

# *This *Is* My Future*

*An ode to frittering*

*'UTOPIA is a visionary scheme which fails to recognize the defects inherent in human nature'.*

Day after day, the author gets sucked into listening to their fomenting sapience, as though there was nothing better for him to do.

The author feels a compelling need to elaborate on this last statement.

He sets out describe the perversion of the First Amendment by those who control and perpetuate the media (in all its forms). (The Fourth Estate.)

It is assumed by them, it is their right to tell you anything they deem will get your attention, while gripping your insides, what might be characterized as fomenting momentousness. TRUTH, per se, is not the essential ingredient to the manufactured product (the so-called NEWS). NEWS, per se, is somehow considered the proprietary province of those who so proclaim it.

To illustrate this, only somewhat, the author is mindful of Scott Glen in Shipping News, instructing his cub reporter how to write a headline. Standing outside, looking, and pointing, out to sea, he asks the cub, an awkward unassuming Kevin Spacey, what he sees. Kevin lets on he doesn't see very much at all, whereas his boss exclaims: STORM COMING. The cub queries Scott, "What does one do when the purported storm does not materialize?" Scott assures him there is a way to remedy mother nature's failures by exclaiming: VILLAGE SPARED.

The author, allowing himself to be subsumed in the Bullshit promulgated by the Fourth Estate, has availed himself of the PBS distillation of the stirring happenings of the day, parceled out in aliquots under the guise of benign sapience, mostly teleprompted by Woody Judgerough and her side sidekick, affirmatively politically correct, Grown Eyefull.

Like Scott, in Shipping News, the task is to secure the audience's attention, 'truth', only an incidental, not essential, ingredient of the Bullshit being promoted.

For example, whenever the 'monthly report' hints a jobs increase, somehow demonstrating a healthy economic environment, which momentarily seems to influence high investment on Wall Street, it becomes the opinion of the Fourth

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Estate, or its mouthpieces, to instruct the Federal Reserve, to raise the Interest rates (this is done repeatedly).

These ‘fomentators’ do not know any of what they proclaim to be true. That is, the jobs increase is only an approximate number. The reaction by Wall Street is only a guess (subject to change, and chance, like a roulette wheel). If oil prices rise or fall, Wall Street changes its bets accordingly, that is, gets the jitters, on an hourly basis; that’s what the 4<sup>th</sup> estate promulgates. The Interest Rates enter into this NEWS equation by those who do not invest, but by those who sit upon savings, or wish to convert savings into a more lucrative and secure bet, that a volatile Wall Street cannot match.

It is their right to stir in you all kinds of speculation based upon their speculation. It is their business to speculate, not with truth, or even a first approximation to the truth, it is their perceived mission to control and foment with what they do not know.

We return to the gobbledegook of a former defense secretary

*“Reports that say that something hasn’t happened are always interesting to me, because as we know, there are known knowns, there are things we know we know. We also know there are known unknowns; that is to say we know there are some things we do not know. But there are also unknown unknowns - the ones we don’t know we don’t know.”*

Further amended, *“There’s another way to phrase that and that is the absence of evidence is not the evidence of absence. It is basically saying the same thing in a different way. Simply because you do not have evidence that something does exist does not mean that you have evidence that it doesn’t exist.”*

Why should any part of the foregoing become a part of the author’s future?

When the promo gravitates to ‘underwear’, the more salacious, the better, whether its Trump, Rubio, Sanders, or Clinton, all the while issuing disclaimers that the campaign has stooped to new lows, (NEWS lows). A hypocritical media thrives on the Least Common Denominator (underwear) all the while pooh-poohing their own salaciousness, resorting to the moralizing upon the evil of appearances.

The media is biased from the GIT GO. It isn’t just the headline that distorts, or perverts the First Amendment To The Constitution Of The United States Of America, it is the accompanying bias in the headline, the editorial SLAM DUNK that pervades the promulgated untruth.

