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I must never become facetious in this latter projection; I realize the depressing factor of **rigor mortis** in the brains amongst the ruling classes or juntas, that must forever fight against the imaginary insurgence of the masses. I believe this kind of paranoia is an expression of guilt (that old latency coming to the surface). (Do you suppose?). It cannot just be greed and lust for power, can it? Repeat after me: "I must never become facetious in this latter projection; I realize the depressing factor of **rigor mortis** in the brains amongst the ruling classes or juntas, that must forever fight against the imaginary insurgence of the masses. I believe this kind of paranoia is an expression of guilt (that old latency coming to the surface). (Do you suppose?). It cannot just be greed and lust for power, can it?"

Seek and ye shall find.

RCWD advised removing it from *Remedio* (underlined):

[**Bold** added as these notes progressed):

What we need to do periodically, instead of polishing off victims (sacrificial - those who revolt against quiescence), we need to draw and quarter the Chairman of the Board of Genrul Mothers, or the President of Chaste Nanhattam. Of course, we **no longer** draw and quarter; we hang, electrocute, shoot, lethally gas, and lethally inject (**in the more civilized countries**), (no, not all at once - *dumby*); some die naturally from guilt or suicide. We overlook the 'remedies' (cruel and unusual) that should be reserved for those that practice genocide, like the Chairman of the Board, or the President, Secretaries of Defense, and Tyrants. I would recommend nailing them to a sheet of plywood; or shoot 'em from a sixteen incher. Civilization has its ups and downs. And forgive them, if you can, for they know very well what they do. Or suspend them from their Reproductive Imperatives. Amen! A Constitooshunal Amendment will eventually permit Awomen! What a lousy script!

Remedio - An Afterthought ☹ *For No Hai Y Remedio*

I might have spared you the gory details. A manifestation of mole-eyed gloating?

Those who cared the most were the most deprived. Perhaps the King cared the least. He could not recognize the difference between wright and rong. He was a descendant from a long-line of inbred monarchs, appearing watery, impuissant, *sine ictu*, invertebrate; a foppish thing who nowadays would make the Herdlines in tabloids and scandal sheets, doing his utmost to prove his manliness. Some stupid thing would be persuaded to marry him for the glory of it all, hopefully to perpetuate the regnant disease, brain dysplasia.

Capital Punishment is not Cruel and Unusual.

Goya's May 1 is a stop-action shocker, painted in the days when the photograph, the screen, and the video were not available to play tricks,

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and to leave us jadebattered with redundantly hopeless images; images both real, which convince us of something, and imaginary, which, while not convincing us of anything, dull our empathy for those truly injured. We have O.D.ed; we have become saturated, without achieving equilibrium; on cheap crappy melodramatic fantasies.

Occasionally a real lunatic will break loose to amaze us all. What we thought we could construct of all the known permutations of human or animal behavior, we had overlooked the capacity of the individual human mind to create, and thus express, its dire uniqueness, and lone predicament. Not so much to be understood or pitied, but to be exploited (capitalized) by the Media Sponges who live to fire the boiler with the bizarre and awful, all the while attempting to embellish and improve the horror.

Dripping blood is intended to convince us something has happened - Justice - for example. *Albeit, self-acclaimed Christian, whatever that means; perhaps barbarian in a hard hat, oddly protecting an empty cranium!*

### Shit For Breakfast:

I had thought I would never become involved in these things again; i.e., the foibles of the United States Government; in this case, the Ollie Affair. He got it for three out of five charges. Lying to Congress, Destroying Government Property (shredding), For Converting Government Funds To Private Use (a personal security system). He was sentenced to 1200 hours of Community Service (more sucking up), and all along Ollie thought he was doing a public service. Hoi! Then he ran for Senator. And what did the other guy get? 45 years in the slammer.

We The Unfortunate People are in for the old fast shuffle again, where it is said even trivial 'National Security' issues are important enough to scratch Justice.

I guess that sums up how far they (not we) have come. (Perhaps WE applies as well) (I'm attempting to get outta here as fast as I can - you've heard (herd) the expression, 'Love it or Leave it').

Well. The trivialization of Justice is an easy matter for governments.

