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July 19 2004

Anew, anew.

Watched a video last night; Alexandra Morton; another cry in the wilderness. She wants the killer whales on her doorstep, but the bad guys are chasing them away. The bad guys are the fish farmers. If the Orcas were smarter, they would rip those fish farms to shreds. Try shooting Orcas the way they do seals, unh unh; a real stink.

Karl mentioned that he and Angus might help her out by putting in a foundation for a new building on her property, a more private hideaway. Nice looking lady (47); as Jodi said, in another context, she might get the bachelors to brush their teeth.

I was reading through the collection of magazines, New Yorkers, Harpers, Atlantic Monthlies, Smithsonians, Sierras, Vanity Fairs. The New Yorker has a stable of writers, actually many of whom I have grown to dislike, and some I have disliked even before they became members of that elite club. And others whom I cannot believe would participate. Gotta make a living. Anyway, one of those authors whom I have particularly disliked wrote a tale about a fumbling kid trying to make out with his girlfriend, that really belonged in Penthouse. A John by the name of Upsmut. And of course you already know I have a longstanding dispute with Snotrag, the queen of affected tastes. She died leaving me without a foil.

So why shouldn't the New Yorker whet one's appetites. It helps to sell the other bullshit, and promote those in depth studies that quote an endless string of anonymous sources, and misquote their subject interviewees. One recently fleshed out its article on 'writer's block' with the prevailing depth psychology and bibliographical insights into Herman Melville's 'latent' homosuality; just more smut. Lapham of Harpers and Swartz of Atlantic are circumlocutors; they are either incapable of saying what they mean or they are afraid they will be hauled away by the gendarmes (the patriots [Mr. Ashpit and fundamentalist associates] for what they believe to be their seditious thinking. And the Smithsonian has gone patriotic. The Nation is too far left, however importantly they little illumine that huge void of darkness in the rotten affairs of state. The Progressive has deceptive possibilities.

I have been a long standing defender upon any opportunity a defender of Melville; because all they got on Herman is supposition and innuendo. 'Those in the know' keep shoving Herman in the closet with other men just to see what happens. The dead guy cannot defend himself. Then they drag Herman around as a fellow

traveler just to show that queers can write. Herman did not have a problem; his reader's had the problem; they were made to think; they masked their ignorance and their inability to think with smut.

Don't ask me why I just can't go along with his character assassination. Of course you all know that Jesus got it on with Mary Magdalene. See what I mean. Whadda we know about Mohammed and Buddha? Did Maria Theresa have any itches? See what I mean!

If ever I get to become notorious, those same truth seekers will be looking in my underwear. Fuckall, Dickall and Buggerall.

Like Jodi says, when any new pair of thighs show up, all the bachelors brush their teeth. My father would say often enough that my brains were in my pee pee. He was a good role model. But I think I could have managed that aspect of my life without his exemplary behavior. Dad would have liked people to think he meant well, but he was a philanderer anyway. I discovered it doesn't take any brains to become a philanderer. Its mostly about opportunity when one has an itch. In case you are curious, the uninhibited suffer from lapses of unknown origin, and an acquaintance has informed me that 'a stiffy has no conscience'.

And don't get me wrong about Upsmut. There are young men always trying to make out with their girl friends; its part of the process. It goes something like this. They say its 'opposites attract'. That's just one way of thinking. Personally, even though I answer to the description of the male of the species, just as did Herman, I do not see the female of the species as an opposite. And just to make things even clearer, I do not view the male of the species as an opposite, but if I was to view either of them as a sexual object in terms of opposites, I would certainly choose the male as the opposite and the female as the object(ive). Clear, ain't it? Keep 'em guessin'!

I make jokes when I am specializing in seriousness with regard to Herman smut. Penthouse specializes in latent prurience, abject prurience, and a bunch of other pruriences, all to the greater issue of stimulations and gratifications. Anaïs Nin would have fit right in (that rhymes). There are other ways to say things; not just the New Yorker way. E.g.: the cavernosal nerves secret nitric oxide at the level of the smooth penile muscle. Nitric oxide causes a biological reaction that causes a relaxation of vascular smooth muscle. Relaxation of vascular smooth muscle results in the increase of penile blood flow. With the increase in penile blood flow, the filling of the cavernosal sinusoids causes the corporal bodies to expand and compress the traversing veins. This process in effect traps the blood in the penis and results in an **ERECTION**. (Even amongst my most hated enemies). All without the benefit of phosphodiesterase

type 5 (PDE-5) inhibition (sildenafil). (Sudden it fills, and not seldomly.) And that's not smut! It's a preoccupation. And what happens in the female???? Without PDE-5, they fill out and their erectile tissue goes bananas, and their parts secrete. Wow! Mere details. More details!!

As usual, I get sidetracked. A sidetrack is something that takes one away from the real important issues whether they be the rape of the environment or whatever else could be just as important.

Some will argue there is nothing more important than sex.

Can you imagine it though, being consumed by rage at the maneuverings and unconscionable acts of environmental rapers. Spending one's whole life raging.

Discussion RE: Not Knowing.

What do we do when we do not know?

Is the father more important than the child?

Is the president more important than the citizen?