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There is a hitch in all this wrangling; the author is placed in the position of accusing the Media of fomenting, distortion, and outright bias, in other words, not reporting NEWS, but creating, inventing NEWS, in their right to tell it like it is, and our right to know it like it is, whether or not it is true (Brain Villiams) (Protected under the 1<sup>st</sup> Amend.).

Yes, our right to know the Truth and nothing but (the unvarnished ) Truth.

We have grown, or, have become blasé, indifferent, acquiescent, apathetic, even cynical, realizing, full well, we will not get the truth. Yet we will not boycott the purveyors, liars, fomenters, distorters, moralizers.

W. claimed 'there ought to be limits to freedom' (context unknown). Maybe it is coming to that, as may be it should, if all we do is abuse 'freedom'. We do need to curtail the perverters, who operate with impunity, under the aegis of the 'protections' of the First Amendment To The Constitution Of the United States Of America.

The author's presumed right to say these things (fight speculation with speculation, fight perversion with perversion) would be severely curtailed.

To flesh this out further; remember the headline: STORM COMING? "COCAINE TRAIL RAISES NAMES RUST KESEY SAFLEY." The judge dismissed Ken's suit against the Fourth Estate RAG in a summary judgement opining that the RAG's 'headline was not defamatory, that the headline was true, and (get this). even if the headline was not true, Kesey is a 'public figure', and therefore cannot be defamed unless the newspaper (RAG) acted with actual malice and with the knowledge that the statement was false.'

When a false judge gets a holt of you, watch out.

More on the Fourth Estate; recall the Netflix documentary re: Steven Avery. What were the reporters (rabid hyenas) (paparazzi) doing to family members whenever an opportunity arose to enlighten the public with the raw truth of a person's emotions; as well as being clearly biased against the accused. To destroy the basic legal precept of presumption to innocence with innuendo is invoking the underwear privilege of the First Amendment.

Somebody else wrote this script.

What does any of this to do with the author's future? It is a precipitate to escape.

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When the author was younger, much younger, the future was something remote; anything but assured. There wasn't much notion of what would occupy that future. There was little concern that would deter anyone from considering what one would do to his future by what he would do in the present.

The author was not voted 'most likely to succeed'.

It was all very vague. There was hope, that, one day, he would be recognized, maybe eulogized, for doing something good, however presumptuous. The inculcator's peroration tended to harp on the good. Mother tended to support such harangue.

As it has turned out, the author is the only one who really knows the truth of things. What is obvious to others, he knows in his bones, that he is not rich and famous (nor a doctor, lawyer, or Indian Chief); and if he got rich and famous, it was not for doing any good.

If he had expected to accomplish something through sheer bullheadedness, he doubts that he has succeeded, simply because he became a natural fritterer. He did not really believe that bullheadedness would get him anywhere. Despite all his natural proclivities, he didn't give up; there was no way of giving up. One stuck to things because that was all there was to do. This is the result. There was that old adage: 'Fall down you nay, get up you must.' Ask any Greek.

So, by sheer stumbling, he got where he is today; on the threshold of eternity. (Alas! A favorite caveat, from Herman: "*We demand eternity for a lifetime, when our mortal half-hours too often prove tedious.*")

It seems, the balance of humanity creates a future by the violent overthrow of the present; what's left standing, ruins, is intended to impress the Gods; don't mess with me!

Recounting his deeds, his actions, and his thoughts, is a private matter for the author. He knows where he shirked, where he copped out, where his integrity was superficial.

Was there a guiding notion that one should do something with his life? Not just eat and shit. Not just dress up to eat and shit. Not just sell one's soul to eat and shit, so one could dress up, ride in a new buggy, to go out into the world to jump start eat and shit.

For the author, it became an entanglement with the Muses; somebody else's Muses. If the author had had his choice, it would have been the Muse of baseball. But he couldn't hit, throw or pitch worth a shit, so it doesn't matter that he was run off by another Muse, into an activity for which he was equally ill-suited. Hitting a home run in the art world became a dubious accomplishment, subject to the Whims. However, in that world of

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aspirations and aesthetics, it is possible that a dead person is worth so much more dead than alive. When the base ore of life is gone, the myth becomes converted into gold (\$130,000,000.00).

