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The holiday ferment. That is, the crypt is loaded with images. Requiem for a Dinosaur. Anesthesia, Love?

This is the Great American Novel. Written by default. 'Cause all them other authors of celebrity status have failed. Through no fault of their own. Its just there's nuttin' to write about. EXEUNT.

That is, what there is to write about lacks class. For Example: the sex life of middle class America, or the heart throbs of Acedemia; or the skullduggery of the CIA and its clandestined associates. Abrasive Divas, Or sundry other celebrities found in the landscape.

The hominid thing (that is about which we have to write) aspires too much in a naive dreamy sort of way, out of character with the landscape.

The Great American Novel is the conceited notion of those who promote it. In our 'free' society every notion gets promoted ('anything goes').

Somehow, the great experiment in democracy has produced what you might predict, when noting the givens. What is given in the way of the historical record should readily convince those already equipped with a normally healthy skepticism. Skepticism is a safeguard against getting carried away with fanciful notions. A fanciful notion would consist in projecting the species upon the landscape in a manner inconsistent with the historical record.

I do not deny a man his hopes. However, it has been noted "Give a man enough hope and he will delude himself."

"What do you write about Mr. D?"

"Whatever comes into my head. (ASIDE - which aint very much) Mostly Sour Grapes. That's me - Sour Grapes."

"I've always thought I would like to write Short Stories." "I don't feel stories; probably because I do not feel my own life has amounted to a hill of beans. It goes to say I would like to be able to validate a story with personal experience; and I have lived a very limited existence; and I'm certainly not a particularly exemplary individual. So stories I would write might not ring true, They would be more fictional than real - unless I would write about myself; and my thoughts and whatever little experience I had to exploit - all of which would not interest most readers."

"So why write?"

"Well, why do anything? If I had to execute it in long hand; or for that matter, doing the same using a typewriter, wherein I couldn't move things around at will, edit and correct, use word finders, all extensions of the word processor, I believe I would do something else, just to be doing something - like woodcarving maybe. And I might just read good books and listen to good music and fantasize and vegetate (in the hold of my boat, rocking upon the watery womb [Father would 'knowingly' and sarcastically proclaim "A womb with a view"]).

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However, in the writing game there are certain motivations; examining the put-up job within our societal arrangements; attempting to fathom the meaning in life. To give you an example of the latter; I spoke of reading good books and listening to good music. These are only MAN things - unfortunately. There is no 'music of the spheres'. We are not conversant with other creatures, other presences. One might imagine such, only to escape this cloying jaded satiation of the six billion, the overdone hominid presence; his totally unnecessary redundancy. I suppose I paint myself into a corner. Writing pretends to communicate something - TO WHOM? If I am *crambe repetita*, glutted, have a belly full, am fed up, (to be sure); distrustful in almost every respect: - Yes! Indeed!, why bother? Is it necessary for me to defend myself, to vindicate myself, to heap my dissatisfactions upon those who have deceived me from the very beginning? Toward what purpose? In some ways "LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT" may apply (not in relation to The RAYED, WHYET, and BULOOO).

You could return tomorrow, and the next day, and the next after that, and so on, and most likely I would say the same things to you, almost as some form of oblation or prayer, hoping that by the endless repetition I might be able to effect some kind of change (being mindful of I.F. Stones's (paraphrasing, of course) 'Thus it is I expect to be judged whether I say something or nothing, but live in the hope that what I do say will have some effect.' Perhaps a bit grandiose, or messianic, but, 'what the hell!'. Maybe that's it -What The Hell !! And as part of the process I get my jollies, I throw off some of the oppression, and I fill an imaginary space."

The 'free society' allows an asshole like me, with limited skills to expound away in his oblivion undetected or unnoticed. Those with far superior skills are touted for their meager accomplishments, since that's all there is (conceits). Analogous to such tripe would discover Michelangelo carving bird baths and road-side sculptures; or perhaps mermaids. Do I demean too much? I think not. With the redundancy of mirrors, we have become so accustomed to peering at the reflection of our warts and moles, those permitted to live in the open, that selectively we do not see them; to coin an old phrase: "as plain as the warts on your face." One should be surprised by the obvious, not become inured to it. Onward to Excellence!, all ye of dubious vision!

The GAN must necessarily involve the future, because the past has been overeulogized, and overindulged in its own vacuum with very conspicuous omissions.

I could go on like this for another few years, even before I set out on my mission.

I would like to enshrine the (mostly) middle class values to which I have been exposed for my entire life. But those values in themselves are

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subject to such variation and extremes that in the end all one can support is the notion that makes it possible for each of us to become an asshole.

I have been living in a community that houses a University, which, in general, projects enlightened, liberal notions, ostensibly representing one side of the middle class spectrum. It is possible the University community is an enclave that lives outside the mainstream; it is also possible the aspirations projected from this academia are values remaindered from the intellectual process; but nonetheless recognized as meaningful though dubiously applicable to what is known of the hominid edifice (which in itself exists mostly as something prospective - that is; as a lesson learned in a vacuum).

Novels have beginnings, middles and ends. Novels tell a story; a fiction. Counterpoised to the novel stands the documentary; or the pseudo-documentary. Of course, a novel accesses facts to suit its purposes; one might say the same of a documentary. A novel potentially exposes a 'slice of life' as does a documentary.

A novel set in this community might contrive to represent something of the American Experience. Counterpoised to the affected liberality of the University is the labor force both serving the University and the surrounding community, of the latter a good part of which distrusts the Volvo mentality, although itself may be nominally aligned with a democratic perception of social intercourse (hard hats and bigotry aside) .

One finds himself judging the sincerity of the University affectation. The student, exposed to rationality as part of the communication ethos of the classroom, is hard-pressed to continue with rationality outside the class room, both as a method, and as a way of interacting with his peers. While it is hard for him to dismiss his prejudices, he is under some obligation to support them with a rational basis. Often he is guided by his prejudices to seek a rhetorical basis for prejudices he wishes not to abandon (Of course the University Community is not the only entity to employ such methods; one expects a more exemplary projection from that quarter, although I cannot give good reason why one should entertain such expectations.).

Assuming the best of intentions (something to act upon from the lessons learned) one might expect some 'utopian' suggestions from the university community (as its contribution to the common weal). The more plausible and reasonable the suggestion the more effort will be mounted to outmaneuver them through rhetoric and bombast from the entrenched status quo, who instinctively and suspiciously react to that which attempts to move (motivate) its purposeful leaden weight beyond its narrow corridors. One might adduce the worst intentions of the status quo. Instead what one finds is not intentions, but something more visceral, perhaps fearfulness as well.

Yet the two seeming antipodes form the middle class. Oddly the Volvo mentality arises from a tenured arcadia which in its own way becomes as

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entrenched as any other status quo (Heartthrob of America), sentiments aside.

It all goes to say there isn't much to lionize in the middle class as it is discovered to be an entrenched condition selfishly guarding its prerogatives.

The criminal element that wishes to thrive along the perimeter of the middle class merits few kudos, even as a form of protest.

The lower classes formed of those who do not have the skills or the means to fit may be regarded analogously to the noble savage on the one hand, and as 'those who stand and wait also serve' on the other; and if you had yet another hand, as disenfranchised (left out; a bother for one's brother).

The upper classes formed of those with wealth (of course), and those who control the workings of society (the shakers and outmaneuverers) are the envy of everyone else; justifiably so. We do envy those who control us do we not? And just imagine what we could do with all that wealth (and power!).

I suppose an odd element to all of this might prove to be the destitute one who wins the megabuck jackpot, if that individual was not standing on the sidelines rooting for those whom he envied and emulated (the success celebrities). Very unlikely!

Our automobiles and our lives follow a similar pattern, one obviously an extension of the other. What Moses applied to us we apply to our automobiles, STOP signs, Red lights; green lights, and speed limits. If you did as Moses chided, you gained the favor of GOD. If you stay the course in your auto you gain the favor of your insurance company.

