

## ***When Ya Gotta Go, Ya Gotta Go***

### The Sermon From The Midden Top.

Apple Pie. My Brother's Keeper. Not that again! The Babe and Ty are thrown on the scrap heap.

Michelangelo is holding his own.

Liquidation Sale.

Tis by evil made better still. The Latent and Dormant aspects offer hope.

The IDEA!

Oh That! - That again? Save a Dog for the Bone.

We have enshrined the arch-promoter; we have propped him upon our little pedestal by electing him President. He presides over us; then we are confronted with the sheer immensity of his feeble mind.

Handsome Jack, the pomaded Stage Prop, from Hackensack who peddles the 3 R's, Motherhood, Apple Pie and Ossified Morality, and the Red White and Blue; Hollywood, Cheap Melodrama, Happy Endings; General 'Lectric and Chesterfields along with Prepackaged Americana; having promoted all this with his wry grimace and Vitalis Coiffure...And you fell for it, like you have fallen for all of it. I fell for some of it. Suckers; Dupes; spellbound in our weak submissions and collective ignorance.

He presides over us. What the hell does that mean?

Do we deserve any better?

Our Nation; what is that? A vast subservience to Private Property and to Real Estate.

We are doomed. Our premise for existing in this place and in this time sets the stage. We are doomed because we are predicated in the 'taking' cycle. We take and heap up the earth around us, creating middens of junk, as testimonial to the acquisition of uselessness. I am surrounded by a midden of junk, my meager useless wealth, upon which I have SQUANDERED my life, in pursuit of WHAT?

Those who preside over us - the arch-promoters - they want us to increase the middens about us, reaching to the sky; they claim our lives will be enriched and we will be making the World Safe for Democracy. The President exclaims, More! More! Yeah! Yeah! Stay the Course!! He is still in the submarine heading straight for the bottom. The Last Refuge. They are already speaking as though this is the last voyage to Armageddon. Are we going along for the ride?

I maintain our lives are not enriched, and that nothing is being made safe for nothing, because you just can't make something out of nothing, and you cannot safeguard your pile, ever. I maintain our lives are removed from the Source. I was removed from my Source.

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I allowed myself to be diverted through this Materiality, this hocus-pocus of the American Dream. It was anything but a dream; it was a way to use up one's time on this planet. It was a way to SQUANDER the precious hours of one's only life, imitating others, eyes half-opened...observing the nebulous Doctrine of Acceptance which we have become fulfilled.' So the arch-peddlers say; only there's a fly in the ointment' - one never arrives; one is always lacking; one is always lagging, always attempting to catch up with the image; one is always incomplete. One is 'left behind' as the affectation of the Fast Track, World Class, Global Culture races ahead. One begins to pant, to grow weary. Again and again, all of yesterday, all of life has been a waste as the chimera gallops on ahead leaving us to eat its dust. And we are robbed along the way by a series of middlemen, profiteers, by the professionals who create castes of super-acquisition; who create their substance through acquisition; who become the models for our fawning acquisition and for whom we are making the world safe.

Then it all goes Busto; they deflate the value of our labor; the heart gives way; the marriage founders in the tacky reality; the professionals get it all in our dissolution.

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all". I know you expect me to make some derisive comment, so I'll not disappoint you; 'it sticks in my craw', as the arch-promoter's heart skips a beat..

"I do not pledge allegiance to the false promise of the United States of America and the deception for which it stands, with the umbilical tied to the corporate maw, enslaved, without dignity and a guaranteed screwing for all"

We need to return to the tactile, engendering reality of the land; we need to sift the earth through our fingers and wonder at the energy and nutritive values bound up within that unseemly dirt into which we have but to place a seed; many seeds. We need to begin again. We need to await the germination and marvel at the issuance from that soil. It is a marvel, not only to be subdued and engorged. Instead we become machines, we approach the earth as a machine, with machines; we force the land to produce like we force ourselves to produce; the land must observe the Protestant Ethic. We do not spend a year, or five years, or ten years, or alternate years, or half years or half days working the land. For one thing, the land does not belong to the people. It should. If the land did belong to the people and our attitude towards the land (The Earth) was different, not something impersonal to be managed and coerced to serve some savage Protestant Gud, then perhaps we would be free to retreat to this fount - to the Source - wherein our primogenitors had been engendered - as an affined and natural occurrence, instead of crawling about on asphalt and offering