Ollie and his sidekicks, Poindexter, Secord, Hakim etc. (Ronnie and Georgie) scoff at the WE; its their little 'we' that's important. They begin with the presumption of 'right' fueled with arrogance. They get found out (discovered in their shenanigans); they go 'critical', becoming righteously arrogant, on their own, with mouthpieces seeking legal means to save them from an equally righteous rebuke - when there are no legal means other than FIAT -National Security. Some other country

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does that and we call it anarchy, when we do it, its called 'business as usual'. (???? FRONTLINE program re: Israel and USA connection???)

The Nat Sec issue may consist of something we all don't really want to know; like we are really in league with all of our enemies on a variety of different levels, and we are also in league with their enemies on a variety of different levels - and that someone like Reagan said "Take Care Of It, But Don't Tell Me Nuttin"; and so on; and "Don't Say I Tole Ya Tuh Dooit". Nat Sec could be a cover-up for a batch of blunders, the likes of which you wouldn't believe; that show us up (up us) what we got for a bunch of childish amachewers they really are (make sense outta that); that would be embarrassing; and might bring the house down RIGHT NOW, without any further delay, if'n it were known (deservedly so, deservedly so).

So much for wishful thinking. Just about everything that emanates from Are Capital angers me - so fergit it - ferg it. We are meant to construe what we have now as being the same, or being in the same spirit as Are Forefathers. We got a bunch of Neros, for starters. Its outta my hands (our hands) (your hands); like the aeroplanes that hover above; and the BOMB; AIDS, Killer Bees, Sex, Influenza, and the Death Penalty (one's reward for putting up with it all). Washington (DC) is like DEATH; an inevitable screw-up. The place needs to be demolished - sorry Tom and Abe, and all those who wouldn't tell a lie. The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution are not a shared experience.

I know what it is like to be in a situation where rules and regs hamper one's ability to do a job, perhaps even the job he imagines he was hired to perform. By the time you get some approval for what it is you are supposed to be doing, the opportune moment has passed (and the money falls into other hands). (Did I say that?). In my case it did not involve money; only getting the job done. The old battleaxe who sat upon the rule book said NO to everything that would facilitate the process. I circumvented the tub, taking the flak later. However I was left to defend my actions on my own without the benefit of a mouthpiece.

Mouthpieces often belong to the legal profession; on the surface they appear to be interested in Justice. On the surface. They are on retainer attempting to get a client off the HOOK of Justice.

I feel all I had to do was to tell the truth about my circumventions (with a certain righteous fervor); if they didn't like it they knew what they could do, which they usually did (it was their ulcer, not mine.) But not these blokes in DC; they lie about their circumventions; and we know what (WE) can do with that!

This isn't about me; its about my anger, which I would rather avoid. But since I am living in a place with an obviously corrupt, and easily corruptible, and aging government, badly in need of an overhaul; and am constantly exposed to a tale of its righteous arrogance about which

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I can do nothing, except engage in this harangue - Or MURDER - here it is.

We are being laughed at, in a charade. We do not know the meaning of the laughter. We are supposed to be part of what is going on, but we do not know how we fit in, and do not want to believe we are being played for suckers (and for all we are worth).

The only thing that makes it possible is the purse string. Sever that toke and its ours again; worthless, but its ours. You can't get your hand on it because its the foxes guarding the chickens. They will legislate your hands off'n your body; and they will never legislate themselves outta business. If you refuse to pay your share you'll soon find out who your friends are - they'll send the army after your paycheck. Its all LEGAL.

You get what you get - LIP SERVICE - which is nothing. If you wanta change things, get yourself elected; WASTE your life!

Never a more appropriate statement appeared under a gun rack than Love It Or Leave It; although the words are not inscribed, its implicit under the Shoulder Patch as well. Leaving It will be easy.

To be in a corner away from it is better than being surrounded by it. MURDER is the most expedient answer for me. That's an EYE for Shit For Breakfast.

Nixon got pardoned, making millions. The red-baiter, with the foul mouth and clever tricks made out just like Horatio Alger. He chopped down all the cherry trees.