In recent years we have heard much of 'trickle down' 'Trickle down' originated in the 'private sector' arguments. The notion is to remove government from the responsibility of the sovereign. Government does not exist to guarantee its own rhetoric. What ailed the society in times of depression (not to mention the ongoing depressions of the inner cities and so-called 'blighted areas') was to become the purview of the 'private sector' rather than government. It really didn't work; the 'private sector' moved away. 'Trickle down' proposed and resulted in a less active participation of the 'private sector', but implied if the nation would get behind the captains of industry, everyone would benefit. Plausible, but naive, and inhuman, although sporting a human face (a winsome grin) and a smearing of red, white, and blue (patriotic fervor).

The American Experience necessitated government response to a severe depression, since the 'free running' society had gone amok under in its own visceral designs. The nation received Moses edicts from government, i.e. controls that limited monopolies, regulated certain natural resources, regulated transportation, regulated banks etc.. The attempt to institute the 'trickle down' theory of social interaction necessitated the removal of controls and regulations in order to pave the

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way for the captains of industry to have a free hand in implementing the 'trickle down' theory. Government in effect granted the Mafia of Captains to take over the nation in whatever way they could; not to implement a theory, but to be self-serving. 'Trickling down' has produced a rape of the downees. All the failures of the monetary establishments (borrowings by the Captains of Savings to invest in schemes as self-serving gain (not even observing the 'trickle down' notion in the least [which implies some kind of 'shared' experience]) have fallen upon those whom the theory was purported to assist. Borrowed from those who were intended to be served to be paid back by the same people, while the 'trickle uppers' ride off into the sunset to build \$60,000,000.00 libraries enshrining the success of their method. The Syndicated Mafia. Of course what they have done is the same as Organized Crime, very organized, with the soiled hands of the peoples representatives in attendance.

But who the hell wants to write about such bullshit? We are outmaneuvered by those we elect to serve us. Simple. History is verified and exonerated in its charting of the hominid experience.

Can one step outside the hominid experience; get off the track, as it were? Can one get into writing a Novel about a loner.

Smugly, we make such a big deal over the failure of the Soviet Experiment while we are mired up to our ass in debt. 'Free market' only seems like the right alternative, because it is measured by incentives, which are supposedly lacking in a controlled society. We applaud the Soviets for attempting to emulate us. CRAP!

The Soviets are hungry, as are many within our borders. Assisting one's own is like pitching a bone to a cur curled up in the corner. The Caucasian Soviet sporting a gleaming saber gets our attention; after all is said and done, 'he is one of us!' more so than some of us. A riddle? We are riddled with hypocrisy. Who said anything about hypocrisy? Can it be said that anyone looking out for his own interest is anything but hypocritical, no matter what that interest be? Saints be praised (of course)! Somehow we have to avoid conflicts of interest, so that we will not appear to be something that does not accord our rhetoric.

I could go on in this vein, and probably will, even if I swear to do the opposite; I cannot help but lapse!

Should one write about the reaching out he finds amongst his brethren; those who relate to another's needs, who derive their rewards (enjoyment) from assisting others, mostly by somehow completing a circuit; 'By what I do I produce a smile in the other'. Is it possible that we could really go about congratulating each other for having so extended ourselves? Operating freely outside the system? bartering good for good?

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"She was really worried the kid would be born on February 29th." "No Irish Need Apply" Self-evident truths?

Her self-image was all-too important; dirty linen and skeletons verboten, verbeten.

It is my belief that a 'free' 'democratic' society produces a lot of assholes, for the lack of a more appropriately colorful appellative.

It has been writ: "In The Beginning, There Was Gas". Ever since:

"It Has Been A Gas". Is this the way to begin The Great American Novel?

I read the other day that Norman Mailer was unlikely to write the GAN. I read shortly thereafter that Nadine Gordimer had received the Kieselghur Prize for Lost Causes. She ought write The Great Afro-American Novel (GAAN).

Unlike the S(t)ock (It To 'em) Market where the gist is to make something out of nothing (like putting greenbacks under Gro-Lites), I must rely upon my own experiences in order to provide the fodder for these writings. It has been generally assumed that most fictional writings are indeed autobiographical; its one of the many implied criticisms that those in the know may apply to any author. I confess.

I am the measure of all men (non-genderized). I don't really know what a Novel is, other than perhaps a term misused by me. "Writings" is more apropos; a mixture of fiction and the factual, fiction being the application of thought to happenings (sensory). A sensory happening implies just that, as contrasted to that which occurs entirely in the imagination (most likely constructed of the former [lest one account the less apparent 'unconscious' projections]).

Quite naturally I begin with myself, mostly as an outsider, looking in; not as Big Brother; or a Spy; or as someone living vicariously; or as a voyeur; but curiously empathetic, attempting to see myself in you, and you in me.

You as reader would like to immerse yourself in a fantasy wherein you are swept up in the characters depicted, seeking a catharsis for whatever that magical happening portends. It is unlikely I would sweep you up; more likely sweep you under. My kinds of fantasies are different; very full of hard observations and real protest; a sort of faceless reechoing of all that perturbs us in this Best Of All Possible Worlds.

It is not that I cannot be happy. Happiness for me is a brief happening which I may prolong by escaping to some place where the sensory apparatus is less exposed to those other hominid happenings that revile ones sensibilities. BUT, it must be REAL, not a fantasy. For example: I take to the water in a boat. Perhaps I find a barely inhabited island. The water for the most part does not imperil one, although it may offer challenges and excitement; the island is approachable only by the

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individual floating vessel (thereby assuring its greater insularity). Although this happening is influenced by a desire to avoid one kind of Reality, at the same time it comprises a (REAL) experience; a step taken, providing an environment in which the vital élan may rise to the surface more comfortably than in its usual exposure within the civilized aegis .

In the writing "Knotted Twine", I have speculated and expounded a great deal upon the recurrent and almost proverbial "Anomalies and Vicissitudes", distending the whole extravaganza to the contemplation of Utopian Notions, perhaps curiously warped by 1984; and by strongly suggesting that what you are experiencing aint living, and that there might be some value in lucky charms . In "Apropos Of Nothing", I have loosely compiled some happenings that the gent (editor) of Chronicle Books thought more appropriate as "Memoirs", than some literary project. Notwithstanding the appraisal, the fantastic President (me) does profess to save this Best Of All Possible Worlds (Indeed, SAVE, For What; For Whom?); not as a memoir. In "The Island", no longer a Good-natured President, I delve into 'only' solutions; what one must really do. I had said "We would now station ourselves above the sea, upon our bridge deck constructed of granite, beyond time and illusion, unassailable, invulnerable to all but Omega" This was prefaced by "The fear of drowning in the murky bloody sea of homo erectus hast driven one thus; where one could stand alone on the unspoiled, unstained pristine shore; no longer feeling those unholy compulsions to survive...".

Now, there is a beginning; "...no longer feeling those unholy compulsions to survive." Darwin notwithstanding.

Other shorter writings have pointed in a direction, variously treated with a causticity on one extreme, and a sardonic poetizing on the other, with sprinklings of every kind in between. The aim has not been so much to tell a tale, but to invoke a moral.

"Why do you write?" "Because he has to.", deduced one French lady. It may be more complicated than 'having to'. There are many things I have to do that never get done.

I'd guess the 'having to' part does not involve becoming a household word; as a "Celebrity", whose claim to fame is his good looks or his record of 'conquests'; and/or his sordid or fantastic sexual aberrations. I would guess I would desire to be accepted as a whole person, a person who hasn't got it all figured out. I would not want to be known only as a 'social conscience' or a moralist even though I am often preoccupied with the human condition; and often appear as a the self-appointed arbitrator, quixotically.

Perhaps I would like to write the GAN in the manner that Cervantes did not write the GSN, or that Melville did not write the GAN before me. However, being self-conscious about what one is doing as a result of all the national self-conscious hullabaloo about the GAN, perhaps mostly as a

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media event, one is apt to be associated with the expectation in some manner, like "Nope, that's not it."

To most readers, my childhood, my sex life, my aberrant behavior would prove dull reading. It will require more than my one-liners or puns to put me on top. So I guess if I reach "Celebrity" status for my writing alone, lets say, in the manner of Cervantes, that would be an extraordinary accomplishment.

