

## *The Oyster*

The author cannot recall the exact reason he had been describing the manner in which an oyster behaved, but thereafter, whenever she greeted him (with a very friendly smile that cheered him no endly), it was with that same gesture he had used to describe that marine bivalve life form, that she mimicked in her greeting to him. “*Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister than a too-long opened oyster.*”

An oyster opens its mouth like a duck, but does not quack.

*Oyster* is supposedly cognate with *ostracize*; related to, or descended from. Hmm?

Do you suppose that is because we tell tall tales; that is, because we walk oysters up the stairs?

Will merrily penned ‘The world’s mine oyster.’, that is, something from ‘mine’ may extract profit, or from which one may ‘mine’ profit.

Then they intimate that if you gain the world, you lose your soul.

‘To be or not to be?’ soliloquized he.

*“But four young oysters hurried up.*

*All eager for the treat.*

*Their coats were brushed, their faces washed*

*Their shoes were clean and neat,*

*And this was odd, because, you know*

*They hadn’t any feet.”*

The author is obliged to say something about this; brought to mind by something to do with *feet*, with scant connection to bivalves.

From the Pulitzer prize to the Bullshitzser prize, in one fell swoop; winging it!

The author (Harpy) of *To Kill A Mocking Bird* turned out another tome titled: *Breathing New Life Into Jim Crow*, or, *The Second Coming: Jim Crow*.

When Mark Twain lost interest in a character, or an emerging character, he simply ceased, or wrote the character out of the script, like they do nowadays in the Soaps. Mark didn’t offer any explanations. Perhaps it was because the proposed character had no character. (Rowena went outside to watch the Fire Works, she fell down the well and drowned.)

Atticus Finch turned out to be a sham character; an invention; not real. There is no way that the original Atticus could ever become Jim Crow. The popularity of the first tome, whose main character is one who may or may not make sense to some, but who seems whole and full of integrity, was turned into an apostate in the second tome. Its OK to change your mind in this life, but to attempt to fob off something on the

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reading public as a credible creation, something so antithetic, just to promote sales; well, shit man! (Cashing in on a new wave of racial turmoil that erupted in Ferguson). A simple name change might have made a difference; along with the other attendant changes necessary to create a new equally credible bird. The original Atticus Finch is not schizophrenic, he is not a pathological liar; he cannot occupy two pairs of shoes even by creating a time difference. He would have had to have sustained a severe head injury, or had to have undergone brain surgery to remove part of a pituitary tumor, or some such, as to have caused a substantial inconsistency of character ('poetic' license to be arbitrary, wrecks the plausibility of that license). Such induced trauma would be more credible than what has been foisted upon the reading public; a man appearing in public sporting four feet. Killing Two Birds (or Four Feet) With One Stone (suggested title). (Harpy and associates attempted to turn the racial strife into profit.) (they succeeded).

*"It's a very remarkable circumstance, sir", said Sam, "that poverty and oysters seem to go together." (who the dickens wrote that?).*

Even before the author has declared his subject, he has subjugated it.

If there is a subject, it is most likely the solitariness of the oyster, but oddly linked to an implication that the world belongs to the solitary, or that the solitary individual may still claim the world as his oyster, (*from which he may be ostracized*). *Osterized, oysterized. Standofferized. Standoffizized.*

The author did have something in mind.

Seeking for the umpteenth time to express this darkness experienced in the light of life.

It yields him nothing to go back to the beginning, where all the darkness began.

Mother was an incredibly decent person; a life spent entirely in the service of others (in the shadows). The author can only speculate upon her motivations. He was too much of an oyster to realize this about her, or to truly appreciate, while she lived.

Whenever the author did anything, good or bad, he did not think how it would affect mother.

Father was not a decent person. But, somehow, he charmed and persuaded the maiden/near-spinster of mother to become his bride.

Their union begat the likes of two oysters, two individuals unsuited for this life. Just because you survive doesn't mean you are suited; and just because you beget does not mean you have become endowed with any special entitlements. The world may be somebody else's oyster, after all.

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There it is, a fait accompli, full of pronouncements and jargon (the yap of the day).

But there is more than gets expressed. This is where we begin.

The author believes each and every life, no matter how well it obeys the first principles of oysterization, is essentially unfulfilled; also, time is not on anyone's side. Its over too soon, for ever. People try to second guess their way with bullshit.

But this is not about other people; it is about a solitary individual, perhaps Kafka-like; very thoughtful, feeling very not like his look-a-likes.

This solo person identifies with people like Ernest Barlach, the individual who empathizes, with great skill. His oyster evolved into Nazi Germany, where, because of his ethnicity, his empathizing was considered degenerate.