### Shovels:

If he's a farmer he needs a shovel. If I am a shovel-maker I might be in a good position to provide him with a shovel. I will encounter competition. I could have colluded with all the other shovel-makers in order to set a minimum price for all shovels regardless of their quality. The 'higher order' of shovel-makers becomes a hegemony. There is no point in being a shovel-maker unless you can make a profit. Suppose I did make a shovel and sold it for exactly what I had invested in it, including cost of materials, labor, advertising the product, and transporting the product. I could play the entrepreneur's game of charging for all the other costs (overhead - its way over my head; and we are in way over our heads) even marginally associated with running a business; that is, I could pass along the costs (like business lunches complete with wine) - 'trickle-up', although they had nothing to do with the shovel. I suppose the farmer could take the same approach with his farming. He could pass along the cost of the shovel, as well as all the overtime, and his retirement benefits, in the price of his potato. (My daughters enterprising non-goyim piano teacher worked in paid holidays as part of her teaching arrangements.) In simple terms this is what we understand of how the system works. Passing real costs along may

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appear as a necessary and equitable arrangement, given that we are not a beneficent society, that we must survive, and that we are not all-in-this-together. So when you buy a potato, you are in reality buying a shovel. Its a bargain, 'cause everybody needs a shovel; 'cause you know why; it digs so deep; that's why.

### AGING:

My hands are showing their longevity (exposure). I am able to remember the feelings I had had when younger, noting the difference between the firm skin on my hand next to the slight withering upon my parents'. Now that mine have attained this impasse, mother's skin has achieved an indescribable quality; father has been cremated; this last is mother's wish for herself also. My son-in-law is a mortician to whom I cannot speak. He carries his beeper wherever he goes, waiting for the call (any). Its not his fault; its my daughters for marrying him. She is about to give birth to a little shovel. I like my daughter-in-law, but my son - STOP - (I was once a son) ...! I love what it is father's love about daughters. If I was to meet her on the street (as one is apt to say)....? I believe I favor the arranged marriage vs. the other kinds (my wife's father would agree). We are an intolerant lot in this best of all possible worlds. Father didn't have a daughter; father was into Oedipus and Jocasta pretty heavy; he even titled one of his diaries JOCASTA; what I mean to say of course is that father would have expected an Antigone. What else he might have done to a daughter I know not, but she, the unconceived one, is better off. My daughter has mostly survived me with the help of others and THE WORD.

Life is complicated. As unsaintly as I may seem I do not feel hostile or aggressive; perhaps otherwise a very simple (minded) (transparent) person in my likes and dislikes. Occasionally I take pleasure in mine enemies taking a fall, even if they know not what they do, and what I wish upon them. Its hard to believe that people still do not know what they do. It has been said ignorance is bliss, but the judicial systems claim that ignorance of the LAW is no excuse. So when it is said "Love Thy Brother As Thyself", it is intended you not ignore the admonition akin to LAW *Ignorantia legis neminem excusat*.

While age might provide occasion to dabble in the Word, one's state of mind, regardless of age, provides more occasion. Although these two coincide within me, potentiating one another in a downward arc, I feel the pressure to persist; to lengthen my intrusions.

Father had maintained a diary, variously; having ascribed the practice to his early years. At age 73, 20 days before he walked the plank, he wrote: Over the years diaries chart a course of an individual life. I began mine at age fourteen, when I was a gardener's apprentice. Our master directed us to do so to note down every evening what we had

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observed during the day. Thus it became a habit to the present, 60 years later. Alas, most of them were lost when my house burned down in 1972, but the habit and indubitable comfort it gave me and does has grown stronger than ever", written in a cardboard covered school notebook with a sheet of white paper pasted to the outside to cover the manufacturer's name, and sundry information to do with rulings, pages, etc.. Therein it ended on page 2, although the pages were unnumbered; however, the first page or two had been torn from the notebook, before a decent beginning was achieved, (or perhaps the notebook had been used for keeping accounts).

A tale to tell, or a life to be charted. Father charted his life many times over, often with an eye to posterity; so did he yearn.