If the question is answered in the affirmative, just what is the child's and the citizen's importance? Where do they belong?

The father says to the child: 'Its not yours to question.' 'Because I said so.' Or 'Its none of your business.' Or 'Its too difficult to explain.' Or 'It has to be kept a secret, no one must know.' 'Its for your own good'. And when the president says the same to the citizen, what is the citizen to do?

Especially when everything the president is and does seems so unpresidential?

Some will argue that fathers and presidents are people, and behave no differently than other people. They suffer with the Capital Sins just like everybody else. Suffer?

So what is it to be a father or a president? Authoritarian?

We do not know beforehand, because much of what the father or the president is, is cloaked in prerogatives. Prerogatives?

A father has certain vested powers, a president has certain vested powers. Might makes right!

If a father explained his every act in detail he would not have any time remaining to act as a father. If a president explained his every act in detail he would not have any time remaining to act as president. The president does have a cabinet to help him, those who might do the explaining for him (or her), but they also hide themselves in a cloak of secrecy. 'Have to clear that with the president.'

Even our representatives in government will not tell us what we wish to know, without a truckload of equivocation and flag

waving. And the gargantuan media cannot discover or unearth the things we want to know, the best they can do is quote anonymous sources; which result in denials, not in truth.

In essence we are told we have to live with not knowing, not knowing the truth of things that affect our lives. If we do not succumb to this state of affairs we become derelict as children and citizens. As derelicts we are handled in a manner that is intended to prod us into obedient underlings, who better do what we are told; OR ELSE!. Kent State! Horiuchi!

Dialogue is impossible because of all the prerogatives, whether vested, assumed or accomplished by fiat (in the interest of the stronger). (Does that mean if the child or the citizen became stronger, that they might get more attention, or might simply waive all courtesy and do unto them as they had done unto thee? Yes!)

In the old days fathers and presidents would claim that whatever they did was done for our sakes, 'for your own good'. In these newer days, in a 'free' country, such claims are often challenged by the child or the citizen. As a result we seldom hear that claim any longer. So we don't even know whether something is being done for our own good; we often suspect it is not being done for own good, as a matter of fact we assume we don't count at all, and that what is being done is not in our interest at all; and a lot of what is being done we learn about after the fact, or never at all.

We easily assume the president to be dictatorial and tyrannical, the very thing of which he accuses others; not the child and the citizen, who have ceased to matter. The citizen becomes a number, a statistic, whether for or against the father and his dictum. Preemption Works! Take away the rights as the expedient dictates.

No Exit! A captive in ones own home; on one's own homeland.

The alternative for the child or the citizen is to create his or her own perception of things, to form one's own opinions. Maybe to force the tyrants into denial, or force them to attack the child or the citizen, or to annihilate them. If we can't give them liberty, give them death.

Only 21% of the population elected our current president, and if the truth was to be known many fathers would not be elected as fathers. The truth is that almost all recent presidents (since the male-given right of women to vote) have been elected by a similar number (avg. 19.2% over the last 84 years). Those who voted for their president are in the minority, despite what concern James Madison showed for the power of the majority, which in fact turned out to be the very small minority. In his time the popular vote was not being tallied in any meaningful way. Often the electoral vote was provided by state legislatures because of a 'negligible' tally of popular vote. In that questionable period of time

(1824), Time of Aristocrats, John Quincy Adams received 84 electoral votes with a tally of 115,696 popular votes; Andrew Jackson received 99 electoral votes with a popular vote of 152,933. Another candidate received 41 electoral, with 46,979 popular, while Henry Clay received 37 electoral with 47,136 popular. A sufficient majority was not to be found in Jackson's tally. Clay yielded his electoral count to John Quincy Adams to bring his tally to 121 electoral votes, presumably representing 162,832 popular, sufficient to win the election. This was during a time when women and blacks did not vote. The resident population in 1824 was approximately 11,000,000. The 162,382 represents 1.5% of the population. For subsequent years, based on the popular vote and the resident population, these tallies follow: 1828, 5.3%; 1832, 5.1%; 1836, 5.1%; 1840, 7.5%; 1844, 7.1%; 1848, 6.5%; 1852, 6.4%; 1856, 6.6%; 1860, 5.9%; 1864, 6.5%; 1868, 7.9%; 1872, 8.5%; 1876, 8.8%; 1880, 8.9%; 1884, 9.0%; 1888, 9.1%; 1892, 8.5%; 1896, 10.0%; 1900, 9.5%; 1904, 9.3%; 1908, 8.6%; 1912, 6.7%; 1916, 9.1%; 1920, 15.3% (women vote for first time); 1924, 14%; 1928, 17.8%; 1932, 18.4%; 1936, 21.7%; 1940, 20.7%; 1944, 18.8%; 1948, 16.4%; 1952, 21.9%; 1956, 21.3%; 1960, 19.1%; 1964, 22.8%; 1968, 16%; 1972, 22.6%; 1976, 18.9%; 1980, 19.4%; 1984, 23.3%; 1988, 20%; 1999, 17.7%; 1996, 17.8%; 2000, 17.9%; 2004, 21.0%. These numbers are estimated to be within a $\pm 0.15\%$ accuracy. The percentile of citizens of voting age that actually have voted in presidential elections has hovered around 54.5% (over the last 40 years (with a high of 62% to a low of 49%). An appreciable change cannot be attributed to the Voting Rights Act in 1965 and the July 1971 Constitutional Amendment extending the vote to 18 year olds. Before women were granted the right to vote the highest percentile was 10% in 1896. On average 45.5% of the voting age population have not voted (in the last 40 years). Greater and greater numbers of registered voters are not voting. 67.5% in 2000 from 95.8% in 1964. The most significant change in voting age population occurred between 1970 and 1972 with the inception of the 18 year old eligibility, but did not influence the percentage of decline in voting age turnout which continued until 1992, only to decline even more afterward. And to change above the 54% (~57%) average in 2004. It is unclear to me what % of registered voters voted in the 2004 elections, but one set of data indicates ~70%, a slight rise over the decline. (During the Vietnam crisis it was 96% in 1964 and 90% in 1968). There has been a gradual rise in the number of voting age who register to vote, approx. 10% over 40 years, but also a declining percentage of those who actually vote, until the more anomalous 2004 election where 16,000,000 more voters voted than in 2000, but the voting age population had also