A solitary ethnicist was not allowed to live in his shell. He expired just to save everybody else the trouble.

Perhaps, you, patient reader, will allow a small digression to accommodate a 'delightful' avian specimen, **Haematopus**. (a first approximation). Of course, like all other creatures, whether represented in the living or represented in the fossil, it has been anointed with its own Latinization, derived from Greekleaks: to wit:

Lexicon #2

**oys-ter** (oi'stər) *n.* 1. Any of several edible bivalve mollusks of genus *Ostrea*, chiefly of shallow marine waters, having an irregularly shaped shell. 2. Any of various similar or related bivalve mollusks, such as the **pearl oyster** (see). 3. A bit of muscle, regarded as a delicacy, found in the hollow of the pelvic bone of a fowl. 4. **a.** Any special delicacy. **b.** anything from which benefits may be extracted. 5. *Slang.* A close-mouthed person. – *intr. v.* **oystered, -tering, ters.** To gather, dredge for, or raise *oysters*. [Middle English *oistra*, from Old French, from Latin *oistrea*, from Greek *oistreon*. See **osth-** in Appendix\*]



From Appendix:

**osth-** Also **ost-**, Bone. 1. Latin *ōs* (stem *oss-*), bone: *os*<sup>2</sup>, OSSEOUS, OSSICLE, OSSIFRAGE, OSSIFY, OSSUARY. 2. Greek *osteon*, bone: OSTEO-; ENDOSTEUM, EXOSTOSIS, PERIOSTEM, SYNOSTOSIS, TELEOST. 3. Suffixed form *\*ost-r-* in **a.** Greek *ostrakon*, shell, potsherd: OSTRACIZE, OSTRACOD: **b.** Greek *ostreon*, oyster: OYSTER; **c.** Greek *astragalos*, vertebra, ball of the ankle joint, knucklebone. Ionic molding: ASTRAGAL. ASTRALAGUS. [Pok. *ost(h)-* 784].

**Hence:**

**Haematopus ostralegus**, as a more general species description, originating or catalogued in Linnaeus, describing primarily the

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European species, known as the 'sea pie'. ***Haematopus bachmani***, (Black) Oyster Catcher, refers to the North American resident we found in Glacier Bay. The ***Haematopus bachmani*** then, is a **species** of the **genus *Haematopus*** in the **family** of seashore wading birds, ***Haematopodidae***, who in turn belong to the **order *Charadriiformes***, which 'pigeon-holes' avian species on the inland water and the seashore habitats, known as waders and shore birds, in this case, an '***oyster catcher***'.

Having recently pursued the lineage of a Latinization of the common American domesticated turkey, and having spent many hours which eventually led to a compilation of 'confusion worse confounded' which in turn, nearly drove the author to distraction in the creation therefrom of several pages of a very tentative sensibility and correctness, he feels a very great reluctance to become so engaged again, therefore will hope you will be understanding if he refrains in the case of ***Haematopus bachmani***. From a casual perusal of the origins of the Latinization of the commonly identified winged creature as *oyster catcher*, by what are themselves now classified as ornithologists, the author may be able to envision a not uncharacteristic meandering through the facts and Latin lexicons. This one ***Homo Sapiens Adamus Durchanekus Reddus Bloodus Americanus*** will thus defer to posterity the further elucidation of this maze.

However, the author is compelled to mention, though, it is not easy for him to conjure anything 'catching' an oyster. If anything can be said "to 'catch' an oyster", it ought be a starfish, the more equal predator, acting out a patient underwater drama. Other shorebirds and water birds do not pass up opportunities to serve their palates with shellfish; and raccoons, or bears, are not averse to these tasty morsels - not omitting the palate of this selfsame scribe.

'Tis all said not to demean ***Haematopus***, for indeed this creature is amply designed to quite partake of the oyster as well as other shellfish, crabs, marine worms, etc. With regard to oysters, the bird does not 'catch' them as it were, as the larger part of its feeding behavior, although it is not averse to finding an unwary oyster taking its leisure with its 'jaws' agape, through which the bird would adroitly enter, its long chisel-like beak deftly severing the muscle from the shell, precluding its closure, thus, in turn, assuring for a leisurely repast for the bird. In this way one might assay the oyster 'caught'. But the catcher's predominant behavior with regard to shellfish appears to involve the bird's use of its chisel-like beak to hammer a hole in the flat ventral surface of the shell of mussels, primarily, the flat area constituting the weakest part of the shell; once perforated, cutting the adductor muscle allowing the bird to thus employ its beak in prying open the hence, abducent shells. Perhaps one may yet perceive this as 'catching'.