All cannot be noted in the Sacred Scrolls or enshrined in the Sacred Halls, especially for all the home runs one might have hit had he been other than he was. David was a home run, the Bruges Madonna was a home run. The Kiss was a home run. Father's sculptings survive where many of Ernest Barlach's do not. Did father manage an infield hit? Surely. But infield hits clutter the Scrolls. Reaching base on the bobble of a solid connection (an idea too hot to handle).

Who knows? Doubtlessly the Scrolls are cluttered, and will ever so become numberlessly and namelessly cluttered unto Armageddon. We have outlived our purpose without ever having discovered it. If you want to get some notion, have a look at the Vietnam Memorial in DC (thats after BC [decades after]). Who could or would plan for such a bland assessment? Not on the Marquee? LUDVIK DURCHANEK, 20th Century Deep Hollow Road Sculptor; Amenia's most famous sculptor - some posterity. BY GUM, his sons remember him. Most likely the works will endure here or there, but father will be unable to speak for himself; and if abandoned to a diary, those that survived, what an impression!!!. I have a feeling, not the one he would have intended. One's dalliance with the salient; wisdom added for garnish.

11/5/88 Good Old Las.

A Nod To Dreams.

Guiltless Then - a vision passed before an unwatchful eye.

Since you departed, the first visitation emerged from a familiar face dressed to the nines in a business attire. I seemed to be stuck all over with little pieces of cellophane tape that she had asked me to hold while she busily patched the world together, smiling warmly towards me, involving me. But Ha!, in the background, the watchful eye; another pretty distaff voice, friend of the departed, cautioning "How can you be so with this one, since there is already another?"

I did tell her I loved her; the urgency and the gesture were appropriate, in fact, imperative; my insides 'spilling the beans'. Yes I

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willingly set aside covenants to utter these words that had echoed within me for a decade. She did not take offense; perhaps she had anticipated or expected my response. In 'real life' she had written "Love Always". Perhaps only an innocent gesture. Ah!, but to us who wear our hearts thereupon - might we not hope? If it had been anyone but her, how might have I adjudged the - Yes! now its a -'gesture'? What is meant by 'Love Always'? Is there a heart - Heart of Hearts in the darkness of life - is there a heart to be found in these words? Three letters were unanswered.

A second visitation arose from a seductress, unfamiliar - and an absence of the watchful eye. A touch of the sleaze, something cloying. Is that not the watchful eye demeaning one's urges; or one's presumption to pleasure? She came unto me, perhaps as a loose fish; but young, shapely, darkhaired, wearing a strikingly bright blue brief which shone against her tanned integument, and against her black blouse. She smiled and appeared to be giving, and devouring simultaneously. Close upon the event there seemed some entanglement with her raven-black mane, which had been gathered by some contraption which in turn seemed to require loosening (in order to complete the picture?). The act of loosening with my hands seemed to involve a maze of nearly matted oily hair.

Perhaps this last was introduced as a device of the watchful eye.

Ah so 'tis, to read thee.  
But who will me?

12/6/88 Las

More still - on the previous theme.

Alone now most of the time, contacts with people unrewarding; i. e. these do not assuage any aloneness or emptiness that is more easily precluded by a muttering walk through the woods, or a day of labor on one's taxable entity.

Of course, if she were here we could mingle and part, mingle and part, mingle and part.

In her absence I have taken liberties to imagine all manner of involvements, as if she were truly gone forever.

I fantasize for good or ill.

It rains, so I do not wish to go outside - thus I spend my time getting ready to leave, packing up. Soon to be with her, not too much more than a week or so now, after five, since her departure. We have done this often, and I fantasize often.

The Heritage Tree was converted into a Stump. G'Day!

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Theory of Inclusion, Practice of Exclusion.  
Neither Sentimental nor Squeamish.  
The Periodic Tabloids.  
The Peridiotic Tabloids.  
Moses Tabloids.

Dirty Doug.

The Largest Collection and Selection of BS in the NW.

More on the Walrus.

"Its a desecration! A sacrilege! Degrading!" She had been ranting righteously (how else) over the difilement of the red, white and bloo as incorporated into a windsock, proudly hailing beneath the trucks of sundry watercraft. T'was a better sham to display (the .. er .. candid) photo of the stars and stripes in all their garish array behind the son in an olive drab army ensemble (not unlike the studio shots concessioned to schools as kiddie photo-ops for their doting parents), even after he was discharged as Undesirable. (Can't win 'em all). What ya don't know can't hurt ya. Appearances are what counts. Start Counting.