increased by approx. 10,000,000. (The losing candidate received 9,000,000 more votes than the previous winner.) During the height of the Vietnam crisis, the last highest voting percentage of voting age occurred followed by mostly successive declines reaching its nadir in 1996, almost 12% lower, only to rise to the highest level since the Vietnam era (62% 1964, 61% 1968), with the incidence of the Iraq era (57% 2004). Start an unpopular war if you want to get out the vote! The scoundrels!!!

Statistically, we do not know how many citizens are actually engaged in the political debate, whether they vote or not. In the 2004 election it has been reported that only 10% of the 18-24 year old registered voters actually voted. Is an ever worsening trend being set by this cannon-fodder group? The more vulnerable youth of the nation cowering before the tyrant? Laziness? Disinterest? I know the feeling.

This last election (2004) only cost \$888,000,000.00. Is this intended as a measure of something? Is there something at stake here? What is being bought and sold? That's small potatoes compared to the War in Iraq which, at this writing, is up to \$257,000,000,000.00 Must be awful important. More important than the election of a father, or health care for the multitude. How much oil could we buy with \$257,000,000,000.00?.

Is the wealthy man more important than the poor man?

More rant: Nov 2005

The Bush legacy: twenty Million Doses of Bird Flu prophylactic.
Like the Ford legacy of Swine Flu.

The Bush legacy: Twenty Million Doses of Prozac for those who have become inordinately depressed when reading about DU. That aint no spectrophotometer; that's Depleted Uranium, with a ½ life of 4,700,000,000 (billion) years. Then inordinately elated when they heard he got his sausage caught in his zipper. The Prozac is for the treatment of manic elation. And for those who are found to be muttering, Motherfucker! We all know who they mean. And she's the Queen who upon her throne was heard to (m)utter *What I'm hearing, which is sort of scary, is they all want to stay in Texas. Everyone is so overwhelmed by the hospitality. And so many of the people in the arena here, you know, were underprivileged anyway, so this is working very well for them.*

He might be inordinately stupid, like the womb from which he emerged, but he knows about DU, just like Billy Boy (Moniker Billy) did when it was used in former Yugo(slavia). And like the father of the son with the zipper problem when it was used in IRAQ where the son is now also using the stuff, after learning of its penetrating power, sticking it to the old bitch, Mother Earth, in Afghanistan. Some Cabal.

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The stuff, DU, has been around for a while; since the bomb years. Its been used in penetrating weaponry, and shielding weaponry for some time, probably 45-50 years anyway. First acknowledged use was by the Israelis in the 1973 confrontation with the bad guys. DU aint all there is to it; there's the Dirty DU with Plutonium 239/240 and Uranium 236, Americium 241, Neptunium, Technetium 99, and Zeusium.

Quite a roster of 'nations' got the stuff in weaponry, US UK France, Russia, Greece, Turkey, Saudi Arabia, Bahrain, Egypt, Kuwait, Pakistan, Thailand, Taiwan, the other China, probably North Korea, and South Korea; geeze probably everybody in the coalition; OK everybody with a nickel to spare, and those on lend lease, and foreign aid (friendly friends [not Chavez of Venezuela]), and the IMF, or World Bank. Gee Whiz! a UN of DU. There's gotta be a protocol somewhere. Cuba?!

OK, so here's what you get for your nickel. Besides alpha and beta you get gamma. In addition you get heavy metal poisoning through ingestion; there are several ways of ingesting the stuff.

You know how it is with the Nuclear Industry. Its all a matter of rems; each individual is permitted so many rems, each individual has a tolerable level of rems, often measured against exposure to cosmic radiation, and exposure to watch dials. Rems are not to be mistaken for rapid eye movements.

The Defense Industry accepts the diabolyisis of the Nuclear Industry. God Said!! Every thing is in good hands!

All those suffering from the after effects are now grouped all together under the phenomenon known as Mesopotamianism, or Gulf War Syndrome; otherwise recognized as Diabolic Nuking. High U disease, High Urine; baked Kidney; very 'heavy stuff', as he puffed on his toke.

