

Nov 28 '97 As it states in the legend: 64

For those of you who already know, I have been at this for a while; the writing, that is; and almost repetitiously. Others of you know about the significance of "Shots In The Dark"

What remains?

I am the remains of my own stumblings.

To stumble or not to stumble?

The stumbling is inadvertent. My intentions were not to stumble.

Like everyone else I wanted to dazzle by hitting a home run. This was my contract with 'society'. Those outside of me, my peers, my overlords, had set some kind standard of behavior to be followed. I was a most reluctant follower. I stood ready to break the contract.

I could not dazzle anybody by just being myself. So I was forced to try to hit a home run; so I had assumed. The eagerness to be accepted.

The old saying goes: "You gotta learn to crawl before you can learn to walk." In what context, 'pray tell'?

I was a reluctant crawler. Partly because, to begin with, I did not fit. And second, I didn't know the value of discipline. Thirdly, I had no indulgent trainers. Surely there was somebody who could mould a reluctant crawler into a compliant disciple, maybe even a homerun hitter..

Not so; too god damned many; long line; and lots of line jumpers with vested interests (unlevel playing field).

The contract was an egotistical gesture anyway. Somehow I came to want a kudo for mirroring things I did not understand. Being like everyone else was something I did not understand.

I was never given the opportunity to hit a home run. Not that I ever could; perhaps lacking the ability, and the training and discipline as well. But it would have been an embarrassment to the established order if a recalcitrant had hit an inadvertent home run.

Somehow such a thing coming to pass would necessarily force an alteration of certain assumptions.

In some circles lusting after the notoriety would be identified as "Delusions of Grandeur". For a reluctant recalcitrant to hit a home run was roughly equivalent to David slaying Goliath, or saving *homo sapiens* from the Man-eating Monster, The Messiah.

I was saved from my delusions by never being given the opportunity. I never reached hard enough for it. My avidity with regard to the attainment of the objective was lacking.

One could never separate the game from the society in which it flourished. Its kind of like attempting to understand what is meant by Ideology; lets say the democratic ideology versus (why versus?) the communistic ideology. In the democratic ideology everyone is given equal right to find a way to corrupt the system; i.e., to buy favoritism (advantages). In the communistic ideology it is made easier for those on top to corrupt the system (establishment of advantages for a power elite). It isn't long before either system is corrupted. Eventually the ideologies identify each other through their practices; e.g., Imperialism; Totalitarianism, which signifies the failure of the purported objectives. ***Causa latet, vis est notissima.***

Hitting the home run is a metaphor for the attainment (entertainment {enter attainment}) of an egotistical sensationalism in the public arena, for which one is rewarded and often honored. If the whole of a society is duped into the desire for such a reward and such a dubious honor, what can one mere reluctant recalcitrant individual do to alter such a state of affairs? He can attack the assumptions (amusements) and the goals with fierce derogatory statements and acid cynicism. That's about all. Otherwise he can seek a corner somewhere that will allow for his own self-indulgence and transcendence wherein there is no socialization and no game. Schizoid, bitter refusal. And you gotta wade through a lotta shit to prove your point.

What saves one in such a situation is the finding of a suitable circumstance in which one feels comfortable (minimalization of contact with the peer and overlord, influenced by a ho{ist of assumptions). A comfortable situation may find one by the sea absorbing his surroundings through a sensory activity, and a kind of meditation upon that ambience, regarding such as valid. The fly

in the ointment is obvious, and gives rise to the questions: "**D'ou Venons Nous; Que Sommes Nous; Où Allons Nous?**"

At first glance one might quarrel with he that has learned to speak in a language which enables him to accuse those from whom he has gained his tongue. Justly so or not. It is the betrayal that is intolerable. To be accused by the recalcitrant. Amongst its other inventions, the prevalent condition of the moment (status quo) has erected effective defenses; accusations of its own; 'pigeon holes' as it were. 'Schizophrenic' is one accusation (branding, stigmatization, categorization). 'Anarchist' is another.

One doesn't really need to take a reactionary stance, that is, he does not really need to prove his point. The 'greater wisdom' of the whole cannot provide the answer to those basic questions. They can mechanically assert that which they can only approximate, or wildly guess. This, they feel grants them some prerogative and advantage over the 'schizophrenic', albeit recalcitrant, novitiate, anarchist. The attempting to prove a point, once that objective is achieved, will not alter the circumstance responsible for such a task. The likelihood of proving the point, **that one life led outside the system is just as valid as any life led within the system**, is still to have ones life controlled by the system. Of course one keenly feels his aloneness. While necessary for any practicing schizophrenic, repeating to himself "fuggum" is not the most satisfactory relationship with ones look-a-likes.

At 64, I discover that most of my life has been conducted as a spiritual apostate. It began at an early age. My struggle has been more or less an earnest endeavor to understand things. I don't particularly care where the chips may fall. I seek truth more than self-justification. Most of my objections to my social climate, whether at home or within the socialized milieu were intuitive. Something was wrong with father, something was wrong with the other. As the Navy Psychiatrists wanted me to admit "In other words you're right and everybody else is wrong". Of course I admitted to nothing. They erected one of their convenient defenses by labeling me Schizoid. I had no defenses. Big over the little. They let me go, for which I should be grateful, despite the branding. They did have enormous power over my life, but relinquished it with the stigmatization. The psychiatrist who finally oversaw my discharge was not particularly enlightening, but he was sympathetic to an individual whose head was a jumble of things

unexpressed in any coherent fashion. He did not have the time to attempt to straighten them out. He was able to recognize my need to exit the monolithic system of the military; which I have been able to recognize as well, later in life, more clearly and succinctly, without further characterization of the military, per se, by merely saying "They needed me like they needed another dead-eye".

Some things are relevant, and some other things are not relevant, to the leading of a life that makes sense, whether or not one is able to verbalize what it is that makes sense, perhaps only understood intuitively. Perhaps language enables one to construct certain hypothesis for what one finds he is. Maybe he is able to formulate the questions, without language; although, for the purposes of argument, language is chosen as the means to communicate what is mostly intuitively realized. "Where do we come from? What are we? Where are we going?" One painter, from whom these quotes are excerpted, found it necessary to embellish what he had painted to depict the same quandary, by printing the word upon the visualization. It is not clear from the visualization that those are the questions one might ask, but because they are printed there, the questions are readily applied as one might apply it to his own circumstance if he was to extract himself from his one environment to be transplanted in another, like that depicted in the painting. Maybe the words printed thereupon arose as an afterthought There might be relevance in the transplantation, when there is none to be found in the one into which he was born. The questions do apply regardless, but the relevance of the question gains more validity in the one circumstance than the other. That is my opinion. At least, the stimulus toward the formulation of a more relevant question becomes more apparent and more valid.

Some smart-ass will counter with: "Why bother trying to answer questions that cannot be answered?".

A good enough question, one supposes, which again cannot be answered, unless it is agreed we place some kind of limitation on the nature of absurdly framed questions. The questions get asked, regardless. The resultant may be a stalemate of endless questions like 'Who is the Prime Mover of the Prime Mover' or "Which came first,?" etc.

So I took time off to live my stumbly life, to wander about, build this and that, to come back to civilization to get my decrepitudes attended, only to disappear again into my relevance.

We assign questions as a matter of course. Our particular kind of intelligence, or acuity with regard to sensory 'input', seems to stimulate or generate a querulous interest in what has been sensed. In the now, one posits this kind of statement, when he wonders whence did come the 'dawn' of consciousness; that is to say before the acuity developed into language. Of course there were always grunts and ughs, gestures, mannerisms etc. But how was it possible to formulate a question beyond the use of a raised eyebrow, or the shrug? Was such a thing as 'reason' possible without language? Again we travel in an area where we might arrive at more supposition than answer to a specific question. Evolution brought us to this, a more eloquent quandary.

Nov 29 '97

This 64 thing; something to do in the mornings in the city while I wait to return to the Island. I'm here in the city because of my wife only. I'd just as soon get rid of the city place. I have no interest in it. I can't face the necessity of cleaning it up. I've left behind a horror of clutter of things I thought would be useful. Yeah!, if a person lived forever, or even another fifty years. The junk would become more valuable as a resource; but at 64 its a burden. The Island is all that matters now; if the thieves will only leave it alone.

Yesterday I troubleshot the brakes on Charline's car of 20 years. 44 then. I found the trouble easily enough and replaced the defective part. But it is indicative of more junk to be; something else to be got rid of before it brings injury to her (when I'm away). Lucky this time. Junk.

All spit and polish not too long ago, as we might truly perceive time. No time at all. Junk made in Japan. Doesn't matter who makes it; still junk and dangerous. P.O. Consumerism. Built to last the lifetime of the car.

For an anarchist, life becomes a series of dodges, caroms and ricochets, eluding bricks and bats, anomalies and vicissintrudes.

There is only one planet for our turnure.

Dec. 1 '97

Still 64. Without respite.

The Island is where I feel I belong in perpetuity.

But what to do until I decide to return.

I had thought I might sit at this keyboard a goodly part of that time which I hope does not exceed two months. But I know I will need to spend part of the time gathering stuff for the next journey there.

Loading the big truck. I should also attack some of the pile of junk that exists here (Eugene), throwing most of it away. Burdensome junk.

My neighbors are getting concerned about the fences which are wooden, rotten, and propped up all along them; thirty-odd years old. One is a new neighbor with rambunctious children; fence busters. The other is a cranky older female neighbor who is concerned with looks; who doesn't want to look at decrepitude or junk (only her own). I want to have nothing to do with it - except in these days of suings, one is apt to get sued for fence infractions. And he is apt to lose more than his fence. So somehow I gotta hire someone or do it myself.

What I need to do is trade all this old junk for a fence. HA AHA HA!! What I really want to do is leave it all as though it never existed; did I say 'as though I never existed'? A frank admission.

Locally I will be known for my junk and my overgrown parcel; not much else. People around me hardly know I am an anarchist or a scorching cynic. I'm sure they suspect something is wrong with me though. Schizoid refuse pile. Can't see (spy) into his windows for the tangle of brush.

Meanwhile the other world's problems clamor more loudly for resolution; what my brother calls 'closure'.

Closure is my brother's metaphor for making peace with his demons. The way you make peace with your demons is to confront them, slamming the door in their face. Convenient. Only most of those demons remain. If you are sincere you gotta open the door and let it all come at you. Closure is a reality check.

My brother, having married a third time, his new bride wanting to 'meet' his family, instigated (stirred up) a contact closure movement. He had a brother and a mother and two sons to whom he had not related for some twenty odd years. The new spouse got things going long enough to execute the closure move. Without her interest, it would not have happened. On his part it was not a

genuine thing, BECAUSE it required too much of him; admissions and forgivings etc. While he did come with his wife and two younger sons to see (mostly) his mother (grandmother to the children) and his brother (uncle), he was unable to establish a contact with his older sons. They refused; and I think wisely. With them he sought to deliver a self-justification, damn their mother, speech, which they were averse to hearing. The silence that had preceded the attempt at closure has followed the attempt at closure. Some things don't work of course, closure being amongst them. The insincerity catches up with you. His sons' refusals earned them some off-hand dismissal. He hasn't said word one to his mother, or written one word to his brother. If it wasn't for his more expansive and curious wife, none of the contact would have transpired.

So much for demons and closures. I have a few of my own, but one of them is not my lack of attempting to communicate with my brother, however futile it has proven. As aforementioned 'Some things do not work out'; one moves on. Eventually we do come to the end of the road; then we are pushed. *Ex Eunt.* ALL '*dramatis personnae* ; none excluded.

The new bunch get to do it their way if they can do away with their demonic baggage, *ad infinitum*. The species lives with a lotta garbage. Is it any wonder that youth, who are essentially excluded from the mainstream, as their guardians attempt to deal with their demons (garbage-baggage) (living their lives?), turn to drugs, cults, gangs, as a means (ill conceived) to depart that which both ignores and oppresses them.

Dec. 2 '97

I have had the good fortune, at least to have found a place where I am able to feel more or less content; YES!, even where it would be possible to die. May I be ever so fortunate for my end to occur there, rather than any other place; unless it was upon the boat during some last adventure.

Of course we cannot pick the place, unless deliberately chosen; having some say in a very personal exit. We'll see.

In the meantime.

In the meantime, I luxuriate in the anticipations of returning to the island, and in more boating, hardly allowing other things to matter. My health is the only matter. The decrepitudes are upon

me. How much of the specific decrepitudes could have been avoided through preventative measures (leading a clean life) is unknown. My unclean life has involved contact with poisons, solvents, radioactive materials, various chemical agents. Alcohol and tobacco. Fats. But still I have made it to this age. Without contact with the foregoing, there are the genetic predispositions, some unknown. Apart from the exposures, there are catabolic processes which are programmed into the species, of which I am a member.

What is becoming obvious is my consciousness of my fragility in the face of my desires, whatever that means. One thing it means is that I feel as though something will interfere at some inopportune moment, sort of like the abdominal thing that happened this last summer, wherein emergency surgery was required to relieve an adhesion. With the prostate thing, there would be some time. With a heart thing, if I survived some incident, I might be left too weak to insist upon my destinations under my own power (will). There is the possibility of a stroke. Or some gross accident.

