

Take Five Fits And Starts On EARTH Commentary on Where It's At

Most of what follows may seem disconnected, or repetitive (you have heard the author say it before). However it seems, it is intended to be thought provoking, while simultaneously relieving the tormented brain from the stresses within its lattices, resulting from its own peculiar awarenesses. The author may seem to stray from his own attempts to elucidate; that is the way his gray matter functions. Its not from a lack of concentration, but from a series of bad habits that arise from a predilection to cynicism, and a general disbelief, or incapacity to live an orderly life (PHSSD, Post Homo Sapiens Stress Disorder). Everything is just left lying around; any attempt at organization is performed randomly, seemingly without purpose. Despite these shortcomings, the author hopes the effort serves its purpose, and additionally, that it is entertaining.

Most of what the author does, or has done, with this life, or with writing, might be assessed as a Fit, or a Start. What proceeds from this place falls into that category. Which, a Fit, or a Start?

For one thing, if it does not fit, even though it may be classified as a Fit, does it then qualify as a Start?

Trying to never forget that we are located somewhere in the middle of nowhere, on the one and only rare planet known to us as EARTH, a Start is something that happens when someone yells at you to "Get moving!" It's like the sound of the Pistol at the beginning of a foot race, or a propane cannon discharging its venom upon the pileated woodpeckers; or a meteor plowing into terra firma.

Most of the writing began as a Start which ended up being a poor Fit for that which it aspired to elucidate. But one got something for his efforts; something that should have been sent to the blazes, ended in a notebook. It Fit into a notebook. The notebook was not screaming, 'Get out of here!' That was moderately reassuring to one who had doubts about the whole business of writing.

Writing seemed to come off as a second choice, but if there was a first choice (made by somebody else), that is, sculpture, it too suffered the same fate of Fit or Start. "Get moving!" "You ain't nuthin less'n yore an arteest."

'Dutch' was a big start that did not fit. It was a smashing failure, or had the potential to be if it was allowed to follow the persuasions of gravity; most likely suffering dents that would worsen the effect of the

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dents it had already sustained. If it had been allowed to fall by such persuasion, there might have been an excuse for its poor Fit. But as it is, it is worth more dead than alive. Alive, it would need to be placed at the end of a long avenue, virtually out of sight, or at least so distant that one could imagine it to be anything it was not. At eight feet in height, dead, it was worth its weight in copper.

If the author had left Dutch in the yard next to the house, and the neighbor's property line, it would have found a niche in the records as an also ran that had suffered the vagaries of the neighbor's brickbats, or is that meant to read brat'sbricks? As it was, Dutch was



mercifully removed from the arena of the slings and arrows (bicks) into the cellar where less harm would come to him.

Even in the cellar he has become an eyesore and a stumbling block, more dead than alive; surely a poor fit that required six months of whacking and welding (brazing). The metal appears tormented; at least the tormented metal might convey what the work was intended to portray, if it had been a Fit.



Midway in this life, along came *Knotted Twine*, an odd attempt at a Fit. The attempt purported to chronicle a sojourn in a sailboat to Alaska. Instead it became a repository of 'stilted' language influenced by sea stories of the century before, notably one author in particular. *Knotted Twine* made the rounds (of publishers and agents) to find its way back to the beginning, to end its life as a poor start in a notebook.

Other attempts at longer scribbles ended in stillbirth.

Until a septuagenarian, when he produced *Catherine*, soon followed by a *Renaissance In Paradise*, and *Beyond*. *Catherine* is the more complete work, ended by her continuation in *Paradise*. *Paradise* has mostly developed into an open-ended start, as a poor answer to the 'Where Will It All End?' found in *Catherine*?

Most work can be classified as a Start, the lesser of the two exacting requirements; Fits not easily attained at any time.

When one writes in Microsoft Word, he must endure the green and the unsympathetic red underlines of Bill Gates.

The Septuagenarian effort of *Catherine* produced an empathetic figure in the landscape. She had thought the author a person put upon by his father; rather it was made clear in that Start by the author that he felt put upon. *Catherine* was not about to make excuses for the father, or for

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the son. However, her 'creation' was not intended to serve that purpose. It is not clear what her intended purpose was. She was a figment of an old author who wanted a warm fuzzy, at least that would be consistent with his personality. But, as she took shape, she developed into more; an apposite; someone to love, someone who understood many things. She played a larger role than the author's sculpted sisters, who struggled to allure with inner qualities, by as much or more than outer ones.

When exposed by the Word, Catherine became a Start that blossomed into a raging fit. Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne. (Bill Gates seems to be troubled by them [you'd think anyone into Charities would recognize them]). Catherine, Lydia, and Theresa (How's that, Bill?)

Now an octogenarian, the author tends to wander more than ever, so the fits and starts seem ever more distant from the rhumb (you see how it is, Bill underlined rhumb [he suggested rhumba])).

Despite Bill, and the author's inadequacies, one persists.

The author has scanned some of the Federalist writings, particularly those of James Madison, wherein he discusses the difficulties inherent to relinquishing one's individual rights for the greater good of all. Also he discusses the ramifications, once one has ceded his perceived rights for the greater good of all, to be ever vigilant that the government to which he has acceded does not usurp the rights implicit to the greater good of all. When even the explicit rights are thrown aside, like they are today, without the consent of the governed, in some 'terrorist' homeland security gambit, it seems we have gone over the edge; game over!

Separation of powers has undergone some tough trials. The Supreme Court elected a president. The Executive placed in his office by the Supreme Court, who claimed all prerogatives belonged to him when the nation was in danger, said there needed to be limits to freedom. The Legislative branch, not wanting to appear to be soft on 'terrorism' acceded to the Executive's usurpations regarding the 'fight terrorism' thingie by waving the banner, then trampling it with the Patriot Act. AND we got a new Cabinet position Director Of Home Land Security complete with a Homeland Czar (Ridge [Putin], Is anyone able to tell them apart?). This became the fertile soil for NSA spying on every living thing.

Just How Far Can We Fall?

Backtrack Obama tries to confabulate with the gobbledegook (everybody snoops) of 'terrorism' in order to justify the bad habits of the abrogators of the Constitutional guarantees. Surveillance (eternal vigilance) is the name of the game (just like James Madison suggested). What you, or the author does, matters. Backtrack doesn't want to seem unpatriotic, however unpatriotic his gobbledegook. At least Snowden made it clear that snooping was not to be regarded favorably, that is, it undermined our basic freedoms; no gobbledegook!!! BO called him a traitor.

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Another leader in another time spoke about fear being the only thing to fear. Today, fear has become the stock in trade of government 'to the people' (up yours), instead of 'for the people', without the consent of the governed. Its all over folks; watch your back! The Control Addicts have us on the run.

Every time there is a school shooting with an automatic weapon the government is relieved because it takes the public's mind off what is really going on behind their backs; and sometimes, boldly, right in front of them. The Patriot Act was one of those perpetrations that took place right in front of them, a la Snowball and Napoleon. Oink! Even Hilary put her stamp of approval on that perversion of democratic preemption.

Whatever goes upon two legs is an enemy.

Whatever goes upon four legs, or has wings, is a friend.

No animal shall wear clothes.

No Animal shall sleep in a bed.

No animal shall drink alcohol (*to excess*).

No animal shall kill any other animal (*without cause*).

All animals are equal (*but some animals are more equal than others*).

Besides the italicized portions, the oinks started walking on two legs, fulfilling some kind of prophetic wisdom incorporated into the first commandment, aping their former masters; as well as adopting their foul habits.

All the other exceptions and changes fall under the National Security Act, foisted upon the general populace by the Executive and his underlings (Dick, Congress and the Supreme Court)

Each Executive makes it easier for the next to usurp with abandon; very soon the plebes will be led by another Amin, Mugabe; Hitler, (and Lard help us, Putin or Xi).

If you had thought the Oklahoma City bombing looked bad, take another look at the Constitution after W. mimicked Timothy. What gets the author is W. got off, while Tim was offed, period.

If you think there were no people involved in the W. bombing, you are wrong of course; there was nothing but people (animals), only obscured by more people (animals), etc.

By this time you realize the author would invoke the Lord to wreak it, if he could feel Vengeance could ease the situation, as those bastards were offed; you know the 2 leggers W., Dick, Rummy, Ashbin, Wolf, Perle, Gritch, Gonzo. The underlings, the under secretaries, and those over the secretaries, are included. Not sure what to do about Condo, the mouthpiece, and Colon, the Uncle; liars and dupes, made into ships of the sea.

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The general populace deserves to get it too, for letting it happen right under their noses, and allowing them to cast it in concrete: The Patriot Act. One supposes the populace got what it deserved, discontent.

Whadda ya think of this NSA crap? From the Capital steps he said: "Let me make it clear, All nations collect intelligence." You betcha!

"Its crucial to collect data in our fight against US government terrorism." Who said that?

The paranoia! Better not fart!

A Sea Change! See it change. See Saw, in a beautiful pea-green boat named the Condolezza Rice, a former Chevron executive. What the fuck did she know about anything? Affirmative Action hanging around the helm. Sorry that one got by me. (P911SD Post 911 Stress Disorder).

I warned you that they had said the author was acerbic.

"Is civilization a thing distinct, or merely an advanced stage of barbarism?", our Herman queried.

How do you answer?

The author doesn't know. Recently he has been troubled by less momentous concerns. At 80, he slipped off his shop roof, falling some 8 to 9 feet, landing upon some ivy piled upon with some roof sweepings (fir needles, small twigs, and rotting accumulations of such vegetations). As near as he is able to remember, the slip was an unaccountable happening, one that should not have happened. As he was falling he attempted to grab the edge of the roof (as he later determined the forward part of his thigh must have scraped over the somewhat pointed ribbed edge of the metal roof) with his hands and forearms attempting to hold the falling sack of flesh and bone back, unsuccessfully.

He cannot recall the shock of striking the ground, but does remember a hard thud that turned into a somersault, in a downhill motion, stopping a short distance from the point of impact. Somewhat dazed and oddly aware of certain things, he did not feel any sharp pain, but did feel a very sore hip, as he tried to move from a semi-sitting position.

The position of his cap (upside down), where it simply lay as part of its dislodgment during the somersault, plus the weird feeling of his hair and neck, inside his ear, (which were covered with fir needles and roof detritus), confirmed the somersault.

He did manage to rise from the semi-seated position, feeling a painful reaction in the area of his hip. He felt that nothing was broken. As he tried to regain his sensibilities, he became aware that his glasses were missing. He had expected to find them near the upside down hat, but as yet has not been successful in locating them. (On another occasion. he had fallen backwards from a three foot height onto an irregular gravelly rocky path, with his head pointing downhill. His head thumped the

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ground. The thump, plus the momentum in one direction enabled his glasses to come loose and fly ten feet from where he landed.)

Upon this current occasion, he had placed a foot long spatula in his rear pocket (on the opposite side to the side that struck the ground). It had become dislodged in the fall. In searching for the glasses, he spotted the spatula amongst the vegetation below where he had stopped his motion. By that time his hip was becoming more painful, so the old man retired from the scene of the fall to the house to try to examine the damage. On his way out, he noticed, perhaps five feet from where he struck the ground, a piece of pipe anchored in the ground sticking up vertically approximately one foot. One might imagine the worst therefrom.

The old coot might have been gored, the old coot could have expired from the shock, and both real and imaginary trauma, of the fall.

Instead he lived on to write this much, and after one week seems to have escaped the shock effects and infection from the leg scrapes; and seems to be recovering from the various aches and sore muscles, while the hip, which had swelled considerably (and has resulted in a limp [an avoiding pain limp]), seems to have survived, painfully greater or lesser for it all (after several applications of heat and cold).

After all the foregoing, the question regarding civilization still remains upon this one and only rare planet EARTH.

Is there a fit?

Swoosh apparel, Bubble Houses, Automatic Transmissions, Ostentatious Capitals and Parliaments, other 'things', are not civilization.

There is some kind of dividing line between the haves and the have nots. *'Was there an intrinsic difference between the guy on the top and the guy on the bottom? On the face of it; No. Look-a-likes! But, different, for all that. Different clothes, for sure. Different living quarters, for sure. Different abilities to pay for sustenance shelter, health care, and a good education, for sure. Different protections under the law, where moneyed interests find their way around. Different stigmas, for sure. Different places in the hierarchies, for sure. Different persuasions in government, for sure. How can that be? Is that the purpose of existence, for this to have happened? For those who do not believe in evolution, this must be an eye opener, that GAWD (man) would allow. Even those who believe in evolution, want to argue for more than 'survival of the fittest' (The author quoting himself).* It is clear we are not all in this together, despite the lip-service. Realistically speaking, it is not clear what we are doing here (EARTH), in any case. And whatever happens is inevitable. For example, it is inevitable that we are going to be screwed by the Corporations (what's that?) and bankers, who get us (the plebes) to pay for all their gains, through inflation, and, theft, by default

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We are being told, from the elevated steps, that we cannot afford to bridge the gap. Most must therefore remain poor, while others are engaged in trickling philanthropy (salve to the disparities), while the few 'conscionable?' benefactors try to find places of safekeeping (for the lucre). Clearly inevitable. Money scrubbing. (CTML. Currency Trading is Money Laundering.)

There's something about the whole setup (of civilization) that is intolerable, as well as 'fatefully inevitable' (as Sigmund and Catherine would say). All that sincere pompousness gone for naught. Wasted!