To hell with Prozac, Medical Mary Jane. Something for a trip. An escape from this madness.

Think I'm stymied, do you. Can't find anything else to say.

This is just the trash bin, slop bucket, chamber pot. Can't just deposit it on the floor; or spew it into the atmosphere; the sorely offended atmosphere.

I've incorporated some of the bile into Catherine. But Catherine has been such a positive experience, I haven't wanted to load it down with the worst in me. God Bless America was a plenty big dose. I included that epithet in Catherine because I was hurting, hurting bad enough to do it. Actually I was impotent, while that other guy was running around, flashing his sausage.

In truth one is impotent anyway; its just the daily reminder that assails one, where one feels all he was taught to believe is being undermined by a shithead. Where he feels he hasn't any recourse.

And where he feels there isn't any democracy; only a sham thing, something for the photo-op, while the dirty dealing goes on behind closed doors, those highly polished doors, the ones that Abe passed through.

Here I am at 72, and this is still going on. It started early in my life. Way back when, while I was in elementary school, like sometime between the first and third grades when some tough kid, some local bully put it to me, knocking out a tooth. In Catholic School the nuns rode herd on the bullies. But after three years of relative safety, it was back to public school where the pecking order was established; the bullies on top. It seemed patently unfair, and inconsistent with the dictum of the Declaration and the Constitution. I got tired of being knocked on my ass, developing a few survival skills of my own. Somehow you gotta earn respect for democracy to work effectively. Man's natural tendency seems to be domination, intolerance, and a bunch of other character flaws (predilections).

Anyway the bully was a presence; one walked the other side of the hallway or street, one let him have the ball, one was terrified of confrontation. It was a terrible imposition upon those who were on the wrong end of it. It was a terrible imposition to be forced into school by truancy laws, then exposed to such frightening behavior. The school grounds were in reality, the training ground, the arena of the future, where one would learn the really tough lessons where the whole fucking army would be after your ass when you mocked the big bully; and where nobody would give a damn. You are on your own. Was it the proper kind of training?

I see my president as a bully, as someone to fear. It is still terribly unfair that one human being should have such power over another. And one hears the righteous Brotherly Love crapola preached by that bully as he beats up on one and all. Things could be worse. He's on Prozac you know, otherwise he would be shooting everyone from the hip.

But I am tired of being knocked on my ass by that fucking Texan; its not only him; its those other guys like him; other presidents, and the string of cronies, the Kissingers the Bakers; the Hatchs, Agnews, the Perles, the Meeses, the Wineburgers, the Ashcrofts, Rumsfelds, Wolfritzs, the Cheneys, the Gingrichs, the Lotts, Delays, and their ilk. All bullies. All guys I'd like to get for the pain they have caused me. They better stay behind their razor-wire and their Rotweilers. Every time they open their mouths they undermine my most basic beliefs about the country in which I was raised. Their equivocations, dissemblings, temporizings, rationalizations (rhetoric) and outright lies; then telling me if I don't like it what I can do. Or I had better watch out, ya hear! The

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gunslinger Horiuchi waits in the wings to blow your damned head of, the one who shot Lady Weaver and Branch Davidian; probably shot Allende too. A real human thug with a telescopic sight. I tell yuh, those guys are worse than mean. And what's more, they have appropriated the country in which I must live.

Its ugly.

Moses didn't say anything about bullies. Not that it would have made a goddamned.

Onward to another scheme.

Dreams.

I Found myself upon a strange landscape that incorporated a hill isolated in a very developed area. As I walked the hill, disappointingly, I found many signs of civilization; and what seemed to be squatters quarters. Nearby was the sea.

I soon found myself in my old place of employ; a large building, on a second floor, a 'science' building, on a university campus located in the city where one could have an ample view of the sea. There was a central hallway, with functional rooms and labs entered therefrom. The partitions in general seemed somewhat the same, but the equipment and other things in the rooms had changed. One of the professors was still alive, and still had his old lab space. That is, he had returned to the first lab he had occupied. He only seemed to recognize me; and perhaps wondered what I was doing there.

All the other professors had died from one thing and another; a few from old age.

Those who occupied the labs regarded me as some kind of impertinence; 'How did he get in here, what's he doing here?' They didn't know that I was once the 'king' (pin).

Actually I had remembered doughnuts, and I had seen some doughnuts; some things never change; I was hoping for an opportunity to swipe a doughnut. But it never came.

There I was, still alive, haunting myself with times gone by. In previous dreams I was still working there, or had returned to the place out of habit; and was tolerated, although pretty much useless; even drawing a salary.

But this time, I no longer had any connection with the place; I should be dead. Could it be that all I wanted was a doughnut?

But why alive? So I could walk these halls of dread, where I was all but dead. I did nothing creative; only a lackey earning my bread.

Why do we return to peer at our death? Phases of dying.

Full of a kind of regret; all the females I might have had; that young flesh, supple, curvaceous, often smelling of things

tantalizing and mysterious. All young; but now, like me, old crones. Only one, who became my life's partner. She still comes to this town and this university to work. To her it is all still familiar even though it has been transformed many times. In my eyes, there are times when she is still young.