Some of this will require expert navigation. I still need to be watchful of endocarditis, of high cholesterol, of bruises. Systemic infection, not good; plugged pipes, not good; careless physical activity, not good. There are other things to which we are all exposed; bad judgment, perhaps. PROSTATE!?

I'm mindful of Herman Melville's 'Mardi' wherein he journeys through imaginary Islands; wherein he has strayed away from the Typees and Omoos. While the latter may be romantic allusions to real happenings, Mardi becomes a speculative philosophical adventure, where even romance eludes one. When I speak of Navigating the Islands of Decrepitudes, I fancy those Islands of Mardi. However my islands are stark and unpeopled, not particularly adventurous. Their similarity exists in what is unknown in them. One does not really expect to find what he seeks. While it is true that Yillah is that which is sought, she becomes only a figment that propels.

Still, there is the log house, located upon the Island.

People who see the place see the romance, the setting, the 'beautiful' building. They remark upon the illusion. While I am conscious of what they say, and perhaps what moves them to say what they say, I am aware of other things as well; their envy, for one. An American has come here and done this in our country.

Those Americans! I am aware of the person who built the building; it is not the same person who started the building. The building has a life of its own apart from its maker. To its maker, there is only what remains to be done, to bring it to its completion. Reveling in its 'beauty' is an occasional thing, escaping the reality of that which has occurred with time, and that which cannot be corrected without major effort.

Still, the Island is stark in comparison to the Typees or the others in Mardi; as all reality is stark. It cannot be glossed over with Fayaway and Yillah, even if there were occasional waywardnesses upon the Island. The latter reality would be too stark; one could not just fade into them and fade away from them. One would need to reckon with the consequences of waywardness.

All attendant luxuries dismissed, raw reality demands the payment of taxes. A boring consideration in Typee, Omoo, and in Mardi, anathema to philosophical speculation - AND - Litritchuh.

Dec. 3 '97

Closer to '98 for whatever that's worth.

Things could be worse. I could be 65 facing the same things I face at 64, with yet a more diminished capacity. We'll take whatever we get.

Yesterday was blood-letting and flu-shot day. Pro-Time; PSA, and Cholesterol/Triglycerides. What a yank. Three sticks. First the shot; then a misfire (goddamned needle wouldn't penetrate a stubborn vein); then to the biggest one that everybody uses whether experienced or not at phlebotomy (Dracularization). So, soon I should know about the prostate matter. Always apprehensive. Cholesterol will be UP.

But lately I have been feeling discomfort in the upper chest area? Heart? Other muscles strained? I remember the physician (Urologist at Virginia Mason) in Seattle who speculated that the prostate wasn't going to be the thing that got me. The Heart!?

Just so long as I make it to the Island again. That is the refrain. My new set of toys.

Gotta put in the propane lines, hook up the clothes washer, finish the closet area, hook up the water pump and water line to the house, install more wind turbines?, clean out the house of the work stations and excess lumber, finish the water/wool/storage shed. Yeah!

But before that I gotta do stuff here. Finish fixing the Honda, buy things for the Island, fix things for the boat, go see the dentist OUCH!, get through XMAS, Avoid the Walrus!, and keep making entries into YOU, no matter what; YEAH!

Dec. 5 '97

Today is Nursing Home conference day. The Nursing Home gets paid plenty, soon to be through Medicaid. Lucky mother; lived to be old enough (96) to have 'spent down' her resources. Feeble, mostly non compos mentis. The conference is something that gets done for bureaucratic reasons. Lip Service to certain humane considerations in order to justify their existence. It is not particularly helpful to the resident. To the family it is the appearance of concern and desire to be helpful, but in fact is forgotten as soon as the conference is ended. NEXT! Now that she will be on Medicaid, we would have even less effect (input) upon what happened because the government is paying the enormous tab (\$146.00 per diem plus the cost of prescription drugs, ~ on the order of \$8.00 per diem). Can you imagine it? I cannot. That's what our civilization amounts to. The business of oldness is lucrative. It has got that way because we do not care for our elderly.

I am now an elderly, so I'll be getting my dose pretty soon. My children 'could care less', as the saying goes. That's O.K., because I have planned my exit in as much as one is able to plan an exit. The only thing that hasn't been decided is the how and when to pull the plug. My children will not be involved. Lucky them. All I need to do is relieve Charline of the worst of it. I'm not sure how I can do that without hurting her. I cannot be a 'bastard' to her in order to run her off so that she would be well rid of me. I could off myself when the time comes, which would also hurt her. She imagines herself sticking with me no matter what. But can I imagine sticking with me, no matter what? First condition - Not in this burg!

Well, enough of that. Our regular physician is out of town (Hawaii), so a nurse practitioner is filling in. What communication and understanding has been established with the regular physician is not communicated to the practitioner, so we gotta go through the motions so she appears she is doing her job. She wanted me to do certain things her way which I have been doing my way for my own reasons for a long time. Explaining it all to the

practitioner is a waste of time, because she is trying to do her job, whatever she imagines that to be. She will not tolerate the notion that you cannot make a silk purse from a sow's ear. I'm a piece of junk that is limping along. I know the physician perceives a certain amount of that but he tries to avert certain things by prescribing this and that, but allows me the freedom to respond as I see fit within certain parameters. He knows you can't make a silk purse from any part of the sow. Anyway, so I gotta humor the practitioner until the sunburned physician returns; its easier than arguing with her.

Quality of life. That's the gambit in all of this. The quality is not about to improve beyond what it already is. It will worsen in many ways. If the economy remains stable for some time to come, that would be nice, then we could pay our taxes and continue to enjoy that which people are foolish enough to believe they can enjoy. The health will deteriorate, catabolically, if in no other way; for which there are predictable consequences, even without all the other knowns (things gone wrong).

So, once again, Quality of life!?

One must know that if the economy remains stable for some time to come, and he can pay his taxes (and eat, of course), that he is in a pretty enviable situation. Because what it means is that he will be able to immerse himself in an ambience that he has only fleetingly allowed himself the pleasure of experiencing, which many people desire, even in its simplest forms. One might regard this as a luxury, but in fact man has been striving for such a thing whether knowingly or purposefully from the dawn of his consciousness. If all of his mechanical inventiveness has amounted to anything it is the possibility of a achieving such a condition as that which I describe. The reduction of physical labor for the aged at least is an asset, wherein all the mechanical contrivances, and our reliance upon them in all areas of our lives, which may result in a very impersonal bondage (consumerism), noisy unlivable world (lousy quality of life), is a direct benefit for the aged, IF they can afford them. The noise and the impersonal part is never a benefit, because the machine is not alive; it remains a contrivance; more unfeeling than that which invented it.

Quality of Life? Nowadays we are perplexed by straying youth, in a way that we have not been in the past. The level of self-mutilation, self-destruction, and violence to others and disregard

for other's property is 'alarming', in a way that it has not been in the past. Drugs, and the drug culture is only symptomatic. The species has proven its point regarding occupancy. The planet is occupied to the extent that it has become real estate. Any entrant upon the planet must contend with all the other occupiers who have a stake in that place which they occupy. It is theirs, it 'rightfully' belongs to them exclusively (provided they pay their taxes).

Place is denied to the entrant (*entry-level occupant*). He is vagrant, curfewed off the commons; no loitering. He must be constantly on the move unless he has place. Land**LORDS** abound. Surely a lot of youth have place, in their 'home', but it is not theirs. While they may be welcome to stay, they are subject to strict rules, and curfews. They are limited in their ability to achieve full expression of themselves what ever that be. And the more absurd and obtuse they are, both the youth and the rules, the less likely they will be welcomed. **LORDS**land abounds for a price. First and Last. All very impersonal, kind of groveling, and mean-spirited (preying on one's look-a-likes) Parasites. Survival is success.

Why youth feels disenfranchised is not really known? Some professionals lay it to the drug culture, some lay it to hormones taking over the body and mind, some lay it to the impersonal redundant nature of number (rat psychology), some lay it to bad influences which have many origins; others blame family problems, lack of love and sundry, without being able to allay or prevent the condition from occurring, or correct it once it has developed. The only hope exists in the youth outgrowing itself, without doing damage to itself. Meanwhile we remain perplexed, alarmed, and more increasingly armed; occupiers defending themselves against an invasion (by the hope of the future, so it is opined).

When I was a youth, I cannot say I felt disenfranchised. I did feel I did not belong to something to which I was obliged to relate. To belong, one must feel acceptance. I cannot say I was rejected specifically, but I was not included. Define your terms. In hindsight, not being accepted does not really offend me to such a degree that I will say that I was injured by a kind of rejection. I was not included in something that really didn't amount to ratshit over the long haul into life. In a way I was more fatalistically prepared for the disappointments that life will conjure; that is to say, my level of expectation was lowered. It was easier to leave the environs

and get out into the world, since my level of attachment to the social milieu was fairly negative. Leaving did not improve my acceptance level, it mostly varied the experience, that, often enough repeated in the U S of A, resulted in my being convinced that its a helluva place to live, if you want more than it has to offer. Materialism and consumerism is a mostly nebulous barren sin upon which the spirit is expected to thrive.

So on a primitive level I comprehend what is driving the youth in a world, seemingly colder, more complicated by increasing number. The society as a whole is selfishly driven, although we seem to think being driven by common objectives unites in a stronger way than it really does. Mutual reinforcement in a bad situation only makes the situation worse. We pay lip-service to things that are only hypothetically good, which isn't saying much. The whole endeavor is rather shallow of meaning when closely examined. The measure of the satisfaction is found in the shit that is promoted to fulfill the promise.

Expecting youth to be rational in an irrational world. I mean, because we say a thing is so, doesn't necessarily mean it is so. And because we say it say it is so, and assume it to be a fait accompli, we feel we have some prerogative to make that the basis of reason. A whole shitload of assumptions leading where?! Answer the Question!!

Although things were not as rough when I was younger, the approximately equivalent assumptions prevailed and became the basis for 'reason'. Reason was applied in order to obtain a conformance to a behavior based upon other conformances (mirrorings). Reason was applied with the expectation that it would persuade one to accept the self-evident, as though the assumptions were inherently self-evident. The model was put before one: Mimic that; monkey see, monkey do. In a transient moral. Whole lives expended giving substance to the illusory. For whose benefit?

Dec. 6 '97 I must recall my experience with the Military. P.H. tomorrow.

If I had not been essentially excluded from the social milieu in my youth, but had been instead included, I might have felt more a sense of connection, a part, as it were, of the community in which I

lived. As it was I felt extraneous. Not being part made it easy to leave after high school graduation.

It was easy to leave also because my father was a tyrant who often suggested I might be a moron. Father was also one who spent many hours declaiming the country who had allowed him to become a citizen.

Leaving placed me at a distance from my 'draft board' when the Korean Intervention became a matter for bloodshed.

Somewhere in the inner workings of government 'my' government chose to engage in a brawl with other brawlers. Somehow they came up with my name as cannon fodder. 'My' government, having equipped itself with powers over all the youth of the nation to conscript them at will for its purposes, nominally to defend its territory, had begun to search for me through the mails. I dodged registered letters that had requested my appearance before 'my' draft board; probably made up of people who had been part of the community that had not included me in its roll of desirable citizens.

Reading the Registered handwriting on the wall I chose to enlist in the military in order to avail myself of some probability of not serving upon the front lines of a very bloody conflict, a conflict which I did not understand in its real terms.

I was not a patriot. I was not a member of any community. Serving as cannon fodder to defend some nebulous goal, for some community with whom I had not formed a meaningful relationship, did not seem a very reasonable bargain.

The military exercised almost complete control over one's every move within an hierarchy of controllers. This control was intended to teach a person obedience to command from those who were superior in rank. Exercising one's own judgment was out of the question; not open for discussion; a bad situation indeed for one such as myself who sought reason in all things. Reason was thrown aside. Arbitrariness was more the order of the moment.

I was never on the front lines, so I never did get the feel of battle, and therefore was not subjected to the wisdom of my superiors in that circumstance. But in the circumstances to which I became exposed I was not impressed with the wisdom of my superiors; perhaps even less impressed than I had been by the non-including members of the community in which I had previously resided in my more youthful youth.

Occasionally I would find a Chief Petty Officer whom I could respect; and mostly it was his knowledge of the field in whose ranks I became a member that I respected. Of the officers and most of the enlisted men in the ranks I felt little compatibility. Often I was subjected to the arbitrariness of my 'superiors' as they showed their dislike of me in power trips, forcing me to do things by order that were unfairly distributed to me. One military expression for this activity was appropriately named 'chicken-shit'.

The Korean Altercation ended while I was still in the Military. I had been exposed to so much 'chicken-shit' that I decided it was time to leave. And as I have described elsewhere, "They needed me like they needed another dead-eye." Of course my leaving was in violation of the contract I had signed as an enlistee. My term had been intended as a four year 'hitch' which I decided to terminate after three years, finding myself a different person who could exercise a different kind of judgment than the person who signed the original induction papers. The WAR was over.

Of course there was a disagreement with the officers of the government who tried to threaten me with internment in nut ward, and to serve me with a 'medical' or 'undesirable' discharge. There were some who attempted to persuade me that it was in my interest to fulfill my term of 'obligation'. If I did not remain, I would lose all Veteran's benefits; my Bureau of Personnel DD214 would show a different than normal discharge, although otherwise 'honorable'. Besides I was being promoted in the ranks.