They looked at us fighting over slavery, some 600,000 dead from 30,000,000. The tallies from ethnic cleansing have been far greater. It is true, when you are dead, these awful realities do not exist. Just thought I'd mention that slavery may be over, technically, but being 'black' has its disadvantages.

Is the author getting off the subject with another rant?

Civilization!!!

At one time, the author had imagined the ether became congealed into some colloid that took the shape of homo erectus, a creature with ill-formed wits, invested with a viscera that expressed itself in the Seven Deadly, or Capital, Sins. Try civilizing that!

The apologists argue that one sees only the bad side, and the devout argue for salvation. Some even propose WAR as an antidote. Corporations and Bankers love war.

Pain and suffering seem the reward in the search for *life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness*. These italicized ones have an enormous appeal. It has been written it is self-evident these italicized ones are inalienable rights; of course, endowed by a Creator, who, or what, proffered the intent that all were 'created' equal (slaves and Indians, other minorities [women], and the poor, excepted).

Why does this seem so difficult to realize, or make perfectly clear, even as self-evident as it must be?

The author has pondered the notion of the Golden Rule which, on the face of it, seems a conclusive arbiter in affairs of homo sapiens. However, he has realized there are tyrants amongst the living who feel they can elude the implications of the Rule (W., SADDAM, ASSAD, Vladimir, Xi, et al). Others perform as vigilantes (Don Quixote), claiming to be righting all the wrongs. Even others, in their fanatical religious fervor, 'sacrifice' theirs for scores of others (so much for religious freedom).

So much bloodshed, so much wasting of life. There is the poor fit.

Life is an inalienable right.

Liberty is an inalienable right.

The pursuit of happiness is an inalienable right.

We know how life is begat. We are at liberty to do as we are told (cross your heart and hope to die [pledge allegiance]), and happiness flows therefrom (serving ones master). Love It or Leave It. The choice is yours.

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The author's head bursts (PTSD) with the pressure of the conundrum.
The utter wickedness of it all.

Most of us feel pretty powerless to do anything about the assholes to be found on this planet. After releasing all the evils, she gave us hope, Wonder Woman.

It is foregone that the individual is nothing. 7 billion individuals; is it any wonder? Where is the hope in that; especially if they are all assholes?

Is it foregone they are not all assholes? At least one is not.

One word suggests it all: Monsanto!!! Don't forget the banks.

It is rare that one gets to look at a spider web over the dining table because the house keeper is always after the webs. But she missed this one. The author happened to see it himself, mostly because the light over the table shown through what there was of it. Also, in studying the web, the author noticed a lump on the radio antenna that formed part of the superstructure built by the arachnid creature (whom the author did not see.). The lump turned out to be a fruit fly, probably stuck by the sticky stuff in the web filament clinging to the rod-like piece, extending from the weather radio. As he was observing this edifice, another fruit fly was flying around the light above; the author tried to coax it with a flashlight, but its errant path, while seemingly attracted by the flashlight, also seemed to prefer the overhead light. The author decided to interfere with mother nature's machinations, by using his fork to gather the fly, placing it on the same antenna.

Probably for all the usual reasons the author began to metaphor the web. He recalled the terrible years of W. and his crew, how these people appropriated the ambience of democracy, converting it into a shambles, through a web of deceit, projected terror, and utter squandering (filling the cronies' pockets), and wasting of the nation's assets (filling more cronies' pockets) not overlooking, in the least, the sacrificing of ya'all. Converting the US of A into another Texas, an empty gambit.

The long trail home. This cynic is broken on the wrack of assumption and expectations.

The author is pleased to see so many young people here tonight. He feels something has been misrepresented. He cannot imagine the young being the least interested in anything but succsex. Oops!

Truly.

Since the age of liberation; what age of liberation? Anyway, since then, which began longer ago than we are able to imagine corroboratively, that is, lacking sufficient evidence, the desire to become free (liberated) is latent (or inherent; whatever) from birth, whether implemented, or effectuated, or not. Thomas Paine in the ass.

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It is not known when sexual abuse began, in the family. Let's say. We assume, without knowing, that rape, i.e., molestation of the female by the male, without her consent, has its beginning sometime around Adam Animalim. Even today, in the US of A, the Congress, a male dominated invention that has disallowed throwing Virgins from the temple, has not found within itself enough of the equality capacity to assure the female of the species of that specious status. At least, afraid to cast it in stone (sort of like IRAN).

But in other areas the female more than meets with qualification in her role as sex object. Her body has been very useful in furthering the interests of those who wish to further their interests. Those interests have been furthered because of her sex, and the general public's interest in sex. Hot Off The Press!! And By GUD, the female will be able to serve on the front lines.

The author is trying to say something here, but perhaps to only, suggest something.

The sexual revolution has not caught up with some African practices that continue with female 'circumcision' (which translates into female castration). So much for a languishing barbarism. Ken Burns had some old duffer from the days of Prohibition saying that during the Twenties the clitoris was discovered (by which sex?). Is that really true? DH might know.

The analyst told the author's former partner that his interest in another female was all about 'sex', that three letter word. Elsewhere the author has denied the 'hot rocks' theory. Instead he has substituted the often abused four letter word, 'love'. Of course, anybody who has been at this for a while, even analysts, suspect that the attractions, and loving, have their consequences, if you can claim sexual conjugation as an eventual consequence. The author will not deny that aspect of loving. And underneath it all, 'sex' may be a consideration; then again, if one is not aware of the imputation, does that make it less so? Just a polemic. (PTSD Post Traumatic Sex Disorder).

The author's father had reduced the male/female happenstance to a series of simple formulas. 'Stand 'em all on their head and they look-alike'. 'Art and wimen don't mix'. 'Find 'em fuck 'em , and forget 'em.' Pop was predatory. The author believes his father had never truly felt 'love'. His father claimed to have had only one love in his life; his mother (who died when he was aged nine). It has been opined a son's love for his mother sometimes has serious consequences in later life, the least of which may have been overlooked by Sophocles.

The father might have done better to learn something in depth concerning the female, passing the torch onto his progeny. He might have instructed his sons of the intrinsic value of certain parts of the anatomy (not too dissimilar to the male's) as her center of communication during the act of love making, and in attaining a

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mutuality of eroticism and erotic relief achieved during the sexual act (preconditioned by 'love'). ('Blooded' as DH would say.)

But father was either not 'liberated' (can this mean enlightened, a genius not enlightened?!~?), or just didn't care (just like Africa, or just like rapists). If an individual is not in 'love', are his chances of caring lessened?

Needless to say, love and sex are not everything. There is personal freedom. There is fairness, equity, and justice. There is a place in the human community; and security therein.

There is no law against sex. Even same sex is gaining apace. Along with Mary Jane. (Heroin just took a hit with Philip Seymour Hoffman).

ODing on sex is called nymphomania and satyriasis (not sure if these terms apply to the same sexers).

This is getting off the subject of liberation. Now that liberation has arrived (evolved), what do we do with it? Tear down the old edifice that has taken so many years to build (albeit The Tower Of Babel)? The twin Towers went by the wayside with the new liberation, "Down with the infidel!" Liberation was converted to terror compounded by more terror; and PARANOIA!!!. Also an opportunity to control. Well, not so much to control as to be liberated from stuff like democracy (is the author implicating Washington DC?). Most likely. A new erection: One World Tower.

Get serious!

The big thing that happened during the terror phase was the deregulation in the financial sector which allowed the parasites to grow fatter'n fat, like huge ticks (bubbles); amorphous obese bugs. While the blood of the suckees flowed into the corpus oddly, and ironically, characterized as 'bubble'. There doesn't appear to be any point to this other than accretion through greed. That's the way it is with parasites. Ordinarily these parasites disgust us; but in our case they were compensated for both their gains and their losses; otherwise known as win/win. Nobody went to jail even though millions were robbed. How's that for liberation? Deregulation works! Ask Rubin, Summers, Greenspan, that tall bald-headed guy (Paulson) from Goldman Sachs and the US Treasury{?}, and those at the Fed.

Now to liberate the cynic!

He labors with the Word. It's a toss-up between a western, and a sea story. A Western Change or a Sea Change"

Ponder that! The Creature from Jekyll Island.

We had been discussing 'Innocence', wondering if such was a possibility any longer. We had concluded it is not possible in the modern world, where every nook and cranny is explored, probed, and defiled with

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some form of promotion, some deliberate attempt to seduce with promises of fulfillment to be found in the market place; and the desire to discover someone else's secret (to be exploited [extoraploited]).

Free Speech allows a wide latitude of expressions. While it is true the use of profanity is somewhat regulated in order to 'protect the innocent', e.g., "This is the best fucking thingamabob on the market.", would be considered profane, if not in bad taste. Children's books do not use profanity, in order to protect the innocent. The innocent are not permitted to use profanity, even though it may be regularly applied in the home, in the hallways of the school, and on the school ground, and in all the byways of civilization. The seven year old queried the parent, "What does 'fuck' mean?" The queasy parent is hard pressed to answer other than to say, 'you don't use such words, you hear?'. The seven year old is gonna ask someone else, less queasy. Until her curiosity is satisfied. When she finally learns a meaning, which may be substantially incorrect, is her innocence tarnished?

If one is informed of the 'birds and the bees' at an early age without using the word 'fuck', can it be assumed one's innocence has not been violated.

What is innocence anyway? While the plutocrats are using every means possible to enrich themselves by fleecing (fucking) the rest of us, is our innocence being violated? If we are dumb enough to believe that the plutocrats play fair; well, it has been said that 'ignorance is bliss'; or is that 'innocence is bliss'? Are innocence and naivety the same thing?

Does the concept of 'fucking' tarnish the young mind, in the same way getting 'fucked' by the plutocrats violates the innocence of our beliefs?

Like proffered earlier, it is not possible in the modern world not to get 'fucked', one way or the other. However it is understood the one does not excuse the other. Personally, the author believes that information is easily disseminated; while this is being accomplished, it comes with a lot of deception, half-truths, even deliberately misleading intent. A Fairy Tale is a deliberately misleading fabrication that delays learning, or otherwise warps certain realities. Is there any point in not telling it like it is. If one is conscionable in telling it like it is, is it not better than finding out how it really is, the 'hard way'? Wash your mouth out with yellow P&G.

Of course, there are subtleties to meaning that require patient elucidation, and a patient audience. Sex education is taught by the 'enlightened' to the more enlightenable (eager minds, not necessarily prurient).

Transferring reality from the fairy tale (the knight in shining armo(u)r riding in his white mustang) to the hard truth (with a ready erection suited for the occasion) may lead to great disenchantment on the part of the transferee.

A slow intravenous drip may do the trick.

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Yes!, it would be a nicety to clean up our language. When you strike your thumb with the hammer, my father's expression was, "Geeezzzuzzz fucking Keeeristuh!". If he had said instead "Blistering Blue Barnacles", or "Geeezzzuzzz sexual congress Keeeristuh!", would my innocence have been protected?

In context, 'fucking' may be appropriate, even though consciously it makes no reference to sexual congress. There may however be a dearth of love involved, as there often is during the congress.

Next we need to clean up our behavior ... er... our proclivities.

Sex education may include the proper or appropriate use of the word 'fuck'. It is assumed that the word has every possibility to be outlawed, that is, the 'free speech' 'guaranteed' by the first amendment, may need to be modified (as W. [proffered, a limit to freedom). Until then, it might benefit from teachings regarding techniques of proper usage. It would seem considerable education would be involved in teaching what expression to use when striking one's thumb with a hammer. And teaching may lead a parent to use a different expletive when angered by his spouse's retorts, other than 'fucking bitch' or 'go fuck yourself' [the latter of which might require a lot of explaining to a curious mind]. And what expression do you use when you have been fucked by your fellow man?

There was the DP from the old Czechoslovakia (1948) who arrived in Canada finding a job 'in the woods'. He learned a new language in the woods, purportedly English. In the woods the vocabulary is very limited; every other word is Fuck or Fucking used as an adjective, then a verb (fucked) and a noun (The fucker thought he was hot fucking shit.) When he left the woods to join the civilized world, his limited vocabulary was shunned (fucking idiot!) (made polite ears uncomfortable.)

After reading 'Creature from Jekyll Island', you are gonna realize you have been 'fucked', whether or not the plutocrat told you to go 'fuck yourself!'. Unspoken, however appropriate (the unlimited freedom implied by W.)

There are some conditions to which not any language will apply, no matter how crude or eloquent. There is no way to outlaw what is the plutocrat does, word or deed.

Doubtlessly the plutocrat will seek to be remembered through his endowments, not through his confiscations. He will support a shit like Scott Walker, and expect to be rewarded with a lower minimum wage, and no collective bargaining.

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In the Jekyll Book the query daringly and reminiscently appeared. “What profit a man if he gains the world, but loses his soul”? If he has no soul with which to begin, the question becomes a non sequitur. So, small comforts to those who see a plutocrat without a fucking soul. Avarice, gluttony, greed, leave no room for a god damned fucking soul. A plutocrat doesn’t need no fucking soul. Just a license to carry, a gated community, a Rottweiler, and a razor wire barricade. Does an animal get to be seen as a man, even if ‘it’ hath none? If ‘it’ hath none, do others get to take it away from ‘it’, since ‘it’ does not qualify? Think upon ‘it’.