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Although the oyster catcher was known as 'sea-pie' in Europe, at least as early as 1552; OED: "... *Paid in rewarde to Mrs. Levetts' servaunts for bringing of sea-pies x,s*", this is not to be confused with the other sea-pie, a dish of meat (or fish) and vegetables boiled together with a crust sometimes in layers, a dish originally prepared, presumably aboard ship. However, that one not dismiss entirely the possibility of the two sea-pies having some relationship - one might shoot wild fowl as the source of the meat; however, *'the oyster-catcher is not highly esteemed as a bird for the table.'*"

Perhaps you are able to comprehend why it is the author does not wish to pursue the lineage of the oyster catcher any further. He is thankful you have borne with him this far; as a reward, he'll leave well enough alone - but if you ever find some spare time on your hands.....

There's a **Haematopus** going around taking names.

The oyster catcher is symbolic of the forces that are out to get you, however likeable the avian specimen may otherwise appear. One of the more outstanding platitudes states: don't be deceived by appearances. So, conceal your ventrals; disguise your adductors.

Nazi Germany sought out the solitary shells. The Nazis were another kind of bird (animal; yet to be identified; its lineage unknown; or unrecognized).

What follows is not a whitewash of what took place in Europe between 1933 and 1945. But what took place then had been taking place for centuries as religions, ideologies, boundaries, became the lot of **Homo Sapiens**. And today, the state of things remains intensely the same.

People elbow people. Look-a-likes elbow look-a-likes, more than any other kind. Why is that?

The author lives in a time when the elbowing has become more congested. When he was deposited, squalling, upon the planet, the global population was under 2,000,000,000. If one tried to count to that number, he would soon fall asleep. But today there are more than 14,000,000,000 elbows. That's a real snore job!

People pollution. Will anyone sacrifice himself, please?

The species is stuck with the elbows, and humanity is stuck with an insoluble problem. Fucking produces elbows. People, with increased birth rates, and with with increased longevity, are cluttering the globe. That's' love, for yuh. The species needs more same-sex marriage.

The author gathers, from your expression, that you didn't know that oysters had elbows. And he speaks scathingly of what love produces.

But here he is, on his rapidly descending slope, wondering how much of him, languishing in his world, will survive him. All those little nuances

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that are him will be gone. Like Hillary, what lives in his underwear will be of interest to some, but, for how long? It would be even difficult for the others on the planet to be relieved because only one had departed. When a white cop shoots (to death) an African American, do people breathe a sigh of relief because of the reduction in number?

Is the author approaching the meat of the opus?

The death lives after him. The death lasts infinitely longer than the life.

From *Knotted Twine*. A Concluding Chapter:

*"Perhaps, by now, you are the one most able, without further adjuration, to conclude something with regard to yourself, seafaring, and this one prospective author. If he was to conclude any one thing, it might be found in the simplicity and directness, to be reiterated time and time again, succinctly, to one and all, forever: "GO NOW!!" (Sail Away!)*

*YES!, perhaps a tiresome repetition with which you might tease and beleaguer yourself, only to react plaintively, "But how, but how?" It is a question every man or woman anchored in a stationary workaday world (or ghetto) might ask eventually, only to live in a swale of torment until overwhelmed by life itself; or formulate from out the very urgencies of the life force itself. He, or she, would feel compelled to up-anchor for the open sea. This may seem overly dramatized. Perhaps; still, there is no drama that quite equals that famous soliloquy of Hamlet, to which we must all fall heir. What may appear to be a theatricality is doubtlessly symbolic of the human spirit, feeling itself in the traces; and yea, simultaneously feeling unaccountably compelled to answer to the life force itself. Perhaps one wishes only to change from one job to another, sacrificing his equity as it were, or to move from the plains to the mountains, or from the mountains to the sea; or to more needfully unshackle himself, or herself, from shabby human relationships, a defunct marriage, or enslavement to the collusion of the Banks, Madison Avenue, and Consumerism, as well as countless bureaucracies (albeit, escape the pall of the status quo).*

*'Overcoming' might aptly encompass what one is all about as he challenges his own staid patterned existence, to move aside, making room for the one and only self, which is yet to be brought to light and fruition; perhaps as part of an instinctive yearning.*

*No, this message is not a broadside against life as we (or the author) know it, although, because the author is who he is, one who does fire his random fusillades at the entrenched hominid image, it may appear so. The author does not quarrel with life, per se; he cannot; it is larger than his mereness. Yet he is a voice, and, as a voice, he will speak, and sometimes become quarrelsome, either inadvertently, or with defined purpose.*

*While the past or the future may appear to offer more than now, there is something persistent and immutable to be found in the now, that only something cataclysmic could substantially alter. Within this persistency,*

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one must find himself; yes!, as something special and unique, if only to enjoy that singularity of existence, as though there were none other. Perhaps you feel, once again, the author is wandering too far afield, irresponsibly. You desire some specific formula for making the change, the switch to the alternative life style, to one of a magical self-fulfillment.