Who was the Muse of Baseball? Not a daughter of Zeus and Mnemosyne. The son of a Cult and Notoriety? Ted Williams, and Joe DiMaggio.

Who were these somebody else's Muses? Calliope, the Muse with the stylus and the wax tablet, of poetic inclinations?

Should the author continue with his speculations regarding the future?

To bring into focus the original thought, which had occurred in that familiar sitting position, the reader being free to imagine which one; while in such a position, staring out a window, partially beneath the house, a vision appeared. ***This is my future.***

Part of that future included gravity, that force which makes everything heavier in the future, as the body turns catabolic, and which insists everything that you cannot control with your hands, plummets to the earth, beneath one's feet. Fortunately, it is the force that pushes it downward, no matter what kind of throne we sit upon.

If it was not for gravity, one could float like Sandra Bullock, who failed to gain an Oscar for her lighter-than-air performance (Ah!, such is vanity!). Being able to float means one could freely rise up over the borders between nations, avoiding all the Lilliputians who guard the frontiers.

That's getting into the gravity of politics, which unfortunately is part of everyone's future. ***Politics is the science that studies the failures in human relations, with the intent to perpetuate them.***

After so many years spent building his future, the author wants out, he wants to find a place where he can be out of earshot of barking dogs, and fiercely squabbling humans. There have always been the two possibilities, on the open ocean, away from land where the humanoid dwells, and in the desert, which is devoid of both water and humanoids; and a third possibility, if only, it wasn't for gravity.

By golly, that is the future. Without it, we would be bereft of purpose.

Yeah, when is the author going to abandon his levities, and become serious about getting rich and famous; and how not to become withered, decrepit, and ugly, in the process? How to keep it and spend it? Is Botox for you? She had her oversized breasts surgically reduced, then she died of a blood clot. This last is a true statement, not intended as a headline.

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The author could not hit home runs. That meant he had to find an alternative preoccupation. There was, in fact, the other preoccupation, whether one hit home runs or not; the opposite sex, that is, if you were so inclined. Lately, there has become an acknowledged same sex, authorized in the accordance with fairness, equity and justice. Anyway, the author was into the more conventional sexual proclivities (less deviant ones [so he wouldn't be subjected to the same Harvard Lit. allusions as was Herman]). He wasn't just trying to find a place to put it, he regarded the opposite sex, without fully realizing it, as the most logical consequence of his construction. Some might even classify this preoccupation as a fixation; even, as the purpose of life.

Regardless of these speculations, one does eventually enter his future, by definition. For the author, it was with the opposite gender.

Besides things getting heavier and heavier, one becomes burdened by regrets, by 'if only', longings, that intensify; and, by the failure of all anatomical systems. Humpty Dumpty instead of Ponce De Leon. Then there's Alzheimer's. Imagine getting a disease like that named after you; the glory of it all. What if Ray Bradbury had discovered it? Would it have had a futuristic ring? But what was, was already foreseen in the first afflatus? Age has its accompaniments; some designed to alleviate the consciousness of the inevitable.

After is all said and done, the hugest regret of all, the departure. Better to be oblivious?

Some future!

The author said to his father-in-law, who is 94, wheel chair bound, barely able to make it to the terlet, and is fully aware of his infirmities (talk about gravity), "I'll bet you never envisioned this for your future." When he was sick out of his mind with mind-alerting drugs that made him paranoid, his wife of 71 years dies; he didn't even know it had happened; he is still in a fog about it all. Was I there? Why didn't someone tell me?

The more positive things the author can find to say regarding civilization, merely reflects the diminishment of his expectations.

The other author asked another of Herman's questions, "*Is civilization a thing distinct, or merely an advanced stage of barbarism?*" If you really want to load the dice; Sigmund claimed it was '*fatefully inevitable*'.