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incantations beneath some phallic steeple. Even those who are engendered upon the land (the 'farms', so-called) are seduced into this other life. If the land cannot be forced to produce enough, then one abandons its uncooperative diminished specter in order to become a machine in the factories that produce mirrors. One becomes a machine, a machine that produces junk for the middens, that earns the medium of exchange that one might acquire more refuse for his midden from the producers of yet myriad other kinds of junk. A vicious circle without respite. One cannot just leave all the wonder and splendor without being penalized. One's worth is measured in terms of his productive capacity within a specific milieu; his productive and consumptive capacity depends upon his efficiency which develops as a series of manipulations. The more per unit time, the greater the margin of profit, the *raison d'être* of the corporate producing enterprise, and its sole purpose for continuance in becoming an engorged and engorging obesity. It does not exist to provide a social service; it does not exist to create jobs; it does not; it does not. It will never be; not in this land 'without dignity and a guaranteed screwing for all'. We began by screwing the land and its inhabitants; we swarmed over the land; we slaughtered its inhabitants; and many times we slaughtered ourselves as we grabbed the grab fantastic; we bored into its recesses, extracted its wealth; its milk and honey. Now replete, we swarm over each other, picking each other's pockets. We are locked into our revolting little morass. The promoters will not let us get off the hook until they have squeezed from us the last drop.

The Sermon from the top of the Midden. For most assuredly I sermonize. You are free to take potshots at me while I strip you of your dignity, of your honor, searching for your marrow.

When they are unable to promote any longer, they will find a way to put us in irons. They will repeat the awful process of subjugation in the Orwellian manner. If we revolt, demanding the return of our lives, and the land wherefrom we can make our lifelong bargain (as opposed to making a lifelong enslavement to some bastard idea); if we revolt, inadvertently making their task easier; they will attempt to suppress us through force; we will pose a threat to this Great Midden in the sky. If we remain passive, they will forge chains fabricated of Bastard Edicts, ... la Animal Farm.

I suppose you believe we could 'never do a thing like that', or 'It Could Never Happen Here'. This is the Age of Reason, of Enlightenment, of Fair Play, Of Liberty, (Equality), and Justice for all. I do not believe what you believe or lead me to believe you believe. You imagine that a declaration of 'good intentions' will subsume the Evil that lives within us. I speak not of Satan, but our very own Evil, our charade.

We risk becoming a hostile population. The Corporate Hegemony will not be served in alienating the masses. An Alienated mass would become

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receptive to outside influences, as it so often does in the THIRD World. Given the armament of the average American Household (part of the American Dream [just ask the N.R.A.]) I believe the Establishment would not prevail against revolt; the Establishment would fall in a civil war. The masses would reclaim the land. However, the masses are so indoctrinated in one mode of mirroring and evaluating the fact of life, what it means, how it ought to be conducted and fulfilled, etc. rather than some other way, the whole result of a revolt would come to naught, in factiousness, into marauding lawless banditry. The whole would become ultimately vulnerable to other ideologies, and perhaps an organized outside force, and inevitably work toward its own natural dissolution.

We are not lacking as a species. But I do believe we are exhausting the supply of excuses for the failure of our rhetoric. We cannot pomade the language into oblivion. We cannot create a new language, although 'newspeak', 'doublethink' and 'disinformation' are meant to effect in us a feeling of stupidity, of being uninformed, and ill-equipped to deal with the immense problems of civilization. If the implausible rhetoric does not succeed, something like a 'National Security' argument ends all gambits. What a big pile!!!!

Quite naturally what we need is plainlanguage ('plainspeak' and 'plainthink'), in broad daylight; no gottdamn secrets, no wool over the eyes,, no jerking us around with deceptions (all devised by the 'Control Addicts' to control US, you and I; no other purpose being served). But we will not get plain language. If we ask plain questions we receive a Bruks Brothers Front to prattle and overwhelm us with gobbledegook for replies. We are put off; we are not a worthy and credible entity any longer (one wonders if he ever was, despite all his tremulous incantations to the flag with his brave hand placed over his feeble heart); certain aspects of our humanity have become an inconvenience and obsolete.

Did I say we have fallen short as a species? Of course I mean we have fallen short of our expectations of ourselves. We do not feel comfortable with the Golden Rule. This should not dismay us entirely; there is always more time; the book is not closed. Just think, the Greatest War of all time has not yet occurred. It all means we have a ways to go; we have yet to fulfill the promise, our promise; the challenge still remains. So far, we have fulfilled all the excuses for our failures.

The words that will reach out from the great mass of mankind (proles) are contained in a shopworn language that speaks laterally to those who speak that language; the language of the calloused hand, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, the weathered visage, the open cotton-flannel shirt; the earthen roustabout, and many others, who, though they emulate no one, and barely attempt to distinguish themselves from the masses, are confined to this lateral language which

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passes beneath the feet of the oligarchs of wealth and their fawning parvenus, the "bourgeoisie". Echoes of Mao! The Truth makes strange bedfellows.