Is that necessarily so?

Don't look too closely. One should be so bitten.

But here I am now, logging on, writing this thing.

Remorse? Twenty years of death.

My departure was a desperate escape. Really desperate. I had sensed the reaper nearby.

I could no longer perform in my task of earning my bread.

I went to sea. When I returned, it was thought I might return; the 'king' (pin) might return to the sacred halls. I wrote to the new director, and the old director (who might understand better than the new) I was not coming back. So the book was closed on one death. Until one day a familiar envelop came in the mail. Within the envelop was a check for \$10.50 for some miniscule amount of time for which I had not been paid. The old bat tidying up the accounts. Paid for my death in dribbles.

All the young women on campus can now breath easier, knowing my eyes will not gloat over their wonder.

But as you by now know perhaps, I have indulged myself with Catherine. The pleasanter aspect of my former death. But none were like her, really. None could ever be. Impossible, and implausible, and improbable.

Not a dream and not a death. A fantasy full of chocolate cake. Not just doughnuts. Something rich.

Aint this creative bent fun!?

Catherine is as close as I want to come to smut.

Visited some old associates from the University last night, a retired Chemistry professor and his wife, also a chemist. She is on oxygen, even more than the last time we visited them. And he seems to have aged just to keep up with her, or because of his concern for her. Their lives have become very restricted because of her condition; obviously deteriorating; it would seem she cannot go on much longer.

If she was well, they would be traveling all over. Instead they live in a retirement home, in small quarters, stirring little; although he peddles his bicycle to campus four times a week.

Saw two green herons yesterday. Usually solitary birds, maybe they were on their way to some convention wherein the state of the environment was upon the agenda. Or they could have just found

each other in the night of life; perhaps even a boy and a girl who have decided to keep the species going despite what homo sap is doing to fuck up the habitat.

I was hoping to find something regarding this last in the media, but without avail; so perhaps it never happened. I was just seeing things and surmising as I am wont to do. A voice in the wilderness. Actually, they flew up from the bramble found in a man made sluice identified as the 'mill race' that has to be kept filled through pumping from the river, otherwise it drains out leaving a muddy sludge, filled with various kinds of debris. That kind of wilderness.

To return to thinking about the old trapped couple. I was envisioning myself in a very few short years, hopefully not months.

I imagine who I am now, lasting, not indefinitely, but at least up to the time I make up my mind; but it cannot be so. This project of me is drawing to a close. I must must must attend to the unfinished parts; just to say that I could do it; all the while realizing how grandiose it is to think we can finish anything. Logic argues for the unfinished. One moment of inattention whereupon the blade of the windmill will unhorse me for good and all. As it did Wallace Stegner and Antonio Gaudi; fine old gentlemen whacked mid-stride.

It is only in the unfinished there exists a hopeful prospect for all those neglected by one's fellow man; if what is, is in the nature of finished, as in 'this is the best we can do' or 'it is what it is'; then all is without hope; an endless sorrowful agonizing repetition on a human scale. All else suffers as well. Man will bring down the castle.

Later. Another of those social gatherings growing out of RCWDs continued association with the University. A looksee at a Chinese couple's recent acquisition; their new new home, two people in 4,000 sq. ft. Instant Home, its skeleton visible in the development's other 4,000 sq ft homes under construction. A ready made lawn with uniform near Astroturf roll-up grass. One neighboring lot occupied with a 4,000 footer under construction, only a towering monster a few feet away behind a six foot fence. The lot on the other side undeveloped; only a matter of time. Across the street a nice vista into the distance and the valley below, soon to be obliterated by another 4,000 feet of living space. The inside of the new new home is partially lined with hardwood floors with gyprock walls and ceilings. A Chinese theme in the furnishings; with a kind of reach toward opulence. A natural gas fireplace, two sided. The backyard offers the most restful part. Since the property and all the others in the development are treeless, a treed greenbelt vista beyond the edge of the development awaits ones eyes as they gaze

across the homogenized backyard lawn, and beyond the continuation of the six foot fence.

Purportedly they sold their previous place to acquire this new place, owing ([only], as other's put it) \$100,000.00.

Anyway a lot of this description is beside the point. I wished them happiness in their place, and I wished them good neighbors.

I really wanted to get to the discussion with the professor who, like me, had (has) prostate cancer. One thinks us smarter ones would be sufficiently and cautiously aware of such a deadly disease, as this one reserved just for males.

His experience. Of course, he was cautiously aware, relying upon his personal physician to look after his interests. If a PSA reading was out of the range of 'normal' or 'expected', it was believed he would be notified. It so happened his personal physician was preoccupied with his own sickness, sufficient enough that he should have given it up. But he persevered, only to neglect his patients. Hence the PSA reading that would have alarmed others was allowed to cause alarm through yet another physician 18 months later, his previous GP having passed away; with a reading more than tripled in the intervening time period between the unknown, but revisited value.

Too late.

But the professor decided to attack it on all fronts, believing the cancer to have metastasized. I didn't inquire if he had a bone scan, and/or a CT scan. He had submitted to chemotherapy (a form of the drug used to combat breast cancer in women), to lower abdomen lymph gland radiation, and really hot iridium radiation of the prostate, plus 2 ½ years of follow up Lupron. Four years after it all he is still feeling like he is recovering, both from what happened to his body through chemotherapy and the Lupron. But only recently he learned his PSA has moved up from Zero.