Even though one cannot be seriously faulted for his actions, he must needs appear 'human' in order to be credible. I am able to guarantee that I am 'human' in most respects, perhaps embarrassingly human; yes, even laughable; perhaps as was the great Don. However, I do not come across, even to myself, with the fantastic purity of Quixote; yes, because I am self-conscious. Every word necessarily becomes weighted with its impact, with its future, long after I am gone. As tainted as I might be in small, or even large ways, on one scale of values or another, I feel I am basically sincere; nobody can separate me from my sincerity; and it is in this capacity I join Cervantes and Melville. I do want to do a good job; I do want to move the reader. I want to offer only substance, not filler; not a few sensational acts in between advertisements for myself; no put-up job, calculated for one market or another. Not a contrivance.

To take the fantastic approach of Cervantes or Melville (in Mardi, for example) does not wash these days, even though Rambo, or Conan, or Clint Eastwood, or Raider's of the Lost Ark (characters, people, productions of such kind) are constantly on the marquee. To me these are filler; intended as fantastic filler, but empty of content. Transcending our earthly (mundane) life, or escaping our impotence.

Because I have not attended some Institution of Higher Learning of that caliber which seems to assure a certain haughty disdain issuing from its attendees (which somehow affects me), I have tended to feel intellectually impotent; often pretending I am something I am not; and need not be. Consequently my writings are riddled with attempts at an intellectuality which often feels as uncomfortable as I do in a suit and necktie. It is not that I do not appreciate what can go in the human mind; after all I am one of its greatest indulgers. As a naïf some things do go right by me; however, I would like to claim that nothing of substance gets by me. Sometimes I feel the super-intellectuals hide behind elevated notions in order to mask their own confused muddling; a learned one should know; therefore feign knowing. Nowadays, there are experts; an expert cannot appear not to know, lest he assume the rank and file identity with the rest of us. That's O.K. as a charade, but in real life, lots of "I don't knows" would be greatly appreciated as showing some respect for TRUTH. I do believe we all feel more comfortable with TRUTH than with Bullshit.

Don't misconstrue my intent; I do believe there is a great need for mankind to use its head to solve its problems. At least I do believe, if he

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used his head, it would help toward solving his problems; (Oops!; that is if his heart is also in the right place; necessarily the two capacities are required as co-authors (co-conspirators) of the project). As I struggle grandiosely with and attempt to solve the human problems, often I cannot escape an involvement in a variety of rationales, logical (to me) pathways leading to something (perhaps a solution); perhaps even imaginative leaps into notions that have never been proposed. The greatest minds often yield to fate, to the inevitable; that is, they attain to a cynical outlook, after they realize there are so many vested interests amongst men, amongst individuals, laboring at cross purposes, that the whole project seems mired down in impossibilities and improbabilities, better known as conflicts of interest. In fact only Don Quixote is capable of dealing with its scope. The rational individual is soon unable to cope, where the grandiose madman, the 'fantastic' succeeds, not by design, but inadvertently. But as we know, even the madman wears out; his services are required 24 hours a day.

I am one of those inclined to the cynical outlook, although I never give up on the Utopian scenario; in addition, one cannot help but be a little Quixotic (grandiose?). However, it is Sancho Panza that tells the real story. His innate knowledge would confound those who spend their entire lives in libraries searching for special truths that do not exist in any greater dimension than those which exist in Sancho.

After a life on this earth, in the human community, with all its pitfalls and foibles, Sancho-like, we all come away with a certain kind of wisdom, even though we cannot express this wisdom in words; more as a nod of the head. The soul knows what is up. Necessarily I speak of those who have lived with the pitfalls and foibles; not those who have avoided them with the silver spoon, the affectation.

But even these last collide with the inevitable at times; some have lost their spoons, and many discover there are no sure paths to happiness (presumably escaping all the pitfalls and foibles; like the joy-stick in the video game, the silver spoon can perform only so much magic; some collisions are inevitable; life IS far more complex than a video game). IS happiness our objective in life? IS seeking happiness the purpose of life? Simple pleasures? Simple agonies? Is it possible we become so satiated with pleasure and happiness that we seek relief from them through pain? Is that not what has happened when we learn our favorite "Celebrity" has died from an overdose; perhaps from an overdose of life upon the World Class Fast Track? That to which we have aspired has expired. Plummeting from the heights in (holy) sacrifice? You have to be able to handle the heights, like Norman Mailer, or Mr. Updike, the GAN men. The heights must become just another plaything, or an experience, or grist for the mill, in whatever milieu you happen to operate.

If nothing else works, carry a talisman. Stroke it, fondle it, caress it, wear it, invoke it, pray to it, offer oblations to it, stuff it into a silk, satin,

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and fur reliquary, be loyal to it through thick and thin; what ever you do, don't leave home without it; and don't lose it. It almost sounds like I'm speaking of money, does it not? Money gets us there faster. Without money, one just plods along, or slides backwards; somebody else's penny places us at a disadvantage, in the general scheme of things. That penny may become invested in the great lottery game in the sky, wherein one may in one moment be catapulted (transported?) from hell to heaven (figuratively speaking [speaking of figs]). Pandora's penny. Suddenly one is surrounded by an unaccustomed array of materiality and FRIENDS (Timon).

I've been at this too long; I'd better back off; I sense I am about to launch into one of my parodistical (parietal) tirades. When I do, nothing is sacred, whereas at this moment nearly everything is sacred; although blemished, like most statuary touched over and over again by those of great faith, of great need, those even possessed of curiosity and wonder, and those who wantonly disobey the "Don't Touch". I am nearing the wanton stage; I'm losing my grip on the curious empathy. I feel a need to declare something; to cease this beating about the bush. If I wrote the GAN, slipping this compulsion subtly between the lines, would that constitute the better context? That is, create a context that is illusorily better than life itself. Different than life itself? And what would I hope to slip between the lines that is not already apparent?

Once upon a time, a wart grew beside Mary's (Mona Lisa's) nose.

A blemish to be sure; not a beauty mark; a witness mark, witness to all that contains the potential to despoil. No matter whom Mary consulted regarding this thing that marred her countenance, that drew eyes away from her other perfections, almost as though they did not exist; no matter whom, none would guarantee complete effacement. Some residual scar would remain; something to be covered up. I speak of the difference between the living and the dead. The dead are found in statuary, although we enliven these with our imaginations. From the dead one is able to remove the wart, because it does not matter; we are able to replace the whole head if we choose, even though it does not matter. Amongst the living we must expect to be surprised; even disappointed as well as surprised, simultaneously. Life is full of warts. We desire to remove them nonetheless; life and the living, pitfalls and foibles, must be made less obvious; we do not wish to be reminded. Reminded that it is all beyond us, our pitiful little selves. Does it boil down to one wart versus the many? How many warts are tolerable, once we have decided to accept the notion of warts?. And whose warts are acceptable and whose are not? Michelangelo Buonarroti's Bruges Madonna could care less about warts, and she has none. Our Mary somehow should be like her. But she is a statue. Someone has taken the name of Mary in vain, or has produced an untrue copy amongst the living. This one has a wart beside her nose. What is it we expect of the living Mary?

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Skipping Mary for the moment. "He writes because he has to." Writing is a doing in lieu of doing. Writing is also a defense against being overwhelmed.

Most of us are spectators (or slaves, if you will). We are not really in charge of our own lives. We are in a carriage, riding on a track that is fastened down, going only certain places. I don't mean the inevitable place; for that one does not require a track. Its the other places one is funneled because he is not in charge of his own existence.

Writing is a way of taking charge of something; perhaps a way of getting off the track.

The intellectuality that occasionally accompanies my writing is not a big put on, or an attempt to produce a snow job; its just that the human mind is a rather outsized (odd sized) entity, capable beyond its functional utility.

They have labeled one of our former Presidents: The Great Communicator. I'm hard pressed to know what this means, lest one view him as a Stationmaster making sure we all get on the train, any train; because they all lead to somewhere over which he believed he had control. Incidentally this week they dedicated his 60,000,000 dollar library attended by all the former and present CEOs; to me it was revealing. Even more revealing if they had all stood together - NAKED. The library incidentally houses a huge section dedicated to Astrology, and Bigotry.