Nope; I had had enough. I knew I was not a nut. Perhaps I was difficult; and perhaps I could not provide the best reasoning of what was instinctively driving me to do as I was. When the lead Psychiatrist (Commander - eggs all over the brim of his hat), at the time of my interview with the medicos, who were evaluating me as a possible nut ward case, indicated, "In other words you're right and everybody else is wrong.", I simply stated "I did not say that." Then he said to his six other colleagues, "All right, who wants him?" Fortunately for me I was chosen by a doctor (officer) who had himself been drafted for the occasion, who, while sympathetic on the one hand, informed me that he would be required to brand me so that I could receive my discharge without going to the nut house, and furthermore I would need to agree that the military was not responsible for my condition, that I was 'that way' when I enlisted. I signed.

So I was discharged honorably as a schizoid. It doesn't say that on the DD214, rather it says HONORABLE with a BUPERS number typed in the appropriate slot. Therein one will find I smoked, but did not inhale. I partook unwillingly.

I was not a patriot in the ordinary sense. When they asked Bobby Kennedy how far he would go in working out a peaceful solution with his enemies, he said he would wait until they banged on his front door, threatening his family with the worst. I don't know if I could make such a declaration. I think it was a misplaced declaration stated for political purposes. I cannot say when I might take up arms, if ever. I do not know if I could ever be a patriot. I know there are times when I am in Canada (where I spend half my life these days), when certain unfair assessments are made of the U.S. of A. I will ask those who make these assessments to rethink the basis of their condemnation, if I do not agree with the assessment. But I would do that in any land that would respond to such a call for an objective assessment. I do the same for individuals who are unfairly assessed.

I feel I was unfairly assessed by the community from which I came, I was unfairly assessed by my father. The military assessment is an immaterial assessment; my own assessment of myself is more important to me.

I spent three years in the Military, and I spent three years in a Catholic Boarding School. One attempted to instill the Fear of Government; one attempted to instill the Fear of God. I have learned to Fear Man. He can be arbitrary, abusive, vindictive, righteous, with such fearful vehemence, not unlike some of the canine species that often accompany him. That's living? Quality of life? Power of the big over the little. Of which only man seems the constant purveyor. When the evil manifests itself, the worst can happen; something truly to be feared, like none other. Man is by far the worst. In a country that claims to foster individuality, one pays a high price for that individuality.

Dec. 8 '97

The other side of the day of infamy.

Today (Toady) I go to the H for an 'intense' cancer support group gathering. We'll see how that goes. Yesterday Charline and I bled the brakes on her Honda, a protracted endeavor with my back having suddenly given out; probably aggravated and strained from

too much too soon bicycle riding; and the fact that the crud still in the brake lines plugged both rear brake lines. Eventually these were hopefully cleared along with the air. Now we'll see what happens. New rear cylinders, and new rear shoes. New 'O' rings for front pistons along with new seals, plus a thorough cleaning of pistons and cylinders in the calipers. Front pads still had plenty of mass. Replaced timing belt. Now we'll see if everything works - for me.

I'm seriously considering a fancier computer setup wherein I will have speed, lots of memory and storage, along with ancillary devices to process images in color or whatever. We'll see how the negotiations for that goes. I'll borrow the money from Charline, instead of the Credit Union who wants 9.4% variable minimum. Money talks!!!

This week I visit the medicos again. The regular doc has been on vacation, so his sub. is trying to remake me in his absence into her image. I will not argue, but I will tell her I'm putting up with her authoritarian bull just to humor her. She wants to recheck the pro-time and the cholesterol. I still need to find out the PSA. There isn't too much I can do about the cholesterol except eat rabbit food. I can lower the triglycerides by staying away from beer, bread, and cookies etc. The pro-time is an up and down thing that one plays by ear, or by 'winging it' as the heart surgeon phrased it. The PSA????????

Soon I gotta do something about my teeth, which I have been putting off for six years (since heart surgery) because of the endocarditis concern; but I'm told this waiting around stuff produces diminishing returns, because without interventions I am perhaps more vulnerable to infections. More contact with the health professionals. Holy Shit!!!!

Dec. 9 '97

Yesterday the smaller 'more intense' cancer support group meeting. People searching for something, or people wanting to confirm what it is they have found. The stale noxious breath of Death?

Human consciousness, that attribute for which we have presumptuously lauded ourselves, now becomes our torment. We are keenly aware that our term upon this planet, within this universe (the heavens), has been intercepted mid-flight, or

prematurely. There's a glitch in our precarious traverse through the firmament.

My mother in the nursing home, at 96, wants to shut out the world, lying on her side in the bed, with the curtains drawn, midday, the lights out, and the door closed. All who would attempt to persuade her otherwise receive scowls for their efforts. They tried Ridlin, St. Johnswart, and then Prozac. Maybe a swift kick in the ass, or tied to a cactus in the desert.

Her attribute is clouded beyond recall, perhaps from sclerotic blood vessels in her brain, from a series of small strokes. Is there anything for which she can live? Oh!, yes, she smiles little momentary recognitions. Often she demands, "Who Are You?" "Several spaced minutes could appear as several days; time telescoped, its cadence and rhythm lost.

But our group is keenly aware. We are caught in the arena; the picadors have stung us. There is a noise in the background. Certainly the crowds are not cheering? It must be the sound of fear rushing up behind us. Its doppler reverberations are beginning to unnerve us. Have they diverted us with this foreplay while they have surreptitiously allowed the bull into the ring. Caught without our capes!

One should be so lucky to have it take place in an arena, amidst compassionate spectators.

One is unable to conjure the proper image. An image of the lone soul disappearing forever into the vastness from which it came. One wonders about dispersal, loss of identity; as a particle of dust. A better image than maggots. A ravaged body, ravaged again. Heave one into the raging furnace! No pain after death.

The image must satisfy. The welcoming arms of Jesus; is that it? What is to welcome one in the beyond? You asked; who? If the welcomes we have received upon this planet are any measure, we shall surely feel the cold of the beyond.

Make every moment count. Stop frittering.

Must ever remember Herman Melville's quote from *Mardi*:

We demand eternity for a lifetime: when our mortal half-hours too often prove tedious.

Is this a sad commentary upon the preciousness of the life about which we now choose to mourn? Are we to be hypocritical to the last?

Dylan Thomas in one of his poems urged us: "*Do not go gentle into that good night*"; to "*Rage, rage against the dying of the light*". He drank himself to death.

Jesus died, delusionally, believing he was dying for our sins. The Carpenter was sucked under into the whirlpool of our depravities. A humiliating and sadistically agonizing end with spikes through ones hands and feet, infused with gall, and scored with barbs. Exemplary, we are told.

What else exists for the common man, the common soul, in this redundancy of souls? A common exit, a common disappearance? Have we truly been reduced to the least common denominator; almost zero?

Unless, unless, of course, we deny the truth of our circumstance. We all could enlarge the space we occupy. But could we fill such a void with our mere selves without becoming grandiose?

Putting aside all the considerations of one individual seeking a place amongst the legions of the before, during and after, if we cannot have life, how is it possible to conceive of a singular identity?

What is it we are being asked to accept; this cold impersonal exit into the oblivion of nothingness? Initially we had been asked to accept life. Once we had been given life, we became what it is that life engenders. We imagined we were choosing, all the while the program was processing us along, until we came to this final recognition of finiteness in a catabolic decline; one could live only so long. To some of us choosing seemed vain and foolish, not worthy of the higher consciousness. Free will became transient, and inconsequential.

Oh! Yes! we want to believe. And if we do not, how do we go on? Is there any choice, but to believe, in something, anything? That, as dust, we will become a mote in the eye of the devil? That as souls we will insinuate ourselves into other hosts? That all those ponderings, all those deliberations upon the purpose of life will psychokinetically or telepathically find a new home in another brain? Euphemistically, whimsically, we presume to pass the torch.

Suddenly, overwrought by the effects of those Doppler reverberations one is forced to change the script, the images. One cannot submit to this desiccated prose any longer. He imagines all

those who have died suddenly in battle, or in violent accidents, or those overwhelmed by the sea. They didn't have the luxury of our deliberations. Short-lived fears. Some left this world grandly, heroically, as the script reads, fighting to defend their country. Others departed romantically, dramatically, as they exposed themselves to the perturbations of the oceans, and the vagaries of the elements. And others might be said to have passed on tragically, or foolishly. But what can we say of ourselves? How borrow some of the glamour of grandness, romance, or tragedy? We shall not leave grandly, heroically, romantically, dramatically, tragically; not even foolishly. How do we rewrite the script? Can we, really? A philosophical death, anyone?

Dec. 10 '97

Philosophical?

Today I learn my latest PSA. June was the last. Catch-up time. And I humor the regular doctor's stand-in concerning pro-time and cholesterol; the latter is not particularly humorous, but I have not become the rabbit I need to become.

Philosophical? I went bike-riding to burn off some of the fat, and for four days now my back has been threatening to collapse. When I walk for fat removal, my hips give out threatening to do what? Interrupt my philosophical speculations. If my PSA is high then I will get depressed for all the time I have frittered. My hypocritical stance will become exposed. I will need to make a decision, most likely to migrate to Canada and DEATH, yesterday's matter for philosophical speculation; along with frittering.

Later darling. PSA 1.0. Rise 0.1 in six months. Rise in previous six months 0.1. 2 years ago, six months after treatment 1.0. with a low in between of 0.6, 16 months after treatment. Total rise in last 14 months 0.4. (This latter number [all other numbers as well] carries with it a + or - 0.3 variable around the mean, i.e., such a reading could be 0.3 or 0.9) (One does wonder about variables since the first high reading was 5.8, a little less than two months later it was 5.1. If the first applied the variable it could have been as low as 5.5, while the second if one applied the variable could have been as high as 5.4) First opinion from urologist in Seattle that prostates sometimes recover, the implication being that cells would be dividing. Whether good cells or bad cells? He didn't seem

alarmed, but suggested another PSA in three months. If it has risen again, that I should travel to Seattle for tests. Buying time!? Worry time again. Diploid tumor cells approx. double PSA value in two years. If the rise represents tumor(s) then the PSA should be approx. 1.2 (0.6 to 1.8) including variables of base readings [or 0.9 to 1.5] in Oct. of '98. ALTHOUGH somewhere in the literature it was stated that an increase of .75 per annum was tolerable for normal cells, presuming that, at a certain age, benign prostate mass could increase, thereby increasing the PSA reading.

It would be more comforting if a decreased reading was obtained. According to the data available at the time of treatment I am still 50% at risk after this time period (2 yrs. 6 months) following treatment. Risk factors were reduced when the PSA was <1. Borderline?!

SO, the other news. I ordered a new computer. Faster, more memory, modem, etc. Should have it in two weeks. That might take my mind off some things. But I need to get back to the island soon.

Gotta keep focused.

Things to do:

Teeth, Computer, PSA, Island, Boat. Computer means 'creativity?' The Island means what it means. The Boat means something like the Island, but also a responsibility.

Dec. 11 '97 The day after (shock).

Gotta get on with the show.

Stir the oatmeal. Let the remainder of the world go its way.

Cast your lot. The die is/are cast.

Last night: Eileen. Yes! The opposite sex. It sort of coos. A place to put ones head, to sort of doze off, maybe into eternity; warmer and softer than the eventual resting place; 'infinitely' more desirable. The incinerator promises to be a fiery inferno, however. No easy way out. But its coming.

Why the painted fingernails; a kind of brownish, purplish red? Black hair, black skirt, black sweater with a sparkling array of sequins formed over the mounds and valleys of the inviting bosom. A pretty face. A pleasant distraction while the proceedings of the support group unfolded. Charline would scowl. One looks, sometimes not absentmindedly.

Rambling irrelevance. Pretty faces were never irrelevant to me. I'm not going to live long enough to witness how bad its really going to get.

What is going to get bad? Her appearance? Her invitingness? My libido?

The planet has reached saturation. When a solution reaches saturation, adding more solute to it brings about crystallization. When a solution crystallizes, it means that some of what has been dissolved will necessarily no longer remain in solution, but will precipitate as though it was insoluble.

We may attempt to heat up the socialization in order to supersaturate our solutions. It must be understood that this is only temporary, and finite.

Hallmark Cards, Catholics, Right-To Lifers, and sundry unconscionable types, fuckers, and what have you, are responsible for a production of offspring that do not prove a point, but do add to our planetary load. The integument sags. I know: more consumers.

Yes!, maybe one may feed another mouth, and bed down the orifice's owner, but we cannot give 'it' the quality of life we have come to expect, acquired (infused) somewhere along the way (before the planet became redundant to the extent of supersaturation). Life can only cease to be regarded as 'precious'. Long before saturation occurred, life had not been regarded as precious by many of the planetary occupants.

A series of begattings that has ended in disaster. The crushing reality of too many. Yes!, I know, (the refrain) more consumers.

Long before the too many had arrived, life had been a matter of conquest for those who were in a position to conquer it.