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

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

Waiting for the afterlife, the author insists, cannot, and will not, provide adequate succor or salvation. It simply cannot be, for surely there is no afterlife. Leaving mockery and blasphemy aside; Oh, Yes, surely dreams are the stuff of life. If one should dream, as his dream, the afterlife, perhaps he imagines he is thus sustained in this life. If one should dream, as his dream, not some passive issuance awaiting a deliverance, but as something his whole being desires and requires, beyond a waiting for that expiration, then, before expiration, one must first recognize and submit to respiration; one must live and be alive in order to expire or perish. The dead cannot die. To submit to a premature death as a gambit to curry favor with some imaginary deity who or which would selfishly request your subservience to its will rather than seek your own fulfillment (a living to the fullest) seems more akin to some ugly despot, whom you would be advised to abandon - since you do have a choice. In any case, one might as well not be born as to become, with life, an empty gambit. Or to state the proposition yet another way, one might as well not be born as to not become.

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

The author argues, but does not persuade. Will more of the same rhetoric persuade what one's inner self already instinctively knows to be the only way?

'Tis not wild abandon or anarchy that he proposes, but something that cannot be measured until it has transpired. Instead of dreams then, one acquires memories. One acquires a knowledge of himself in relation to something that is not found in the school books (THE TEXT), bibles and law books. Inside one becomes more than he was."

Speaking of 'beforedeath', aspiring to be an oyster these days is not conducive to one's health. The waters of the planet are contaminated with the waste products of manufacturing and consumption. Oil spills,

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and Fukushima, gold mining, dramatize the issue. As the ‘scientific’ studies in Antarctica demonstrate, the alterations to the planet resulting from gobble warming, are not beneficial. The acidification of the oceans is homo sapiens contribution to natural disaster (his legacy?), that is, the disaster in the works becomes the natural consequence of his predation.

Anyway, even though all the beaches, which the oyster unfortunately considers its habitat, are labeled with warnings, the oyster itself, can’t fight progress. It is ill-equipped to demand equal treatment; it can’t even quack. Even though homo sapiens can quack until the planet burns up, he will go down fighting for the right to (crap in his nest; the oyster’s too).

So you wanna think twice about being an oyster, and about pollution. If you wanna be an oyster, instead of a homo, you gotta do something about the habitat; something better than the homos do with their habitat.

As you may have noticed, the subject always seems to be the same; life wandering into a cocked hat; and something is always larger than life, it appears.

After many years of scribble, one settles into his conceits. However, it is with a kind of determined dedication and certainty, this author takes himself beyond the narrow view in search of the truth. On the road to truth one encounters many byways, some labeled, some not, some beckoning, others not. This author has travelled some of them, rarely to discover any relevance to his avowed search. Even toward the end of the proposed road, there is a deceptive convergence in the distance, which leads one to believe she will be his at last. A last desperate hope? Desire overwhelming objectivity? The naked truth blinding, blinding, her beauty, or the ugly duckling, obscured in her radiance.

Another suggested tome on oysters: *Bartelby The Scrivener*.

A parting shot from M.T. in *The Damned Human Race* (Was the world made for man?) After some preliminary calculations Mark settled in to tell us: *“it took 99,968,000 years to prepare the world for man, impatient as the Creator doubtlessly was to see him and admire him. But a large enterprise like this has to be conducted painstakingly, logically. It was foreseen that man would have to have the **oyster**. Therefore the first preparation was made for the **oyster**. Very well, you cannot make an **oyster** out of whole cloth, you must make the **oyster’s** ancestor first. This is not done in a day. You must make a vast variety of invertebrates to start with -- belemnites, trilobites, Jehusites, Amalekites, and that sort of fry, and put them to soak in a primary sea, and wait and see what will happen.* After some further speculation upon the subject, Mr. Clemens



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produced, *Voila!*, the **oyster** (*the oyster is done.*). He also ventured that: *An oyster has hardly any more reasoning power than a scientist has, and it is reasonably certain that the one jumped to the conclusion that the 19 million years was a preparation for him; but that would be just like an oyster, which is the most conceited animal there is, except man. And anyway, this one could not know, at that early date, that he was only an incident in a scheme. And that there was some more to the scheme, yet.*

*The oyster being achieved, the next thing to be arranged for in preparation of the world for man was fish. Fish and coal -- to fry it with.*

And so it goes.