What I wanted to say, before I allowed this diversion; writing is an extension of speech; grunts; noise; communication. (So there was a connection). (I freely associate).

What do we wish to communicate? The truth! (Regardless of content).

I believe we arrive at the truth through means that have nothing to do with speech, words, or intellectuality. Truth is one thing; honesty another. Honesty as well has little to do with speech, words or intellectuality. It does have something to do with truth, however.

There is a difference between what one believes to be true and what is actually true. This is where honesty enters the picture. If more people would say they do not know; i.e., "I don't know", we might move closer to a real understanding of truth.

I'm moving too far a-field with my spiel. I wanted to explore the spectator thing.

Outside. It happens outside of us. 'Outer-directed'. Why? It has to be something other than, "No man can be an island unto himself". Of course we are interdependent, mostly on a superficial level; not unimportantly however. In a (well) regulated society we share social functions on an equitable basis. Food and shelter (from the elements) are Outside. It begins there. Interdependence is a phenomenon associated with the (well) regulated society. Food Production in a (well) regulated society has the very great potential for equitable distribution. Rather than each man for

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himself; all have the potential of being assured. Its never been tried, because we are all riding in these other carriages going in another direction. (I would not want to dismiss the importance of Sanitation [Sanitized ideas as well.]).

We could lay some new track. The truth of the matter is, if we intend to provide an equitable society, we must lay the new track. It is not that we cannot realize this potential thing: the equitable distribution. The means are available; the commodity can be produced, albeit not out of thin air, not without management of numbers: so much for so many (lets say, as opposed to so much for too many). We really should do something about the 70% of the Wealth being in the control of 10% of the population; it sounds too much like our Southern Neighbors; and ought to prove embarrassing to a nation that espouses equitable relationships. We are more like a plutocracy-oligarchy. Oh Yes! friendly enough, by necessity. But we ought to stop kidding ourselves; just declare what we are simply and forthrightly. As they say in the White House-speak "We are forthcoming".

Utopian, to be sure. As it is we have laid track that takes us straight to hell. At least HELL is somewhere.

Hell is place, otherwise identified as the planet earth. Notwithstanding its great potential for becoming heaven, paradise, Eden, elysia, etc. Earth has become HELL. HELL is the place wherein 'humanity', for the lack of a more well-rounded or suitable grunt, is for the most part exploiting itself as a resource, mostly because the planet has been converted to possessory proprietary real estate, DENYING any access to OTHERS (that old 10% controlling 70% feeling). When you crowd humanity into hovels away from the land, you have done something which cannot be explained away in any human terms. When you erect fences (all kinds) and man them with police and snarling dogs you have created HELL. We are all spectators in HELL. We remain on this Luciferian track without knowing why. We have Great Communicators "Staying The Course", eulogizing that which denies, and promises After Rapture. This is to be interpreted, "If you are able to sustain yourself and endure in the HELL, for that short while you are detained there, you will be rewarded with HEAVEN when its all over". If you shorten the stay, the sooner, my love.

We are on the Lip Service track, The Temporizing Track. Much has been made of 'Stream of Consciousness'. Perhaps some of what I do (when I write) follows from this source. However I identify the process a little bit differently, perceiving it as "Free Association". Its like really jumping off the track. Everything relates, like all of humanity relates to Adam; Black, White, Jew, Arab, Oriental. But "Free Association" may seem a cloud descending over coherence, obscuring everything, when what we want most is clarity of vision. In my view, with Moses, we were given clarity of vision. Could you have ever envisioned the free association of Moses tenets

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resulting in the proliferation of laws, covenants, and lawyers, judges we have today - just to get around Moses, and to invent ways to protect vested interests, and to screw the daylight out of one's fellow man, and make this worst of all possible worlds; (really it reeks of some foul smelling animal [one of my favorite lines]); but mostly to protect the planet as someone's private holding, and to invent ways to deny the rest of Adam's descendants access to it. Mankind has proven expert in his capacities. It took the dinosaurs a lot longer to become extinct. It will not take us nearly so long. Just a few more years. Imagine James L. Acord Jr. wanting to create a sculpture that will endure 30,000 years. What the HELL for?

The Paradise Pill The Utopia Pill The Anti-Hell Pill The Before-Rapture Pill The After-Rapture Pill The Best Of All Possible Worlds Pill. The Best Of All Possible Fast Track Worlds Pill.

Fast Track Global World Class Lip Gloss, specially formulated for Fast Tack Global World Class Lip Service Pill. What A Pill Pile.

"Free Association" opens the flood gates. The dinosaurs will drown.

On these outmoded tracks that take us on guided tours through the backwaters of human society, we feel not enthused, or enthralled, somehow not inured, but mostly affected by some kind of lingering malaise for which we have not found a cure, a social disease, a disease of the body hominid, peculiar to it. Since it is so massive, constructed of concrete, reinforced with iron, mired in time; disposed through habit of mind; deposited, for all that, upon the landscape; thoroughly in need of remaking.

Duplicitous, ambivalent, dichotomous, two-faced, mealy-mouthed; a litany of cunning; the unholy compulsion to survive. Some animal crouched, on all fours, tentatively striving to stand upon two; homo erectus. A divination!!?? Crap! Lethargically seated upon a tattered seat in the carriage that rides the rails through the scenic wonderland in the best of all possible worlds. His creation, made in his own image, from the clutter of his oversized inordinate brain. The dinosaur; the terrible lizard.

Do I really believe these intimations toward dire failure? Would I dare hope that something different would arise in the remaking. Now that we are enlightened, aware of our limitations, imbued with a more modest expectation in light of other limitations; what would we do? I cannot answer the question. I have no faith.

Self-interest is the bugaboo that forever causes us to fall back on all fours. We have made much of the individual, and individual rights ever since the enlightenment and the apparent overthrow of the aristocracies (not oppressive governments however). The individual reflects the species; he carries the genes; perhaps the reversionary genes; the self-interest genes.

Becoming an individual, as separate from the whole; what does that mean? What purpose does it serve? It could signify a desperation. A

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sensing of the fate of the terrible lizard; seeking an escape. Oh sure it could signify madness; not the madness of Don Quixote, but the madness that exists in each of us, that doesn't appear until we separate ourselves from the less apparent madness of the whole; the trickery of madness subsumed in the whole. Some would say it is sloth; succumbing to lethargy, to a loss of idealism, becoming a dusty household desuetude. Ineffectual, incapable, impotent. So impotent in fact as to infuse ones copulations with little desire to continue. Why? For Cripes Sake, Why? Why are we doing this? Doing the Inevitable?!?! This has to go on though it serves no purpose, other than to generate and reproduce more of the same. Ah! Small Comforts for the Dinosaur. Spasms. Spazzums of self-interest. The landscape remains the same; a quagmire devoid of vegetation. All that hast thriven, through which we have been enlivened, hast from this integument been driven, by our immoderate spazzums, and the Seven Deadly (Decapitable) Zzins. Our collective consequence has been sacrificed to the exigencies of self-interest. Make no mistake about it". This has been a soliloquy of a Dinosaur.

There is a distinction to be made between 'individualism' and 'self-interest', although the two are intimately linked. A life, per se, through the o'er-famed anomalies and vicissitudes, is equipped to survive in a particular environment, whether that life takes the form of an amoeba or some other configuration of labile matter; yes, even the two-legged appurtenance we have come to identify as homo sap. The amoeba's theatre of operation is much more circumscribed than the sap's. 6 billion amoebas aint nuthin' lest they happen to have congregated altogether in the sap's gut. But 6 billion saps congregated on even such a huge corpus as mudder oith is damned near as bad as 5 billion amoeba in a sap's gut. We cannot manufacture enough KOpectate to aid the planet. Initially there are 6 Billion self-interests running amok upon the planet, threatening, through immoderate spazzums, and under other deadly influences, to hasten a fast ride on the fast track into an even faster ride, wherein before the slowness was comprehensible in hindsight, whereas after the whirr and blurr of the accelerated pace it will lose comprehensibility entirely, simply because of the rate of speed of the precipitous FALL (from EDEN). That's where self-interest will get yuh; a ride on the Bruges Madonna Express. The Earth will be sacrificed upon the "If I cant have it, Nobody can!" Express. And rather soiled for all that.