Although the mother tongue may be the same, the act and fact of communication is lost in the insincerities. The extension of the midden becomes the empty pyre upon which we erect and condemn our civilization. The extension exceeds, in value, the life that maintains it. Life, having been displayed as an extension, as a surface, obviates and nullifies itself. More words to be sure. The implication is there; we may elect to dismiss the message in our prejudice towards the conditions to which we have submitted our lives. Our basic inertia, created through fear and disbelief on the one hand, and a dubious operative of peers and mirrors on the other, lends a shabby and leaden purpose to the whole perpetration (tacky reality). We ought abase ourselves rather than linger in a paltry lifeless death wherein we are doubly abased. Still more words. Just words. There are many more to come.

They have been after me again to say something 'nice'. They want me to reiterate 'our' accomplishments; they desire that I hold the mirror for a while.

I am uncertain of the value, or the implications of these 'accomplishments', yet surely I recognize them.

My whole gambit is not intended to nullify anything; it is to urge towards the direction our presumptions have tended to ignore (Abort, Retry, Ignore) and obviate. I could not presume as much, smugly, selecting isolated yardsticks for measuring our achievements. I'll simply not deny these, setting aside any self-satisfaction or self-congratulation. I'll ask simply, if we will be able to discover anything upon which to build? Is there?

For example, let me select out something innocuous and uncontroversial to cite as an achievement: our feats of engineering -from a theoretical standpoint.

Theoretically then, and perhaps in practice as well, we could construct an edifice a mile high. Facetiously, the suggested construction would also become an edifying experience. Whereas manpower and simple ingenuity resulted in the construction of the Pyramids (which our Social Studies teacher [Gym factotum and voyeur as well {the teacher you threw at me in the State of New York when I was 13 years old}] sought to classify as one of the Seven Wonders of the world, something which he had gleaned from a TEXT approved by the New York board of Regents); and/or the erection of some stone monuments upon Easter Island, are these wondrous glorifications of Man and his Guds to be differentiated in any special way from what we could accomplish today? We could construct a Pyramid in a fraction of the time it required the Egyptians, and raise a stone behemoth on Easter Island

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in a matter of a few hours. These feats of yesteryear could easily be duplicated many times over.

Would this be like running the four minute mile again and again, or fighting famous battles with modern weapons, or reconstructing the fabulous Leonardo by I.B.M.? Surely, now, the Pharaohs and Roger Bannister are easily eclipsed. We have felled Babe Ruth and have glorified ourselves in the toppling of Ty Cobb. Leonardo didn't have any competition.

We are able now to erect quite a number of things, for example we could build, in a very short time, adequate amenable housing for our populations; we could create a living environment in a humane dimension. We would be able to achieve this particular feat, both as testimonial to our engineering skills and our humanity. If we are able to harden our MX Missile Silos and conduct Star Wars on the High Frontier, surely we can do as much as I propose.

But let's say instead, we constructed simultaneously an edifice as a monument to our engineering skills and to our humanity; and let's make it a mile high. No paltry little Washington Monument, or Statue of Liberty, United Nations Building or Mount Rushmore, Golden Gate, or Skyscraper.

We might as well; let everyone have a hand (participate, as in participative D.....) in its construction. It would be built in a place selected by lottery; unless of course you have a better idea.

Beyond being a monument, an edifice, it could become an Institution, or an Idol, or a Sacred Place, a Temple, a Mandala, a True Wonder built to commemorate ALL of mankind, another of those True Wonders perhaps the ONLY Wonder. Each Nation, each able-bodied person willing and ready to serve would contribute to this enduring collective monument.

The generations in the future could look over their shoulders in wonder at this grandest of erections.

The structure need not be unaesthetic; aesthetic considerations would necessarily form a large part of the criteria for its total conception. Just to pour another tub of concrete would hardly encompass our full potential for design and self-expression. As the clever little ants we are, we could so order: A 'Temple to Mankind' it shall be - apart from the influence of any known religion, even though all the religions would participate as well as the non-religious. Man's Testament to himself.

As I have suggested we could do something less ostentatious; we could house our populations in a humane environment; we could achieve this as a modest undertaking; I do not deny the capability.

We are capable; I'll not deny the fact.

We are capable in other ways than in our engineering skills. Our other capabilities and other potentials are not unknown to us.

Perhaps it is such that modest achievements are not too satisfying. We need to puff our feathers. We need to become the fastest

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human, the brawniest human; the dead must not triumph over us (Roger Maris must slay a dead Babe Ruth; Pete Rose a dead Ty Cobb; as a Jackass must become the biggest JACKASS of all time. Alas!, the Blessed Immortality of the Dead. [Don't forget to include a photo of your ears, one's most outstanding attribute. "Dis is da bat I diddit wit"] Bray Away, Love). (Let someone outsculpt Michelangelo Buonaroti ["Dis is da chizzul I did dit wit"]).