If Hapless Joe goes to his bank for a ‘sub-prime’ loan to ‘purchase’ his/her dream home, Pluto will loan him the moola using the home as security. A real no-brainer. The nation lives on credit and debt; the more the merrier. Pluto will sell this loan to a middle man who will sell it to an investor (another Pluto), an investor who is covered no matter what. If his investment fails, it is covered by insurance. If P. holds onto the investment he gets a percentage of the monthly payment, but he needs to wait until the whole thing is paid off before he can turn it loose, whereas if it fails, he is compensated by insurance relatively much sooner. He retains the luxury to bet on failure. (Win/win). If all else fails, the taxpayer picks up the tab. PW/WSD, Post Win/Win Stress Disorder. Anyway there was a lot of loose change that generated through the PONZI promotion that found its way into Pluto’s pockets.

Each transaction earns the promoter a share generated by loose money; the bank, the middle man, the investor.

When thousands of Joe’s lose their jobs, or discover they cannot meet their payments, initially they may be allowed to pay the interest, which is where its at for the remainder of your tenure on this planet. In any case, even the interest is too large an obligation for Joe who has nuttin’ honey. He fails, he has no equity, he cannot even make a buck to pay off his debt because there are several thousands of others in the same boat; there is a glut in the dream home market through the process of default (blowing bubbles).

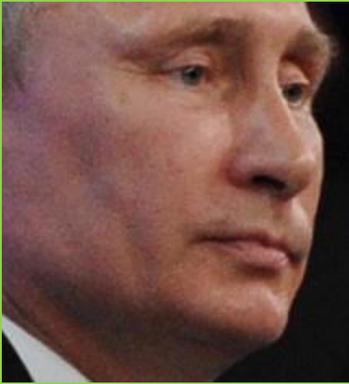
To use polite language, Joe was fucked. He was invited to borrow because the system is built upon credit and debt. Immediate gratification at a very high cost. The loan officer wore a short skirt that revealed where it was at, on credit. Beside a glance at where it was at, was a bag full of paper work, but no money; just a debt, for a look-see. Pore Joe will never forget that vicarious event. Come On, Don’t just sit there, get peeved!

Seymour Hersh (on ‘good’ anonymous authority) says the Syrian Rebels did the gassing in order to discredit the already discredited

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ASSad. Living on credits and discredits is the name of the game. Actually it was William Buckley that did the gassing.

World Noose Tonite:



Vladimir and his Chinese counterpart (Xi Kingpin) claim 'Justice Is In The Interest Of The Stronger'. Meaning, the State Is The Stronger. Assad is the state. (Cleon made it very clear). V and his CCP say you cannot take the stronger to court. That is to say, any crimes against humanity conducted by Vlad and his CCP, and the fledge dick, Assad, (W), cannot be prosecuted, because the crimes were committed in order to preserve the state (or other self-interests ['putin' it where it counts]). Another strong stuffed shirt. Look at those eyes and look at that mouf. (Cleon!) (Pit Bull?)

Izzy, dissatisfied with US support, goes for Vlad and his CCP. Thank God for that one (Its about time! [after 65 years] {sheeit man! Oy!}). For their support Izzy will be required to support Assad. The world is full of simpleminded arseholists. NotInYetHouyhnhnms.

What's a simpleminded citizen of the world to do to get a little support around here? The UN voted not to let Palestine become a State. Tough!

You see how it izz. These strong ones come to a meetin' at the YOU N, their pants loaded with nuclear devices. You can tell from the bulges that these facsimile humanoids are pretty dam basic. Like the rams and the bulls, always pasturing (posturing), especially when in the rut. They break out their sex toys (nukes) threatenin' to end it all for everbuddy fer all time. On the sidelines, we, of the citizen class, had thought Justice was in the interest of the stronger, whereas Justice was not even under consideration.

There are the other guys on the other side of the argument, who are all nuked with sex toys, so it comes to a stare-off; who's gonna do it first? MAD resurrected, like Geezzuz Fucking Christ. Once it starts, it will not matter, because when its over, nothing will remain; history will have ended; mercifully, the planet will be devoid of words; sadly, the rams and bulls as well; utterly speechless. Baaahhh!

That's the Noose For Tonite!

The author believes all these strong ones have been watching Deadwood, or Carnivale, where 'people' don't amount to shit. Lawlessness, and overt sadism is the name of the game, with a lotta foul language thrown in. Hollywood trucks it in.

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All this yammer about ‘civilization’ upon which the citizen is weaned has amounted to absolutely nuttin’. What is civilization? Is that question of any interest to anyone anymore?

In that light, perhaps upon further consideration of Deadwood, with the humor removed, the author has been trying to figure the Muslim thing with bombs going off everywhere, with parts and pieces of humanity flying in all directions. Somehow this is supposed to please ALLAH?

Is Allah sexless?

Allah

Its trumpeted about that 69 virgins await the crazy bastards who enhance the landscape with human parts and pieces.

Is the author missing something? This cannot be classified as civilized behavior. DOA There’s a flaw in the ointment. Geee-hard! 69!?! impossible. Viagra! Big Love! Cialis Christ! No need for rhinoceros horn.

Tonite ends in a mystery.

More Noose.

The Chinese are trafficking in Vietnamese women. This noose had such a negative impact on Chinese imagery, big gov. is considering a new something for everyone policy.

The one-child (males) policy for those fuckers, leaves the cupboard empty. Kinda reminiscent of England’s Aussie transportation scheme; a dearth of reproductive elements (not so reproductive).

The great Red Menace shows the way. Justice is in the interest of the stronger, always. Plato *exeunt. Fuck-off!*

The Iranian rockets are squirting like spermatozoa from Gaza.

In Syria, Iraq and Ukraine, the jury is out.

Central Afucka is besieged by Kalinokovs, RPGs, and a ruthlessness that argues strongly for the strong over the weak; people obliterated for ALLAH. Nice guy, Allah. Maybe Boola Boola will get ‘em.

The Red Menace (Genghis) is probing the waters of others; justice is in the interest of the stronger.

Kerry runs around and around, from one to the other, yammering for fair play, democracy (fairness, equity and justice), while both his enemies and his allies spy on each other; cyberfucking. Its good to know what the other guy is thinking behind closeted doors.

Did you happen to ask: “What is the world coming to?”

At home, name calling and divisiveness is the order of the day. Once again, Justice is in the interest of the stronger (the majority, in this case [James Madison speculated upon this possibility (inevitability)]. The great flaw in democracy - the rule of the majority.) More’s the rule than common sense, to the great detriment of the occupants of the country.

It’s always the humanitarian end that gets neglected, or sacrificed, to politics, and empty rhetoric. Health care costs too much; a safety net costs too much; and helping one’s neighbors costs too much; even

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infrastructure costs too much. The cats who rule on these ends are well-paid (overpaid) with great benefits in perpetuity. It's all so blatant, so transparent; so backward. After 238 years we have digressed to bickering (led by Boner and Mitch). We have a country of few common interests. We cannot transcend our viscera; hence this! GW would cringe at Valley Forge!

The House Of Cards; can we imagine it otherwise?

Hard Words? Hell No! There are no words. Its pretty much over. When a Scott Walker can be considered a serious contender (promoted mostly by a very insipid [innately stupid] media), you gotta suspect its all over.

Is the Congress a buy out or a sell out? Even the good guys are into photo-ops and sound bites. So we really don't know; they don't want us to know. Nakedness (exposure) is disallowed. All that flab, and disproportionateness. Not an aesthetic scene, hence a cover-up. As pop would have said, 'a coat of paint covers up a lotta shit'.

Another said:

The difference twixt an optimist and a pessimist is droll,
The optimist sees the doughnut,
Whereas the pessimist sees the hole.

A lot is to be said for pessimism, when one considers the nature of the beast (even though one goes hungry).

Plato would contend that the first amendment is counterproductive; that the media (free press) is responsible for the photo ops and the sound bites. Sensationalism instead of truth; or whatever it is the amendment intended; an uninformed public, perhaps.

No matter how well informed, the truth always exists to be denied; the stronger maintain a grip on the denials.

Finally, the Hot Seat.

Sancho hung on until he became a Governor.

After one week as the supreme magistrate, he abdicated in favor of more bucolic pursuits.

By aspiring to become a Governor, it wasn't that Sancho felt he could do some good for humanity. Instead, being a Governor was to reside in a regal position where mankind looked up to its leader, where a certain opulence and favoritism abided. The outer appeal worked its magic on Sancho. The inner workings of the elevated position proved its own undoing.

Man is and was an insatiable beast, forever litigating his interactions with his fellow. Man is not to be trusted with common sense, and democratic principles. These are foreign to him. He is more likely to want to be a tyrant, acting without moral restraint.

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What would you do if you suddenly became Governor? Would you seek to undermine collective bargaining? Walker; or would you spend what you didn't have; Bush?

Yeah!, you would get even with all those bastards who did you an ill turn, or snubbed you; not to mention spending as much time ogling that which had been denied you, somehow believing that reality is an improvement over illusion.

One is mindful of the vast expenditure of human resources that have been poured into resolving conflicts that arise because of color, ethnicity, religion, ideology, property, and just plain old cantankerousness. So often man walks away empty handed. People persist in being who and what they are, biased, prejudiced, murderous, genocidal; mean spirited, narrow, without conscience; hateful, vindictive, vengeful; unhappy; at odds with everything; resistant to counsel; evasive of the Golden Rule; a terrible presence.

Ebola is considered a scourge, as has been the plague, small pox, cholera, yellow fever, malaria, Aids; but what of man himself? Has any other creature, large or small, raised more havoc, destroyed so much, cheapened all of life and the living. A natural pestilence.

Multiply and subdue the earth! Give it your best shot! Man has succeeded in fulfilling the maxim.

Its an easy step to become cynical in one's appraisal. We could simply admit defeat (PTDSD Post Traumatic Defeat Stress Disorder.)

The purpose of life may come into question, but as evidenced by its seemingly most developed example, even though, in theory, still evolving, the purpose seems almost wholly negative. Building for permanence; that is, building a lasting civilizational aegis seems somehow to exist barely, unformed, unrealized, abandoned in the shadows.

A helluva lotta fuckers (humans) have died for all of man's sins. The prospective, full of promise, resurrection, has disappeared into a puff of smoke. More of the same, even though the body count has surpassed our ability to enumerate, and to even begin to comprehend its largesse. It is beyond us. We are paralyzed in a descending venue, a system of diminishing returns.

What is your preference? Vintage humanity? Consistent imploding hominid behavior? You've got it. The pessimist sees only the hole.

Speaking of the Hole, the Chinese are not coming; they are already here. The planet is cluttered with shoddy goods. Pollution is rampant; there's the evidence of an arrival. It has been said they are mimicking everybody; hacker perfect. Shit for breakfast.

These Orientals are arming themselves for future conquest; they are going to collect their debt. They are also mimicking the Japanese, who when they were on top for a while, bought real estate in downtown (and a

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piece of Nicaragua (nukes in Central America) A Root Canal after 594 years [1421]).

Its like this; it may be a dangerous gamble to buy foreign real estate because it can always be expropriated by the foreign government. That's why its necessary to have a big gun manned by five people (five to one) or five guns manned by five people. The foreign government has the home advantage. When you are outnumbered five to one, you cannot escape the consequences of such an imbalance even if you are located on another planet. Tune In Folks! Last Resort Nuke!

These Orientals have copied every innovation that controls the launchings, so guess what!!? Civilization is not distinct; it is extinct; barbarism is assured. No progress!! As they say: Death by China; like it used to be, Death by Egypt, Death by Greece; Death by Rome; Death by Genghis (full circle?); Death by the Goths (Viks) Death by Islam; Death by the Foes, by assorted Russians, Germans, Lord help us. England, Spain, France, Portugal, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Austro Hungarians, Turks, W., and so on.

Its not a matter of whether the Chinese economy succeeds or fails, China intends to prevail. The landscape will be littered with junk; or with bomb fragments.

So darlings of civilization, be prepared.

As spiffy as they look in their new uniforms, one wonders if the buttons are sewn in with permanence in mind, or are they like the shitty stuff we buy where the buttons come off; are the seams any straighter than those we buy, the fabric of better quality than we manufacture; one wonders; it's the first impression that matters; scared shitless!

Can you not see it now; after its all over, the plethora of Army Surplus stores operated by Chensteins?

That's unkind. Yeah well, in the fight for survival, or is it that survival of survival dictates its own terms. Take a Gaza at that. Don't cry when you lose an eye, and a few teeth, fulfilling that Old Testament vengefulness.

Is there a riddle herein? Riddled, as it were.

A little bit of repression goes a long way, as Am. Kickpatrick used to say; maybe a little bit of preemption would go a long way (ICBMs).

If you wait around long enough (that is, stand by idly watching the unfolding panorama, awaiting further developments), you might find yourself overwhelmed by THEM!

Take Heed!!! Keep in mind; no rights! With an inscrutable Pekinese tyrannizing ALL life forms.

The classroom.

The mentor inquires at the outset: 'Who wants to start the discussion today?'

A young woman raises her hand.

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'You may begin, Catherine'.

'At the risk of sounding too idealistic, I am wondering if there is anything we can do to end these dreadful conflicts that are flooding the media day after day, seemingly becoming more dire and threatening as time goes on.'

The mentor asks if there is anyone who would like to comment.

Don raises his hand. He takes the microphone.

'What I glean from the media demonstrates a rather primitive modus operandi in those who are commanding center stage, as it were. Extreme Ethnic clashes; Arabs and Jews, Extreme Racial clashes; Blacks and Whites, Extreme Religious opposites; several come to mind. Extreme Ideological opposites; several come to mind. Any reading of history reveals a steady stream of these antipathies. The question always in the background when examining any purported advance in the hominid prospect: "Is civilization a thing distinct, or merely an advanced stage of barbarism?"