A discussion ensued attempting to imagine what was behind the change.

A short review of my experience to bring this episode up to speed. I was under the impression that the first PSA reading I had obtained was in the normal range; and so it was, in one school of thought. So no alarm bell was sounded by my GP. But my GP failed to prescribe a routine blood check for a PSA reading until two years hence. Of course it wasn't entirely his responsibility, although one does put some trust in these guys to be on top of things (a foolish mistake on my part). The long and short of this part of this narrative; the PSA had nearly doubled in those two years. After weighing the evidence and examining my options, I chose palladium seed implants. The subsequent PSA readings never achieved a zero; and after a low point have gradually

stubbornly increased over the ten year period. Soon they will breach the old normal standard.

To return to the discussion: I informed the professor of the opinion of the oncologist/urologist I am currently seeing. When I mentioned to this professional the opinion of another professional, one of those involved in my original treatment, that the treating professional thought the rise in PSA might represent somewhat of a recovery of the prostate (gland), the latter professional offered a 'no way'. Recovery from radiation was not a possibility.

He had ordered both a bone scan and CT scan which revealed nothing. He performed a DRE noting nothing in particular. Since the PSA was still within the normal range he did not recommend a biopsy, which I would have resisted in any case, because it is my belief the mechanics of the procedure make it seem possible to liberate malignant cells into the blood stream if indeed a malignancy does exist. Presumably this is performed with the aid of an ultrasound device which purportedly enables the physician to aim his biopsy gun. In viewing of an ultrasound image, it all seems mechanically too imprecise. Of course one might be able to target a large enough tumor, but not without entailing the same risk of liberating malignant cells. The oncologist and I parted with the 'wait and see'. It is his supposition at this time that the rise in PSA signifies a slow-growing tumor.

Back to the discussion. The professor wanted to imagine the proposed scenario of my first treating physician, that the prostate (gland) might be recovering. His thought also had to include the recovery of potentially metastasized sites, while also believing that the original chemotherapy and the Lupron would have beat them into submission.

So we wished each other well, dimly aware that the professionals don't know as much as they let on; well, how ever you say it.

But others joined the two of us in another discussion that found me pontificating upon expectations, not in this case, concerning physicians, but our representatives in government, our leaders, and our government in general; where it is meant to seem that our expectations are unwarranted. An expectation is a hypothetical thing, not a promise. There is nothing written in stone; and the vagaries of humanity too diverse, to realistically favor or encourage any expectation.

Without expectations, what have we?

He that hath begat hath entered the realm. MIR has been returned to the realm, a pile of junk!. Sinanthropus Pekinesis is marshalling his forces to overtake the realm. The prophet Dulles stirs in his grave as he hears the yellow tramlings above. Number

overrealms. To what purpose? Establishing another fucking civilization! Coitus on the rebound. Fashioning another monster. They can clearly outfuck us. Like they wanted the French to outfuck the English in Quebec. Like the AAArabs can outfuck the you know whos in the Mideast. Time and Tide. Monsters, ALL.

He had read in the Lamentations that there was no meaning to life. What was amazing is that he told me he had read that passage. I could not say aloud what I was wondering. This one, who utters GOD very frequently like a person fingering his lucky charm, was relating something; was it revealing? What was it revealing? Doubts? No, couldn't be. Maybe testing me in some way. Well, if it was a test, I did not set out to agree, disagree or show signs of debating the message.

But he offered to make it possible for the grandkids to come to the Island. Now, there is putting your money where your mouth is. I had not really dared to suggest such a possibility, feeling very unsure of my place in their Goddy world. To me, it is interesting they do not see me as a danger, a corrupting influence. So strongly fortified do they feel in their surround of Goddy. And perhaps the children do reveal somehow their desire to see more of us. Well I guess I will be thankful; I had better be thankful.

I know I shall search for that passage in the Lamentations; perhaps that will be thanks enough.

*Although we form an image of her through the good offices of Dulie Jelpy (subject to change), it is not intended she should be 'fixed in stone'; but only imagined. Dulie serves as a suggestive and appreciative gesture, a nod toward refined good looks. (The author needs to contact Ms. Jelpy for certain permissions **Did That; no response.**) Hence this disguise.*

The face we put upon the character of ourselves, that is, what we are doing, we authors. Imagine, if you will, the author putting the face of Dulie upon himself. How else describe the delineation? It is possible that Dulie will recognize herself and not be pleased; be offended; or she might be intrigued, and pleased, if handled properly.

The author invades this person, essentially depriving her of a reality he cannot know, as much as he cannot know any of the characters in whom her good looks have earned their portrayal. He asks; 'Is she an empty vessel, a shapely vase, into which we pour something of substance, enlivening the surface this way and that?' 'Do we shape this lovely according to our whim?' 'Is that not what she herself has chosen, is that not why she exists?'

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This usurpation probably angers her, because she has her own preciously guarded soul, from which the world does want to extract many things she is not prepared to yield. She will not forfeit her soul without reassurances that it remains hers always.