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Dreams play a part; they might reveal deeper secrets, and reflect impossible impossibilities, or probable impossibilities; plausible impossibilities. Needless to say, dreams are unrealistic (even though what we regard as consciousness, and what might be regarded as a dream, may be indistinguishable). A common dream has been being awarded some kind of degree from some educational institution. Because the author is mostly untutored, by choice, laziness or ignorance, and because the status quo in the outside world puts much store in what one has achieved in the brick buildings, one subconsciously carries about the burden of his lacks in that regard. The author recalls the PhD that was awarded in Physical Education for a thesis that dealt with the role of the deltoid muscle in the passing quarterback. There's the GED, and there's the GEFID.

More to the point, dreams about leaking rooves occur from time to time, probably because most of the choices in roofing materials used in his various building projects were not adequate for the job. Leaking rooves result in drops of moisture on one's head in the middle of his dreams (gravity again), plus rotten underpinnings. Dealing with rot is the problem. Using the same (cheap) materials (asphalt shingles no matter how reinforced or how long guaranteed), time and again, failed to do the job. Until he built a log house in the forest which needed to be heated with wood, hence a fire danger from sparks etc., on anything but a metal roof, compromised him into right thinking about steel for all of his structures, new and old. Until he also installed home made skylights (which eventually leaked). A built-in bad dream. One should be awarded an honorary bachelor's, GEBD, for dealing with leaking rooves.

Another thing about rooves; when they are located under trees, they accumulate leaves and needles; sometimes whole branches; all of which need to be cleaned off. When he was eighty (80) he fell off one roof while cleaning it; he lived to tell of it, invoking gravity once again.

Yes!, Gravity, all part of a future over which one has little control. Falling off the roof was a sort of slow motion thing; (unlike what happens in Candid Camera where the kitten leaps at something tantalizing, missing, and falls flat on its touche, which makes us laugh) the slow motion thing was sort like the cat, however as it grasps for what is not there with gravity working in one direction only; as the fall materialized, first disbelief that it was happening, going over the edge, trying desperately to hold onto the edge, first with the legs, then the arms, then the drop sideways; 32

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ft./sec/sec: Whump! They told the author it would have been better had one been constructed of feathers. There is no way the author could have anticipated this would become part of his future.

Before the author travels too far down this road, it is necessary to specify a point of departure; a reference point.

The author will never know as much about somebody else as he does himself; that is a given. Nobody else is going to know him better than he knows himself. So all this crap about modern-day self-indulgence (solipsism) is a bunkum furthered by those without any self-knowledge, or any desire to know; really know. The other is guess work, without any basis.

He was born into a world that had already prepared his future for him. All he needed to do was conform to the model placed before him. In hindsight, after dealing with, and resisting many aspects of the model, for his entire life, he has determined that the expectation of the model makers was unwarranted, unjustified, and presumptuous. The model makers have rationalized their position. They claim that no one is an island. They claim that there is no room available in an overpopulated and completely occupied planet. That if any individual wants to be included in the status quo, he she or it will have to play by the house rules. They become very belligerent about it, telling one to Love It Or Leave It. One is chased from the Commons. There are no alternatives being offered at this time. They point out, even land, under the sea, that is basically unclaimed, is being developed and claimed simultaneously. There's the space station.

So there is no chance of finding a place. The itinerant man in the canoe, in the sail boat, in the balloon over the unclaimed ocean. How precious is one's individuality, one's freedom, and how perilous?

Terminal redundancy. Metastasis.

When its over, that is, when the past, the present and the future are over, that is, the expenditure of one life has transpired, there are countless numbers waiting and ready to step in. The consequentiality of the expiree is his bequest of a momentary empty space. As he was dying, so the story goes, Socrates was concerned that Asclepus received his cock in payment for services rendered.

Dodos and deadeyes. Anachronisms; hopelessly passé. All of humanity falls into this category. It doesn't matter that royalty, plutocrats, bankers, stock brokers, or college professors, purposely



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fornicate to produce a higher quality product; they too are subject to the anomalies and the vicissitudes; and often they become real assholes! And Xenophobics.

So lets think about this for a minute. A rainbow coalition.

For the author it is difficult enough to relate to the most look-a-like alike; which is sort of bland pink, so labelled, white, so identified as Cockasion. A most look-a-like alike is no guarantee of compatibility or tranquility.