When I speak of the individual I speak of a presence, more than an actual individual. It is important to note than even the individual is subject to the same as the mass. By becoming an individual does not assure any escape, only an awareness of the FALL. Lots of tears. This presence arises from some state of mind we cannot truly assess. Anymore than the purpose of life itself we cannot divine the purpose to a heightened awareness. I'm imagining this heightened awareness helps to define an

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individual, or the individual. This self-same presence, or awareness is not immune from all the associations familiar to the balance of the species, that is, he, she or it is imbued with all the equipment to survive, in the same manner as all the others, as a self-propelled, self-serving entity. This presence, however, is aware of what he, she, or it is, that is, a self-serving entity being swept along in a river of humanity toward the ocean of finite inconsequentiality, somehow seeking to endure in repose throughout an endless continuum. The 30,000 years of James L. Acord Jr. is a rather modest infinity; a surplus amount in any case. The individual is immersed within a surplus of Dinosaurs.

While it is true, akin to Noah, all we really need to represent us in the great beyond is one; more than one is redundant, and leads to confusion. The selection process was not given to order, and has been argued from the beginning of time. While we would like to imagine, only the best example would be put forward (as a matter of pride [species pride, collective pride], the selection process will involve the more familiar practices which we have all come to loathe. It all goes to say, a survivor will represent us in the great beyond; we will not have sent our hopes, because they do not count; we will have sent that which survives; self-interest survives. There is great part of our investment which does not survive; all that we have poured into perfectibility (we have cast our pearls to the swine [if we really think about it, caring so little, then why not allow a cripple {metaphorical} cross the finish line]). What does not survive is that which has arisen in the discriminate awareness; an awareness that must appear more anomalous than as something purposeful. Why? awareness, if not to serve some purpose? What? To sound the alarm? But the alarm has been sounded already so often as to earn its sounders depreciation. Perhaps awareness serves as a chronicling device. The Unsigned Cave Paintings of Lascaux (estimated age 10,000 to 15,000 years). The Monstrance of James L. Acord Jr.; whatfor?

Even if this were the GAN you would still be subjected to these peregrinations through the uncharted backwaters of the mind.

I am unable to create characters to play the necessary roles in order to illuminate things other than the hopelessly ordinary (doubtlessly modeled after myself).

Even those who perform great deeds; if they do it on the track, to me it is of little consequence, especially if it lacks that vital awareness. Don Quixote off his Track?

Awareness leads toward the truth, though unspoken. Our Hero must be the truth, not an illusion.

In hock to the system. FOR JAILBREAK. One's mere life doesn't add up to much. All that is external to one over which he has presumptive control is generally mortgaged. Even when you finally get to own

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something, if it happens to be in the way of 'progress' (re: The Disfigurement of Genny) then you can go to blazes. Besides, one never owns anything; not the average person; the bureaucracy always has a standing lien against your property in the form of a tax, and Emmy Domain, of course.

The system is not unique to our times; there has always been a system. Nowadays we get to protest more. We protest about something over which we can never have any control. Wiser ones (craftier, more furtive, devious, survivors, pragmatists, realists) than us monopolize what there is to be monopolized, around which are erected worded fences which deny the rest of us access. These words are vested as the system, and bureaucratized into fences, guarded by people who only look like us, but are not like us. When you have some thing to lose, your attitude is different from those who have nothing to lose, vice versa.

The Great American Dream, even presumptively, daringly put forth by a devious vested politician as The Great Society, finds its greatest salutation projected in: "A sucker born every minute". How could one possibly found such a conception as The Great American Novel in such a quagmire?

Choosing is not part of the system. Choice is the last thing a bureaucracy wishes to grant. Bureaucracy (vesting itself [always]) wishes to lock up all the planet into a system of fees, tolls and taxes. There are so many of us now (we have tripled our number since 1950; talk about unconscionable behavior; that's a lotta doing you know what); so humanity per se is becoming a very lucrative venture for the bureaucracy (as well as the other vested interests). I would identify this activity as statutory theft, a l... George III. Who woulda thought all that unconscionable activity woulda yielded such high returns?

People are always insinuating that I am just so many sour grapes; so whatever I have to say merely gets discarded. Even those who are denied the most would rather believe they have not been hoodwinked, even though their whole life is living testimony. So, sour grapes, to believers and non-believers alike. A non-believer is one who perceives the system as something to exploit for his own advantage. A believer is one who is hoodwinked by the non-believers as well as by the system.

As before writ; "I yearn to escape." (before they have to lock me up).

The bluddy barsted is 'armless. Legless as well, me luv. One requires some semblance of limbs in order to effect an escape. Shall we prothesize the bugger?

WHAT ! ?

Just more 'Free Association', previously accounted 'Stream'.

If I was any kind of artist at all, I would get drunk or drugged, hoping to find some way to the core of all the expletives deleted, even polite

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language that lays out the embarrassing truth like its never been laid out before. The whole object would be to produce such a shocking revelation that none could fail to notice (HA!). Once noticed, one could hope for other things, like kermungous cudgels. Dream on Kiddo.

Why bother? Let everyone discover for himself. Leave off this quixotic nonsense.

Stick to your devastating descriptions. There is but one reality - MINE!

By which all are measured (a repeat). You better 'Measure Up'!

This discreet little provincial town - of people (of the two-legged persuasion).

A Captive Audience to whom the City Fadders boldly declare: "You are the City" (doubtlessly a stick-in-the-craw take-off from the rotunda motto "The City Is The People"). The Captive Audience told King George City to shove their taxes on property. Now King George is forced to seduce the YOUS with all kinds of implied threats of discontinued or encumbered service; followed by a host of new tax proposals (money-laundering [no differently than other pushers and addicts]); not to mention other subterfuges intended as subsidies for the bureaucracy. In addition the ASSessor has divined higher property values in what has been recognized nationally as a nationwide, greedily inflated, oversold dried-up real estate market. The continued boldness of the VESTED bureaucracy (entrenched parvenues). King George wants to perpetuate his chrome-plated world while the populace goes about in sack cloth. Responsible Government? BULL! Throw the bums out! Out with them! Out with them! Out with them! Off with their 'Eads!

After 40 years in this here town, I'm ready to leave. Instead of services, I am being serviced (used) by those who know my will better than I know my own. Henry David Thoreau claimed, "That government is best which governs least"; further amended to state "That government is best which governs not at all." Miguel Cervantes quaintly suggested "The good 'governor' should have a broken leg and keep at home." I agree wholeheartedly. '

I smoke NOW for my health; I smoke More for a treat.

The American Dream: To Die With Dignity. Just what in HELL is dignified about life (within the American scheme, anyway) that should warrant an out-of-character death? The GAN queries, as Knotted Twine postulates: The Dead cannot Die and permanent Death cannot be construed as Eternal Life?. A dignified Death for an undignified palpitation?

You get what you get! The American Dream - A plausible deception?

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I remember reading in Alfred North Whitehead something regarding his judgments pertaining to the failed American Experience. He had envisioned the greatest civilization ever in the American Aegis. At the time he was writing I cannot recall whether he still held out hope (reserved judgment) for the Midwest. In thinking about what he implied, I realize how eager I was to accept his opinions since I had little fondness for the American experience (as my experience) - but now as I think of it more, I wonder how he could even imagine greatness of a bunch of bigots, bandits, slaveholders, rapers (of everything in sight) and murderers; it wasn't in the genes.

Hence A Requiem for A Dinosaur

I had been reviewing certain images. The one consisted merely of the sea which I had allowed to hypnotize me, mostly as some form of comforting presence. How an indifferent cold body of water could offer comfort truly escapes one's sensibilities; however true may prove the eventualities. Contrasted to this image I had counterpoised the sea of humanity, upon which one may also gaze from afar as one does the sea. The latter hardly comprises a cold body of water, however indifferent it may appear in all other ways.