There are too many fast drivers, too many drunks, too many druggies, too many thieves, too many murderers, too many who are bored, slovenly, and ill-suited to their presumptuous evolutionary station. Never too many consumers (the refrain).

Dec. 12 '97 Yesterday I was being hard on the consumer.

Quality of life has not been found in a package. Because what had previously come in a package, that had somehow detracted from the quality of life as time went on; that is, packaging damages were becoming additively dangerous to one's longevity, or

subtractively contributory to one's quality of life, packages now contain Low Salt, Low Cholesterol, Low Sugar, Low MSG, mono this poly that, recycled self-degrading plastics, recycled paper, recycled aluminum, greater mileage, child safe materiel (won't poison, won't bite) etc.(etera) [long sentence] Sentenced to life!

The market place is being hard on the consumer. When hesheit gets a package now, it is virtually guaranteed to be pure nothing, whereas previously hesheit was apt to get impure nothing.

An hierarchy of consumers of pure nothing.

Not much I can do about it. Not much I want to do about it now, except poke fun at it all.

Of course, you are going to want to know where I am coming from. The way I see it, as a species, we gotta get down to the essentials. These are more easily identified than we are willing to admit.

Somehow, acquiring a package of pure nothing is intended to make you feel better. Whether or not it self-destructs ten minutes after the acquisition is immaterial (in more waylayaways than one), because we know by now, being expert consumers, that every package is intended to exist for as short a time as possible. We already know that the only way we could establish a place in the hierarchy wherein we would be distinguished from the masses, would be to find some way of acquiring illegally, to amass whatever was necessary to gain our objective (The one with the most toys wins). Somebody besides us is going to be on the top. The top of what? is the question. One is apt to be on the top of a dung heap, rather than on top of the world.

No!, I am not advocating philanthropy, or redistribution of the wealth, because that is arguing (or advocating) from within the status quo. What I want is for what it is that we do to enforce inequality and the erection of hierarchies to cease. Most likely that will require beginning at the beginning with a different premise. That's a tall order; its also a package deal.

Somehow we have misconstrued the purpose of life with consuming. I'm too old to labor against what exists. If I was about to become successful in my labors, whether old or young, I would be identified as a pariah rather than a paradigm in the eyes of the promoters (those who were gaining in the perpetuation of the promotion of pure nothingness). For that kind of success, one becomes a hunted enemy of the system, known to further the

consumption of nothingness, regardless of the quality of life. Doesn't sound right, but its true none the less. Its true because it has always been true that mankind abhors change, even change for the better. Mankind loves ruts. He feels more comfortable in the familiar, even though its **detrimental** (**environmentally**) to hisherits quality of life. The unfamiliar feels uncomfortable. Nowadays, the quick fix in the rut is intended to make you feel very comfortable in the status quo (the existing social perpetration [perspiration]).

Oddly; it is odd, is it not, that we tire of life in the rut, although it is the familiar that makes us feel more comfortable? Perhaps we cannot tolerate stasis. Status quo and stasis are not that far apart in their derivation. Stasis means that our attention is not diverted by the extraneous, wherein we become aware of an emptiness that needs filling; diversion of the consciousness that might awaken in a condition of stasis. In our hunger for entertainment, or amusement, we gravitate to those organs (only ones available?) that reinforce our life in the rut. **That's Entertainment !!!???** That's diversion of awareness (consciousness). So we go marching in unison. We patriotically place the flag, symbol of our compliance, upon the dungheap of our consumerist civilization. Of course we plug into the media to make sure we got it right. They burn heretics; we're scart of the heat.

Dec. 14 '97

The grey mounts. Rapidly joining the legions. Still frittering.

I know you have been wondering when I would come out to declare my proclivities. The sexual ones are irrelevant even though they might be adduced oddly conventional. I would not declare them ordinary without subjecting them to further analysis. Change the subject.

You might say that since I am as aged as I am that I am over the hill, therefore irrelevant. The person who is over the hill is no longer visible. But there is an echo, and a stench of his passing.

Some people have to work very hard to get where they are going; others just flake off under the bridge; and guess what, we all arrive at our destination on schedule; very reassuring for those who feel left out. Even those princes of men with the biggest you know whats, and those princesses of women with the juiciest you know whats are included. That's-a-nice.

There is no such thing as a premature, or untimely death. There is only the inevitable. Much sadness falls to those who do not acknowledge the utter truth. All life must end. And there is so much of the stuff floating around on this planet, one wonders how much of it is counterfeit. If you watch people closely, they seem to be following something rather than doing something. For one thing, they follow each other around. When the one in front goes for it, those who follow go for it. After all, there are only so many things one can do. There are limitations. GO FOR IT.

Dec. 15 '97.

What matters? In this transience? One must be aware of the transience and its influence upon any argument. How insert the 'eternal verities' into the argument? What are the eternal verities?

These questions arise because of our seeming proclivity to knock down that which has arisen.

There are legions, hoards, masses of two-leggers, some tall, some short, but only so tall or only so short. No escape from the essential description. A finite term. Does it really matter what one does? We do need to garden.

Dec. 16 '97 I didn't get the machinery going yesterday. I had wanted to continue with a notion that has reared its head before. At the heart of this notion is the idea of transience, and the relevance of it in relation to how we conduct our lives.

I also raised the notion of 'eternal verities' as a reference point in our assessment of transience.

How can we know anything with any certainty?

If, in our assessment of transience, we discover that, although we follow certain biological imperatives as though they were relevant and obedient to some verity, whatever else forms our circle of activity, seems irrelevant to what we believe we are, how do we proceed?.

We must always be prepared to define ourselves, first of all, as a necessary imperative of our perception of our own sanity, and secondly, in order to be able to communicate with the other two leggers. Communication is a way of hopefully persuading other two leggers not to interfere with whatever it is one is.

Because our inner sense does not find accord with the prevalent mystique (transience), we are confronted with a dilemma; not so

much of identity, but of integration. Our presence is known or sensed. We may be executing certain mimicking behavior in order to protect ourselves from the untoward action that is often directed at those who do not conform to the transient expectation.

The question arises "What is relevant to our life?" apart from any transient expectation.

If we scan the historical text, we soon begin to recognize that history, per se, appears as a series of not-necessarily-connected transiences. The historian puts himself in the place of a judge when he compares time periods, assessing their forwardness or backwardness in relation to the advancement and enlightenment of the species. His reference point is the transience in which he currently lives, mostly believing that transience to be the most advanced, and most significant. However, when we leave the historian out of the record, we begin to realize the measures of advancement and enlightenment are not so clear as the historian attempts to project. The record appears somewhat ambivalent in what a particular advancement purports to achieve compared to what it actually achieves overall. The same may also be said for enlightenment. Examples of each may be found in our perception of the Industrial 'Revolution', and, lets say, our perception of 'democratic' government. We must not be misled by the propaganda that accompanies these two examples. We must evaluate each in terms of how indeed these notions are actually practiced, and how they truly affect our lives, both in the way they are practiced and in their general benefit to our lives.

Dec. 17 '97 In the record we find also the failures of the promise. While it is true certain explicit practices have been thought primitive and barbaric, relegated to a past never to be reinstated in explicit terms, we discover other equally primitive and barbaric practices being utilized, purveyed by a sinister rhetoric, justifying them. Nationalism, Greed, Fanaticism, Power Trips (control) are as rampant as they were during the formative times and earliest recorded exploits of this sidetrip of humanity.

During these days we are exposed to terms like 'catastrophic' 'wholesale destruction', "**THE BOMB**", chemical and biological weaponry, land mines; all the ingenuity gained through the centuries resulting in the Industrial Revolution and Enlightenment (science) has been engineered into our latest weapons of mass

destruction; then there's 'collateral damage' when science fails us. Better able to defend ourselves? Our Ideas? Against what or whom? Answer the question!

What I have described is labeled as 'sophistication' the Greek derivation being obvious, "The Big Sell" of 'enlightenment'. Does it really mean anything that we have found cures for this and that, or ways to thwart and prevent certain, diseases? Healthy Cannon Fodder?

Must we settle for our ambivalence as a species? The record says we must. We must teach ourselves to be wary of our other natures, whether or not, as individuals, these things of which we are to wary are manifest in us. They are part of us nonetheless. Is this not so obvious that we cannot take it seriously, intellectually, and do something about it, intellectually, rigorously, as a species, in the Moses tradition; Thou Shalt Not?

If each of us is asked to answer the question honestly, we would say we wish to reserve the right to be this other self in case of 'dire emergency'. We must preserve the 'savage' within is. That is the dictate of the 'life force'. Stalemate? Suppose we are the only one remaining amongst a sea of tigers 'after the deluge'? 'Give it up, man!'

Leo (Tolstoy, that is) believed mankind (even individuals) were motivated by 'good intentions'. Is that a final assessment? Was he speaking of what he felt in himself; or knew about others? Perhaps he was right, and perhaps it is only that 'good intentions' sometimes get overwhelmed by the bad. Bad is sad, No? For all of us; it serves as a reminder that our vigil must persist. The demons must be watched carefully. For Leo's nation, Napoleon, then Hitler. Napoleon is sometimes regarded as a good guy who merely wanted to unify the European Nations. Misguided and misunderstood, asking for too big a sacrifice? Hitler borrowed some of the same rhetoric with a different twist, asking for nothing; just taking, then disposing. Did Leo feel that Napoleon was motivated by 'good intentions'. I can't remember reading that sentiment in his Magnum Opus. And would the one who came after him have been a greater disappointment and obvious challenge to his thesis? Bad apple? Time for a retake? Alterations to the script? Since then there have been others to add beef to the inquiry? "Good Intentions", or just appeasing rhetoric? Megalomania? Eternal Vigilance!!!!

There now exists two entities, NATO and the EEC in the European Theater. There was also a barbaric entity, Yugoslavia. And the dismemberment of the Soviet Union, accompanied by a mixture of a 20th Century reality check and some old fashioned barbarism.

Dec. 18 '97

Where do we go from here or there?

Constructively or destructively?

What have we learned? What will prevent us from relapsing into the more primitive modus operandi?

The United Nations is stepping up the slapping of wrists, having some effect. But many nations do not trust the integrity of that body. They question its power alignments, as they should. Who is to answer for the U.N. when its integrity is challenged?

When the United Nations is dealing with a recalcitrant dictatorial national leader, who, in the eyes of most of the rest of the world, is a tyrant, it chooses diplomatic language to deal with that individual. Rather than specifically identifying and branding that individual as evil, they feel obliged to accommodate that individual with the respect accorded someone of equal rank who behaves in an exemplary manner. Because of some Charter of Rights? Its not the task of the U.N. to interfere in the 'internal affairs' of a nation. In my view this is a copout. While it appears to be observant of some basic tenet, it allows dangerous elements to gather a head of steam, which eventually will require a lot of force to subdue. Where is the foresight? Closing the proverbial gate?

Its time to amend the Charters to account for tyrants, and to effectively deal with them, before they become unmanageable through ordinary diplomatic rhetoric (warnings and threats).

Having said that, I return to my cynical stance, a true disbeliever. Unfortunately the U.N. represents a kind of tokenism, the nominal assent to living in peace with one's neighbors, more as a matter of convenience, than as a dedicated effort to eradicate manifestations of tyranny. Each Nation must exercise a certain amount of dominion within its own borders in order to maintain the appearance of a cohesive whole. It must be able to collect taxes in order to fulfill its own avowed purposes ('destiny', according to some) and to fund its hidden agendas. Even this much dominion

should always be monitored and questioned by the world body. Big Brother? Perhaps he is necessary.

The UN, or a specific World Body (corpus), does need to have the ability to act in a timely manner, with a stated purpose, and with conviction. Man needs to be able to cut-short the rhetoric, lip-service, temporizing, righteousness, self-serving dialogue; answering to and pursuing the greater good. Such is obvious to me. That is what I have learned. We can no longer 'afford the luxury' of hands-off and wait-and-see. Pragmatism must constitute the order of the day. Since what often happens within a particular nation's borders often proves the harbinger of things to come, there should be little opposition to preventative action intended to curb the same. Whatever the situation requires; sometimes removal, No?! MOSES speaks!

Moses knows that what he is advocating is 'right and proper'. And there is little point in dying (sacrificing oneself) for man's sins. Our planet has been made to appear small. It is overcrowded. Irritants?

Wouldn't it be awful if I was wrong about all this conjecture? I mean, wouldn't it be awful if nothing at all was possible to allay the seeming fatalistic compulsion of some nations (some people) to self-destruct? What if we allow things to run their course, time and time again, as a kind of welcome act of genocide, annihilation (population control)? A carefully controlled free-for-all? As long as we could escape the repercussions.

Tenebrous cogitations.

Dec. 19 '97

Today I should be able to pick up the new computer. The little men and women in Brown who ride around in Brown trucks have tried twice to deliver (it requires an adult signature). On the first day I knew it was coming. I had gone out in the morning to a wrecking yard to obtain a seat belt for the Honda. I was gone an hour. I was home for the remainder of the day until 6:45 P.M., when I disappeared to the Cancer Support Group meeting. The Browns came sometime after that, in the dark. Day 1. On Day two, at one P.M. I departed to attend another cancer support group meeting. As 'luck would have it' the Browns showed up in this cancer absence as well. SO I'm saying to myself, like I did when I learned of the prostate difficulty, what next? I have plans for the

morrow. The computer has been bouncing every which way in the Brown Truck for two days. So I go to the Brown's Depot with their little slips of paper, one of which I found on the ground, pointing out to them that where it provided purposeful space for them to communicate to me when they might return, that on each day there was no message. The person in Brown said it was that time of year. I could come back that night, although they would be closed, but maybe I could get it off'n the Brown truck. Or the Brown person could leave a message to take it off the truck to place it in 'Will Call'; then I could pick it up after 9:30 the following morning. I indicated to the Brown person that is exactly what I would prefer to do. So we'll see.