The Walrus also believes that Worn is Poor. What is Poor? A Question that The Walrus avoids answering by engaging in other activities. Poorness is an anticipation of a state of being that causes anxieties. The anxieties are smothered in tranquilizers, the luxury of the more well-to-do. Well-to-do-ness is a righteous state of mind. Although nominally Christian (what's in a nominal Christian?) (nominal Christianity is an assent to something rarely invoked) (something held in reserve, like a lucky coin [or like St Christopher used to be until the papal bull{shit} denounced the venerable Saint as a false idol]) (when one Falls into poverty, Jesus remains as the court of last resort, Himself being first amongst the ranks of the poverty class), being a True Christian becomes a great inconvenience. When it comes to sharing one's well-to-do-ness, even tax deductions for charitable purposes compromises one's ethic. Which ethic?

Fall In.

Drop yore pants; time for skivvies inspection.

The Walrus produces phlegm. Thus it be writ. Not charitable; agreed.

While not particularly relevant, but so you may envision more of a person behind the pen: I have lived for 30 years in an urban setting, although I am the antithesis to an urban individual. I've lived in that setting mostly out of convenience, but now forever yearn to escape; and one does need to escape his excess baggage, his particular millstone of acquisitions, his *bête noir* of property, and the malevolence of property. It might be characteristic of the Twentieth century to discover



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the ordinary man permitted the luxury of making decisions with regard to the disposal of his worldly goods, sensing their contemptuous pretense at establishing his worth.

Perhaps, to further belabor the point, I should mention we still wrestle with the issue of 'prayer' in the public or secular school, something I would imagine constitutes an unfair imposition upon both the child (the new generation) who doesn't know shit from shinola, and whom we expect to divine deity; and the teacher, whose religious inklings become tested as part of his or her objectivity. Herein is hinted, only, one of many problems to be encountered in the proposed Revolution in 'awareness'.

Neighbor(s)?!?!?!?

I had begun by wondering (wandering) what had been his middle name. George Bush. George Washington. My father was named Ludvik William Joseph Durchanek (for his catholicity). Then there was the innocuous Adam. Or just plain SHITHEAD. My spouse goes by Charline of Rose Charline Walker Durchanek. They don't call her Dirtyneck or Gooseneck as did my infantile peers taunt me, for the lack of a more constructive cudgel. Jonesy, Smitty, Dirtyneck.

Jesus H. Christ. Jesus Fucking Christ.

Mother Earth. Gaea. The WasteLand.

Charles of Gaul. Charles DeGaulle

Louie de Fourteenth.

Richard of Gloucester (Glosster) (Glosster for a Hoss!)

Mal DE Mer (The Rogue)

H. for Holy

Social Nominalism, like Social Darwinism.

The SHITHEADS went on a rampage.

That which we call A SHITHEAD by any other name would still **smell**.

My name is Legion, for we are many (Holy Markeehew! [Mackerall]).

They tell the story of a man who desired to become a household abbreviation, or acronym; so familiar, in fact, that the mere evocation would stir reverence. We should be so lucky when we consider Nullum est sine nomine saxum.

There's FDR, HST, IKE, JFK, LBJ, an unbroken succession, until the utterance became Richard Milhaus N. M. T. (short for what one observed inscribed on the backside of the metal doors positioned variously approximating eye level [space available] in all the public stalls: Richard Milhaus Nixon Memorial Terlet.

J. H. C. or J. F. K., Jesus Holy Christ or Jesus Fucking Krist.

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He wanted to be known so familiarly, as ones innocuous brother; not J minus the F; even if the F. had been part of it: John Fucking Galbraith. J.F.G.; although all he really wanted was the ole JKG.

Artists do it up with initials; S.C. for Mark Twain; or with first names: Vincent; or last names: Gaugin; or when angry with a general public whose sense of attribution foundered in jaded imagery:

Michelangelo Buonarroti. Take that, you ingrates! Father settled for L.D. although often he was referred as S.O.B.