So what happens when a different color look-a-like steps onto the stage. Anybody want to guess. Instant incompatibility!? Lets be honest. What is the immediate reaction? Circumstance (A) suggests a one on one situation. Different colors: A standoff? Circumstance (B) suggests one amongst many; many of the same color, confronted by a single different color, and the inverse of the single color, confronted by an army of another color. When the color is the same like Hutu and Tutsi in the most crowded country in the world; What's up Mac? Like the Protestants and Catholics in Northern Ireland. White Panthers.

If the planet was not crowded, one would simply move on. It is possible that any other life form, if seen infrequently, might be welcome. Does one make a distinction between bears, with their limited vocabulary, or another homo erectus? of a different tongue? If either were hostile?

If the truth was spoken, it would say that the author has already lived his future; that is, he has left it behind, to await the inevitable.

He has noticed that his correspondence has fallen to zero; he no longer feels any real obligation to maintain contact, even with his daughter or granddaughters, and his special friends. That is the way it will be when he is no longer here; out of contact.

He is thinking more and more of the comfortable chair in the wilderness with the splendid vista, surrounded by flora and fauna of all makes and sizes; and no humans and none of his barking dogs; and out of earshot of his guns; or his machines on the road to progress. He feels that is his entitlement after all the years of putting up with his look-a-likes. The celebrity being interviewed on Smiley TV had quoted the IRISH poet 'Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night'. That celebrity hit into a double play; it was the WELCH poet who uttered those famous words. Tavis graciously(?) accepted the lie.

Speaking of making grand exits; Nikos drew the fading Zorba hanging on to the window sill as the sun rose.

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Most difficult to improve upon that, notwithstanding Anthony Quinn.

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The author imagines not just anyone can envision his or her future.

Good citizenship is part of everybody's future until it begins to wear thin. Good citizenship is not a blank check to government. Acquiescence is not participation. That is, if one assumes, if he practices good citizenship, there will be an outcome commensurate with expectations; a reciprocity, in the least.

Instead, those in government, regardless of the form, become stick figures, insensitive to the pulse of the people. The longer a person serves in a governmental capacity the more inured he or she becomes.

Before the author proceeds any further, has the reader been wondering if this guy is really who he says he is?

What is his lineage; his Provenance?

He knows his father's mother died at age 32 from ovarian cancer. He knows his father's father died at age 61 from a heart attack. He knows his mother's father died at age 42 from consumption. He knows his mother's mother died from complications stemming from diabetes and giving birth to, and raising, 12 children, at the age of 67. He knows his father, lingering in the aftermath of fame and dissolution, died at age 73, and his mother, from exhaustion, at age 97. He thinks he knows that his father's father worked for the Habsburgs. Purportedly he was also a 'Sunday' painter.

He does not know anything of his lineage before those mentioned. He could assume that he is a descendant of Adam and Adam's rib, but he has learned otherwise, that this ribbing is an impossibility, not only improbable, but impossible. Alternatively, he might envision some probable earlier evolutionary prospect without having the faintest notion of lineage, and/or any way to establish who he is, or his provenance. Where have we been? Where are we? Where are we going? That's a one-off from: "Where do we come from? Why are we here? Where are we going?"

He does not know if his own mother and father had any intentions when they did their thing. From, at this time, an unknown source, he gleaned that his mother wanted a baby. There is what she conceived in her mind, and what she got after dad got his grind.

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It's any readers guess as to what was the intention some 2,000,000 to 4,000,000 years ago, long after the big black bang with all attendant gravitational persuasions, starting a process of evolution on this very planet. The author realizes it's a lot more convenient to imagine things having begun, ready made, at a specific date (like 4004 BC). But the author realizes that nobody, in his right mind, is to be persuaded by that notion, even though it comes from the highest authority.

All notions are moot when he comes down to what was produced on April 18, 1933 AD, around 6:00 AM, a squalling presence, that would become the hope of the future.