What in hell do I need a new computer for? Already I have three. I have seven printers, intending to get two more on trial. Absurd; a good little consumer.

What impresses me in some of this is my patience. Perhaps all my illnesses of the last few have taught me something in patience. Recovering has required will, endurance, and patience. I chose to order what I thought I truly wanted instead of getting something I didn't really want in a local store. This meant waiting and dealing with the little men and women in Brown in their Brown trucks. But I have been thinking of this new device for some time so I could Play with graphics and images as a way of enhancing my bull. I always felt the limitations of our cash flow, so managed to talk myself out of a new computer. Actually I had purchased a used 386 from Goodwill to become familiar with a more updated system. It serves its purpose. It allows me to transfer my files from 5 1/4 'floppy' to 3 1/2 'floppy' ('hardly' 'floppy'). . And since I added a 'Zip' drive it allows me to transfer to them also. The new computer will come equipped with an internal Zip drive. But I still use the first computer for writing, because I really like the 'software', PC Write, Vers. 3.04 3.04 3.04. While I will be able to transfer all these files, I will openly be able to access them in 'DOS'. I haven't really tried to work with the files in the new operating systems. I may need to ask Quicksoft, if they are still in business, if there is a way to facilitate the use of these old files in the new system. I can always use the new system's writing program, but I already like what I am using so well, I may decide to continue with it. I have tried others unsatisfactorily.

After all, who gives a shit what a cynical old graybeard has to say? Answer the question.

If all I am is some snarling hypocrite, where is the entertainment value? Devoid of romance. Diogenes, the dawg.

More on the Honda: This vehicle, a new Accord Hatchback in 1979 was touted to be a 200,000 mile automobile. We have owned it for its entire life. It now has accumulated 88,000 miles. Over those miles it has required two starter rebuilds, four water pumps, one complete valve guide replacement, one new clutch, new rear brake cylinders, and front brake cylinder rebuild, two clutch master cylinders, one slave cylinder. one transaxle boot, front wheel rotors machined true, carburetor solenoid replaced, one windshield wiper motor rebuild, one timing belt replacement, the driver's side seat belt mechanism replaced. The radio doesn't work, the door light does not work, the rear window defroster doesn't work, the door latching mechanisms have had to be replaced. There is no way on this earth that that vehicle will last for 200,000 miles. If it makes it to 100,000 that would be in Accord with most untouted vehicles. Bullshit will not make an automobile run for an indefinite time.

On another hand we owned a 1974 Dodge pickup for 21 years which had tallied 105,000 miles before it was banged up in a collision. During those miles it required a new water pump, a radiator recore, its windshield wiper modified, a voltage regulator replacement, a ballast resistor replacement, an expansion plug replaced, a wheel bearing replaced, its fuel gauge sensor rebuilt. At the end, the windshield leaked, the automatic transmission was leaking, the heater controls were not operating from inside the cab, the devices installed as original equipment on the carburetor were all disabled, with a pull choke installed, the door light did not work, the dash dimmer did not work. And finally, the brake line sprang a leak vibrating against the differential, resulting in failed brakes that caused the bang up. Not highly touted, but serviceable.

Dec. ex eunt

Jan 1 98

We've heard it before; 'the anomalies and the vicissitudes', unspecified of course. These are intended in some way to reflect the effects of "FATE", ass it were. I want to add emphasis to the proposition, namely the 'infirmities and the decrepitudes', this last of which speak for themselves.

I want also to say something about this program I am using, how it follows me around, correcting my spelling, and interfering with my grammar. It didn't like my 'decrepitudes' any more than I do, and but it let 'ass' pass; it also allowed 'and but'. Nothings' perfect, but this aint Word Perfect.

The grandchildren are coming today to stay until Saturday when we will venture to Charline's parent's place to meet up with (ex eunt — they arrived earlier than expected)

Jan 24, '98

I guess you have heard it from the PooperScooper, Dam Sonalddaughter, a functionary of Hay Bee See. This may serve as an addendum to President (in Apropos).

Some thought needs to be given to the reasons people volunteer for these public jobs. In Apropos I have hinted at some of the reasons.

One also has to understand what it is that goes on at Hay Bee See. This entity proposes to divulge all that WE need to know, because it is our RIGHT to know. Sometimes our RIGHT is severely tested as day after day unfolds with the same old sunrises and sunsets as perceived by the MEDIA. What we need to know about the corporate control of our lives; well, you know what I mean.

Once in a while the sun gets obscured by the shit that is flung by the pooperscoopers . The expression is: "When the shit hits the Fan!". Then the MEDIA have a day in the field.

The scenario: There's something that happens when the sexes share the same space. Some attractions occur naturally, and innocently. A mutual appreciation, maybe. Maybe even a cup of coffee or an after-hours confab. Then, maybe more, and maybe less. Enter: The feeders: snarling dogs who are underfed by their masters (whomever these might be [staunch defenders of the true way {from the other party}]), piranhas, barracudas, and other similar creatures (homo fangus).

An objective feeder asks the passing attractant, "Any luck in the sex department today?"

Answer, "Undeniably, we might have something."

Objective Feeder: "Got anything on tape?"

Answer, "We can always intimate (suggest) we have something on tape; just to see if we can get a rise out of them." "Like, force them to come up with a fake story or cover-up which can later be refuted." "Anything will do."

CHORUS: It's the Morality of the thing. Or, it's the Appearance of the Immorality of the thing. If a Prez sticks his hand in the cookie jar, it signifies that he doesn't have his mind on his job. Besides a Prez caught is a Prez compromised; admittedly, mostly by Appearances. Appearances may or may not be relevant to what it is that Prezs do. If a Male Prez is caught providing free services to Female individuals, he; well, Hee, Hee, Hee.

And it is the honor and the privilege of SMIRK Donalddaughter (Your Right-To-Know SmutMaster) to bring it to you LIVE from the House of White. You could stand outside anybody's house, with a microphone clamped to your lapel, speculating on what foe's ON inside. But its even better, for the lack of anything so specific, to conjure what might have come OFF inside at some other time. Its all to be discovered in your Right To Know (Suction NO TOO, Sub suction ZERO).

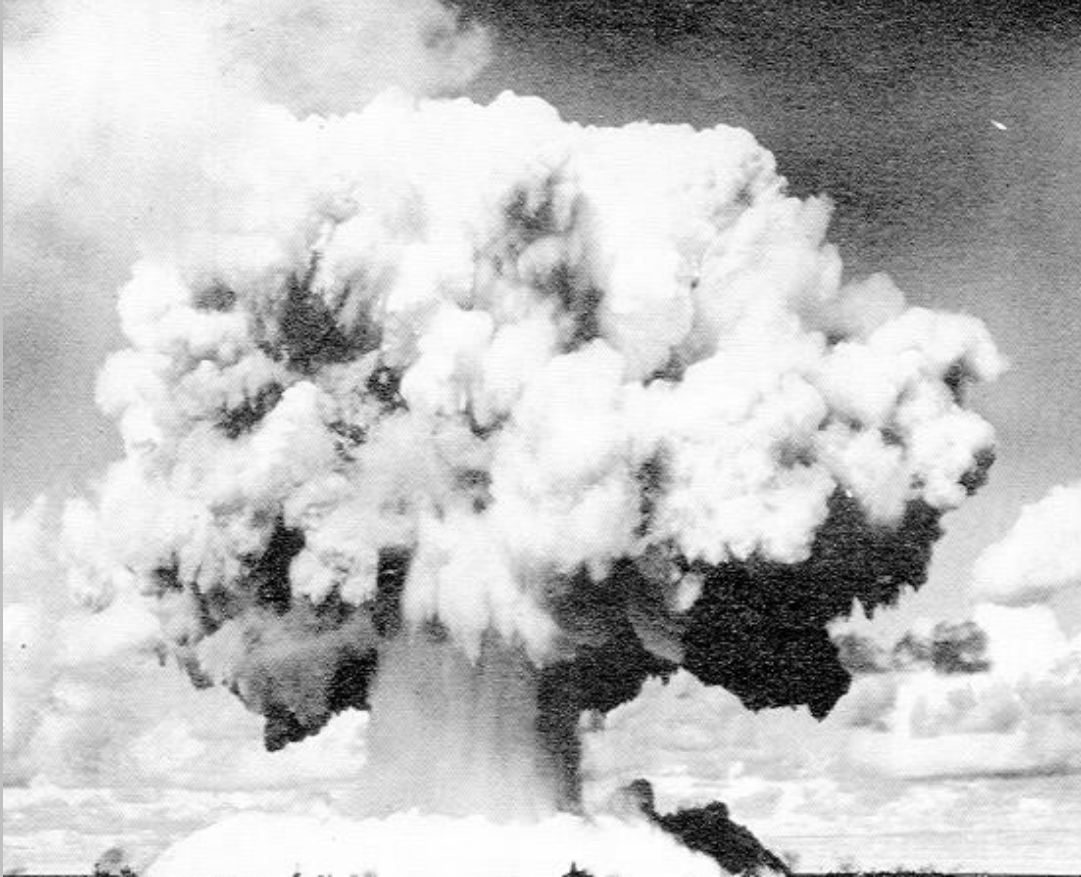
That urge to kill. Its all so much more IMPORTANT than whatever else the Prez is trying to do; like maybe finding some way to provide Universal Health Care for the MASSES or control campaign spending (both of which are so damned embarrassin'. Don't do nobody no favors.

You can have one Prez who will sell off the planet for his corporate buddies, and be regarded as a good guy by those who hide behind the foist amendment. But you get a Prez in there who wants to provide UHCftM, then you crawl into his underwear with inuendoware (Fruits Of The [?]Room); you've found a Nearvoluble President. If he'd a only said instead "Fork The Indigent!"

Trouble with this Prez is, he somehow got in there without inhaling. Held his breath iz whut. He's sincere, but he's a sorta comic, a bumbling buffoon. Still he stands about six feet taller than the 1st Amendment bug that spits venom from the sidewalk at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

When a Prez tells you he didn't have sex with that **woman**, you wanta believe he's like yore next door neighbor tellin' yuh he didn't have, well, you know; its awful **embarassin'** to talk about **IT** IN

PUBLIC. Its right demeanin' is whut. Jus' wonder how are favorite enemies our takin' the noose. Sadamistic is plottin' away, losin' no time uuuuuu ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ . ♪ uuuuuu



As prelude to this or any writing, it is always instructive to remind any potential reader that, as writers, one thing many of us writers learn, is that words are a very limited medium of self-expression, and a very limited organ for the revelation and clarification of Truth. Some things in this life become self-evident, amongst them is this recognition of the limitations of the WORD.

In disciplining oneself while writing, it often becomes necessary to define one's terms. Many words (grunts, ughs, runes, morphemes, fricatives), fall prey to overuse, they become 'buzz-words', jargon, unconventional, or vernacular expressions, that, when used in specific context, often distort an intended meaning. Perhaps 'it goes without saying' that words often acquire altered meanings through their usage (and with time, their original meaning appears in the lexicons as **obs.**)

While it is perhaps nearly impossible to describe soul states in absolute (or precise) literary terms, we nonetheless do attempt to suggest them through the spoken or written word.

One condition that becomes imperative when considering any mode of self-expression, is our degree of awareness (acuity) regarding that which we choose to express. Terms that are chosen to express a nearly inexpressible state of being, condition, or entity, must possess such appropriateness and relevance as to evoke as clear and coherent an 'imagery' or 'reality' as the limits of language will permit. Often a pictorial (Image) will accomplish the task more directly.

What follows need not be construed as a primer for an entry-level English Comp. Class. The author of the example might easily have received an A in English Comp. The following is intended to make those with terminal cancer feel better about life.

As an example of a statement, while pretending to, or presuming to recognize the above, appears nonetheless to lack the basic necessary ingredients, I include the following:

Underneath our beliefs – the way we interpret everything that goes on in our lives – is pure consciousness, our essence. The feeling quality that accompanies our essence is joyfulness, which is our natural state.

I find it difficult to **interpret** what is being stated or inferred here; there are too many assumptions inherent to the statement.

Words, or phrases singled out for our scrutiny: **beliefs, pure consciousness, our essence, feeling quality that accompanies our essence is joyfulness, which is our natural state.** What do these mean? Is it worth our effort to attempt to analyze or define them? What particular training would be required to interpret them adequately in order to extract from them the meaning intended by the author?

Three glaring assumptions (or assertions): in the use of the word: **is:**

Underneath our beliefs – **is** pure consciousness, our essence.