'Previously in this class Catherine has alluded to the *'fatefully inevitable'*, suggesting she is not unaware of certain realities.'

The mentor, turned moderator, notices Catherine's agitation; 'Would you wish to respond?'

'My response is this. Whatever I have said regarding the *'fatefully inevitable'* has always been given a context. It has never been uttered cynically; or knowingly, for that matter.

'I do agree that any reading of history reveals much that is not very encouraging regarding the probability of any dramatic change to the hominid modus operandi. This begs the question 'Do I want to accept this state of affairs as a pragmatic underpinning of my understanding of reality?' Yes, on the one hand, and definitely No on the other. The No leads me to ask my original question, not as an exercise in the study of futility, but as an earnest How? Not Why?, but How? The How arises because my summation of things envisions a series of negatives for the species. How, is an avoidance question; How do we avoid the antipathies; if not avoid, How do we account them? If we are troubled by them, do we deal with them directly, that is, attempt to eliminate them, quarantine them? Attempt to locate a neutral ground where we will be able speak openly and freely concerning the consequences of continued conflict? Not just say to ourselves; *'fatefully inevitable'*, assigning to dark oblivion a human incapacity to alter this apparent modus operandi.'

Thank You for that Catherine.

'Would you care to apprise us of your other hand?'

'I do so with pain. I wish things were different than they seem. I want to believe in possibilities. That is my personal choice, even though it flies in the face of certain realities. In order to entrain my personal choice, I

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may intentionally, or inadvertently, add to the conflict, I may enjoin my own end, I may bring injury to others. Let it be known, it is with a lot less conviction that I accept certain pragmatic realities.

'We dare speak of hard ineluctable realities, as though they were a given, permanently fixed in the firmament. We dare to speak of striving in such an environment. Not just surviving, but reaching beyond our entrenchment. That is also a reality. What are we reaching for? More of the same, a status quo that leads down the path to inebriation and a dulled oblivion.

'Yes, it might be fatefully inevitable there is no escape; we need to recognize the demons, calling them to account. We need to man the ramparts, doing battle with them. Indifference, prejudice, intolerance, righteousness, arrogance, bigotry, pettiness, insolence, egocentricity, out and out hatred; equivocation, double talk, temporizing, false assurances, usurpations and betrayals by our representatives, outright lies; and dissembling, rhetoric, propaganda.

'Without resorting to dramatizations, I need to reveal my empathy for the troubled; those kicked around by the anomalies and vicissitudes, those wounded by the slings and arrows, those who had to kick against the pricks, those foundering in the slough of Despond, and in the cave of Despair; those desperate and heartbroken; with hopes deferred, dashed aspirations; and vain expectations. Those abandoned to the Golden Rule; to trickle down, to the private sector, to God helps Those Who help Themselves, rejected by the last resort, the worst come to the worst, as well as those who were plain victims of indifference; that of both the creator and man alike. This is also part of the other hand.'

'Well stated, Catherine.'

'You have described certain aspects of the human condition; probably more common than most are willing to admit. Admission asks something of us. Our human conscience demands that we act in some way to remedy the troubles we find.

'Are we our brother's keeper?'

'Does the Golden Rule beg some implementation beyond our daily interactions? Is it required that we go abroad to do justice to what we perceive as a need or an injustice? Do we say to ourselves, Is it not also happening here?'

'Some fanatical, always some fanatical thing, is happening over there. When we were attempting to subdue the Viet Cong, they sought sanctuary in Cambodia. Now that we are attempting to subdue ISIL, they are seeking sanctuary in Syria. We have persuaded ourselves we need to do these things for humanitarian ends. We are even contemplating, not seriously, crawling into bed with Assad.'

Barbarism is assured, crowing (cock-a-doodle-doo) over beheadings.

Someone ventured they were sophisticated; I think it was the Prez.

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They have money and weapons. Great Gobs of Gloomy Balls!

So Goes The Noose. He got his from Woody Juderough, a groaning voice trained to empathy, with an intent to alarm more than enlighten. Puts words in your mouth. And from Eyefull who has trouble reading the prompter. He wonders what Lush Rimbah has to say bout dit all.

Father often expounded upon the three Fs. These had only to do with the homo sapiens male's relation to the homo sapiens female when it involved certain sexual behavior, indigenous to the species. It had nothing to do with Boola Boola. There are the two Fs that have become involved, by default, in the Boola Boola affair. Freidan and Fauci, the two Fs, of CDC and NIH respectively, have spoken of the infallibility of the infrastructure; not to worry, darlings. Efff 'em and forget 'em. Already the first, missed by the infallible structure, has walked the plank. In Madrid, Hasta Luego!

We are awaiting further developments.

The Prez has ordered an investigation. That has happened before with the VA. The veterans of Boola Boola will fare no better.

The author has watched these authorities trucked out for special occasions. Trucked out in their best attire, so we will be impressed with their solemnity. It has happened so often that the author is not impressed; only learning to expect the worst. When the Marburg like, Ebola like, virus got loose at Detrick, they killed all the monkeys. Time to kill? Beheadings would be novel. But messy.

Cynicism is conducted in self defense.

Much wilder thoughts occur to the author rather frequently. Rats and lemmings – all he wants to do is clean up the whole mess with that other hemorrhagic stuff discovered by the Wisconsin Agricultural Research Foundation.

One doesn't know what to do with the homo sapiens that survive. They have made such a bad job of it, it might be better to rid the planet of the species altogether. The author must admit there are some pretty nice looking girls one might want to spare. It would be better if they were from some other species mated with some hypotheticals.

Aw what the heck, let evolution begin all over again. Blind fate could not do worse. If you stick with the current model, it is inevitable that it will reduce the planet to SHIT! (PTSD, Post Traumatic Shit Disorder).

We seemed so proud of ourselves when we read in the Revolt Of The Masses that we had raised ourselves, Lazarus-like, from the oppression of Oligarchs, the Aristocracy, the Crowns, The Impuissants.

We have fallen off the wagon; No! A brief hiatus of jubilation while the wheelers and dealers were already at it. Corporations filled the void. We need to read about a new revolt. Instead we are hearing of Muslims on

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the rise with AK - 47s, RPGs; Missiles, beheadings, genocides, and a lot of expectations of Virgins beyond the whorizon, with more down-to-earth rape meanwhile. Also we are hearing about Might making Right under the leadership of the Pit Bull, Vlady, putin' it where it counts. And the burgeoning domino players in and around and beyond the China Sea, otherwise known as a Sea Change. The scourge of Boola Boola, and the fission happening in Japan, while doth more transpire in Iran, akin to NK (the little shit with nukes). All of these extraneous happenings are meant to take our minds off'n the Corporations. Once in while the media slips up by letting us know that 50% of the wealth of the nation is in the vaults of 1% of the population. Even the monarchies didn't have it that good. We speak of poverty and disparity and equality in the same breath. A guillotine needs be erected in the public square for the beheadings of the CEOs of these giants (monsters).

No, really, we need to start over, if not with evolution, at least with some social planning. A makeover. Invert the pyramid; let the weight of all the hobnailed boots crush those pricks on the bottom. Can you not envision it, the great leveling? Death before death. Their death before our death. Actually the author does own a pair of hob nails; for another purpose.

The argument goes like this. We live in a 'consumerist' society; a vaguely similar term to 'communist' society. 'Consumerist' is different, of course, because it is not a qualified ideology. Not being an ideology it has its pluses, but more minuses than pluses. The minuses are bound up in humanity's conversion of the raw earth into a standard of living, a way of life, by producing a pile of obsolescing junk (shoddy merchandise) that it does not need. There are just too many of us for this to become a self-sustaining model, even for a non-ideological society. How is it possible for us to become this consumerist thing devouring the planet, converting it into a land fill? It has nothing to do with survival. It is a big promotion by Corporations to suck both you and the planet dry. The pluses are not worth considering. How about doing art work and playing soccer, after planting the vegetables? Screw all this buying of crap to enrich the fat cats.

The other side of the argument is more rational. Preserve and protect; observe the Golden Rule; imagine that we really are all in this together; Reverence for life.

Thingies have got so bad with the 2Fs, the prez decided to appoint a Boola Boola Czar. How come not Vladdy? The Ruskies ain't contributin nuttin. Their biggest task is seeking advantage; how can they benefit from Boola Boola? Anyway they beheaded the VA chief and the beheaded the biggie in the Not So Secret Service. The prez is trying to avoid another head trip.

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The infected have been removed from Presbyterian to places where they can study the subject's body fluids with the possibility of developing a vaccine. Make the 21st century plague go away. Sumbuddy had the good sense to ask "What if it mutates?" Sumbuddy with even more sense imagined humming birds as dinosaurs. The inevitable host going by the way, even the Rusksies. The vector will get you!

Just think, nobody left to read this shit.

People with their telescopes are seeing things, like an asteroid headed for Mars, not to mention all the little buggers out there headed for you know who. Bruce Willis has us covered. India is looking after the Red Planet. Question is, what will get us first, Boola boola or?

Will the last person out the door, please pull the switch on the media. The fomenters think they have us where they want us; but we'll show them they can't escape. Imagine their right to know and their right to tell us. Kinda sadistic, No!? What if we don't want to know these things they tell us? We have no recourse but to blow them out of the water; speaking of a 'sea change'.

Does it help to know what's gonna kill yuh?

Anyway, they hauled in the authors of *Howl* and *The Belly Of The Beast* to validate the redeeming qualities of munching Lunch while Naked. A literary masterpiece by a literary master. Right up there with Will.

There's a big race in the noose. Boola Boola and IS ISIS ISIL Islamic something or other. Which will claim More victims?

If I sit by the seashore awaiting a beneficial sea change, I may or may not be so fortunate. Who am I to hope to influence the sea?

If you turn on the noose you are apt to hear the prez talking about a sea change; only he isn't talking about the sea. The sea is some kind of metaphor whose behavior may or may not be changing for the better.

That's what happens when you 'turn on' the noose.

The noose is mostly yappers reading a teleprompter, often showing signs of dyslexia, somehow trying to insert some kind of empathy for those being whacked in and by the media.

Yes The author does know better; don't listen to the fomenters; deny them!!

Let him say this; the Islamycysts need to get together with the Boola Boola people; let's see what kind of a change that can bring about; a 'wait and sea' change.

Try GMO on for size. The corn you eat is bug resistant? Does that make you resistant to bugs?

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If you have got this far in your reading, you know that you are dealing with an old codger. Being part of an old codger entails a faltering memory; whether or not that results in a faltering rationality or logicity (loquacity) is open for speculation.

If one can measure any part of his thinking apparatus by the performance of other parts of his anatomy, there may be little latitude for questioning, quantifying, and qualifying (QQQ ['get the birdshit off'n your antenna']).

This old codger gave up 'drinking' some two years ago because he was having a lot of trouble with painful swollen red gout, and swollen red joints in his fingers. He also stopped ingesting HCT. Anyway, hopefully abstention will stave off alcoholic dementia. Abstaining from HCT may have other hidden benefits like avoiding HCT dementia, or general illogicality. Giving up the alcohol means giving up Drambuie, Lamb's Navy Rum, and five bottles of 12 year old malt scotch, not to mention the daily rations of beer.

Part of being an old codger means that one somehow becomes out of step with the younger set. Even though one may have been forward thinking when he was himself younger does not assure that he will always be forward thinking enough to be in step with the younger generation. Age is mutually exclusive, so, being in step may disappear with a glance in the mirror where all one gets is an inverse image. One never really knows how others see him.

Of course, it isn't important.

There is little place for fantasy; unless one can completely isolate himself. Just seeing, hearing, sensing another person, distorts the fantasy, the unreality.

The author has spoken before about schizophrenia being the most natural outcome of trying to live by somebody else's standards and somebody else's rules. The author has been here before. The return to schizophrenia. It is not that he has abandoned the multiple personalities that have invaded him. He suspects something is more wrong than it has been in the past. To say it more distinctly, one is almost certain to become schizophrenic; that is really being phrenitic.

“”Truly he does not know what to make of the world in which he periodically discovers himself.

That world reappears most generally when he attempts to enlighten himself with regard to a certain contemporary assessment of a seeming ineluctable reality.

Mind you, he does not step out of some intergalactic time machine, only to awaken to these surroundings into which, or upon which, he has been deposited.

The part about the contemporary assessments he finds most difficult to accept involves the lack of recognition or inclusion of himself in the

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presentation. He can not find himself anywhere. He is aware he lacks the relevance necessary for inclusion. He is unwanted.

It is as though he does not exist. He knows that very soon he will no longer be aware, or, what remains of him, before the maggots, carrion feeders, and general conversion of what had mattered to him, will be absorbed into the natural recycling cycle. He has often heard it said 'you never forget how to cycle'.

Why should it bother him, beyond some angered pique, that he has been abandoned and excluded thus? Does not his general knowledge of things clearly inform him that this is the state of things? What THINGS?!

Call it, or them, what you like.

He has not metamorphosed into some introspective insect which keenly feels its abhorrent aspect, as we all might regard a cockroach, something that needs to scurry when the light shines upon it.

Passing over the generalities, the meat of the opus cries out.

He has noticed in the last few years the increasing tendency to type in letters as though he was suffering from some kind of dyslexia. Or some aphasic unlearning, or reversion to what he might have been if they had not taught him to rite and reed from left to rite, that if he had been allowed to go with the flow, THINGS would have been different.

As though THINGS might have been different if they had not taught him the Pledge, the Salute, and the Spangled Banter. He might have naturally marched backward instead of forward.