I sort of get into LWD; El Double UU Dee. Just another SHITHEAD.

Time will tell. In 1000 years, what remains of the wasteland will certainly not have its meager conscience disturbed (will not permit its conscience to be disturbed by some crank that lived some 1000 years before). By then it is hoped something more effective than JC will have arrived; something to which ALL will ascribe. AD will signify AFTER. Would I be willing to sacrifice my anonymity to the greater good of man, of which I so often yap? Obviously, underneath, invested in my yap is the hope than whatever benefits all of mankind also benefits ME.

Three of Four Medicine Men (Women) recommend Bayer; Three of Four Medicine Men (Women) recommend Tylenol; Three of Four Medicine Men (Women) recommend Advil; Three of Four Medicine Men (Women) recommend Nuprin; Three of Four Medicine Men (Women) recommend Excedrin; Three of Four Medicine Men (Women) recommend Anacin; Three of Four Medicine Men (Women) recommend a well placed Two by Four. When you make the computations; you will discover some overlap. Eliminating the Two by Four; if you integrate the other Five palatives: 5 products recommended 3 of 4 times (16 of 20). 4 times of 20, one of the five is not recommended, unless each of the Three of Four Medicine Men (Women) is represented by a different group of Four. If each group of Four went for Motrin, Ecotrin, Bufferin, Efectal, Tripout, respectively (respectfully), then it gets to be a pay as you go proposition. That is, a Medicine Man (or Woman) is simply on the dole, yapping about something about which he or she knows nothing; he or she might enlighten us upon something about which they know: the amplitude of their bank account. Hippocrates is far out man.

William F. Buckley looks like a Rabbit, but in reality he is a carping sniveler; or perhaps a Righteous (I want to say Democrat, but am forced to imply something very different; although he is a seeming advocate of democratic principles [seeming any other way would turn him into a worse crank than he would wish to appear]; so that leaves us little choice but to call a spade a spade; a Righteous) Carping Sniveler, who is more an advocate of Buckley's Less-Than-Benign Autocracy than one who finds tolerable exposing unduly the riff-raff to democratic principles.

William and Saddam ought debate the merits of yielding to the Other.

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Is it not to the advantage of certain individuals to want to be in control? And when you yield to their wishes through forfeiture, the day does arrive when you find yourself surrounded by forces that subsume your very own individuality. And the forces are real, even when they shoulder the banners of Freedom, Democracy; Life liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness. INDEED; it is - whose happiness?

'UTOPIA is a visionary scheme which fails to recognize the defects (**DEFECTS**) inherent in human nature.

### **D E F E C T S ! ! !**

The New World Order will prevail without defects; therefore it will dispense with homo sapience. Good Riddance.

### **THE NEW WORLD ORDER !?!?**

That's a Declaration; like the Declaration of Independence. The New World Hegemony is more to the tune. Now that quotes Communism quotes has confirmed the adage; vis a vis a failure to recognize defects, it is only a matter of time before those inherent defects destroy **COMPLETELY** (We are well on the way, perhaps without remedy) that which we have presumed to characterize as Democracy. We have installed Dictatorial democracies everywhere that armaments and vested interests have made it seem lucrative. We have always **DECLARED** "Its The PRINCIPLE of the thing." (Thing in this case imputing meanings cloaked in meanings; 'principle' perhaps cynically referring to the interest [vested] earned thereupon..

When one CREATES a DEMOCRACY, the 'struggle for survival' is meant to cease. It is easy to become a Prophet of Doom, given the adage.

From George III, to George Washington, to George Bush. I believe the end is in sight.

I had come earlier than the suggested time. He was sitting before his computer engaged in a computer chess game. It reminded me of another time when I had surprised my literary friend with pencil block sitting at his table playing solitaire. I am remanded to the countless hours I have not moved, punished mercilessly by the evocation of their memory. And I have only this one life to lead; and its almost over. My habits drag me down with them. This paltry little sack that knows nothing of the me that lives within it.

I am unmoved by most of it; I continue to languish. I have had an opportunity to write something poetical; I need to return to it, making it better. A Magnum Opus. Knotted Twine.

Much has happened since that last hopeful entry.