Let's put it all together; let's not accept the limited achievements of our ancestors. Let's be the fastest human, let's be the brawniest; let's build the biggest monument to ourselves. Lets Bury Ty Cobb forever, Lets Bury Jesus Christ once and for all - let's get on wid dit. Bury Gud too, then maybe we will face up to both life and death on this planet, as boring as that may seem.

Alternatively, this proposed monument could exist as an IDEA, but perhaps an IDEA is not enough of a 'concrete' reality. Let's say we constructed a huge wall upon which we would display the allegory of man pictorially, as a carved bas-relief, or fresco, or whatever. The wall might be one hundred miles long, several feet in height with an enduring thickness, space could be set aside and allotted for the future. It would be interesting to see how much time we allotted to the future. Many futures - thwarting Armageddon.

Such endeavors would enable us to overcome our factiousness. Do you suppose? Not another Tower of Babel?

I am hypothesizing with certain givens. The givens consist of our engineering skills, our desire to improve ourselves (to which we willing attest), our need to extol our virtues (for which we accept in all humility, in all modesty or immodestly, all due recognitions and congratulations), and our presumption to greatness (our society is full of allusions to World Class, Global Culture), and every event in which we engage is rife with competitiveness towards a goal of excelling and WINNING; these engagements are rife with comparisons which serve to display the superlative (in our yearning for superlativeness).

Let's assume we are touched by an IDEA; this IDEA must not belong to 'someone'; it must belong to all. Someone might achieve the IDEA through an act of philanthropy or patronage. 'Another' might achieve the IDEA by wresting it away from those who seek to control it.

Perhaps our engineering skills are not what is needed. What else could we substitute to lend tangibility to the IDEA?

Before I proceed any further, you may have begun to wonder "What is the Idea? Is he mixing his metaphors, Edifices, Monuments and Ideas?" "Has he rocks or cement in his head?"

The IDEA is founded and formed and contained within each one of us, even though it may be found only in its latency or dormancy; 'there hangs a tale'. We (each of us) do not awaken to its significance equally or simultaneously; perhaps we should, as a matter of

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convenience. If our world did not exist as it does, with varying degrees of Liberty, (Equality), and Justice, the Idea might not emerge so dramatically and extraordinarily; it might not emerge at all. It might be construed that we are actually living the IDEA (as contrasted to 1984, let's say, where George hypothesized).

Still: What is the IDEA? What is the IDEA that would shun philanthropy, and would do well to shun revolution?

What is the IDEA that emerges as a nicety amongst the words espoused from atop the Midden? What IDEA lies dormant, or issues from its latency and is intrinsically and ultimately formed, founded and contained within each one of us? What IDEA burgeons forth in this estranged world of ours?

Do you know, or suspect already? If I name the IDEA, will that expose it to your disapprobation? Would it seem so simple as to be ignored, or be given such scant recognition as "Oh, that!"?

NO!, it is not Sanitation, although public health is a tangible reality. Since everyone, rich or poor alike, is subject to the humours of the plague; Sanitation as an Idea, has received the support of all, in principle. I do not know if the costs are equally shared; but all benefit (tacitly, in terms of a physical well-being).

We could evaluate WAR in the same manner we do public health (or the plague); but there are always those who feel they can escape the ravages of WAR, which in the last analysis means that the 'Expulsion of WAR' does not receive the support of all (Perhaps the ones who escape the ravages are also the same ones who stand to profit most from WAR; Krupp, Mitshubishi, Rothschild, Ruckerfeller, The Three Generals: Dynamics, Electric and Motors). However, as a collective body, we are approaching the condition when WAR has the potential of producing the same indiscriminate ravages as the Plague.

But the expulsion of WAR is not the IDEA I wish to elicit. The IDEA is more fundamental; it would tend to preclude WAR, and its preclusion would appear as a matter-of-fact imperative in as much as does Sanitation. We could and would most likely be more enthusiastic and spirited in responding to the IDEA than we are when dealing with Sanitation. And once the IDEA had become the unifying and motivating force, we would be relieved and rush to dismantle our WAR machine, that rather distressing and embarrassing testimonial to our engineering skills.

Already you are beginning to imagine that I am gravitating towards some IDEAL, more than towards a 'possible' IDEA. Perhaps you are on the right track. All I'm really doing is operating within the parameters of our capabilities. I may be generating Ideals as part of a general hypothesis, but my notion is to produce tangibles, whatever they might be labeled.