To assure for a conforming model, the part that was him in substance was forced to do many THINGS that an inner part of him, the insubstantial part, did or did not do with any awareness of what was being done. If choice was the object, its absence became obvious.

It's the appearance of things, relative to THINGS that matter.

There are some amongst this vastly redundant plethora of look-a-likes that believe some of us will be reborn in another living host; suggesting that we might be reborn as cockroaches, as repugnant a notion as this may seem. It assumes that to crush the life out of one of those repugnant creatures, well you know what the author is suggesting. But to carry the argument further, if one might, just might, if one really understood how the whole process works, without prejudice, what if one was reborn as what he is anyway? What is to be gained by being born, or reborn as a roach, especially when our knowledge base tells us that to have evolved from a cockroach to a humink beink has required eons upon eons.

Some THINGS just do not make any sense, even to a schizophrenic, who is the one most likely to grasp the significance of THINGS.

No, the author doesn't want to leave the notion hanging, He wants to make something perfectly clear, as clear as any schizo can make it clear, that to crush a cockroach because it may be the you that one is crushing in some future morph on THINGS, that to crush the life out of a humink beink amounts to same THING (THINK) when the inference is applied.

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If evolution has meant anything it ought to have meant something more than to revert. Does that make any sense? Doesn't it make you feel regret?

“”Our conversation now meanders toward speculations regarding Schizophrenia. That schizophrenic feeling. As one moves through the landscape attempting to maintain his bearings, guiding himself from landmark to landmark, from pillar to post, perhaps even guided by a compass, a GPS, Google Earth, or an onboard computer, even with a known destination in mind, from the Bank to the Supermarket, a feeling of uncertainty creeps into ones awareness. It doesn't require a Catherine or a Paul to ask “Who am I, Why am I here, Where am I going?, or a Hamlet to utter those famous lines of his. At such moments one might readily conjure the most frightening spectacle, of oneself hurtling through space, unknown, unloved, a mere wisp in the void of eternity. Such presumption! A mote in the eye. What else would any self-saving schizophrenic do in a world where the moguls control it all, leaving the rest of the look-a-likes in dire straits, with open arms and empty hands? Regard!

Perhaps one was only on his way to his local hashishery. On the way, the Billboard beside the road to his nowhere, proclaimed: “*Jesus Saves*”.

He's a thoroughbred white boy from the desert, turning tricks: or is it making tracks? He hustles rainbows. Billy Graham, the choreographer, made a fortune as his pusher.

How's that for a taste of reality? Schizophrenia is only a symptom. *Save One's Bacon.*

A step backward if you will; a ‘taste of reality’? A sample? Easily turning into a gusher that leaves one overwhelmed with vapidty; nauseated.

Multiply and Subdue has resulted in this frightful occupancy.

What remains?

The next logical step is Escape. Only in the imagination is this possible. The reality of our redundant occupancy is too horrible to contemplate; simply because there is no escape, and there is little inducement to remain on the premises; the place reeks!.

Just to imagine the hierarchy involved in the redundant humanity that occupies; the brutally oppressive thing that must be in place for this condition to exist; and to persist. The Human Condition.

Think upon it!!!

Our History is rife with oppression (someone conjectured: ‘Ruins’). The urge to possess; to dominate, to control; brutally. Blood will flow, the female raped (the imperative of continuance [Simone thought ‘anatomic destiny’]), the land pillaged; human sacrifice is required for the complete and assured validation. Limited with limited capability.

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It takes some consciousness, and some doing to take that first step outside of ourselves. The author is saying that the SELF serves its own ends, whether avowedly purposeful, or as a desperate act to fill a vacuum (the void).

Ennobling one's actions by intimating that some behavior is avowedly purposeful, that is, for example, 'for the greater good of all' (using any means).

From our earliest days of inculcation we hear repeated 'it is for your own good', as if the inculcator really knew what 'good' was, or is.

The author does not believe in the spake; he believes the inculcator's objective is 'control' (conformity [clones] mirror images); oppression.

The inculcator fears every life's tendency to anarchistic behavior, that is, a life that is, wanton, unruly, furtive, devious, in its efforts to be self-serving; as some speculate, to survive. 'Survival is Success': Eric, George, Louis.

The 'will' to Survival is an 'instinctive' property of living forms. The 'will' to survive in another becomes a troublesome thing for the inculcator. The inculcator feels he must channel this motile property that characterizes living forms.

The living form must be made to realize he (it) is not alone, that is, if he acts without consideration of the other, he places his own existence in peril (perhaps, whether he acts or not).

Those who live on the top of the heap, because they are insulated from them (guard dogs, police in their pockets) they do not consider those below them as equal, and/or deserving, are placing their own lives in peril. The 'sound of the hobnailed boots coming up from below' becomes more than a rhetorical phrase. It is an ominous truth, from The Tea Party to Tiananmen Square.

It is obvious what does follow, or what must follow. It is fated that those on top will not yield. They must arm themselves; they are obliged to annihilate to the last man what lies below, should it attempt to rise. Acquiescence is not a property of what lies below; hence life devolves into a struggle for dominance for its own sake. Dominance becomes the purpose of life. Chile and Kent State in the 1970s are cases in point.

The author hears the denials, all around. We are not like that!

The author asserts "We are indeed like that!"

Catherine has repeatedly taken the author to task over his harsh judgments. She has informed him she cannot live in an environment that will not allow for improvement.

While Catherine is not a 'true believer', she is nonetheless ever hopeful for an improved human condition. She does believe that negativity (studying the hole in the doughnut) accomplishes little or nothing; rather creates a cheerless demoralizing atmosphere in which to live. She will not tolerate such a condition. Whether or not the author is

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correct in his assessments does not matter to her; what matters is the attitude; belief need not be part of that attitude.

It is not necessary that everyone shut up, it is only that Mr. D. needs to shut up.

The author believes it is foreordained that, not only human life is a hapless invention of the evolutionary aegis, but, all of the living, as it dubiously appears in its various transformations, are sports of the process. More succinctly, he believes there is no purpose to the process, other than to produce sports. He believes there is no self-validating property to life. Mere existence (or palpitation) is not enough. He believes it is fortunate that existence is not a permanent condition, excepting his own, hypothetically, of course. After a life of demoralizing cogitation, he would like to live long enough to prove his theories. But, ambivalently, he would also like to live long enough to see a complete transformation, as Catherine would envision it (the Tower Of Babel brought low [recycled into another edifice] {World Tower # 2}).

The measure of life becomes the amount of consumption it requires to destroy its surroundings to the extent that the surroundings become uninhabitable.

Concepts like 'renewable surroundings' have a nice ring to them, as though it was possible to tweak the inevitable. The author believes the 'inevitable' is indeed 'fatefully inevitable'. It cannot be tweaked.

This Catherine person, this imaginary Catherine person who fills the interstices of a synaptic maze, is a kind of stuffing to absorb the shock of reality as the gray matter convolutes the sensations presented to it, the awful sensations, the utter smack (convulsion) of truth. Catherine is the warm presence one needs in order to continue with any part of the argument. The apposite, as the author has previously intimated. She is space filling, however intangible.

But she must suffer with the crude intellect of the author.

Although she is often devastated by the unrelenting harangue, she is also fascinated, even intrigued, by the author's imaginings, however seemingly bizarre, and contrary. She suspects he lives in a constant state of depression, brought about by a lifetime of defeated expectations. She believes his sentiments are of the highest order, crying out for neglected humanity. That any one human being should suffer the predations of another human being is more than 'just not right', it is unconscionably criminal, even worse, diabolically sadistic, and ultimately says little about either the Creator or Mother Nature; and says a great deal about homo sapiens.

Catherine cannot digest the bitter vituperation that he heaps upon humanity for its lacks, all of which he believes can be remedied by living by the simple rule, an incontrovertible rule, the Golden Rule, even though she herself believes some 'fatefully inevitable' component of

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mankind's makeup leads him to shy away from such a commitment. Man does not wish to be bound by a common tenet, he wishes to lead an arbitrary existence, not hemmed in by anything, even such an advisedly beneficial tenet. Man would rather take his chances with arbitrariness than yield to anything that smacks of any constraint upon his desires, thought or actions (he will argue: 'that's how we got where we are').

While much evidence, of which Catherine is very much aware, supports this harsh judgment, she, and her sisters were 'brought up in', raised in, exposed to, a climate with a very different human focus. She knows her father to be what he is, she knows her mother to be what she is, two people motivated to alleviate the suffering of their fellow man. She is imbued with that same spirit, as much through exposure, as through belief. She has tested her beliefs, knowing them to be substantiated through experience. She came to know a man who pretends to be only interested in the truth of things. He has also become involved with this young woman to the degree that he will remonstrate and chastise her regarding her sacrifices for an unworthy animal, to the greater hazard of her own health.

They argue their individual perspectives, she, more often than not, yielding to his persuasions, much to detriment of her fondest beliefs and wishes.

He tells her that yielding to the truth of a thing cannot be construed as a deliberate attack upon her expectations. She is very much aware that she is being tested in other ways. In her mind it should not matter what is the truth of a thing, but what she does with that truth. She cannot ignore its implications. She feels, intellectually, she is to be held accountable for it. She knows the author would not have it any other way; he is a taskmaster. She responds to the challenge, sometimes grudgingly. She feels part of her self slipping away, wondering what she is sacrificing while she attempts to account for the pitfalls of her own naivety.

The author is softened by her, almost willing to concede to her implorings, to be less strenuously adamant with his perception of truth, to leave some room for her and her sisters to become some part of their aspirations, for example. She feels he abuses the truth, using it as a battering ram, bludgeoning all for some dubious thrill. To cast doubt upon all human endeavors, without making allowances for the individual who acts conscientiously, is unfair. While the greater truth argues that man does not live up to his own expectation of himself should not be cause for a condemnation of him, so Catherine argues, as she feels denied in the broad sweep of his ranklings. He knows she does enough, and if each human did as she, the human condition would be in pretty good repair. He feels his own lack of doing, realizing he is a piker, not lazy, just not a believer that anything really matters. **As long as we do know the crucial things we need to know; in truth, all other knowledge**

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appears incidental, and all effort to acquire more, proves a futile pursuit. Catherine argues that this attitude creates a self-fulfilling environment, one that is rife with pain and suffering brought about through indifference, or worse, haughty disdain. She views this as criminal, not to feel empathy, sympathy, commiseration, pity for human suffering, is criminal. He chafes under her declaration.

Fortunate indeed is the author, and the occasional reader, to be 'blessed' by the presence and relief of Catherine. Who would want to listen to the rants of an old geezer stumbling about, wildly, ineffectually gesticulating, encased in his old wooden-staved cask? One need only look upon Catherine, gazing in amazement, at her wondrous attributes, to sense an otherworldliness to this life. One falls in love, loses his balance, falling off the planet, into the infinity of the space *Beyond*.



If one truly gained the world, without Catherine, what say he?

Let us assume that Catherine will appear from out the ether as we manufacture, and offer some speculations with regard to life in the *Beyond*.

Catherine has been the one who did and does things that find accord with her beliefs. She is not a parlor liberal; she is an activist who has demonstrated that action has definite merits, however futile. The futility would have been the predicted result by a Mr. D. Not at all dissuaded by his arguments, Catherine learned, reflexively, the merits of his arguments. Sobered by reality, she chose another avenue in a similar vein, perhaps carried too far, only to fall victim to other anomalies and vicissitudes. Forced into a third venue by, what she was beginning to accept as the inevitable course of human endeavors, and the resultant deterioration of the human condition, she became a drudge in the field, in other words, an agrarian. She enjoined herself to the planet. We will find her there, still; one life harnessed in submission to an idea that barely passes muster. An ascetic life might have been more in keeping with her bent, but, to her, life in the cloister seemed too remote from the tangible aspect for which she yearned. Not that she needed to get her hands dirty in order to prove a point, but that she felt this need for a tactile connection with something. Doing it in the dirt.

The intellectual life seems wanting (lacking in substance).

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All the hypotheticals are the mere sparks, flying off into space from a non-specific, oversized, oddly underutilized encephalon. What purpose is being served? She mumbled: “Don’t ask!”

The author would like all of you to rethink what it is we imagine we are doing. He’ll narrow his speculations to our current manner of conducting elections in our purportedly democratic society.

There are agents who hold that fairness, equity, and justice, should claim the most attention in our deliberations, and receive the most service in our actions. There are others who feel that fairness equity and justice are impediments to a free wheeling ‘democracy’(?).(KOCHI!)

It is expected however that everyone will in some way pay lip service to fairness equity and justice because it sounds right, is politically correct.

But in the smoke filled board rooms of the big corps, bankers, vested interestites, the ‘battle’ lines are drawn. Money is pledged to support both lobbyists, and candidates for public office. The agenda is mostly known to the corps et al; fairness, equity and justice virtually eliminated.

There is the grass roots corps which springs from ‘we the people’, it is mostly interested in fairness, equity, and justice.

These general interests are represented by what is known as partisan political alignments, one party representing the nominal haves, and one party representing the nominal have-nots. Usually therefore there are only two political alignments, even though a multiplicity of ‘parties’ are possible and permissible. However, do not be fooled by the appearance of things; everybody’s hands get dirty.

Regardless of the affiliation, money corrupts the process from the outset. The one party is disproportionately aligned with moneyed interests. For example, the haves, of one percent, own 50 percent of the wealth. A portion of that wealth is wielded in the political arena to buy your vote; not directly, of course, but through any persuasion that will work. The path to the ballot box is lined with procured lies and deceptions. Money will also procure the grandfathering of corruption.