I had imagined the losing of oneself amongst the throng, not as a form of comfort, since I had already determined such was impossible; but more as some more natural indulgence of one's energies. Being of the one sexual persuasion, and often enough being convinced that the other persuasion held some key to one's comforts, I tended in that direction. However, as simple as this equation may seem, it was fraught with obstacles and a decorum which only served to try one's patience more than assuage the more pressing abatement of some lingering discomfort. It seemed there was always a catch. The integers did not fit into the equation, however straightforward seemed the commensurableness. Affixing a statistical analysis to this proposition inherently exposed the relationship as forbidding a proposition as the only colder-seeming water of the seas. In so being what one was, and relating to what the other was, one encountered long-standing proscription and superstition connected to the conjoining of the two ying/yang elements. Attraction became the self-saving ingredient. Inherent to attraction was some basic construction guaranteed to serve a purpose which only superficial notions seem to elucidate, the more in-depth perceptions lost amidst a host of speculation.

Attraction consisted of a series of appearances, themselves quite superficial. These were the simpler ingredients. The simpler were contradicted by the more complex when an unknown constant was entered as part of the formula. That is, superficial attractions were supplanted by other considerations that had to do with extensions of a basic equation, perhaps somehow construed as enhancements to it. Most

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notably amongst these considerations is that of individual status (or perhaps notoriety). It has often occurred amongst this two-legged transience the outright unpredictability of extremes contained within its genesis. Although not a general rule one does find those not physically attractive, as proving otherwise attractive because of their notoriety, however negatively acquired. The more general rule may apply to the positive acquisition, mostly regardless of physical appearance.

Perfectibility may enter into this somewhere, but it seems that our tolerance of a genesis from below, points in a direction of the inconsequentiality of conscious direction to the process of genesis. We seem ambivalent about the finish line, as though the transient goal is suspect; we cannot see the real goal line which only one need cross; as a token representation. If comes down to which one crosses then the whole thing of genesis (eugenics) becomes more interesting. As it is writhing at any level will produce more of the uninspired; or more of the same; a lack of tenacity.

Far a-field I have grown, mostly to suggest the merits or the virtues of the one image when contrasted to the other; in this case the possible preference of the one sea over the other.

No matter what you write, it will be misconstrued. There are those who set up de(fences) around things that threaten them. There are others who need to show their precocity with regard to the divination of truths. I am no different, regardless of my intentions.

Remedy: Buy a new car and a new house in order to jump-start the ailing economy. Drink lots of liquidity, and take all the rest.

There are many individuals now who would have been hunted down assiduously by those who served the kings, tsars, and emperors; individuals who are still considered a nemesis and an intrinsic enemy of the ruling juntas. Anyone who questions. There are many in the wings who wait eagerly to gun down anyone who questions.

He was building his own boat. Something to do. So I decided to write my own book.

Solipsism, Vers. 0

I can't see anything wrong with being born in April. However, I came into this world of Man (barely distinguishable from anything else) in the 20th Cent.. Also from what I have learned as I have matured on the planet, our nation has missed its boat for becoming the greatest civilization ever

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(according to Alfred North Whitehead - with whom I mostly agree regarding such frittering).

Maybe that's why Mike is building his boat. He has a boat now, but it isn't big enough. More about that later.

We own a boat too. Believe me, we wish it was bigger. But even though we wish for things that can never be, for their own reasons, having a boat, once upon the water, there is no doubt about the illusion of escaping the potential for the greatest civilization ever. One simply loses contact. I feel it has something to do with the land. [Re: Knotted Twine, Time Belongs To The Gods.]

So a farce is a farce is a farce. a Farce Shuffle.

To return to writing my own book. To lend some perspective regarding this endeavor; its like setting down to a piano without knowing how to play.

So far I've got the covers, made of rosewood, inlaid with platinum. That oughta set the stage as a conversation piece.

The conversation went something like this: "When did you first get the idea for this book, Mr. D.?" "Oh!, I've always liked that tactile feel of wood. I just happened to have a piece of rosewood which I had acquired, mostly just to have a piece of something exotic, perhaps even sensual. Besides I had tried doing the serious writing thing in plain brown wrapper. The Publishers said if'n I could come up with the covers they could provide the stuffing; that's the Coffee Table Publishers, which most of 'em are. They more or less tole me that 'Literature Sucks', so if I could come up with one of the approved gimmicks or formulas, they'd look it over. 'Most of all; Don't try to say anything'".

"Do you find that hard to live with?" "I suppose I could always slip something in between the covers in code. One lives with many diminished illusions. What one needs to learn is that he is not being singled out for diminishment of illusions. These illusions (properly regarded as expectations) arise from within as one pieces together notions floating within the human audible range, and sometimes from what appears upon the printed page; all are intended to convey a 'togetherness'. Togetherness is a term used by many to convey a 'sharingness'. Not that togetherness or sharingness will produce any better result than the solo performance; but that one should feel a kinship; an emanation of warmth (perhaps the heat of the human circulatory system); such is the nature of an illusion. Without kinship, what have you? A diminishing illusion.

Well, when it comes to writing for the mass of togetherness, one soon realizes 'togetherness' means all those dollar bills piled next to one another, meant to reside in the corporate repository. The objective is not to produce 'literature', but together dollars. If 'literature' will gather dollars, it is only as a chance melody, not a result of a desire for an (en) chanting

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muse. Once a corporate entity gets together a lotta dollar bills it forgets all about literature. It may even abandon Playboy for the real thing. Its only those dedicated to literature who will pursue it for its own end, in the same way Eduard Shevardnadze pursued Democracy in the Soviet Union (unlike the way the U.S. of A. pursues Democracy, which is to say, Democracy in the U.S. of A. is mostly an inconvenience, as is togetherness and sharingness [No that does not mean it is better anywhere else, if that satisfies your upwise dander {Be content wherever you are}]}).

I know this does not answer your question explicitly or directly. Implicitly and obliquely I am saying if a thing is hard to live with, perhaps one becomes hardened to it; and more often than not, cynically. This latter (damning with faint praise), a manifestation of disenchantment, does little to remedy anything; however some of us do yield to its charms, without remorse, simply because it does even the score. All we want is a tie ball game; no winners; no one dominating the other; no one suffering the whims of another; no one put in a position where he must suffer the dictates of another. If the system of civilization is set up to deprive one at the gain of another, then let it be so declared; we can then all sharpen our knives. If the system of civilization is erected upon certain undeclared assumptions, such as the (Naive [many claim]) belief in man's goodness and sincerity as instruments to bind us all together, albeit, recognizing in our common existence a common striving, then lets get on with it."

"I didn't mean to provoke such a polemic. I did want to learn something about the 'process'. Perhaps the process and the polemic are inseparable."

"There are no hard and fast rules in my way of proceeding. I'm ninety percent inspiration. Writing for me is a concession to an ill-gotten muse; a generalized muse; a well-used muse with a small case 'm'. When I was young my father served this claptrap about ART and AESTHETICS as redeeming garnishment to my otherwise fetid diet of materialistic decadence (as you no doubt will agree smacks of truth in this nation of ours). I must say his sentiments did not go unnoticed, or unheeded. He was an exponent of his own philosophy, however much a failure he was in other ways (he was also a materialist in his own right). His technique of persuasion was to hit below the belt; his object was to succeed with the message regardless of another's discomfort; the possessory holder of certain truths, brandishing them righteously, as cudgel to the uncertain, the doubters of themselves. "You aint nuttin' lest your an ARTIST" "ART and WIMEN don't mix". These are called ART Platitudes. An Art Platitude is a coordinate where one normally navigates, prefixed with a P. One normally grants himself a lotta Latitude with the wimen; but when you put a P in front of a wimen, you dont get much (you get an old crone of a muse). And when you want to navigate, in general, toward something that brings you happiness, that often interferes with the ardors of ART; when you aint nuttin'; and you wanta become somethin', you'll never be anythin'

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unless yore an ARTIST. You can get some idea of claptrap; and the claptrap muse."