The Fundamental IDEA, dormant or latent within us, that is capable of being concretized within the scope of our (intellectual) skills, would necessarily obviate some of our 'human' (animal) nature, as



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does public health through Sanitation obviate some of this nature. "When ya gotta go, ya gotta go", is translated into a regulated activity. It may be somewhat awkward, or painful at first, but we are, in the end, mutually supportive in the activity.

As an extension of the Fundamental IDEA, while not conclusively augmenting public health in the area of corralling obvious diseases, it may be construed that the housing of our populations in a humane environment (as contrasted to indifferent hovels) would make a definite contribution to an assortment of health-related improvements. An 'untroubled countenance' is a tangible reality. An IDEA lying within the scope of our capabilities, and our skills, is to produce, or earnestly seek to produce, an 'untroubled countenance', when the person behind the face was asked, "Are you adequately housed?"

Nothing particularly elaborate is required of Sanitation beyond adequate plumbing and certain 'good' habits; its all rather straight forward, however costly. The same could apply to housing, the differences being created and accounted in another set of criteria. Becoming functional would not be sufficient unto itself, but would constitute a requirement. It should be a matter of public policy to the extent that it would not depend on philanthropy or patronage (that old Private Sector) or upon any kind of tokenism. It may require a public policy that certain of the wealthy be required to yield their substance to the greater good of all. The IDEA need not flounder in the latter consideration, for the IDEA is, in essence, greater than the individual; and in the wealthy, is merely a latent possibility; if circumstances and fate had placed the wealthy upon the other end of the economic spectrum, their latency would immediately become evident.

Just because the wealthy do not suffer the same physical, mental, spiritual diseases that are indigenous to the poor, in the same manner they do when their common sewage becomes a matter of public policy, doesn't lessen their common responsibility to the physical, mental and spiritual health of all. Yes! you heard me aright.

I feel the message is becoming clearer; that is, the IDEA is becoming more apparent; apparent enough to visualize the factions beginning to form.

Already I am able to hear the clamor (the sound of the Floorshines coming up from below) "I am not my brother's keeper". You have heard that one before, eh wot? Ah Yes!, 'tis a better thing 'tis out in the open; 'tis by evil made better still'.

Such a statement (brother's keeper) is merely a front (an affront as well); one need only be deprived and not too proud to learn the full meaning of being shunned by one's 'brother'. As previously alluded, its all a matter of dormancy or latency.

(Circumstance plays its part in bringing about the recognition.)

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Even though the IDEA is becoming more apparent, do not assume anything. Remember 'tis a Sermon emanating from the Midden Top. I am aware of certain realities. The awareness of those realities causes me to approach our common problems as a matter of public health, in the same manner Sanitation is a matter of public health. No one is exempt, and the price must be paid. In addition to the proposition, and so there will be no misunderstanding or glaring omissions, nourishment for all must also become a matter of public policy.

The fact of No Policy (other than 'I'm not my brother's keeper', typical of the Reagan Administration [for example, wherein it was advised one pray for his sustenance, shelter and health care]) has resulted in 'each to his own' as it would if Sanitation was left up to the individual conscience. (Our disposal of other wastes is another matter yet to become a matter of public policy, not to be decided by political hacks in the EPA). So, while Sanitation, Housing and Nourishment for the people should all be a matter of public policy, it should also be a matter of public policy to make it possible for the people (proles) to have access to the land as a resource to obtain their nourishment in lieu of not providing sustenance directly; and in lieu of prayer. It is my belief that the land must become the resource of all the people, and not the Individual or the Corporate Hegemony. Perhaps variances would need to be accommodated, permitting tenancy for a family as long as a parcel of land was used in the prescribed manner. The same general approach would apply for the purposes of housing. An actual area designated as living space should be determined, and should not be exceeded arbitrarily; and certainly not lessened. What I am suggesting does not preclude planning, rather it encourages planning for the first time, to become an important function of public policy; whereas planning involving only private property (in the customary usage of maximizing return on investment) would become an antideluvian anachronism. Planning, per se, is another issue; it will suffice for now to say, when the word Planning is used it is intended to harbor a more significant meaning than the present use of the concept, more on par with the planning effected in public health involving Sanitation; with a commitment which intended to accomplish what it set out to do. We need the same kind of Dedication and impartiality to be applied to the task of providing nourishment and shelter in humane terms - to accomplish our objective of the 'untroubled countenance'. It is such that the 'untroubled countenance' does give rise to a concern for the anxieties that live in others (in the same manner that taking a good crap does not give rise to concerns, that we are creating anxieties in others regarding their health, or their crapping causing a reciprocal anxiety in us).