The path to the ballot box should be free of any persuasions. The lies and deceptions should be turned off for a period of time before any election. Only ‘facts’ should be presented for the voter’s consideration. Even the latter should be given rest for a period of time before any election. We the people need space and time to deliberate; we do not need to be hammered through a bought-off media blitz, right up to the last second.

This is enough to give you a fit (of laughter).

We know already that any kind of wearing apparel will be anointed with the ubiquitous SWOOSH, from the football helmet to the brassier, chastity belt, and the jock strap (albeit, condom). OK, its kind of like the

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first amendment to the Constitution Of The United States Of America which vociferates the status quo through the harping fourth estate, with your right to know and their right to tell you. SWOOSH! A bucket made in: where was that? She told me she bought a pair of NIKES, the right foot made in Thailand, the left foot in China. Very logo gical.

Remember that status quo? After the Vietnam Wahr we got the peace dividend. Very eco nimal.

We start anew with Mr. D's description of the physics professor, albeit astronomer, who began his lecture with a bowing, arm-sweeping, gesture, nearly touching the floor in front of his audience: "In the beginning (pause), there was Gasssss!!!

This is how rumors get started.

Some time ago the author found, at the Goodwill, for 15 cents, a copy of Charlotte Bronte's Shirley. Shirley was also the name of an old fire truck in our local fire department. The author was sort of attached to Shirley since he became her nominal driver and operator.

Charlotte's work was published by E.P. Dutton and Co. in Everyman's Library, one hundred years ago. It became an annotated and underlined tome by what appeared to be an Elton C. Loucks of 728 E. 12th. One found scribbled in the rear that Eve was Jehovah's daughter, along with Charlotte Bronte's philosophy of life, wherein 'love' was meant to be dignified, not vulgar; and a basic approach to teaching football; Offense being essential. Yes, you read that right! Shirley, the fire truck, was abandoned to its fate once I departed.

By all rights, the author should have departed as well.

But here he is, spewing out this nonsense.

For Xmas Charline gave the author a copy of Naomi Klein's This Changes Everything. She had also previously provided him with NK's Shock Syndrome (disaster capitalism). Before that he had picked up a copy of No Logo, all on his own.

None of this really matters; that is, as he read her righteously newsy analysis, he realized how much out of it he is. More out of it than she surmises when she notes that a lotta folks want it both ways. He is in the 'want it both ways' camp. That is, he is 81 years old, winding down fast, it seems, with his 1998 Dodge diesel. All he can say in his favor is that he don't drive the old buggy more than 1500-2500 miles a year, once or twice, back and forth, to Lasqueti (Bill underlined that last word; what does he know?). The rest of the leg work is accomplished by an '11 Subaru Outback. Once I'm on that underlined word, we get around in a '93 4 cylinder Nissan pickup, we burn 4-5 cords of wood a year to keep warm, and to heat water. He uses a Honda generator to watch PBS and

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Netflix or other entertaining/enlightening videos from his library. He uses a diesel generator to pump water, to run his welder, lathe, milling machine; and chain saws to attack the forest, etc. We have a gas operated '42 Massey Harris tractor, a '75 Massey Ferguson diesel tractor, and an unknown vintage Ferguson diesel tractor, and a '79 800cc gas powered Suzuki Forsa 4 wheel drive. But he's gotta tell yuh, he has solar wind and water in varying amounts that are used to charge batteries that store energy that can be used sparingly to provide lighting, to run a blender, a soldering iron, a boom box, a reverse osmosis pump, and laptop computers, and Netflix. However, additionally we use propane for lighting, heating water, refrigeration and freezing. So it goes. The alternative energy seems a necessary expensive option (the underlined word has no Hydro).

Even before he even used NK as a reference point, he had begun to realize that he must not care that much; its either that, or he realizes, or feels, he does not have the energy any longer to devote to any aspect of the human condition (he used to think that writing about this stuff mattered). Because of what he knows, or suspects, of the species, it seems futile, in any case, to try to deal with such an awkward, ambivalent, indifferent, actually, pretty violent, rapacious, devious, corrupt, Janus-faced, prevaricating, hostile, destructive, selfish, immoral, (has he forgotten anything?) creature. Its probably a lot worse than he imagines. That is, he means this creature has really fucked up paradise. Well, at least, a decent place to live has been severely compromised.

Yes, of course the planet should be salvaged for all the other forms of life; pitch homo sapiens into the bottomless canyon. Baby out with the bathwater? Yeah, there are some decent purists out there who really do harbor all the right sentiments. Put them with Bambi and the Attwater's Prairie Chicken.

Sea change, road map, jump start, litmus test; you get the drift.

Ortega Y Gasset, when writing about Education, claims the premise for Education is rarely examined. Hence we get what we get.

How often do we examine the premise for Free Speech (freedom of the press)?

It is thought or believed that an informed public assures for a more lasting democratic society. The idea is that government in a free democratic society benefits from consent, that is, 'informed consent' serving this purpose better than an ignorant populace.

It is purported that a free press passes on certain information that prepares the public for an informed consent.

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This has not proven to be true because the press (or media) is not really interested in informed consent, in fact they seem to care less about it than they just about everything else. Love It Or Leave It.

It may be supposed that certain information is passed on to the public. What kind?, may be relevant to this analysis. The press (or media) cannot be said to be furthering the interests of a democratic society when all it does is chase after the most alarming (sensational) headlines, often repeating the same headline day after day, in its effort to churn the public. How can this be said to be furthering the interests of a democratic society? What in hell is a democratic society (is a rarely asked question). More often it is stated this is Our Way Of Life, Love It Or Leave It. If we asked the question, and weighed in, what the media does to enlighten us with regard to the notion of a democratic society, we would come up wanting.

It may turn out that there is too much useless, exaggerated (sensationalized), irrelevant, repetitious, information being promulgated by the media; in essence, noise, and disinformation.

Each of two entities has its own agenda. Government, and the press.

Government may wish to keep many of its activities secret. The press may wish to uncover those secrets.

Wouldn't it be interesting to learn all the dirty secrets that went into the overthrow of Salvador Guillermo Allende Gossens and the part the US of A (the good guys) played in that nasty bit of business. Where's the Press when you need them?

The pit bull got rid of his competition. Still another step backward. Or is it not possible ever again to take a step forward? Is man locked into this thing he does forever? Certainly this man is.

Mr. D. What do you think of ISIS?

ISIS or ISNT ISIS IS or ISIS ISNT.

There are too many people on the planet. There are too many without anything to do, no purpose, no identity, no nothing. So what better thing to do than to link up with a bunch of testosterone freaks that ride around in Toyota pickups equipped with RPGs and AK 47s etc. shooting up the place, laying waste, stopping to pillage and rape; you know, the usual stuff. What can one say?

Annihilate the buggers!!

Mr. D. What do you think of Nutandyahoo coming to speak before the US congress?

Another side show!

What about the assassination of the opposition in Russia?

Par for the course.

What about the nuclear deal with IRAN?

Everybody needs to get rid of their nuclear weapons. It is impossible to hold a constructive conversation with another nation when there is an

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implied threat in the background. Its like Russia negotiating a peace settlement with European leaders over the Russian incursions into other nations. Russian JIHAD! Everyone is scared shitless of the pit bull!

North Korea is a perfect example for the rest of the world, of nuclear diplomacy. One could say the same for China with its incursions into the waters extending off their coast, with the incursions in every direction, if they so choose. They are enabled to pick a fight with anyone anywhere anytime. That's what happens when you have too many people on the planet. Nuclear goes ballistic.

That's too depressing a subject Mr. D. What do you think of the US Congress?

One can hardly be upbeat about it. It is an ineffectual body that gets paid way too much for its inutility. Bickering. Endless bickering.

What about Hilary and Jeb or Scott?

As choices for a national leader, I must profess ignorance, or inveterate prejudice. Hilary is an establishment candidate. She will be out to preserve something that needs to be preserved until something better comes along. Jeb might be all right if he was free from all associations with his family. Scott is a dangerous element. He would represent all that is wrong with the USA already, where it is the big over the little, where trickle down becomes a fact of life, where the government becomes totally disengaged from the population that is not vested. An AYN Rander. And doubtlessly a belligerent in foreign policy, as well as a total ignoramus regarding diplomacy. We need just the opposite if we expect to survive as a free people in a democratic nation. One can't imagine any decent person volunteering to do the latter job, from sheer cowardice.

These incursions into one's life seem inevitable. Even though one might choose to ignore them, they lurk in every corner ready to pounce upon one. They are things that one did not invite, played no part in devising or making, and things about which one can do nothing. If they could happen in silence over the horizon, one might never learn of them; he might therefore live in ignorance with a distorted view of life beyond the horizon. But there are those who make it their life's work to announce to the world what is happening beyond the horizon. They are the one's responsible for the incursions. They will deny any responsibility, even though they make it their business to destroy my equanimity. It is my right to have my peace and quiet destroyed by the fourth estate.

It's the very imperative nature of their spiel that is intended to get our attention, so they can worm their way into our life, control our life, set the tone of our life; pretending disinterest, impartiality, through endless repetition.

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They are the messenger. In China they shoot the messenger; in Russia they shoot the messenger. For very different reasons than those the author would harbor for shooting the messenger.

Would the author like to shoot the messenger? He would like to muzzle the messenger. Even though he muzzled the messenger, things would still happen beyond the horizon, that if he learned of them, he would be greatly disturbed.

Within the framework of his understanding of human society, he harbors certain prejudices with regard to fairness, equity and justice. These are the guides to his appreciation of the human condition. They become the measures by which he views all things human. So when he does learn of human things happening beyond the horizon he weighs these happenings against my understanding of a particular form that might constitute a fair equitable and just society. Often, what he learns fails to measure up; as a matter of truth it is verily predictable that what he will hear will confirm his suspicions about the improbability that the human animal will ever rise above itself; that fairness, equity and justice will always exist as imaginary goals of the individual, but will elude the body whole, as an achievable, practical *modus operandi*. It is not only happening over the horizon it is happening under his very nose.

Nutannyahoo is in town at the invitation of Boner to ostensibly ask the Congress of the United States Of America to tell Iran to bugger off. As A Friend, that is.

The muscle of the U S of A is pretty wore out and sore from trying to tell everybody else to bugger off. Iran is gonna do what it wants, even if it is ostracized by all the ostracizers. They will not be ostracized by Russia, China, Pakistan, India, North Korea; they might be lipped serviced by France and GB; but Izzy will belli them, while the US of A shrugs.

So that's five outta nine that are silent, two on the fence, one out to get 'em, one sorta abstention. Meanwhile Japan is in the middle of an unending meltdown. So much for nucleardumb.

They are sorta closing in on IZZY for many different reasons. One, they are an anachronism amongst the AAArabs. An old foe, real or imagined; definitely a new foe. Rah Rah Rah Sis Boom Bah, who are we foe? Its not easy to be sympathetic to those who feel they are superior to others. Its even inviting disaster to have blasted the Palestinians the way Izzy has.

Now, because the Islamic thing is erupting in 'free' societies, even in ones that are not free, like Argentina, resulting in the terrorizing of the people of Foeses, Yahoo is inviting all those persecuterrorized to come live on the West Bank, and in all the unsettled areas of the Palestinian wasteland. If you wanna see diplomacy in action take a gaze at Gaza. Even those who were sympathetic to the Palesties are having second thoughts about helping them to rebuild, because they sense it is

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throwing good money after bad. Hamas will be supplied with a newer generation of rockets red glare from IRAN; so now Tel Aviv will get some rubble of its own. Lets rubble! Who is out there who can stop this shit? Not the Congress of The United States Of America.

Don't misread the author. Everybody claims they want peace, but before they will cease hostilities they wanna get as big a piece as possible; without paying for it. Then. Lets talk peace.

Its been sunny and rainless here on the west coast. Nice for sitting in the morning sunlight, shining through the stained glass windows in our daughter's room. Four shades of warmth. A liquid red, vermillion, orange, and orange-yellow. A non-religious experience.

But everybody is worried about the lack of snowpack. Only 20% of normal. Seems like some kind of climactic change. This is the second year in a row when it hasn't been as cold, and when there has been a lot less precipitation. We have missed the polar incursions that have pressed the central and eastern parts into record low temperatures and heavy snowfalls. For the west, global warming, for the east, global colding; even though, globally, the average temperature has risen 2 degrees. Carbon emissions remain at record levels. Ocean acidification from dissolved CO2 is rising. A drop in oil prices has encouraged the SUV and big pickup sales. Something for everybody. The prez hung tough on Keystone. Thanks Barack.

After these relatively quiescent remarks the author is ready to launch into another tirade.

Also. He's gonna go hava looksee at a sailboat (a Hunter 37), a guy picked up in Florida after a hurricane dumped it on its side, filling it with some ocean.

He went to have a looksee like he said. Lotta work. Besides being dunked, it was one of those fiberglass jobs with blisters in the hull below the water line. Lotta work!!!. The fellow wants to live on it for 6 months out of the year, and be a grandfather for 6 months out of the year. He says he has a girl friend, but doesn't know how long that will last. He claims his daughter wants him to be grandfather as long as likes. But they gotta sell their house, he's gotta sell his business, then maybe this boating and grandfathering can get under way. He's been working on the boat for five years.