At that date there were not any instructions available as to how to proceed with this squalling presence, with or without the hope of it ever becoming anything.

In lieu of instructions, there was mom with her upbringing and knowledge, and there was dad with his upbringing and knowledge. If anyone had examined closely their upbringings and knowledge, most likely they would have advised against such a union (if that properly describes what happened). Many such ill-advised unions have taken place, much to the detriment of the species as a whole.

But, obviously, at this point in time, it's all water over the dam. As Doris Day so aptly sang it: Que Sera, Sera. In other words, Shit Happens!

Well, that is, is he the real McCoy? Or is his appearance unprecedented?

Returning to the squalling incubus, what were the intentions; more specifically, what were his intentions?

Are we able to determine what were his intentions, by what he eventually became?

Mom and dad had their shot (chance) at this thing that squalled, ate and shit. Eating and shitting had to be accomplished (as in Mission Accomplished) in a certain manner, according to the teachings prevalent at the time, and what were mom's and dad's prejudices, opinions, persuasions, and plausible rationales, and what were the social conventions? This squalling thing, that was to become the hope of the future, was not allowed, if not unable, to formulate questions, with regard to his upbringing.

Did mom and dad really know anything? What were their private feelings and notions with regard to this thing that appeared as part of a process that had begun with hormones and pheromones, and moans of various sorts? All part of an unconscious, unpremeditated activity? Rosemary Cloney belted it out, "Come Onna My Housea, my house, Comeonna my housea, my house."

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OK. So there's a lot we don't know. There is a lot that it may not be important to know, for the simple fact, that, what you see is what you get, with or without provenance.

More to the issue, this squalling thing that was intended to have a future, regardless of all that shit (social upheaval, and global unrest and conflict) that was happening; what was the rest of mankind expected to do with this intrusion?

Well there it was, all those look-a-likes, all those hopes for the future, competing for the top spot. We have some examples today in the likes of Vladimir Putin, Bashar Assad, and sundry madmen, who become the welcome, and sought after, as daily fodder for the fourth estate. Before the daily fodder became so ubiquitous, there had been many examples of evil personages that would throw the whole proposition into question.

We gotta ask, what is the purpose to humanity? What is the purpose for this highest (in its own estimation) evolutionary prospect?

These kinds of questions get asked even at the end of the road, as they might have been asked at the beginning of the road.

If one had asked them at the beginning of the road, at the dawn of consciousness, while one sat absentmindedly in the classroom, listening to the perorations of the inculcator, would there have been an answer? If it had suddenly occurred to him that something was amiss, that gave cause to the most obvious question, 'What is the purpose of all this?', would the inculcator have allowed the question, and if so, what could he or she have said in response?

Considering the state of affairs of humanity, if the question got asked, and got answered, are we privy to that answer? Can we benefit from it; and does the classroom dialogue gain credence as a probable route to success?

Judging from appearances, there is a dubious future for many who might have had the hope of a better future. If shit happens, even the most likely to succeed are in jeopardy.

The author delivers his cynical sermon from the edge of the precipice.

If the potential reader has the courage and the fortitude to read through all the scribblings of the one that was born on that April Day long ago, and who has asked the question many times without providing anything but a pie in the sky kind of assessment while at the same time sensing the improbability of any kind of pie(d piper), the reader will tire soon enough, simply by asking himself the question, while hoping to provide the most plausible answer.

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When one is no longer a living entity, he might have left behind the question unanswered, for others, who began the same as he, to question.

In this late hour of his existence, in his future, now comprised of many pasts, the author believes he has an answer, but it is not an answer that will effect any causation.

If, as proposed, the reader will sift through the scribblings, intermingled with the assorted incoherencies, he or she will discover the questions, and several attempts at answers. They will leap out at the reader. He will also discover the emphasis on *transience*.

If the reader is even keener than the author suspects, he will guess that the reader has perused all the Utopian writings, even ones that are very specific, even as to the day to day conduct of each individual, he will come away with a disbelief, and despair, that anything so simple as Utopia will ever arrive in time to validate any purpose. Wishful thinking is even more predominate than transience.