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Lately everybody has been preoccupied with Saddam. We speak of the danger to us from radiation emanating from powerlines, from TVs and microwaves, but alas the airways are ricocheting this thing -SADDAM.

If I were on the Island I could escape more easily.

I want to live with my own grandiosity, with my own Quixotic notions, my own Promethean struggle. I want to suffer my own pains until I understand what they mean. I do not want to be dominated by this other thing, subsumed therein.

I am 57 years old; unheard from, with something to say; as much to say as those that fill the airways; as much to say as many who fill the printed page, upon which I have attempted to obtrude. Editors offer little comfort; they ask for sympathy. They want to make money; they don't want to hear what people (I) have to say.

I am often depressed. The world unfolds to my dismay. There are forces at work in mankind which are very destructive to all things and to all forms of life; forces that are very aggressive; and hostile. Every man and woman is suspect. Instead of trust, there is suspicion. Yet it seems, on the surface anyway, when I do get to know someone on a more personal level some of this distrust goes away. Perhaps it is only those with whom one finds 'affinities' one also needs to find others of likeness, in order to feel more secure in whatever they are.

Wherefrom does this rampaging beast emanate then?

I cannot even concern myself with that question, knowing it to generate only highly speculative answers.

What I know about myself indicates that I have been unreasonable at times; I have been angry at times.

In The Purple Land W. H. Hudson believes there is something in all men far more effective than the Colt which prevents us from mayheming each other. There is a basic fear perhaps, of a kind of retribution for wanton acts of aggression, hostility, and destructiveness.

Arrogance, prejudice, insolence, pettiness, bigotry, ignorance, egocentricity.

But, what of me. Yes I have felt inhibited in taking certain actions against those most in need of retribution. The LAW is supposed to take care of that function for me, which it often fails to do. There are many evils, sins, vices, that are not subjected to the control and enforcement of LAWS.

We invoked the euthanizing powers of our understanding veterinarian to terminate the existence of our old sheltie-Laddie-dog at age 16 1/2 years. We had deemed his quality of life to be greatly diminished with senility, deafness, incontinence and a huge tumorous mass looming on his rear end. So much for a dog's life. I mention this because the quality of my life diminishes as I more identify its simpler elements; those in particular

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that are lacking in my life, or are constantly being obtruded upon - most notably by entities in official capacities who become the masters of denial - not unwittingly. Implacable are my feelings in this matter, such that I slip easily into self-destructive depressions wishing to escape permanently from something inescapable. Life becomes not worth living as one conjures the endless repetitions of man failing his brother - man denying his brother, with indifference, with envy, with malice.

### **O.J.**

As I was finishing my morning orange juice, I pondered the balance of the world's consumption of the anti-scorbutic and/or whatever other purpose it serves (e.g. to chase sundry other palliatives real or imagined).

I had imagined the production lines involved, beginning with the citrus fields all the way to the consumer.

Also I had imagined the affect of the Godd Book in effecting a brotherly distribution, not only of O.J., but all the other life-sustaining and nutritionally healthful by-products of agriculture and mass-produced goods; feeling most assured it was ultimately possible to effect some compliance with the Godd Book.

Not only has the Book played its part, but it has seemed some spurious altruistic impulse has accounted such high aspiration, signifying proof of the civilized condition.

Dream away, dream away.

'Possible' is a key word in this speculative musing.

Every soul ought begin his or her day with **O.J.**

For it is writ: "It Is Possible".

Once the **O.J.** line is established, all else becomes significantly more possible, if not probable. Probable because there are forces at work within the human mind (community) that perceive opportunity for many things, scenarios, etc. including the good (certain efficiencies, Outreachings, etc.) as well as that of the bad (exploitations, gains, etc.).

Ideally one would envision a thing being done for itself, for its own intrinsicity; in this case serving the needs of mankind in the most equitable way possible.

Some will argue it is 'private sector' problem while others will argue it is a problem for all of us, claiming, "No one has the right to live if the least must be denied".

I'm a person who sits with a stylus in his hand speculating in ideas (non-remuneratively). The ideas are free; often they are found in the words (sayings or phrases perhaps) that initially embodied them.