He tells me his daughter is a kind of produce (fresh foods [perishbales]) estimator for companies like Walmart. She has to guesstimate the acquisition, delivery and consumption down to the penny, if possible, all the particulars of a semi, loaded with cherries, for example. If she guesses wrong, she's out of a job. Her husband is a pharmacist. If he doesn't fill a prescription correctly, he'll probably be out of a job. So it goes.

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Iran says Izzy has gotta go. So Izzy iz appealing to its 'friend' USA (User) to persuade Iran not to nuke. EyeRan with its Eye to the future wants to be able to say it Ran Izzy out of its sphere of influence. Where could Izzy go? Izzy can easily fit into New York State. Izzy is currently at ~ 8,500 sq. mi., NYS is currently at ~ 54,555 sq. mi. Only 8,000,000 of them. NYC has 8,500,000 in 304 sq. mi. With a GDP of 300,000,000,000 Izzy could easily afford the tab. It makes good cents, avoiding all that nuke shit that is bound to come, sanctions or high water ain't gonna prevent it. I feel certain even Moses could see the hand writing. Things are bound to change. Plan ahead. Instead of nukes, move it. Better safe, than sorry!

Izzy could even move to Canada. Or to Cuba, complete with Guantanamo Bay and McDonald's (don't they have a McDonald's in Scotland. Isn't Scotland right next to the Balfour?)

You probably think the author is being a wise ass, or being facetious (assetious), or just plain stupid. He'll a tellayuh that every friendly administration has failed to resolve the critical mass between the antipathetic forces in the region. So, are ya just gonna let it blow up? And the Pally could pay less that 1/100th of a shekel on the shekel, by way of compensation. And Izzy would be allowed to move the wailing wall (A place kissed [blessed] with disease).

You wanna know how he feels about Nutandyahoo coming to his country to yammer at my congress about saving his ass. He wants go to Nuts country and yammer at his Knesset about moving his ass if he really wants to save it. Since he ain't interested in allotting the Pallies fairness, equity, and justice, he can expect nothing in return. When he comes to our country, and when he is reminded that he needs to administer fairness, equity, and justice, he blusters. That's what all politicians do.

Hilary, the undeclared presumptive candidate, is already having her underwear examined. When she wazz Sec of State she hadda e-mail account that was unpublic (wherein she recommended that Izzy be offered an opportunity to buy a piece of NY). Sounds like a good idee to the author, with all the hacking of the gov. that's going on. If they can't unearth dirt there, they will Benghazi her; because she arranged for the terrorists to blow up a congressman. And if that innuendo (in your window) doesn't do it, the Clinton's are known to engage in shady money laundering received from foreign friends. She voted for Iraq, then then Patriot Act. And so on. Koch will invest heavily in surreptitious surreptitiousness to create an undergarment that will automatically reveal all soilings; the ABM of Depends.

Mother Teresa and Joan of Arc probably had dirty underwear. Since these mentionables were human, they probably were haunted by human

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failings. Not failings, as much as *shortcomings*. Very unseamly. One also wonders if there were any nocturnal emissions after the foot thing with Mary Of Magdala.

The same media that is after Hilary's underthings is promoting (giving free exposure to) Walker of Wistfulconscience. He doesn't have underwear; he just lets it all hang out; don't we wish. Enough of it hangs out to show what a brute he is. He's not for an inclusive society where everybody shares in the spoils; he wants to keep the worker in his pen.

Another prick (fascist) like Perry of Texas, who wants to eradicate SS.

One does wonder how these apes can rise to such preeminence. Wonder!?! Shit, with the human condition the way it is, and with the wreck of democracy by the money lenders, you can predict, not wonder at, the desecration of the holy temple. Kochsuckers!

Don't forget Gingrich's (albeit, the American Enterprise Institute's) Contract on America. The backbencher thrust himself to the forefront with a lotta noise. Attack! Attack! Attack! After all the cost savings stammer, the Federal budget increased by 13%. Life on the farm! Its not about fairness equity and justice, its who gets the biggest piece of the pie. You are witnessing the destruction of America. Its your right to know and my right to tell you!

"That's all part of the process."

"So you say....*pause*..... OH! Say you can see. I disagree (hey! that rhymes). When he worked in the cannery, the author packed beets into cans that went into the cooker. That was called 'processing'. What you are describing is mudslinging, or something even cruddier than that.

"The author is not defending Hilary, he is defending himself, another undeclared candidate. His ideas are far more important than my underwear, as he would imagine are Hilary's. Hilary's backpack is full of spare secrets.

"Joan, Mother, and Jesus would have a hard time avoiding the muckrakers, who inhabit the fourth estate, and are the intentional, or inadvertent, mouthpieces of the vested interests (KOCH). A vested interest is something that stands to gain from the process, however manipulated, discredited or upheld. If every American voter understands that the process is corrupted, then he is free to cast a cynical vote for the least of all evils. Expect nothing, and you will be less disappointed.

Obviously, even though the author would be a good candidate, he is not a viable candidate; this has nothing to do with his underwear. So in my stead he would propose a less controversial figure than Hilary, but one who has impressed many of us with her performance on the Senate Floor arguing



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for stringent regulation of derivatives in banking practices. (You know who derivatives is don't ya?)

Elizabeth Warren. She is viable. But since she seems vested with a sensible head, it probably means she doesn't want her underwear inspected, hence, if it wasn't for the honor of the thing, she would just as soon fergit it.

Viewing a real (cliff) hanger. Or a real crevasse. The cup runneth over. Juliette in Swisslund without a crucifix. 50 and still glowing.

On viewing a real cliff-hanger. Or a real eye-grabber. There is just no way that Antigone would hold up under such d(u)ress. PTUD Post Traumatic Underwear Disorder.

Such a Blastfeam. Stream of unconscious; lack of pigeon holes.

To return to making sense, instead of spewing riddles. Elizabeth Warren is not a riddle. She is for real; but she better watch her back. The pooparazzi are afoot (acrotch).

How many of you read about the break-in at Y-12? The concluding remark was notable, that the penitentiary fence holding back the ancient pacifist malfessant was more secure than the one which the ancient pacifist had transgressed.

How did it make you feel to know that the US of A has nearly a million pounds of fissionable uranium, that Vladimir has 250,000 pounds of fissionable plutonium, and 1.4 million pounds of fissionable uranium? And to learn that only about 1% of Little Boy that went up over Hiroshima actually exploded (imploded)? Those are the numbers coming out of the nuclear bookie joint. The article didn't say how many pounds of fissionable plutonium is under the care of U S of A. It did say that Pakistan has a lot of nuclear sites with probably the poorest security of any. No information on the Chinese. You hafta imagine what they are up to.

Its just a matter of time before the crackpots get holt of some of the stuff. Its just inevitabbllle. Then what?

All Iran wants to do is wiggle a little bit of the stuff in Izzy's face; they don't really wanna use any of it. The Saudi's want some. NK is itching to use it somewhere. SK wants some of it for a defensive wiggle; and with China on the move, Japan wants some of it to wiggle. Wiggle diplomacy.

We all damned well know that the pit bull doesn't have to make any sense; all he has to do is wiggle his weannie.

How much wiggle room is there?

Getting back to the "Then What?"

Its truly an admirable thing these incarcerated pacifists have done. They believe in something that very few of us are able to conceive. Being

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Christian sitting on one's comfy sofa is one thing, but getting up outta that sofa, and activating the first principles is an entirely different thing.

Pretty fucking diabolical species if you ask me. Its been a long time since anybody asked the cranky author anything.

Right now, all he wants do is get back to the island with his new telescope, so's he can spec out the universe for a place to go when it looks like its just time to go. He's mindful of all the junk he will hafta leave behind.

Just imagine, when we finally landed upon the island thinking we had found paradise, when all we had found was a temporary waystation. Better to be blown up on the island than in Eugene?

Some other stuff the author was readin'. About the 3 Gorgeous dam; how its becoming a cesspool. And how the downstream Yangtze is becoming a garbage strewn pathway, for lack of flush. AND, because the water level in the spool goes up and down, there are landslides galore, getting rid of more people in the process (that's one way of doing it). Where is the sliding terra firma going? AND seismologists are suggesting the earth's crust beneath the dam is feeling the weight of 300 miles of water. Its kinda like waiting for a terrorist to get his(her) hands on some fissionable material. AND because China is power hungry and power crazy, its gonna dam up every stream in the joint. Think or thwim.

Beaucoup Harem: a misnomer and a misspelling of testosterone.

That asshole Nutandyahoo, playing the Palestinian Card, got himself reelected as leader of the Hollowcause victims. Rodenticide. It shows to go ya Juice aint no better than enybuddy else when it comes to equity fairness and justice. Somebuddy said it was like Alabama under George Wallace. Did I say that? It musta been me, then. George was bareheaded; no wailing wall, just the capital steps. I still believe that Izzy oughta buy up a chunk of NY. Question is, can the non-assimilators be assimilated? Can you imagine Izzy buying a hunk of Alabama?

Is his slip showing? The author's brother claimed he was the token Goy working as a rep. for this Jewish electronics distributor in NYC. The author was not a token goy at the Institute of Molecular Biology, but he was treated well by his employers, who were mostly Jewish: Novick, Streisinger, Bernhard, Stahl?, Herskowitz. He was not treated well by one Dahlquist. He does not know if Schellman, Von Hippel, Menninger, or Capaldi, Griffith were of that persuasion; Matthews was Australian. Capaldi was distant, Griffith was an opportunist. Menninger did not get tenure. Von Hippel became the head honcho when Novick became Dean Of The Graduate School. Von Hippel put him down when he objected to the treatment he was receiving from Dahlquist. The author didn't forget that slight. Still don't. Pete.

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Thought it worth mentioning, in these days of forward thinking. That, if the Christians wanna stay ahead of the Muslims, they better get cracking; well, you know what the author means. Can you believe it, that this is histrionics repeating itself?

Reading in Will and Ariel (with the help of Ethel), contrary to Barbara (Tuchman) who claims there are no lessons of history, it was noted (using what parameters the author knows not) by the Durants, that in the last 3,421 years of 'recorded' history only 268 have seen no war. It is also a truism, lacking any inculcability (short for incalculable inculcation), that since the war to end all wars, there has never been a moment's peace. Anyway that comes out to ~ 92% of the time we have been at each other's throats. And since the wahr to end all wahrs, it has been 100 %. Like what Barbara intimated, there's something lacking.

What do you think, are there any lessons of history?

On another subject closely related. The author cannot but be dismayed by the mayhemming. That is, the author is dismayhemmed.

Its Easter 2015.

Death occurred on Friday; today is the day of resurrection.

The author would like to be reborn into a mayhemless universe.

Now there's another example of wishful thinking. What, resurrection? Or mayhemlessness?

It boils down (reduces to) to its simplest element; reverence for life.

Just about everybody believes the resurrection did not occur, because in, even their simplest intelligence, dead is dead. Then, there's gravity.

Reverence for life has little to do with miracles and magic; it does have to do with a different kind of miracle. Even the simplest form of life, on an amoebic level, let's say, there is something so unlike matter in the form of elements, that is, hard rock earth, as to precipitate the pondering of the difference. Then there's rats and vermin, germs, microbes, pestilences. etc.; dare one add *hs* to the list?

OK, so there's stuff that might not qualify in this 'reverence for life' thing.

But, when it comes to homo sap., indiscriminately offing his own kind, any amount of pondering is insufficient to provide an explanation for what is seemingly considered 'inhuman' carnage.

We hear a lot about Geehard as some kind of justification of carnage. That Alalahlah has given voice in the KRAM, that infidels must be wiped. Lahlah does not preach tolerance, if one may judge by the advocacy that is heaped upon any indiscriminate act. Lahlah is a vengeful sunuvabish, according to one arm of advocacy.

Lah lah is mentioned because he has been in the herdlines so often; but there is Vladimir, who wants the Soviet Union to be resurrected; he wants it so bad he has become a carnage master. Then there is mister

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commie chen who brooks no dispute with his failability. Can you imagine anything on two legs not being failable? Then there's Nutandyahoot.

Some have ventured that this is the highest form of life. But even as the highest form, the reverence is lacking.

So one is easily dismayhemmed.

Can even the worst sort of two legger, like the Geehardist, Vladimir, commie chen, Benny, not feel anything for a child, for example? No. Gotta get rid of the child before it becomes an infidel, or a Ukrainian, a stand-up citizen, or a Palestinian.

Sigmund got off pretty easy by declaring it is 'fatefully inevitable', while Doris Day sang Que Sera, Sera.

It may be a matter of interpretation. Hollywood puts a spin on all kinds of stuff. But Sigmund was dealing with a sick species; as a physician, he was looking for a 'cure'; Hollywood was supplying fantasy.

The author thought he would pursue what follows, before the humor of it disappeared. It has to do with American sports. For football you must have to be fast on your feet. But the same could be said for sockher. Even basket ball has its fast feet. As does base ball. Each of these has to do with a ball of some sort, and some ability to run like hell (like the Hay Bee Cee sportscaster Cosell once said, "Look at that monkey go!".)

Base ball is named after the bases; first base, second base, third base, and fourth base. Sort of, in a triangulated middle of these bases, each of which is anointed with a bag (and/or a plate), is an area of the playing field which is not level with the remainder. This area is designated and identified as the pitchers mound. Its about six to eight inches high, 60 feet from home plate (fourth base; equidistant between first and third base)) in the center of which is a 'rubber' following a parallel line between first and third base. The rubber is where the pitcher puts one of his feet as he starts his 'windup. The other foot is attached to the other leg which becomes part of the process of following through and adding to the momentum of the ball as he pitches it toward fourth base; where a ball batter is standing awaiting the ball to speedily transit over the forth base; as it does so, he attempts with a bat to bat the ball. And so forth. Sometimes it's a ball and sometimes it's a strike, not counting foul tips, bean balls, dirt balls, and wild pitches. Sometimes its low and inside, high and inside, and so forth.