But what a presumptuous transgression by the author, to think that he can trade in celebrities to enhance his own feeble production.

Meanwhile Catherine dons her mask, wearing a sheath of subtle, streamlined goddess-like beauty to encase the protoplasm and the chitterlings. Catherine may truly be claimed to have 'guts', no less than Dulie. The skin is lustrous, fulfilling the tenets of enchantment, a mysterious enterprise in itself, most wonderfully awakened and emphasized in these tenuous imaginings; mind you, not restricted to any [particular age group].

Is the child turned into an ogre because it has erogenous zones? Love! What's Love?

Since Catherine is mostly formed, that is structurally identifiable and set, although quite plastic because of Word Processing, she may be articulated somewhat differently by the end of this opus.

The author and William are taking their leisure in Waddington Channel, not too far from Homfray Channel, where Catherine was born.

Catherine and William might become tangible, modeled after Yillah and Tagi, also a mysterious and enchanted pair, or Rima and Abel; our fancies so served. Although intangible (that is to ask 'What is tangible?') and improbable (and what would be considered improbable in one age soon becomes a stark reality in another), the reality of their words anchors them to this page, perhaps forming an encumbrance, as the author continually forces the world upon the reader; he is 'in their face'.

Don't fergit: Coalition Of The Willing

I believe the maker screwed up when he allowed shit to stink. A sermon from the dungheap.

"God damn it, give me one voice in congress, one of those like Wayne Morse, Ernest Greuning, J.W. Fullbright, Albert Gore Sr., Clifford Case, Frank Church, George McGovern. No equivocating, calling a spade a spade. Telling us and the president like it is. Don't give us the weak kneed, Eugene McCarthys, the Janus faced Hubert Humphreys, the jackal-like double talking Robert Kennedys

or racists, like George (yet another George) Wallace. Give us somebody who puts it all on the line as a matter of duty and conscience, someone of impregnable integrity. (Senator Robert Byrd??).

“I would like to discuss further the idea of applying the discipline of psychology to literature that was written before that area of human speculation became a science; the science of the human psyche. Where we try to unearth motive, the meaning and implications involved in conditioning. I contrast this idea to those who have written fiction and judgmental essays of human behavior (also a kind of fiction) fully cognizant of some of the mechanics of psychology, the more rudimentary mechanics.

“Doubtlessly there is some part of human behavior that is not manifest as to its cause. We might wonder what favors the making of a poet as contrasted to the making of a psychologist, the latter of whom would analyze the former, seeking the imperative to poetry; whereas the former might not have much to ponder in the way of metaphor, rune or rhyme with regard to the latter; assigning to it the highest degree of inconsequentiality, especially when applying its reason-to-be to creativity.

“Of course, I am thinking of one of my favorite *bêta noires*, the homosexualizing of Herman Melville.

“But first I must indicate to you my feelings of repulsion toward the idea of a male becoming the lover of another male. Some of those who tend to psychologize would imagine a feeling of latent homosexuality within me as the root cause of my feelings of repulsion; that is, I am repelled by a socially unacceptable manifestation of that kind of sexuality. I would not want to be thought of as a homosexual; and do not consider myself as one.

“Anyway, beyond my predisposition, that is, rejection of the male/male thing for myself, for which no part of me consciously desires, and as a repellent thing to observe in others, whether stemming from subjective causes, or from its unseemliness as a function of natural processes, I find that those who spend their time attempting to impugn or discredit others through their sexuality has become a mostly slanderous activity, perhaps also rooted in certain latencies; a projection, and not a study in the revelation of truths.

“What happens, as has happened in the case of Herman Melville, when the task has been undertaken to discredit him, unfairly, in the first place, since his writings occurred before any formalization of the discipline of psychology, and in the second place, to look further afield to attempt to demean someone, because he is more thoughtful and more human than the rest of us, by insinuating things about his relationships to others as

being sexually motivated. Then, as the coup-de-grace these somehow find their way into standard bibliographical references which are housed in University libraries as some kind of gospel, which no one questions. As has happened with Herman Melville.

“I suppose in a certain way I am guilty of something here too, when I speak venomously of that exemplary literatoor, the old queer, Vidal, trying to suggest that Abe was a homo, er... excuse, bisexual; Hermaphrodite, anyone?. The old reprobate imagining himself in bed with Abe, that’s what. Like the man said you can fool some of the people some of the time, some of the people all of the time, but not all the people all the time; and you can’t fool Gore (not you, Al!). Yes!, somehow it matters to me that Abe was not a pervert. All these perverts, Vidalians, want to do, is imagine themselves rising as they push others down.

“If a man be shy, have feelings of inadequacy, be a little prudish, not assertive, without tattoos or big shiny brassy belt buckles, or a gun slung from one of his extensions, not prepossessing, actually not an asshole, and certainly somewhat delicate in his manners, and seemingly unmacho, he becomes a target for those with perennial erections, looking for a place to score.

“It goes to say that anybody worth anything in this world is assumed to have a skeleton in his closet; one little bone will suffice.

“There are times when this world becomes a cesspool. Unfortunately there are cesspoolians with whom we must deal.