Well!, you have followed too close upon my heels. These concerns upwell from their roots in our latency, our dormancy. In this sermon I'm purposely avoiding certain Christian overtones. Christ may have

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been just the ticket, but I harbor doubts concerning his usurpatious followers.

The gist of the IDEA, then, seems not to be so much an Ideal, but a matter of public policy. To recap. in simple Edicts: That Nourishment and Shelter (housing) receive the same Planning status as Sanitation. That Land be relieved of its status as Real Estate; be liberated and redefined as Our Natural Resource (All of Our) (We) (Us); Inclusively!

Albert Camus might have characterized these latest promulgations as a type of 'socialistic realism'. Just because a thing does not exist in fact does not mean it cannot exist in fact, or does not already exist as an IDEA, even apart from some Ideal. It may inhere from the lack of implementation the IDEA lies dormant. The IDEA exists merely to be activated (recollected, in Platonic terms). We have activated a semblance of the Idea in our accountings for public health, with particular emphasis upon sanitation and/or disease control. (I could speculate and hope that the only reason these public health concerns have received such wide spread attention is not founded in the concern the wealthy and influential have for 'their' health). (After all its a pain in the huge you know where to hafta run out into the cuntree every time there's a plague, leavin' all one's property exposed to the vagaries).

It is not mine to show the way; it is yours to awake the dormancy, and become familiar with the latency, remembering the potential exists in each of us.

I do not wish to imply that Ideals of a certain kind are impractical or useless. I am not foolish enough to imagine a Paradise unless, of course, one imagines this now and Mother Earth to be Paradise (which is what I believe - only because there exists none other). I realize much has been said in opposition to all the Utopian schemes; I tend therefore to want to apologize for something that seems impractical; but it must not be imputed because the word Ideal is written that we have relinquished our better senses.

Even though, chance conspiring in my favor, would I be able to run selfishly with the ball (The IDEA) from goal line to goal line, following this imaginary scheme in which I have been hypothetically invested? That is, if I became the validating factor in its entirety (proof of the pudding); that is, if I completed the prescribed course, would that be sufficient in itself? Could I say my success, exclusive of others, was all that was necessary? Could I live in the vacuum of that exclusive success, any more than I can live in the vacuum of my ivory tower upon the Midden Top (there are many times when I feel I am at the base of the pyramid)?

Do I then imply what I have proposed is right for all? Each of us exists as a separate entity, totally confined within ourselves. Suppose we do remove that entity from the proximity of others, eking out an existence (subsistence) in isolation, which each of us might profess to want to do, and to which, in principle, each is abandoned in the 'free enterprise'

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environment (although, through some kind of slavish interdependency and interrelatedness). We do not feel a common obligation to our fellow man; we do not feel that 'it should be possible' each person should accomplish as we do. (Like Ayn Rand's protagonist in *Atlas Shrugged*, we expect that it will happen. When it does not happen for others, we would rather not know about it.) I do not speak of becoming a millionaire. I speak of attaining to a program which I'll set forth in simple terms, based upon modicums, and following that program, without considering the expectations, the unexpected, or the variables.

Thus one receives his little program (cassette tape or floppy disc, if you will); he enters his program into the system. One's particular program depends upon a selected career; however, the overall program is designed to operate independently of the career. One anticipates all the socially accepted goals for the individual life, that of marriage and/or family; the investiture of time in making the world safe for democracy by entering into a partnership with the corporate hegemony wherein one provides substance to the materioiconsumerconomical system. In short, one becomes a bona fide consumer of fast foods, 'dream homes', 'Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness' et al, and all the stuff that goes into them, one attempts to duplicate the shifting images that flit across the social horizons. One 'progresses' in one's career in terms of the return gained for services rendered. One acquires, one insures (one invests in securities and one protects against the variables). One carries the ball (a different IDEA) from one goal line to the other through the anomalies and vicissitudes of the set course. His obligations to the system are minimal in terms of his personal participation. He is taxed and has his freedom to vote for representation, a choice which he exercises in a manner similar to buying an automobile, through word of mouth, generalized promotional schemes, image, gimmicks, appearance, sex-appeal, world class this or that, fast track, etc., but seldom, and only incidentally, on real merits. If real merits were a concern, he might not become involved at all. As it is, if all goes well he will survive until 'retirement' when he begins to live for a few years (or a few hours). The last part of the cassette contains music until one dies (if one is lucky enough to make it to 'retirement' without having perished or having acquired a host of infirmities). Obviously this scant program (tacky reality) oversimplifies what actually happens, but notwithstanding its conciseness, does provide the framework of expectation for the greatest majority.