"From what you are saying, I would gather this concession you have made to writing is a 'tongue-in-cheek' endeavor. I would like to know if, in your readings of all your favorite authors, you sneer at their balmy idealism; their naiveté." "Reality nowadays is a far more crushing experience; that is, the experience of 'truth' is far more crushing. However, as the figure of Diogenes will attest, Man, per se, persists. Perhaps there is no remedy; and without remedy, given the Malthusian dimensions of our number, (very redundant if all we do is produce cynics), one is reminded, without remorse, of the dire nature of the crushing reality. A cold winter is one dimension to reality; billions of cold shoulders ARE crushing. In the old days Diogenes exemplified something that took place in a city-state. Socrates merely would have had to leave Athens as punishment for his seditious behavior. Why the hell stick around, when there was so much more of the globe to live upon? Nowadays there are no remote corners. Now, banishment means 'more of the same'. Its a Dog's life in any case; not a lap dog's, by the way. And incidentally the root of the word cynic comes from the Greek excrescence kyon kynos dog." end of self-quote

Later: Socrates and Pete Rose. Hemlock or Banishment.

For those of you who do not know of Socrates, he was an old Greek who attempted to educate all and sundry regarding methodology. That is, if you desire to arrive at a particular Truth, you must approach that objective in the proper manner, in his case, dialectically.

For those of you who do not know of Pete Rose, he was an old American baseball player, who gambled on sundry, some of which included the sport of baseball, in which he was engaged.

Socrates teachings of method did eventuate in adduced 'truths', whether purposefully or inadvertently, regarding some of the failures or flaws in the governmental structure of Athens. The governmental structure found Socrates' teachings anathema to its assumed prerogatives. It therefore took action against him, condemning him to death. He refused to accept opportunities to escape to another place.

Pete Rose's gambling resulted in his banishment from baseball, because these activities detracted from, and reflected negatively upon the purported purpose of his sport.

One's reason-to-be, as part of a public spectacle, was denied to these fellows. Socrates didn't fight the system's judgment. Mr. Rose fought the system's judgment, hoping for reinstatement, so that he might qualify for baseball's HALL OF FAME, and that he might also be hired as a baseball team manager.

Each of these individuals was imputed to be guilty of corrupting the mind and spirit of youth.

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The young should be raised to revere the State, not question its every move. The young should be raised to acknowledge and participate in the purity of the spiritual objectives of competitive sports.

It was intended that each of these individual's punishments would serve as example for others - that 'crime does not pay' or that crime's final payment is retribution. *Y hai no remedio* .

What the hell does the foregoing have to do with anything?

You guessed it. Filler.

In lieu of the GAN. In lieu of the great triumph over adversity. In lieu of the emergence of character that we can all savor and admire. One in 6,000,000,000.

Socrates might serve as a character we might savor and admire because we might perceive his objectives as pure, however futile of attainment. There are many people who simply do not wish to be held to the perceived truth of a thing. Truth is for other people. Perhaps Pete Rose's other achievements as a baseballer might be perceived in a different light, if one so chose.

A senator representing the State of Oregon, U.S.A. late 20th century, was censured for his hands-on treatment of the opposite sex, and for some other questionable practices, both adduced unseemly as part of the behavior of a person in the public trust. He was permitted to 'resign' that he might retain his retirement benefits, and the other perks associated with a life in public office. Like Pete Rose, he spent his remaining lifetime attempting to acquaint his detractors with the better part of his record of accomplishments as a public official, as Mr. Rose his achievements on the field.

Socrates' activities were conducted in the open, in the public square, so to speak. The other two engaged in activities, out of the sight of the general public, resulting in public disapprobation. At least we, as outsiders, are able to appreciate those who stand by their beliefs in public. And in Socrates case, he sought mostly to teach us how to value reason, and the search for truths. These other guys were not guided by such objectives as would ennoble us in pursuit of the exemplary, as might be said of the old Greek.

I might have chosen Jesus Christ instead of Socrates, but J.C. inspires so many contradictory or conflicting beliefs I chose instead a clearer model for the exemplary individual. However, I might assent to the notion that both Socrates and J.C. were aiming for a similar objective; something above and beyond that ultimately controls the actions of men.

The baseballer and the senator were products of a society that lacked something which might auger toward the exemplary. It was a society based in opportunism. If the opportunity presented itself, then one did not necessarily yield to a temptation, as we outsiders might view their action, one instead 'seized' that opportunity, or naturally went with the flow. One's concern did not involve appearances of exemplary behavior, because

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the society did not place particular emphasis upon such behavior; in a democratic society wherein everyone is informed of the way of things, one is on his personal recognizance. It is generally revealed that when there are few reminders, the Fall is verified and refulfilled.

Whereas Socrates was felled, whereas J.C. was felled, the others pitched themselves.

The problem is age-old. Lacking restraint or challenge, we gravitate to philistinism. We might be born into a wealth of platitudes, but easily wander from their restraining effect for lack of example. Even when the exemplar appears, we tend to dodge the implications of the message.

If we must spend our entire existence loathing our evil proclivities and thoughts, we might begin to question the sense of life. And we do. And we resent the one who reminds us of something that attempts to point us in a direction from which we feel we receive no benefit. We might conjure the argument 'If I am already in Paradise, why think of Heaven?', responding to the perorations of the exemplar.

So, in the GAN we might affirm what we know to be the true proclivities of man. A person might be said to be a fake if he lives contrary to these proclivities. Nikos K. attempted to show, for example, that J.C. was more human than God by conjuring a more involved relationship with Mary Magdalene than has been the customary juxtaposition of the saint and the sinner. Nikos believed it would be more suitable and palpable for us to reckon with that which finds more accord with our proclivities. Matters of the flesh are not so easily dismissed from the purview of our proclivities. Question is: Does J.C.'s call to save the sinner preclude him from sharing in the seductions and pleasures of the fleshpot? If no harm is intended and no harm is done? If J.C. denies himself the natural proclivity, but erupts in boils, has he truly been shown to be the exemplar?

The senator from Oregon was said to have belied his public trust when he followed his natural proclivities, somewhat overtly compromising the opposite sex. Therefore we had taken issue with him. No, he was not attempting to 'save' them, but more, to 'have' them. When he volunteered for public office we did not know this thing about him. When confronted with the expression of his natural proclivities, he attempted to deny he had done such things. I did not have sex with that woman!

We do recognize our natural proclivities. Somehow it is construed that we should exercise art and decorum in the expression of these proclivities. The average celebrity is often revealed to be quite like the rest of us, yielding to his/her natural proclivities; some even in the extreme, like murdering in a jealous rage.

We have been asked to examine our natural inclinations in the context of evil, harmful practices; in the context of unseemliness, being obedient to some exemplary behavior. When the celebrity does as we do,

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do we then condone our own? When the senator does as we are inclined, why is it that we censure that individual?

Obviously we are ambivalent, as was J.C., hypothetically, in the estimation of Nikos.

Socrates of Olde might seem an anomaly (He didn't seem to have a paramour). While he would not compromise what he believed to be truth, what else was he? Of course he was made of flesh and blood, as was J.C.. Both necessarily served the alimentary canal, to gloss over a detail or two, as one might also gloss over the erections experienced by J.C. in the presence of Mary Magdalene. If J.C. remained flaccid, might we not suspect the proclivities of his sexual leanings. Of course we would rather believe in the sublimations of the saint, the higher purpose of the saint. But how much real protoplasmic substance do wish to grant the saint? Do we also wish to castrate him? Must he/she be so different from our selves? (Made of wood or steel?) If so different from our selves, how could it be conceivable for us to attain to Him?

Do we really believe in the perfectibility of man, per se? Does this perfectibility require the example? Can we not summon something from within ourselves that will accord a behavior which we have deemed appropriate to our sensibilities, one which will not violate certain precepts created by our own devisings? Would these all be construed as self-serving? How do we enforce compliance with our own standards; exact punishments; virtue its own reward?

Of course, the whole is greater than the self; a reality that often frightens and persuades. The trick is to survive within that reality, and to gain as much for the self as one is 'fortunate' enough to gain.