The test of an idea is how that idea become effected once it leaves the musing state to become emboldened in the Word.

As part of that 'private sector' what have I done to assure for an Ideal, a Possible, especially to warrant each shall receive **O.J.** each morning? Is this mere non-remunerative scribble sufficient to sustain those who

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hunger? Does it sustain me? I guess I am another who just sits on his **ASS** doing nothing.

Malignant Narcissism is what they call it. Coupled with Paranoia. Delusions of Grandeur (Messianism). Three Things God Should Not Have Created: Persians Jews and Flies. The Quintessential Survivor. Another Believer In The Gun. A Student of both Adolf Hitler, and (primarily) Joseph Stalin. Saddamism! Another ASSHOLE goes down in the History books, while the rest of us less grandiose ones suffer the constraints of timid citizenship. Tell me how this can be - **STILL** ???!

I was reminded today of how much we still live in a consumer society (albeit coterminous with throwaway). Manufacturer's are under some small obligation (seven years) to provide something (I'm not sure what) in relation to that which they produce. After Seven Years an M-1 Tank, although unused, aint worth diddly. The same can be said of my battery operated drill (cordless). There is probably some diddly in both cases, but what diddly? is the question. Midden value?

Another Question; Do we live in a throwaway-the-consumer society? I feel I have been thrown away because I insist on value. I cannot accept the notion that Seven Years is all I will get. After Seven Years, "GO TO HELL" in so many other words. One does not buy an M-1 tank to last him a lifetime. Moral of the story: DO NOT BECOME A CONSUMER.

MEDICARE is another laugh. First were the Physicians and Institutions that abused MEDICARE; Second was the government's revenge, not upon the abusers, but upon those purportedly served through the **CARE** operative. HeLLth Insurance in general has been in the grips of those most in a position to abuse the 'system', the Physicians and the Institutions that house them. HELLth is a costly humanitarian business. Death is an alternative. A speedy Death. MEDICARE has become another bureaucracy of **DENIAL**. Pray for a quick demise!

MEDICARE isnt the only hominid service that consists of denial. Re: MEDICAID; if one happens to be destitute; that is, if one has assets insufficient to defray the costs of his burial, he is acknowledged as destitute. If he has assets more than that which will defray the costs of his burial, he will most likely will be required to dissolve (**SPEND DOWN**) those assets in order to qualify for hominid services.

Hominid services is a euphemism for Human Services. Human Services is an outgrowth of a Social Service ethic. Looking after those who need looking after. An old person on her last legs wanting to remain independent, and retain some dignity (**HOI !**) is a typical case. Nursing homes (pest houses; death houses) are a poor alternative no matter how you cut it; one is made the much poorer for having entered one, and one is degraded despite whatever front is put upon the place. Nursing homes are

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a business, as is the balance of the Health Care **INDUSTRY**. If one is still able to crawl, he ought avoid these places - because they are predicated in something that is not commensurate with our ? professed ? goals; the unprofessed ones are more obvious.

Two women (ladies) on BC Ferry: one laughed like a pileated woodpecker; the other sniggered knowingly when certain sexual allusions were entertained. The one, apparently a single parent with a teenaged son; the other, a friend or confidante, much younger unattached, who was matter of factly making utterances concerning PMS, wondering whether or not she was pregnant. I could not refrain from listening to their audible banter, as I tried to snooze on the early morning run. The thought has occurred to me whether the species ought to be dignified by these sweeties, or be permitted to be interred unnoticed; unmentioned.

### Shit For Dinner:

May 16 1989: They sentenced the girl's murderer to Death. The Media (typically) had strung one along until the Evening (dinner) Edition. They got to tell us over and over again in rapt attention Death! Death! Death!

May 17, 1989: They told us all about the condemned's first day on Death Row.

May 18, 1989: A three car crash preempted the Second Day on Death Row.

May 19, 1989: There's that jackass again; do I wonder how many gallons of blood today? What is it that draws us there, when the switch gives us all the power we need to annihilate the gleeful, well perhaps, cynical, snarling at human failings in the tradition of Damn Donalddaughter, our national Expert on matters pertaining to our Right To Know (all the Violence and Ugliness that is such a comfort to us).