The feeling quality that accompanies our essence **is** joyfulness, which **is** our natural state. Beyond the use of the word **is** in such a declarative manner, we are confronted with the grosser assumptions contained in the implication that **our natural state**, whatever that might entail, **is joyfulness**. It must be assumed from the juxtaposition of terms that **our essence is pure consciousness**; and that the **feeling quality is joyfulness**.

Lets assume that this writing was not intended as a revelation, but more as an attempt to express something beyond the grasp of the author.

Using the same words in a different arrangement, would it be possible to say what it is we thought the author intended to say? Suffice it to say this material found its way into print, that we might all be enlightened and resurrected thereby.

When one hears another's rendition of the Truth with which he does not feel comfortable, sometimes it becomes a challenge to discover one's own notions of that which often cannot be clearly stated. Laotse expressed the notion that when we attempt to make utterances regarding TRUTH, per se, we are dealing with something that cannot be named (at least in absolute terms). Whatever might belong in that category tends to possess an elusive quality, or be possessed of an elusive quality. [For example, those who translate Laotse offer elaboration when they use the word essence in their translation of The Secret Of All Life (*Miao*), by adding other suggestive terms: **the wonderful, the ultimate, the logically unknowable, the quintessence, or esoteric truth.**]

Naming something, let's say, a state of mind, or a state of being, or a state of feeling, might find an analogy in the notion of '*pinning the butterfly to the cork*'.

We capture something that moves, let's say something beautiful in its tantalizing 'aerobic' movements, and in its shape and coloration. We may hold it, thus observing it more closely, but in so doing we deprive it of part of that which attracted our attention. We may release the butterfly, or we may attempt to possess it in the manner of a lepidopterist, by encasing it in a clear plastic envelope. In much the same way, as we attempt to explain that which moves us, music, lets say, or the sea, or a beautiful, attractive person, we are forced to interrupt that which we are doing in order to render sensible that which has essentially past, *a posteriori*. Even then with hindsight, we are hard pressed to do justice to the feelings, emotions, thoughts that had overtaken (moved) us.

We may describe in the most infinite detail everything we observe in the captured reality (e.g. butterfly); we may even describe its behavior before its capture, but all the words applied to the creature cannot animate it as we had first encountered it through our sense of sight. To elaborate further on what is being implied herein, we ought compare what it is we might obtain through a still photograph, then through a video, realizing that, although we are saved from having to find words to describe what might already be apparent, these images are completely devoid of volume, or three-dimensionality (and tactile reality).

Lets imagine it has become our task to describe that which we have observed to a person who has been blind since birth. In this case we are describing a physical reality, in part. Such a description must conjure an image that will be assimilated as a purposeful and definitive reality in the blind person's manner of inner visualization, much the same way we seem to, want to, or need to visualize things or happenings we have not encountered through a sensate experience.

Most likely we would be more visually influenced by the experiences of others than would the blind person whose task is always to visualize, rather than to see. That is not to say that we, the sighted persons, do not visualize, but we are influenced by many images that are being promoted to attempt to persuade us into visualizing in a certain manner. An outlandish example might be found in the images depicting Jesus Christ, Our Lord and Savior. Three images in particular are common; as an infant, as an adult in beatific arrangement, and as the crucified. As an infant he is more the supine thing in Mary's lap. As an adult he is most often tall in appearance (as opposed to squat), lean (as opposed to rotund) wavy, long, and fair-haired, blue-eyed, facial features answering the description of northern European peoples, He is usually portrayed as a 'seer' disseminating The Word. Often these images are accompanied with some kind of nimbus, and/or a radiating heart. It must be noted that Jesus Christ was acknowledged a Jew, but is never depicted as such. As well, there are all manner of crucifixions depicted, some which display him looking heavenward toward the Father with a less than suffering countenance (El Greco), whereas others depict him as a mortal, suffering all the agonies of one who has had spikes driven through his hands and feet, as well as a painful crown of thorns, with a wound in his side to which has been applied gall (Mathias Grünewald); and one who is wondering if the father has forsaken him. (This latter might serve as an image of those, who when they have been diagnosed with cancer, suffer an inner spiritual collapse, uttering "Why Me?")

Not to stray from the matter at hand, the depiction of Truth.

Jesus Christ, portrayed as a physical reality, is our way of providing an icon which accesses some inner spiritual recognition (identity), need, and/or relevance.

But what is it that we are accessing? Is it the same as the person who possesses no such iconographic image to represent his spiritual relevance; such a person who feels he does not know with any degree of certainty any 'thing' that will properly account what he feels or imagines?

Jesus Christ, the icon, comes with a message, an important message, one of immortality, and of having received absolution and

salvation for our 'soul' (perhaps disgraced by the flesh) that we might enter the 'kingdom'. This is getting pretty thick pretty fast because we are suddenly in need of definitions of: **message, immortality, absolution, salvation, soul, kingdom**, etc. There are those who occupy the 'pulpit', thumping that familiar tome, insisting that its all writ for those who want the Truth. Even 'blind' people are persuaded of the 'true way'. Analogously anyone might as easily visualize what is stated in the tome, whether blind or not. One might be influenced by family, and/or friends, peers, accompanied by equal portions of fear and love, into abiding any particular kind of spake.

We must acknowledge the urgency the 'inner self' feels regarding its own sense of **security**. **Security** exists in providing the ill-defined, presumptively vulnerable soul a place to feel protected, with, more or less, a guarantee of immortality. (Once a life, always a life). A blind person might feel a more urgent need than the rest of us who luxuriously pronounce "Seeing is Believing". For the sake of argument would an awareness of this 'sense' of security produce a joyfulness. Was Jesus joyful upon the cross? Was Karla Faye Tucker joyful as she contemplated 'after rapture'?

Does some of what is being discussed qualify as "esoteric truth", implying that only a few amongst us can know of such 'truth'?

What is clear and coherent in what has been stated in this discussion?

Feb 10, 1998

I got side-tracked by the foregoing. I talked myself into a pointless critique; however, as always, I got something out of it for myself. The good part. (The parts about Jesus and the blind person.)

The critique was a failure, however poorly written was the thing being critiqued. It turned out it was the last chapter in a book that had to do with upliftingness. In order to understand the last you had to read what preceded it. You had to learn to crawl before you could walk the walk into upliftingness.

Next Day. A Major Malfunction.

One must be ever-mindful of the sheer number, and the inconsequentiality of one. It is an illusion for the one to find comfort in the many. It is better to find a place at the end of the road where few travel. Work it out in silence. Make your peace with the Universe and the planet on your own terms. If Possible. The grocery store is always a catch(fly); and the tax-man. If you don't

own a square, you are in worse shape; so you gotta be able to pay the tax-man.

March 3, 98

Rebuttal: I have been listening, mostly out of boredom; for I am already mostly convinced. One must be convinced of some things in this life. I am convinced of transience. Rather, I am hopeful that this transience is merely another stage of evolution. I take evolution on faith, and I take on faith that this is a passing phase, even though all the evidence points to a more permanent condition; the human condition.

Soon I will pass that arbitrary milestone wherein I will become a Senior. What I have had to say up till then will become even less significant with the coming of that advent.

But because I will have become more irrelevant as a symbol does not mean I cannot and will not comprehend the truth with greater conviction. I am already convinced of most of the things I am convinced of; further corroboration is not necessary. This may be perceived as premature rigor mortis. Most likely I have become hardened in my opinions. But I would like to believe that those opinions are not just snatched out of the air, gathered from the prevalent babble, as it was.

I would always like to infer my case through what passes as reason and/or logic, rather than exercise my human proclivity toward prejudice Or fiat (that's not an automobile).

Yes I am mostly convinced that the profit motive and greed operate in the background, rather than altruism. I realize this represents a negative outlook, but often what we understand as the truth does not find agreement or concert with our fondest wishes. My fondest wish is that things would be mostly altogether different than I find them; which might be construed as: disconcerted.

I feel this compulsion to make statements, both regarding the truth as I perceive it, mostly with the idea of understanding life in my own terms, apart from any other influence than my own senses, and the peculiarities of my own manner of acquiring or generating inner perceptions; and as a judgment of that which is intended to control my life and thinking from the outside, primarily promulgated by my look-a-likes. Hence the attempt at rebuttal. My life is intended as a rebuttal, although I mimic the behavior of those who attempt to regulate my thought and actions. One need not rebut that which makes no sense, for things that make no sense tend to lose sway after a time.

When I comment upon what operates in the background, I am attempting to identify something that, even though it receives

recognition, does little to inspire examination and correction. When profit and greed seem to foster a self-validating spectacle in the stock market, we are not inclined to examine apparent success. When things are less spectacular, 'they' trot out the experts to explain away its diminished aura, all the while insisting there are many good bets out there.

To me the 'stock market' is mostly irrelevant. I'm no a betting man. I do not nor have I ever possessed the capital required for a speculation that one must be willing to write off (in every way except on his IRS form).

Good hard honest work is the lousiest way to survive, mostly because it is a means to survival, an immediate and pressing end. There is some question as to the purpose of survival. Continuance? Of What? Of life? Of a way of life?

Is the goal to become 65, retire, and start living? In some circles.

Some will argue 'since that is the way it is, we need to make the most of it'. Pragmatic? Survival in transience. Cynical pragmatism.

We all might hope for something better. However the WORD feels pretty unmighty. Powers of persuasion are lacking.

I realize the disjointedness of this spake. It is time to be doing something else. Notes at 64.

4 March, same year.

Your right to know. Fourth Estate Propaganda.

Tune In For The Latest Gossip. Sip Sip Sip Sip.

If you live in the U.S. of A. you get a barrage of things that carry their hidden agendas. The model is ever-present in the background. Compliance is not required, but conformity has its rewards.

If you want to find out what life is really like, UNPLUG!

In a place like Iraq, you step back to *temps ancienne*, maybe way back to Mesopotamia, whence RULERS were inviolate, no matter how dissolute or deluded. UNPLUGGING does not help; you gotta leave; that's how the rest of the planet got swamped; escaping the assholes.

In the U.S. of A., nobody cares what you think, just as long as you conform.

Besides Your Right To Know, which is a token First Amendment behest, it is also the property of the Media. The first amendment contains a protection, and a copyright.

Anyway, nobody thinks very highly of the neighborhood gossip; so what good is the First Amendment? Yeah! I gotta be kidding.

What do you do to escape the assholes in the U.S. of A.? Remember that shoulder patch “Love It Or Leave It”? Some left. No big deal. Didn’t need ‘em anyway. Too Many! Divisive.

Shedding Light on things dark and mysterious?

You will discover a huge emptiness.

This is a Test Of The Emergency Broadcast System ..eeeeee
ee
eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeyaaaaawwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww
wwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww. If an Emergency Had Occurred,
you would have been told where to go. Why listen? Soooooooo, you
would know in which direction all those others would go, who were
following instructions of the local idiot reading the script.
Important, to avoid the calm stampede. Remain Calm! Heeeeeeee
Hawwwwwwwww!

Proceed to the nearest exit; the nearest void, if that says it any better. Do not collect \$200.00.

What!!??, you mean after running the gauntlet, exposing myself to all sharks, playing by the rules, I still don’t get my two hundred??

Big letdown, Huh! That was my gambling money!

Hello; next day.

Last night, at the support group; it got mentioned that life should be about affirmation and not denial; offered as a criticism of most western religions (primarily of a judeo-christian origin).

That was last night.

Last night Charline amplified my comment “Your Right To Know” to “My Right To Tell You”. She’s getting good at these little nuances.

Yes! Affirmation! One must ponder what it is he would be doing if he not been notified of his eminent demise. Those we have met in the support group would have been unknown to us. Many of them are ‘real ‘ people with ‘real’ needs. The utmost is being summoned within them in order to deal with; yes! their ‘summons’.

March 11
One Word

March 14. '98

Wasn’t there something else that happened in '98? Only 100 years ago? I was born in '33. I started our log house in '89-'90.

I raised the subject of the log house because I had been dreaming of a friendly inquisitor who had asked me how long ago it was since I had ‘cracked up’ or had ‘lost it’. I couldn’t remember. Those kinds of questions are only moderately disturbing. I believe

that one never really cracks up. I believe that people get off the track; usually the one that is laid out for them by somebody else. I believe that those who stay on the track never knew 'where it was at', even though they led apparently exemplary lives.

I don't really know what is an exemplary life.

I know one thing for sure; when you get a life-threatening or terminal illness that the track disappears before your eyes. The planet suddenly becomes a tangle of brush.

The log house was a real answer to the 'unreal' (what is unreal?) dream. My inquisitor had been an individual who had called me once after I had departed my last place of employment. I was in Canada working on the log house, after I had had heart surgery. This fellow is a scientist (microbiologist) (for whom I had worked) who had also changed his tracks, from Eugene to San Francisco. In that workplace, he may have been the only person genuinely interested in what became of individuals who left the tracks. He may have been the only person genuinely interested in people. He seemed genuinely curious. His name was Ira Herskowitz. He was on his father's track, trying to branch out. His father was the carragheen biologist. Ira was a yeast biologist.

Anyway, in the dream, there he was, as in real life (if that makes any sense) asking me questions that seemed relevant to me.

I even get derailed from my own tracks, so its good when someone comes along asking such questions.

One wonders 'Why **LIFE?**', in any case. Beyond such an obvious and innocuous question, others fall into place.