The latest Utopia scheme to bite the dust, however probable and likely, 1984, failed, not for the lack of trying. As a matter of fact, and even as a matter of practicality, 1984, could still become a viable alternative to the mayhem currently in evidence.

The reader feels the author is taking off in one of his irrelevant obliquities.

Whatever future remains to the author will find him practicing the Golden Rule as much as it is practicable. However, he should not turn the other cheek, if the other Golden Ruler should intimate that he should do unto others before they do unto him. To the author, that smacks of anarchy. Anarchy is deadly, and cuts short many futures, perhaps all. Thus the question persists, unanswered.

However, the Golden Rule remains, in the interim, the only viable way to proceed.

So, if the surgical strike people are killing innocent bystanders, they have asked to be surgically eliminated at some point in time. In other words, there is a Golden Rule Bank. You can go anytime to claim your reward for violating the rule, and collect your demise as you would have done by. Simple.

So Vladimir and Bashar are to be done by, as is W, Dick, et al. Just because they are free to walk about with it swinging, doesn't mean they have been absolved of their debt.

Not many Utopian schemes are written by the poor and starving. Not many Utopian schemes speak of chocolate ice cream

or ding dongs. Most Utopian Schemes are rigid proscriptions intended to provide a well-ordered society, of men (and women) that is, peopled by homo sapiens living in peace and harmony, and all that there good stuff, despite its lack of ding dongs. Ding dongs are specifically denied for reasons of health.

The author still favors the simpler formula found in the Golden Rule. Throughout his scribblings the reader will find constant allusion to two basic precepts: That no man will have dominion over another (that leaves out guys like Putin and Assad (and W.)), and any system of governance that does not account the least must be deemed a failure (again that voids Putin and Assad).

There is the future, and there is the ever present, and there is the dead past.

To regurgitate from the concluding chapter of Knotted Twine:

*“While the past or the future may appear to offer more than now, there is something persistent and immutable to be found in the now, that only something cataclysmic could substantially alter. Within this persistency, one must find himself; yes!, as something special and unique, if only to enjoy that singularity of existence, as though there were none other. Perhaps you feel, once again, the author is wandering too far afield, irresponsibly. You desire some specific formula for making the change, the switch to the alternative life style, to one of a magical self-fulfillment.*

*Yes, perhaps the author acts as the physician whom you would visit, hoping for a remedy, or a prescription. That he could, that he could, he would.*

*If you have determined your life does not sustain itself as one more affirmation of the status quo; if all the little goodies for which you labor and enslave yourself do not produce the desired effect, or fulfill their promise, as perhaps they will not, and should not, then most likely you will be ailing, and in need of some palliative, or change of venue.*

*Waiting for the afterlife, the author must insist, cannot and will not provide adequate succor or salvation. It simply cannot be, for surely there is no afterlife. Leaving mockery and blasphemy aside; Oh, Yes, surely dreams are the stuff of life. If one should dream as his dream, the afterlife, perhaps he imagines he is thus sustained in this life. If one should dream, as his dream, not some passive issuance awaiting a deliverance, but as something his whole being desires and requires, beyond a waiting for that expiration, then, before expiration, one must first recognize and submit to respiration; one must live and be alive in order to expire*



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*or perish. The dead cannot die. To submit to a premature death, as a gambit, to curry favor with some imaginary deity, who or which would selfishly request your subservience to its will, rather than seek your own fulfillment (a living to the fullest) seems more akin to some ugly despot, whom you would be advised to abandon - since you do have a choice. In any case, one might as well not be born as to become, with life, an empty gambit. Or to state the proposition yet another way, one might as well not be born as to not become.*

*The dead cannot die, and permanent death cannot be construed as eternal life."*

*Yes, dealing with that immutability of the present, which so warps any future, no matter how well planned at birth, that is the fly in the ointment.*

*"True literature can only exist when it is created, not by diligent and reliable officials, but by madmen, hermits, heretics, dreamers, rebels and skeptics." Yevgeny Zamyatin (He died in Paris, aged 53, in poverty).*