“To attempt to bring this rant to a close, I say clearly that I do not believe in the least that Herman Melville and Abraham Lincoln were homosexuals; and I would not like to think of them as homosexuals. But I do indeed think Of Gore Vidal as a homosexual. He is an egoist, a repulsive man to me. I do believe he is slanderer, having arrived there through some degeneracy resulting from his proclivities. He is not to be trusted for his bias.

“I would never feel inclined to read anything Mr. Vidal has written. It would seriously undermine my concept of humanity to think of the greatest American writer and greatest American president as homosexuals.

“Don’t mistake me, I am willing to consider the fact that both Herman and Abe lived in a time when sexuality was essentially mired in a rigid puritanical morality, that had much to do with a sensitivity to social taint of a rising upper class. I am willing to think of Abe as sensitive human being who was very circumspect in his dealings with the opposite sex, all embedded in a code of behavior of the times. As was also true of Herman, differing only in degree and circumstance.

“Their seeming awkwardness, and perhaps, delicacy, would be more or less obviated by our almost non-existent codes of today.

“Mary Todd thought a lot of herself. She made Abe, that accommodating fellow, miserable, probably so in bed as well as in other ways. They probably never had a discussion of how to please each other sexually, a more or less forbidden subject amongst those who led circumspect lives.

“Elizabeth Shaw was a prominent judge’s daughter, worthy of much consideration as it turned out, to provide a style of living and comfort, and social status to which she had been accustomed. Again we know nothing, but only what we might assume was the relationship between Herman and Elizabeth in bed.

“If discussing sex between two marriage partners seemed problematic, imagine how problematic a situation where one had tendencies for the same sex. Come on now, scandal mongers, conjure away!”

Addendum:

William speaking, ignoring his proper place in the line, rather irrelevantly, disjointedly, caustically, began a rant from the bridge..

“There are many things that have happened behind closed doors, in the name of National Security. It has come to our attention through various means that National Security is not the only issue involved. ‘Security’ only partially defines our activities behind closed doors.

“Hegemony, control of natural resources, vested interests, are all part of the definition. Security in the area of exploitation of labor, of resources; and protection of the ‘right’ to do both.

“When the indigenous peoples of the land rise up against these exploiters, they have been branded ‘leftists’ or Reds. Reds are bad for business. Our military aid to the ‘security forces’ has made it possible for the ground to run Red with the blood of indigenous peoples. Chile, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Guatemala. Panama, Granada, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Bolivia, Columbia. Lately we have been after Venezuela. The Western Hemisphere is our turf, from Monroe to Reagan/Bush.

“I think it is important that we never forget Vietnam; just as we ought never forget Hiroshima. And by the time its over, we ain’t gonna fergit Iraq.

“None of us could have been able to prevent what happened on August 6, 1945. Harry S. Truman gave the order. Harry S. Truman was a little man from Missouri. He had been a haberdasher before he became the man who decided. He was in the driver’s seat, bucking along.

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“Something that was completely preventable followed; it was not his decision to make; however, still bucking along.

“Harry decided to give Indochina back to France, as a colony, after the Japanese surrendered; he sent advisors and money. Sorta like we took back the Philippines after the boot; and England tried to reclaim its loses after Brouhaha #II; and these guys gave away eastern Europe to Joe. Go figure. We watched anyway. Détente.

“Then Dwight Eisenhower, when the French were chased out of Vietnam, decided that the USA had an interest in the natural resources of Indochina; so if’n the commies were allowed to win an election in Vietnam the natural resources and the rest of Southeast Asia would (according to his Sec. of State Dulles) fall to the commie yaller peril) so our Dwight failed to support the Geneva accords (elections) that woulda seen Ho Chi Minh become president.

“Instead he supported a divided Vietnam, some for them, some for us. Then JFK kinda went along with the gag, sending more advisors to bolster the us side of the argument. Then LBJ, the Great Society president, along with the whiz kid, really got us into more than an advisory role. Then the ‘new’ Dick Nixon/Kissinger really upped the ante by bombing Cambodia, after tellin’ us he was gonna get us outta there (not in a hurry, as it turned out). When the Nobel committee promised Kissinger the Peace Prize, (defeat with honor), the horrible mess came to an end (only somewhat). Ho Chi Minh was dead by then. Cambodia fell to the Khmer Rouge, all of Vietnam was unified under home rule; sorta socialistic, and they got to keep their natural resources for their own use. And Cambodia, well what can you say about Cambodia? It joined the WTO. After **countless casualties, (body bags: 58,000 of us and 1.3 million of them gooks)** transported into the great hereafter, and a shitload of **Agent Orange**, the Vietnamese won the right to self-determination, and Hanky-Panky got a certificate to hank on to his wall (the good lives after them). Somewhere amidst it all, the Militia got to practice insurrection, dissent, control at Kent State, by order of the governor of that backward state, Ohio. Pax Americana. Now enshrined as Homeland Security with the consent of Congress (the Yahoos), who supported the Vietnamization of IRAQ. Instead of a Gulf Of Tonkin, it was suspicious looking truck. Another Secretary Of State, Colin Powelless, took the bait; and the fall. Look where we’re at, folks.

Faulty Intelligence!!!!????