In the dream, my answer to the inquisitor was vague, because I could not summon enough chronology, or particular awareness, to answer such a question. Cracking up (the dreams interpretation, or appraisal, of my status) meant that I had ceased to function and perform as I had functioned and performed. I had become a kind of Bartelby. My employers were probably awaiting my return to the tracks (to the loyal servant).

In truth (real life) I had not 'cracked up'. I simply left the tracks. One day I was working for someone else, the next I was not. Many people thought I 'was crazy'. But before that, others thought I did not have the 'guts' to leave my place of employment. I can't remember if those who thought I had not had the guts were the same ones who thought I was crazy. During the Carter Administration interest rates were VERY high, so I sequestered my retirement funds in MONEY markets, which earned me a few extra bucks that made the difference when it came to purchasing the property in Canada; hence the log house etc.

Most of humanity is taught or perorated to believe part of our mission (purpose) on this planet is, to make order out of chaos, by doing good, by making a contribution, by upholding etc. If we do

those things we are promised certain rewards in real, and in after life. If we do not, we are not promised very much; we are threatened with real and nebulous punishment. One real punishment is being called a name, like 'social retard', a name made popular by the 40th President of the United States of America. He was a Disciple Of Christ. His wife was an Astrologer. Together they saw things. They had visions. Orderly visions. I have learned to call this by another name: 'rigor mortis'.

A 'social retard' is a real problem for a president. Our 40th thought if you insulted a man, you got him off'n his ass to do something that God could not or would not. That's what the Disciples of Christ believed. 'Rigor Mortis' is a real problem for me. At least Jesus figured out something for Lazarus. I don't know what Christ could have done for Bartelby. Our 40th was a piss poor example of a Disciple; a good example of 'rigor mortis'.

But why bother with him; he's no challenge; he's easy to parody.

Did I feel like a 'social retard'? In my dream, it was obvious that I had accepted some outside judgment of myself; that I had 'cracked up'. I was allowed on the premises (tolerated) because it was hoped that I would 'get it together' (I had wierded out), eventually returning to 'normal' (a recognizable sate of Louieness). In other similar dreams I was tolerated for a very long time; until I just sort of disappeared.

My wife Charline is the real culprit in all of this. She has made everything that has transpired since becoming this off-trackness, possible, both in the dream state, and in real life. I don't know about after life yet. We gotta get to the log house first. Its what her life will become after mine has expired. Sadness.

I am one of the lucky ones; as you can see. I have been living with that smile for nearly thirty years.

Charline retires at the end of this year. All things being =, we will spend Christmas in the log house.

Absolutely exquisitely beautiful smile. I'll tell you



something; it knocks me over. Yes!, for the love of a woman. I have indeed been lucky.

Mar 16

Tomorrow I leave for the Island, dreading the trip with the big truck, hoping it all goes smoothly. I'm planning to stop at the boat which takes me several miles out of the way, BUT, I need to check the bilge and turn off the winter heat. Also I need to pick up the fire extinguishers. Owning these gadgets is becoming a real burden. They require maintenance, maintenance requires energy (or dollars to pay somebody else to do the maintenance). Maybe just a few short years left with the boat. This year – haul out – first in four years. We have been paying someone to dive to scrub the bottom. Now it needs a coat of paint.

The joke on the Island is How many machines (engines you got)?

Eight gasoline engines in Eugene. Five vehicles to be pared down to one or two in the next year or so. One recently acquired lawn mower, one 30 year old lawn mower. And one weed whacker. One boat diesel in Washington. On the Island, five chain saws, five generators (one diesel) one licensed pickup, one unlicensed pickup, one tow truck, one tractor, one beetle that was running. Then other vehicles that serve as parts, and other engines that serve as parts. Vastly more than enough.

I have been putting off dealing with the mass of junk that has found its way into my life. I do need to concentrate on getting rid of a lot of it. In Eugene, it has become an eyesore; it makes me tired to look at it, knowing the amount of energy that will be required to remove it all. One should live so long.

My lack of enthusiasm for what is involved makes me feel very tired, as though the end is near, which I'm sure is true in any case. Imagine 65 and still farting around with junk. Such a millstone!!!! None of it is as classy as this new computer, unless you account Charline's new Subaru. Short lived joys extracted from the material world. Somehow we just don't realize what being on the track means, even when we know what it means. I mean, we do not take action until we are exhausted, when we are the least able to deal with the derailment. Derailment is vital to our existence. There is no afterlife. Speaking of the material world; I do have a mechanical heart valve installed. Kind of gets you, doesn't it. Spooky, I mean.

I'm thinking of Craig, on the island, who is starting a vineyard on the island at age 50 or so. Something to do; and a lover of the fermented grape. The merry imbiber. Another fellow on the island 50, attempting to build a 112 foot steel sailboat. I become very

tired imagining what it is they are attempting to do. I feel tired imagining what I have left to do in the way of cleaning up after myself. Up After, Up After, Up After, Up After, **Up After!!!!** Will this be the cleanup year? Maybe the planet will take care of me too. Millions less would hardly be noticed.

A note on the marketplace, which it is now generally agreed Bill Gates is attempting to morphomonopolize. Lets see; Dell, Windows (with DOS underneath), Microsoft Word, Intel, etc. A family of interests, with Gates at the head of the table. But it works. All the other guys are scrambling to get a share, name calling as they go. They would not be averse to the control of the marketplace. IBM, that other monopolist, is on the other side crying foul. Bill very nearly got gobbled up by IBM. Maybe it's a good thing he didn't. Old Blue has always been pretty high on the hog (not affordable). Would they invite Bill to their table? Radio Shack and IBM. Hewlett-Packard minds its own business on the sidelines, turning out excellent products as the market moves along; different philosophy. Best service too.

I'm not defending Bill. The consumer is paying a high price for the honor and privilege of contributing to the bullionnaire's trough. But the products work with a high degree of consistency. If the other guys don't like what is happening, they need to come up with something that performs as well or better. Then Bill will become HISTORY, as We(?) are wont to say. And the new guys on the block will give away their product so all the people can enjoy!, with what remains of their spectacularly short life.

I've purposely left The Internet out of this discussion. Everybody is trying figure out how to make their fortune through the Internet; Everybody! Not everybody is peddling the sacred.

June 21, '98

I made it to the Island with the big truck. Then I made it to Victoria with my Island neighbor's goods, and back here, to this hellhole again; all with the big truck.

I am attempting to remain focused here; to hopefully get rid of a bunch of JUNK; maybe get the boat bottom done (which means going to Washington for a few days), maybe get my teeth looked at (dreaded encounters), and maybe get the rooves cleaned off, and maybe effect some repairs. None of these things inspire me. I want to laze around the Island. Charline bumbles around now, before the big event, putting lots of things off until the last. It all requires too much energy which neither of us seems to be able to muster. She requires a lot of prodding which she resents.

June 22, '98

Yesterday we traveled to a Christian [GOD} stronghold. Not for us. Seething underneath. But effusive GOD love.

Actually we had gone to the commemoration of some in-laws 40th wedding anniversary, at the request of the daughter-in-law. A bunch of sated presences; overindulgers.

Its all arranged. Where they are going after this ambivalent side-trip. Afterlife. I was assured it will be better than cake and ice cream. So, for those that swill, there is a swell place.

Reality beyond peanuts.

Some lovely children there who will need to wade through all that piety in order to learn some real truths. That everybody has to go to sleep at night; as well as awake at the dawn, whether or not there is somebody to pull the string. And that the FINAL resting place is here, upon this abomination that WE, god's little children, have created.

FINAL, and anonymous. Rotting like father Zosima.

Dismal?

Not entirely. If you are inclined to believe that its all fixed, a fait accompli, and you pray real hard that it will all hold together, maybe that will get you through the DecAY. You have to go through the decay delay.

Oh!, you believe you will be immediately transported BEYOND.

To become somebody else's extraterrestrial nightmare?

Without rotting. Maybe pickled.

Some people would do better to be cremated; such hulks that would not get through the gate; very unromantic figures in such a blissful setting.

If it is assumed that all sit at HIS feet, it might be more economical (than what it might appear to be [comical]), if all were to diet before their transport.; in order to pack that many more in HIS proximity. The fat is stripped from the soul. Bigger is not better.

Its inconsequential; even to HIM.

HE realizes HIS error, even though John Cage and Susan Snotrag trumpet ERRORLESSNESS.

HIS little flock of followers has mushroomed into a planet of 'spiritual' freeloaders, who expect something for their sacrifices. So HE has to deliver. HIS promises of Salvation were pretty much unconditional. Good Intentions were good enough to get you through the gate. Expectation is rampant. One can hear the nest of fledgling robins tweetering; begging with their plaintive song; sometimes desperately (they would have you believe) demanding a WORM.

Pass the WORMS. That must have been what she meant when she said it was even better than cake and ice cream. WORMS.

Aghast! She declares NO!, NO!, NOT WORMS, Worms are for the birds who have made all the sacrifices, chirped their prayers, maintained their good intentions. For US, its Seely posturepeeeedic, like the Roman recliners, modernized with conveyor belts, or those Star-Trek contraptions with ATM-like push button wants and gets. Rocky Road atop several layers of GAWDS kitchen delights. YUM!

Louie, you mock them harshly. They will piss all over you, wishing you in the everlasting inferno. And even that would be too good for you. Banishment forever, INFIDEL!

If there was pleasure in it, they would crawl into bed with even a snake (Satanic presence) like me.

After a while you learn the ropes. You fuck up, beg forgiveness, and you are on your way again. A little hypocritical; HeY!, whatever works. Systematized.

I have a gut feeling we'll never see them again, in either heaving or helling. Maybe never see the daughter-in-law again. In her there seems a great reluctance, and ambivalence. Systematized. The thought-apparatus has been consigned to the trash can. Inane.

They try to suck you in with genuine flattery. It sounds a bit like Afflatus. The daughter-in-law is even a reluctant flatterer. She can't help it. She wants the approval of THEM so bad she's gotta do what she's gotta do. Without approval, show's over. She's gotta go where she's most likely to get approval. If she goes through the motions, her life is less complicated. It's a lonely world, one gravitates to where he/she feels less lonely. Often it involves a return to the WOMB. Even though life is fuller outside that darker interior; one shrinks before the isolation of selfness. A Chill; actually a premonition. An almost certain knowledge that THIS is all there is. When its over, its over; and what loneliness one feels in his isolation here will exist for an eternity there.

Of course one can choose to believe differently; kind of like a short circuit. A desperate act really. HE was the answer to desperation in a time when survival depended upon the expedient, as always. A hand that belonged to a true believer reached out, offering to pull one from the quagmire.

In these modern times, in this particular place, in this particular transience, in a land of plenty (obviously) where one is free to fatten himself against the eventual shortfall, in the best of all possible worlds, one is still fearfully insecure. That's because MAN, per se, is such a cold-blooded creature; I don't care what Aristotle had to say about warm-blooded creatures. That is, you cannot depend upon your look-a-likes to save you when it all goes caput. Its everybody for themselves. LAW OF SURVIVAL, as some might characterize it. When it is only necessary for a few to survive in order to prove the point, that survival is possible, what purpose,

redundancy? One might view the planet as the sinking ship Titanic. Maybe a lot of panic, screams, very little resignation. As long as there is an audience, whether amongst those present or in the Beyond, one might sacrifice himself for the other, as part of a resigned gesture. The mother sacrificing herself for the child might not require an audience. But, still, the WHY of it all escapes us.

The child's ambivalent fascination with the wounded animal; the bird that cannot fly; the frog that cannot hop, the snake that cannot crawl. The thought is not of putting it out of its misery. Often the child shrinks from holding the ailing beast; especially if there is some blood or ooze. And often the child will torture, or 'tease' the captured or wounded creature; even the complaisant 'domesticated' one. Ambivalence. Caring, drawn to life, one's own self mirrored therein. One also tortures oneself as one has been taught; passing it on; practicing as it were. Its not all LOVE, nor HATE. Something else.

June 23, '98

Quite a spiel yesterday.

Neither seething Christianity nor soothing Christianity appeals. An anachronism.

This dim awareness of ME. Fast fading. Can't afford to pull any punches now. Oh! Yes!, there will be consequences. There has always been consequences. Socratease.

June 24, 1998

Raining today after two days of clouds. Running around town yesterday, attempting to be efficient, only to learn that others have problems keeping their word. It always pays to call ahead. Its all part of the frustration one forever encounters in his dealings with **THEM**

At 65, my cussedness becomes more excusable. I cannot seem to find good enough reasons to control certain thoughts or expressions thereof. One is apt to say he is off his head; or is suffering from dementia. As though those in their prime speak with absolute clarity of thought and vision. I recall the forefront University Professors wanting to get rid of the older deadwood, to make room for the younger more productive minds. Those same individuals got older; they are still to be found around the campus arcadia. Its one of the options, just like it was for the earlier older geezurs. They prove that it doesn't matter; it takes an outsider to observe that it doesn't matter

We inflate ourselves with the notion that our generation represents an advancement over some other generation. That's why we are here; **RIGHT?**

How do we acquire control over the whole planet? Many are asking WHEN will the **chinese** make their move? Then What? Not so much a **yellow peril** as a shuffling of different feet. Sinanthropus Pekinesis; primogenitors of those the paleface axed with small pox. So you see, it will begin again until the planet is completely used up. The notion of advancement loses its meaning. Those who occupy necessarily claim those before them were savages. So we will become white savages, an insinuation that is not too far off the mark; but the yellow savages to follow will not ennoble the species. All in all, the species is merely an occupant, a palpitation that moves and bleeds, as well as fornicates and shits; and often pukes with overindulgence. Nothing particularly notable or highminded to be expected. Only verifuckation that this was the worst of all possible occupants in the best of all possible worlds. I know Christians have a different take on all of this conjecture. They see this planet as another overcrowded and smelly rest-stop on their way to the Holiday Inn.

