its better than nothin'; and I mean nothin'. If you think breathin' is somthin', well let me tell you

it aint nothin'. If you think breathin's somethin', jest look at a rat, an you'll see what breathin' kin amount tuh.

Aldous Huxley (remember him) said Sincerity in art may not get you anywhere in the short run and it may not get you anywhere in the long run; and that Insincerity in art may get you somewhere in the short run, but, in the long run; WHO CARES?

Anyway remember that the proper and **relevant** term is "CONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION". Inherent to that are the accompanying ills PLANNED OBSOLESCENCE, and WASTE. Mired in it. Don't hang on my every word, but remember the **relevant** terms.

The Presidency: We may require some kind of leadership or guidance; but we do not need the services of a bad habit, an anachronism, a carry-over from tyrants, kings, autocrats, emperors, dictators and the like. We do not need a bureaucratic fiat that berates us and robs us. We might benefit from an individual who led an exemplary life.

Make no mistake about what I am saying here; I do not really distinguish what 'we the people' yea say from what has been the traditional role of a figurehead. There have enough political animals trotted before the 'people' (and me, as a minority of one) to convince me that 'we the people' can do without; and begin to look to ourselves for leadership. If we were not so lazy, we would do just that. It would amaze you how easily you could dispense with the other.