One cannot afford to be naive, but one is nonetheless. One cannot fight the system by simply refusing to participate; he will find himself out on the street, then clapped in irons for vagrancy. So people just knuckle under to the realtor's commissions, the exorbitant interest rates that eventuate in the payment of a minimum of two and a half times the purchase price of one's dream home over the term of the mortgage (The manipulations of the Rothschilds who win again). If one

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does not make his own furniture or clothing he will pay the middleman at least one hundred percent 'markup' on these items to his 'favorite retailer'. In other words when you become part of this system you agree to allow your blood to be drained throughout the course of your life. You may argue that everybody does it. The Pursuit of the American Dream is to make the World Safe For Democracy in this More Perfect Union. In other words the Usurious Institutions are to be accepted as the draculas within your program. The draculas are permitted to make something out of nothing, a rather nice career - for them. (*C'est la vie*, my love; 'whatever the market will bear' Caveat Emptor!, and all that BULL. The planet is being liquidated for 99 cents. For Sale; one Shangri-La \$999,999,999.99 Sucker!)

All I want to do is suggest the general tolerance (obliviousness) (and obvious excess) that exists, which permits this state of affairs to happen and persist, without any attempt at interdiction on our part. Its like a huge hay mound into which one infinitely settles, although as I write in these Eighties there is some question of how much longer the imaginary mound will continue into the future, and whether we will not be required to alter our premises, the viability of ours being in 'grave doubt'; since we are so gottdamned broke from posing as the world's tough guy. And we have become such inveterate materialists, with little curb on our appetites, that we owe up to our asses 'on credit' to ourselves, and to the foreigners who have discovered our insatiable and uncontrollable Greed. We even countenance the loss of parity in trade; we owe everybody; we are verging on bankruptcy, even though we are sucking it out of the Holy Mother (that vast hay mound) as fast as we can. Somebody has made off with all our blood and we got nothing to show for it, except this huge Midden that has gone to rot before it is paid for. Yesterday has become a huge landfill. Her integument is becoming a mantle of offal.

Most importantly, emerging prominently into focus, is the lack of feeling or obligation towards one's fellow man; all one needs to do is to aim for the pot of gold each day. The illusory pot exists for all; such is the assumption. When this appears as an untruth, we simply ignore the untruth; we wish only to validate the 'program'. We might even commit mayhem to enforce it upon ourselves. For example, if, in running from one goal line to the other we should fumble the ball through no fault of our own, but through the unfair practices of 'fortune' (or those usurious institutions), the program may be so ingrained, so expected, so necessary to one's vitality and validity that he would resort to violence, or the threat of violence to enforce the program (In isolation - by robbing the usurious or whatever else comes to mind. The important issue at hand is to follow the program - which requires ye olde wherewithall. It has happened - the violence - arising from the malevolence of materialism - and not just through violence to property).

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This last observation demonstrates a rather grim approach to life, however true and however it came into being, however inevitable (May Flumdum help us) and however fatal. Part of the program seems to contain a built-in obliviousness to the throb within the crypt. The flaw that flays us all.

Public Health operates somehow independently of this other scheme of things (the program). Fortunately. (If you think AIDS is a public health problem - imagine what would happen if Sanitation was left in the hands of Private Enterprise.) Why is it so obvious to us that Sanitation cannot be so construed? What else must be obvious to us (without interjecting the spur of latency or dormancy within us)?

Perhaps 'socialistic realism' is the IDEA. If one thought he had problems in a totalitarian state in attempting to remove the onus of WAR, differentiating that specific problem from public health issues or providing basic amenities for all, just imagine proposing the abandonment of the WAR methodology in a 'free enterprise' environment where the leaders (vested interests) stand to lose in two dimensions; from the outside (accepting a socialistic order) and from the inside (when their power base is destroyed, and they are systematically divested of their social status, [as fomenters], and wealth [as profiteers] etc.).

At least in a totalitarian state, if such a state would be so fortunate as to be led by a humane government (one that was neither greedy or fearful for the loss of security) then a 'socialistic realism' might indeed be a most reasonable expectation, easily transmuted into an enforceable modus operandi (as opposed to an Ideality wherein everyone saw the light with unanimity). WAR machinery unilaterally (overnight) might be given the lowest priority as part of a socialistic imperative (even though there is wealth to be gained through arms sales to all the revolutionary bastards encouraged by the availability of arms, etc. everywhere else in the world. It would become a matter of public policy not to feed these conflagrations for profit). In considering the practical aspects, producing WAR material is deemed an absolute and total waste of energy, time and resources. A 'totalitarian' state of which 'we' think we have identified the prime example in our chosen b<sup>^</sup>te noire, the Soviet Union, (necessarily speaking from the reference point of the Midden upon which I find myself ensconced) during these Eighties, and the preceding three and a half decades, may exist also as a Socialistic State, and, in principle, pose a viable alternative to the 'free enterprise state' (for the lack of a more ameliorating term). Its apparent failures are not the result of principles; but once again, the social elite, that sets itself apart in a secure fortress. What are the causes of the failures in our 'free enterprise' State? The 'subjects' of the totalitarian socialistic state do not have their lives enhanced by the machinery of WAR; as a matter of fact they suffer a deterioration through the maintenance of a wasteful