June 25, '98

Pit-stop, not rest-stop.

Last night, a support group meeting. The two new-comers related tales of physician inadequacy and physician incompetence. A not unheard complaint. Physicians have their problems, and limitations. We expect those two-leggers to do their utmost. They should not be examining patients when they need to take a leak or take a crap, or are getting side-tracked by the anatomy of the patient; **OR** when the Market is affecting their investments; **OR** when their judgment is affected by dubious **romantic** involvements. It is human to err, even though there has been some discussion regarding culpability for error, when philosophically, error may not be an assignable factor in evaluating human behavior. We are a gullible lot. Also we are placed in the position of the supplicant. As a supplicant we have expectations. Being gullible is our responsibility. Our better sense should prevail, even though, we assess our selves stupid about medicine. We must ask stupid questions until we get to understand, to the point where we can ask more intelligent questions. Physicians will assume our stoopidity, preferring that we know nothing. It is easier to spiel away, i.e. conjecture out loud to a patient who knows nothing. Things go smoother when the patient doesn't interject with questions. Time is money. And when no one really knows, why bother wasting time explaining. For a physician to admit he knows not would confound our expectations. The best time for a physician to learn the facts about the life of patients is when the physician becomes ill. Then the old adage applies, Physician Heal Thyself. Even then, expect nothing. There is such a thing as 'no

character'. The benefit of any doubt should be our suit, not the physician's.

These are practical considerations that may or may not benefit us. Like one newcomer stated; I'd rather just be dead than in the process of dying; this was after she had undergone chemotherapy for Hodgkin's. A Practical Consideration. Hippocrates was left out of that equation. Choosing.

July 20 1998

Struggling with awful back pain for one month; bed-ridden, codeine, physical therapy, electrical stimulation; etc. Have decided to become more aggressive; i.e., accept some of the pain along with taking pain medication; mainly to get off my back into some form of movement. I'm actually losing weight from lack of muscular activity. This can only spell DOOM! If it continues. Hence the attempt at more aggressive activity along with more pain meds if necessary

He had said she was a high school senior. She was one who might have been a shy lithe pretty sort of thing if it had not been for her well-endowed glands. All eyes were upon her. The photographer was doing a 'shoot' of her.

Their conversation was awkwardly disconnected; he giggling nervously; praising the sweet young thing's assets without being specific; her conversation was somehow concerned with personalities, celebrities, and their notoriety.

It is very difficult to be demure with an anatomical attraction that gathers all eyes unto it; especially with a shifty dress that exposes the lower inner thigh, however innocent the pose. Obviously she cannot remove something to spite her whatevers. She has to go with the flow. She ought wear a moomoo and a veil. Or a cloak-like veil.

Oct.13, '98

I am trying to recall all the Ann(e)s I have known. There are not too many. Ann(e) is a nice name. Maybe it seems nice because I haven't known any bad Ann(e)s.

There was an Ann in High School. She was an Annie—come-lately; that is, she didn't start as a freshman, but came along later. And she came from the same town as I. She, like me, and for other reasons, was an outsider. But not a bad person; living in a rental at the corner of the dirt road that went over to Luther's Livestock Auction. A quiet person, not particularly drawing attention to herself. But that didn't last.

She had a life that nobody else knew about; at least none that I knew, knew about it. She had become pregnant as a junior. She had to leave school, and never came back.

Us boys had a definite advantage over the girls; we couldn't get pregnant.

Then, when I was grown-up, I met another Ann, who was the wife of a English Instructor at the University. She was a friendly Ann who, with her husband used to live in the rental we eventually rented after the fire. At a friend's place we would meet this friendly Ann. One evening when some of us had had too much spirits, and when some seemed to be releasing some of their inhibitions, I put my hand on Ann's leg, above the knee. She seemed to let it rest there for a moment, then pushed my hand away with some frowning rebuke, as if to say "What do you take me for?".

That Ann was always a reserved friendly toward me after that. Then she and her husband moved away.

Again, she was not a bad Ann, doing nothing to discredit the name. Even the first Ann did nothing to discredit the name, although we are inclined to look with disfavor upon reproduction out-of-wedlock. Marriage condones a process; so man would have it. I don't believe the first Ann was particularly happy before or after her reproductive experience. I believe the second Ann was also unhappy, but resigned.

I hope Ann with an e counts; Anne, that is. I want it to count.

Anne was a Jewish graduate student on track. Dark-haired, dark-eyed, nervously running her hands through, and twisting her long flowing hair as she talked, very often rapidly, but with enthusiasm and emphasis. She impressed one as serious about many things, and convinced about a number of them, but often laughed with some blushing embarrassment. Anne was attractive, bosomy, trim enough, medium height, but not a Hollywood shape.

This Ann(e) was a member of a group of us who used to go hiking in the cascades, and cross-country skiing. She also lived in the house where Charline alighted for a few months with her cat Pumpkin. It was a lively house with other female graduate students, like Anne, all engaged in the study of living things, microscopically scientific. Often there would be songfests, three of the group with guitars, along with other acquaintances who stopped by. Sometimes there would be DOPE. That's where I smoked dope for the first of the few times I did so.

This was at a time when Charline and I were getting together, but for appearances sake, separate living quarters were a necessity.

It was rumored that Anne was a free soul and had relationships; some even considered her predatory. Anne was

quite warm toward me; this concerned Charline. I don't know whether it should have. Although I did find Anne attractive, and warm, my life was involved and precarious enough at that time, that even attempting to pursue that warmth was frightening to me. Besides our relationship was one of almost daily contact in the lab where I would be solving problems for her as part of my job. I do believe she was most appreciative of any special efforts. As part of her graduate thesis, she included my name, along with others, as one who had helped in her achievement.

Judging from the handwriting, it was Anne who left a poem on my desk one night, at a time of extreme duress in my life when all the uncertainties of Charline's life and mine were in a turmoil. The gist of the poem: Master Of Your Own Fate: Captain Of Your Own Soul.

Perhaps Anne was attracted to me in a special way. Maybe she was also caring and empathetic.

This Anne was also in a special way a credit to Ann(e)s everywhere.

Then, while still at the University, there was another Ann, married to a graduate student. She was an energetic, intelligent Ann, who worked in one of the labs as a technician. She spent a lot of time trying to get the wages of lab technicians increased. She was active in worker's and women's issues. She had red hair, was freckled, pretty and slightly roundishly voluptuous. I would have to say she was an O.K. Ann.

Of course there were the movie actress Anns like Ann Blythe and Ann Miller, seemingly good clean cut Anns, in the days when that was in vogue.

My granddaughter's name is Kilee Ann. Most of my experience with this one K. Ann has led me to think somewhat unfavorably upon the name Kilee, since she is rather spoiled, willful, tyrannical, temperamental, and tantrum-throwing creature; very self-absorbed. I have a feeling the Ann in her has been absorbed as well.

The last Ann(e) to be considered in this Anecdote is the real reason for this writing.

I had been told that an off-island Anne, a realtor lady, would be showing up at my neighbor's house on the island with some interested parties.

In my last conversation with my widowed neighbor, who wasn't living at the place any longer, she had indicated to me she and her family had decided to keep the place for a while. But I also guessed if the right offer came along, she and her family would consider it.

Not knowing when to expect the realtor Anne, I sort of forgot about her, until very shortly afterward I heard a loud car exhaust

noise 'next door'. I went over to investigate. The car noise had come from another neighbor's vehicle as he was driving into the lane in order to show the lost realtor Anne the way. This neighbor soon left the premises in his loudly exhausting automobile.

There was an introduction before the neighbor left. Some conversation ensued regarding the plusses and minuses of the house and property. I found Anne engaging, charming, seemingly open; even sweet-tempered. Not an unattractive woman, maybe in her early forties, a slender, smallish, blond lady with a bit of a crooked smile. But with an entirely disarmed and sweet face. Maybe an acquired thing in the realtor business.

Again this Anne did nothing to disgrace, or bring ill-repute to the name of Ann(e). As a matter of fact I thought about for her a while, after she had told me she was a the sister of the wife of another island notable whom she proudly had announced had just become a grandfather; and I would assume, her sister, a grandmother; surely a very young one.

And just lately I have learned from the neighbor with the kickety-bang-bang exhaust, that she had lived on the island for a while, working in the local store when she was younger, perhaps just out of high school. My neighbor had told me, they used to tease her then by saying her bust was bigger than her I.Q..

I hadn't noticed that she was particularly largely endowed; so I had wondered just how inept, stupid or shallow she must have seemed in order to merit such a low estimation of her intelligence.

Then I truly began to feel empathy with this sweet-faced Anne. Surely if such an appraisal of her had come to her attention, which, upon the island, would have been unheard-of, she must have felt terrible about herself. Somehow it was understood she took it all in good fun. I would guess, we easily delude ourselves in our funning.

Something cruel said, not reconcilable with this sweet-faced person, Anne. Perhaps I missed something. Sometimes, the island has not been particularly subtle or tactful in its assessments of its residents.

I have wanted subsequently to single out this one Ann to reassure her that I did not think her intelligence was wanting; and that she was a credit to the name Ann(e), in my estimation. And that whenever I heard the name Ann(e), I would think of her as a sweet open-faced Ann(e), a treat for the rest of us who often see scowling faces.

And really I now wanted to embrace her with feeling; hug her; somehow to let her know how I felt about that old assessment of her; and more how she had cheered me amidst all of those other scowling faces.

I assume I really don't want to know if there are any bad Ann(e)s.

Ann(e)

Nov. 21. Its been a while.

It was a dark and stormy morning. Of course it was late fall; almost winter. The wind was blowing, the skies were raining.

At my age I could feel the cold. Somehow it was frightening. There was no romance to any of it.

I began to realize how vulnerable I really was. If I had been caught out in the elements; how well-protected I would need to be; and then perhaps that would not have been sufficient.

Alas! Our frailties.

There isn't much time remaining. There isn't any time remaining to fulfill all the ambitions. All the opportunities have been squandered; because I never took the ambition seriously enough.

And where did that ambition come from? What did I hope to accomplish?

Why is it that I cannot separate myself from my age. At one time I felt there was boundless time before me; now I know there is none remaining. What brings one to this realization so succinctly?

One always reads and hears about the promise of the young author. One does not read or hear anything about the promise of the old author. The world is geared to what it believes is the epitomizer of the transient **NOWNESS**. Therein lies its faith in this promise. But in the end; most everyone of these promises become passe. The demands of the next transience must discover their own 'amusements'.

As I write this I am in our log home, which I began building nine years ago. It is a reasonably comfortable place. I do enjoy being here; and am always glad to return from where ever I have been. But I imagine attempting to do any of this again. Especially with my sensitivity to the cold. So much of my construction time was spent in the cold breezes that blow off the cold water. I would be tediously chain sawing, while trying to maintain my balance on some scaffolding or other; working up a good sweat; then a chill would set in. I needed to change my clothes as they became saturated with perspiration. I needed to wear woolens, even wet woolens, all the time to stay ahead of the cold. Then I had to scramble when the rains came to cover up the whole works with tarps.

In a certain sense, the time spent on the building represented a selfish squandering of my life. You see; I really was cut out for saving the world from itself; even though no one would listen. It was my duty to mount my ridiculous charger; setting out to save

the world with the lance of truth. To brandish and wield the sword of love. To set the example; because I had the vision.

Delusional perhaps. But visionaries are what they are. And we are universally appealing, because the world of man is so encumbered with its deadly embraces of prejudice, bigotry, intolerance, pettiness, arrogance, insolence, and egocentricity, all somehow encapsulated into 'ignorance', which in the end may be the inescapable human condition. All the Institutions we create to address this lack of ours seem to repeatedly fail their expectations. The other 'visionaries' succeed in capturing the moment, while the rest of us have to answer to their inspired rantings. But the juggernaut rolls on, sweeping all before it; inspired ranter, hopeless follower, other visionaries, and the pack; all consigned to a horrible fall. There is really no purposeful occupation or graceful exit.

Perhaps man's greatest single statement would consist in devising a big enough explosive to blow-up the planet. As it is, by acts of attrition fueled by greed, self-aggrandizement, desire for control, power and influence, the planet is being reduced to a barren rock devoid. And like the futile arm raised against the bomb, the visionary savers, would protect that which is hopelessly outnumbered, and outgunned; outgunned by greed, and desire for control. The bomb 'goes off', the arms are blown to bits, the treasure chest is destroyed in the process. Obliteration; but never quite complete; the job is never finished. We cannot even destroy the planet or ourselves, or our institutions, with any resolve.