Considerations like 'altruism' are extraneous to the plot, lest WE benefit therefrom. We might all be said to benefit if there is peace amongst us. Peace might be gained if we all sacrificed certain of our selfish proclivities. Peace might be gained if we all agree that all must share equally in whatever there is to be gained, and that whatever it is we pretend to share, if anyone is denied for any reason, that we have failed to implement the basic tenet. Some have referred this to a 'level playing field'. The key word is not 'level', but 'play'. At the end of the day, all must share in the 'spoils' of play. Yes!, we do mock encounters with our proclivities, to satisfy the one urge; and to satisfy the other, we share.

It does not mean the senator shares the fleshpots he has compromised. What does it mean? It does not mean that J.C. is required to share Mary Magdalene?

I was reading in the local rag (newspeeper) the temporizing spake regarding the distinct advantages of extant or created economic inequalities amongst the brethren. The gains of the rich are intended to act as inspiration to the poor. Slimy bastards! Oops!, Losing my objectivity.

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Triumphing over adversity!
Unfinished business. Lots of.

If you work REAL HARD you might get a piece of the action. But remember you're on your own. I mean, you gotta be, 'cause if you come up with something original and unique, somebody's gonna steal it from you. The somebody will be an opportunist, more'n likely from that class of people who's got it made already. So tuck it firmly under your arm, or in your crotch.

Its hard to get a fair shake. The best way is to become an opportunist yourself, always on the lookout.

Expect Retaliation.

Sure, it would be better if a god did exist whose task it was to arrange for equity in all things. But.

Our likely fate does not inspire us. When it comes down to evolution and its imperatives vs. creationism and its perks, boy! (girl!) I'll tella yuh. Like the bumper sticker reads: Life is hell, then you die. Evolve, then you die!

Angels Among Us - FORK! Double Fork! What can you really say about O.J.? Symbolism; retribution for centuries of exploitation? The message is the same. What did Martin Luther King really believe? A Tactician.

After several days with my ailing mother, I am getting the message with regard to the prospects for my own future. After changing her diapers, wiping up her piss and shit, shoving suppositories up her ass, listening to her screams, watching her strugglings, I believe Adam and Eve were a bit premature, of imperfect manufacture, not to be entrusted with what has become our limited prospects upon this planet. Apple! Forbidden Fruit, My ass!

The value of my experience with my mother (one must realize there is no value in attempting to alleviate the suffering of someone who has regressed to near childhood, driven by pain and frustration, [forget the 'pleases', and 'thank yous' and 'your welcomes'], with a rapidly failing memory); the value is found in the projection of oneself into the same situation - NEVER !

There is little value in anything for mother. (Eating ice cream and cookies, perhaps) She is deteriorating. There is no one who can help her escape the inevitable. Kindness is wasted upon her. What can you do with kindness if it doesn't get you what you want. A series of demands that cannot be fulfilled even with all the world's kindnesses. Life is Hell, then you die; horribly.

So, you live for another day. With diminished capacity. Better luck next time.

All because of a lousy apple. Lucifer took over. Hell to pay.

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How are we to regard suffering? Just desserts? How aware is the one who suffers? How much beyond pain?

How attired? How best to greet pain and suffering? If one puts on his best, will Pain and Suffering recognize the gesture; soften the blow? Sort of like prayer. Or the intervention of Angels. Comb your hair too.

Can't appear at the gate unkempt; humbled is one thing, indecorous, another. Not zonked.

Old Paw had his erections. A wandering eye leads to such things. Well, he wasn't so old. After all, he was having them when he was my age. But I suspect his urge to merge came at inopportune times, like it does for most of us. Fidelity has little to do with this proclivity. Fidelity does have something to do with the complications that arise along with opportunity. More like Infidelity. Severance of Vows that were uttered at the peak of ones enthrallment. One tends not to take as close a look as some sage might advise. Then possible, always possible, disenthralment sets in, familiarity dulling the edge of such dubious peeks. Well maybe not so much familiarity as that 'nothing new under the sun' feeling when all of a sudden some alluring fresh face and/or some other feature catches ones otherwise inured eye. One may soliloquize the merits or morals of the case, feeling the whole of the human universe revolves around a double standard, but when it gets down to the conflict between personal responsibility and getting away with something; well, life just gets complicated. You have to deal with guilt, jealousy, destruction of relationships, violation of trust; a whole bunch of turgid human emotion, and a vale of tears, which sometimes turns vengefully violent. AND, we are all susceptible to betrayal, as they say. No matter how sterling (golden), how beautiful, how true. No point going into denial; if you're human, you harbor the seeds of the disease. Late latency (sometimes referred as mid-life crisis) is a real possibility.

We hear about the big-name fracasas all the time, celebrities and the like. Charles and Diana, Donald and Ivana, Huntington and Marjorie Steel, Marylyn and Joe, Marylyn and Arthur, Marylyn and Bobby and Jack; O.J. and Nicole; the Kink and the commoner (like a bad penny); Jimmie and Jessica (fallen angels), Gary (all heart) and Donna (all rice), conspicuous omissions from Mother Goose. Of course, there's Othello and Desdemona, Romeo and Juliet, Jocasta and Oedipus, Clytemnestra and Agememnon, Paulo and Fancesca, Dante and Beatrice, Goethe and Charlotte, Orpheus and Eurydice, and of course, Omelet. We know very little about Mother Goose; which came first, the Omelet or the Goose.

Pardon the digression. But since I was mentioning mother I thought I would also mention he who has been 'eulogized' in other places as well. Mother abandoned him in his dotage, perhaps while he was still playing out his hand. Father was a knavish cake eater, like most us. He harbored a sensation of guilt, as do most of us. Guilt expresses itself in many ways.

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Sometimes we say it with flowers. Often, we get up tight, feeling defensive toward our own accusations against ourselves. Often for whom the guilt pretends receives the full blast of the self-recrimination. I suppose father didn't handle the condition any better than the next. Suspicion that the other knows or suspects; how to find out what they know, how to prepare a plausible explanation? Father tended to storm around, to brow beat, mentally abuse, as he beat upon himself from within his cage. 'Cheating' in his day, has not been recognized as a tolerable social malfunction. One's friends tended to show more disdain, if not surprise than they do in my generation. Nowadays one almost expects to hear of rivings. People have become more predatory, too, if not more desperate; perhaps one abetting the other.

Oh, Yes! I'll not deny the value of the basic unit, as will those who deal with AIDS. Perhaps we needed to grow beyond the idea of a unit as bondage. One should always be free to be what he or she is; faithful or faithless, no stigma attached. AIDS is a huge price to pay. Living is a huge price to pay for being born. Aside from that, being lucky enough to find someone to love and someone who loves you; definitely a plus. Like you can't take any of it with you, you can't take any of it for granted. They say putting on blinders helps. That takes care of the eyes. What of the Sirens? Where there's a way there's a will.

Dubious Speculation.

Its a bad end for mother. She is the last of her family. She really belonged with them, but spent most of her life away from them. She had found something romantic, alluring and appealing in the 'lonely' foreigner. She is basically a kind person, but full of quirks. At 95, childishness amplifies the quirks.

If mother hadn't somehow arrived here, but instead had found her way some place else, most likely I wouldn't be having these thoughts; to such a degree anyway. Proximity, and being held captive to a situation generates more thought. Yes!, proximity, when ordinarily I do not feel close to her; and never have.

Her end cannot be far away; a frail presence. Mine may not be far away. A repaired heart, high cholesterol, variable blood pressure, arrhythmia, and recently an irradiated prostate. Decrepitudes. If I live as long as the old man, I've got another ten or so. He outlived his father by twelve. If I did as he had done I would be approaching 85, which somehow seems unlikely and unnecessary. However I would like to be around as the grandchildren grow up, provided we maintain contact. I would like to be able to live long enough for my daughter to make peace with her father. Small considerations. It goes without saying I would like to be compos mentis throughout. Of course I would like to know what it feels like to get published and all that. But mostly, at this very moment, to return to the island with Charline. It is truly where we belong; just together, letting a

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few simple things happen; away from the rest of it all. How necessary, however illusory, that is.

Grandiose American Novelty. I think of all those who self-consciously tried. And those that didn't. Didn't seem to make a difference who got there.