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burden. But those in power act oddly in the same manner as those in power within the 'free enterprise' state. In our Socialistic Reality, they too would lose their elite status in a system of equities. Our social apparatus, since the earliest days of 'civilization' has been placed in the position of squandering the world to assure the fat cats of their status in this life, regardless of professed ideology or ethnicity. We have been too weakkneed and stupid to rise against this tyranny. We are masochists (and fearful of our lives).\*

The system of equities exists in the IDEA; in a 'socialistic realism'. Don't let the words throw you; they do not mean what you think; they are not bogey men. These terms represent and hope to describe an 'obligatory' feeling one man ought to feel for another; they would augur for a system of government based upon one's concern for his fellow man.

I wish however to avoid using such jaded terms and earnestly hope you will be able to translate into meaningful associations, words or phrases that may imply similar Ideas, but more attuned to THE IDEA, than the actual use we have discovered in practice.

A system of equities should become a matter of public policy in as much as Sanitation is a matter of public policy. In other words, it should not be a matter to be decided by a vested power structure that tends to serve and further its own ends, but should rise and fall with the sun.

I am proposing, of course, there be not a vital social class. There may be a vital social position, that is, a titular position to be filled on a rotating basis; in theory, by each of us (in the Sancho Panza fashion), or in like manner to jury duty, being chosen by random selection or lottery. We may be obliged to serve. How much better to serve in this capacity than as a soldier. If we are all in this together, and our objective is not to conquer and dominate the world, then why do we need soldiers (just thought I'd ask).

What is viable? What lies within or beyond a system of equities? Is the guarantee of minimums inherent in a notion of basic amenities, to become a be-all and end-all; or is there more? (Are not Nourishment and Shelter, like Sanitation, to be construed as an inherent right as well?)

It is my belief there is more. The secure individual will not necessarily go to sleep; Renaissance-like activity would not be an untoward expression of our triumphs over our own natures. Sublime landscapes filled with a combination of repose and activity.

We must not have any illusions; we must know, for example, the effects that population will have upon the parameters that are liable to affect basic social goals. It is a totally irresponsible public policy that allows certain sects to extrapolate into unrestrained production of population, every time a new acre of land is placed into marginal food production. (Their simple argument unfolds: you get more people to work the land or become producers, and the more able you are to feed them because more hands are able to produce, ad infinitum [people starve because they are lazy, Right? Right!]. There is little substance

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to these projections; it is wishful thinking, ignoring reason and the harsher dictates of nature, and temporizing in favor of unrestrained promiscuity; with the consequences easily characterized as 'another bone for another dog'.

We do not need a public policy, or a system of equities founded in 'each gets a bone'. There must be more, and there is more. We are obliged to become husbandmen; we husband our populations and our resources in order to achieve the social goal that exceeds the crass equity found in 'each gets a bone'.

The IDEA manifests itself in many different ways; first in terms of necessities (necessary equities and amenities), secondly, in terms of qualities (enhancements); and thirdly, perhaps most importantly, in terms of inclusivity; a species-conscious inclusivity where we do know that the other (however we sit in judgment upon him) has been accounted (is not lacking). Do we mandate "I am my brother's keeper"? Do we 'trip' on the 'untroubled countenance'?

"He runneth on too long, waxing toward unrealities. The cogency of his argument perishes for want of silence."

Not wishing to dilute the impact of the opening barrage (concerning the squandering of one's life), I must forego the dreamier aspect, condemning it as mere frippery, even though it represents the last refuge of hope. There can be no illusions; spare us in them. Many of us propose; the balance of us dispose. These dispositions result in mostly disheartening experiences, offering little for the morrow. Therefore, the opening barrage stands, unmitigated, unremedied, lest another course of action is taken. Those of the exclusive Social Class have become Middenites, who squander the planet, who promote the squandering as a way of life, and a testament to their way of life. They do not wish to share, but to be emulated, only because it validates them, relieves their guilt, and assures their success. If they were forced to choose a new way, founded in another ethic, they would not know where to begin, for they would have nothing with which to begin anew, devoid of inner resource; only an exteriority founded in an enslavement of others to a Bogus IDEA; of which they have become the promoters, guardians and beneficiaries. Hard words; hard truths; little hope.

Moses mandates that we 'hit the streets'.

\* (Refer to: WAR, Of Course).