Sometimes, when there are 'runners' on base, the pitcher tries to pick them off, that is, catch them too far from the bag; as long as they are on the bag they are safe, but once away from the bag, they are fair game. Anyway, sometimes the pitcher interrupts his windup in a Hamlet-like moment, which results in a condemnation from the umps. Balk!

On this one occasion the pitcher argued with the plate (fourth base) umpire regarding his call: Balk! The 'plate' umpire called upon the first

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looking for a place to put it. Well then there is another crisis in Russia with its highest in the world divorce rate, cutting off the adoption route of unwanted (broken homes) babies to the US of A. Vladimir was trying to teach the US of A a lesson, but he wound up cutting off his nose to spite his sanctions. Then he got Snowden to help level the 'playing' field.

Now just imagine the Peril people letting all the girlies get adopted into nations where proliferation can do its thing, increasing the number in other ways. Anyway when Vlady relaxes his hold on babies they can fornicate with Peril babies and so forth. Vlady did say something about working with the new President of the US of A. The new president wont be in office for another 18 months. Plan Ahead! From Crimea to further Crimes.

We're way out here 'taking five'.

We're looking at this xenophobia stuff that's been around for a wile', like from the very beginning. It has solidified itself into Black, Jew, Muslim, Christian, Buddhist, Hindu, Agnostic, Atheist, and Native, which really doesn't say very much. Whatever one has congealed into is only the beginnings of identity, and in accounting the other. *Quot Homines, Tot Sententiae*.

How important is it to insist upon the differences? Isn't there some overriding consideration? Boola Boola doesn't discriminate.

Like, what are we, what are we doing here, where are we going? These questions 'take out' lessons take us out into the Universe where we are asking the larger questions about life forms.

Do you suppose there are Black amoebas, Jewish amoebas, and so on, and so forth? Are amoebas afflicted with xenophobia? That's what it is, isn't it, an affliction. Or is it like Nutandyahoo proclaims, Survival!? Is there a Nutandyahoo amoeba which discriminates against AAAArabs? The Nazi Aryan Amoebas failed to eradicate the Balfourite Amoebas.

Imagine how the people on Mars feel when a Hindu mobile contraption (MOM, mother) lands on their planet. The mobile contraption is the harbinger of conquest and the bearer of colonialism and enslavement. Imagine a bunch of Green and Pink and Ghandi Stripers (made in the image of his holiness; sort of Avatars, with tails, but with lumps as well) at your beck and call, doing endless errands and chores, and erotic dances, for our rotten little asses. Xenophobia, my ass; just plain conquest. Survival is Success; War is Peace, Freedom is Slavery, Ignorance is Strength. Shit, Man! Passive resistance is the only beginning; tell them to get their own slippers. Better do it before the Yaller Peril gits thar (that's another kind of bejinging). Pissession is nahn pints uv de LAW (that's what is writ upon the tires of my Dodge Diesel every norning). Sumbuddy tole the author that the Yallers are more interested in the Philippines than the intergalactic stuff.

Doth the Amoebic author speak with a biased tongue? Betcha!

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Not so much bias as a predilection toward less aggressive shit. Why is it that number overwhelms to such a degree? One does tend to think of eradication. DDT, despite what Rachel has had to say on the subject. Like the IAahTollayahSo wants to eradicate the Balfourites, just as did the Teutonics. DDT will wipe out the good with the bad, so Rachel said.

On Mars as it is done on Earth.

Knowledge is mostly an accumulation of relevant and irrelevant information.

Again, sum buddy tole the author that when the Arctic Ice finally melts, Russia will become a great Maritime Power. Does that mean they will be like the Vikings, The Dutch, The Portuguese, The Spanish, the English, The Japanese? Now you tell the author what you think. But before the Russians become a great Maritime Power, they need to reinvent the Soviet Union, kind of like the Corsican Corporal and Austrian Corporal organized Europe into an Aryan Power. Putin is painting Red Lines everywhere. He isn't content to lift weights, he has to flex, as well. Its like what good is the bomb unless you can exercise bomb diplomacy? That's all Iran wants to do, is exercise bomb diplomacy; they really don't want to use the bomb. Nobody in his right mind would want to use it; simply because it bites back. The only reason ennybuddy pays any attention to Russia is because they exercise bomb diplomacy. If you are an ethnic Russian, you are all for bomb diplomacy. When an ethnic Russian becomes a real Russian, then he has to putin with Putup. They discover that Vladimir is a bully who lifts weights and flexes because that is all he knows. Remember what sumbuddy tole the author that knowledge is an accumulation of mostly relevant and irrelevant information. Its sorta like lifting weights; where is the relevance to flexing muscles? Conan the Barbarian became the Governor of California, just like Bonzo became the governor of California. Now adays its not worth being the Governor because there aint no water. Its not worth being a Russian as long as the oil revenue is waning, like being governor of California without water. The Governor of California needs to lift weights. When Russian becomes a great maritime power it will sink the Condolezza Rice.

See what the author means when he says knowledge is mostly an accumulation of relevant and irreverent stuff.

Why is the author so hard on all those people. Because he's crayzee. As are they?

Part of the evolutionary process has been imperfect. There is little to be proved by engendering so many shitheads. Some have speculated there must be a purpose to it all. Can it be so limited a purpose? Or is it as the author has speculated, that one must assign purpose? This aimless shithead stuff doesn't seem to make any sense. All this stuff that's going on; the Ukrainian thing, the Israeli thing, the Iranian thing, the Syrian thing, The Iraqui thing, the China Sea thing, the Islam thing,

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the Egyptian Thing, The Libyan thing, the Nigerian thing, the Afghanistan thing, the South African thing, the Thing that is happening over the hill, the chicken and egg thing happening on the border between children of a common mother, brethren dwelling together in unity, where the gates will never close.

But, ya know, despite all the killings, mayhemings, bombings, geehardings, complete with beheadings, genocide, homicide, endless cides, the numbers of polluters has increased exponentially. Its easy enough to knock off a bunch, but then the stench, and the disease gets ya. Wouldn't it be better to try another approach? Like Planned parenthood, birth control, making sure the vittles are commensurate with the numbers etc. Wouldn't that be better? Outfit a gymnasium for Vladimir, so he would have something to do, unethnically?

Wouldn't you know it, The Wall Street Rag, and The Washington Pest have teamed up to try to corner the market on The First Amendment To The Constitution Of The United States of America (your right to know and their right to tell you). They have jointly hired a slew of investigative reporters to look (with both eyes) into the hanky panky of announced presidential candidates (for the office of President of The United States Of America), and potential presidential candidates (for the office of President Of The United States Of America). ALL conducted in the most objective manner. Yeah! Not according to the author's listening; a bunch of harpies!

They will be looking into and endeavoring to uncover vaginal secrets and laundering secrets; terrorist affiliations, non-terrorist affiliations; whether they favor, and support, the Patriot Act; support foreign intervention (in Eastern Europe, in the Mideast, in Africa, in the China Sea, in Northern South America, in Cuber); Pro-Life; Crime; Pot; DUICP (driving under the influence of cell phones); The Death Penalty; School Lunches; same-sex marriage; the economy (legislating against currency trading, disallowing the peddling of derivatives by banking institutions, raising the minimum wage, arrest inflation [preserve the value of labor to offset the destruction of Unions]; Pipelines; Off-Shore stuff; preservation of the Wilderness and the Arctic; carbon emissions; nuclear energy, and nuclear deals; campaign contributors (the perversion of elections through smears, derogatoriness, innuendo, manufactured malignment, half truths, 1/4 truths, 1/8th truths, outright lies, distortions, and obliquity [I smoked but did not inhale, I did not have sex with that woman]); the right to carry (moving on to the Second Amendment to The Constitution Of The United States of America); a proposed ERA Amendment to The Constitution of The United States Of America; B O care (health insurance for the average voter); Latino Immigration, Muslim deportation, Latino deportation; the dismantling of Labor Unions (freely democratic

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organizations [outlawing collective bargaining]) at both the state and the federal level (as did Ronald Reagan [Bozzo], Scott Walker [Kochsucker], Vladimir Putin [Pit Bull], and Xi Jinping [Commie]).

But it has been decided that all of the foregoing will pale before the latent prurient and innuendoed revelations to be found in Haynes, Froot Of the Illume, Virgin Secrets, Corkland (GrossCo), GAPE, Caballess, Swoosh, et all. Pooperazi on them all, the way they did Dianner. Fair Game when you dare to run, walk, crawl, creep, for public (pubic) office. Bunch of creeps.

In the spirit of public scrutiny, if they dare touch a hair in Elizabeth Warren's underwear; they will only begin to suspect terrorism when their presses are blown sky high. But you must realize, since she spoke out against banks using derivatives as bargaining chips in the money laundering business, she has invited calumny upon her wearing apparel. You just don't fuck with money. As the author heard a Chinaman say, Money Talks! Derivatives Talk! The Money Changers Hang Out In The Temple. The temple is located in the head (DC, anybody?). The author doesn't know this for a fact, since he does not truck with temples. But he believes it is for certain that human beings lose sight of everything else when they see the coin. Coin is security, the more the better. 'So Liz ya gotta watch what ya say if'n you wanna git enywear outta yer underwear. Munny and underwear are connected. Sumhow.

Katy Kay grinned her beautiful self-conscious grin when she was narrating upbeat about the Hubble telescope. Can't tell whether she is naturally shy in expressing pleasure, or whether she is naturally self-conscious. Either way she is very charming when she grins that grin, and she really grins when she talks about space. Besides being very charming she is a top-notch interviewer, not wasting words or not putting words into the interviewees mouth. I bet if she interviewed Elizabeth Warren she would be very circumspect with any question that would reflect negatively on the senator.

Liz is a white nightie riding onto the afflicted stage. Donna Quixote. Yep! somebuddy's gotta do it. Sumbuddy better do it, or we're all gonna drown in the affliction of offal. Offal is what you get when you launder money. An Awful (offal) Affliction. As the author has been frequently heard to say, 'the planet reeks of some kind of animal'. Just about everbuddy who has worked at the Federal Reserve, Treasury, New York Banks, has come away with a pocketful of change. Its not really work; it's a license; and there is no need for a Union.

The author has sent to all emerging stellar solar systems a warning to arm themselves against the invaders from our solar system. They have been warned against guile, and all other persuasions (money); that homo sap. is an underdeveloped species in the throes of throwing out all the undesirables; *the purblind, blinkards, the lame, crooked, ill-favored, misshapen fools, senseless, spoiled or corrupt women; or men sickly, subject*

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to defluxions, or ill-bred louts, simple sots or peevish trouble-houses. The guillotine has been working overtime, not making any headway.

This is what happens when you tune in without ever dropping out; like Clint said to Sondra “Nag, Nag, Nag!”.

The Governor of Wisconsin is a candidate for president of the United States Of America. He is being bought and paid for by the Koch brothers.

The Congress of the United States Of America purportedly considered campaign finance reform as a worthy expenditure of its legislative time. To begin with, two things: One, it was a cosmetic thing, that is, a thing to do with appearances, to appear to be doing something about something that was blatantly corrupt. Two, it was clearly a case of the foxes guarding the chickens. Those in Congress were beholden to those who put them there.

It has been thought that (we) the people put the members of Congress where they are, but, in fact, it is the financiers who do so, by providing funding for the public examination of opposition candidate’s underwear.

If you express your distaste for this modus operandi, it is too easy and too cynical to advise. “Love It Or Leave It”. Love the underwear of leave it!??? Did you know that if you are too young or you are too old you qualify for soiling? Its called the too toos. PTDTT (Post Traumatic Dress Too Too).

So let’s assume that everybody has a certain level of discoloration in their underwear; is it important to know how much discoloration? What about the issues; and how does the color of the underwear affect **addressing** the issues?

Discoloration may amount to a certain threshold of corruption. All candidates accept bribery; is it a matter of how much? Are not the issues an overriding concern? If a candidate has to be so corrupt in order to be elected so he or she can try to do something about the issues, something is rotten in America.

No! Dealing with the issues costs money. Before issues, underwear, endeavoring to uncover vaginal secrets and laundering secrets may lead to higher things; then consider the loosely significant issues of interest to the financiers: terrorist affiliations, non-terrorist affiliations; whether they favor, and support, the Patriot Act; support foreign intervention (in Eastern Europe, in the Mideast, in Africa, in the China Sea, in Northern South America, in Cuba); Pro-Life; Crime; Pot; DUICP (driving under the influence of cell phones); The Death Penalty; School Lunches; same-sex marriage; the economy (legislating against currency trading, disallowing the peddling of derivatives by banking institutions, raising the minimum wage, arrest inflation [preserve the value of labor to offset the destruction of Unions]); Pipelines; Off-Shore stuff; preservation of the Wilderness and the Arctic; carbon emissions; nuclear energy, and nuclear deals; campaign contributors (the perversion of elections through smears, derogatoriness, innuendo, manufactured malignment, half truths, 1/4 truths, 1/8th truths, outright lies, distortions, and obliquity [I smoked but did not inhale, I did not have sex with that woman]); the right to carry (moving on to the Second Amendment to The Constitution Of The United States of America (funded by the religious leader, Moses, and the

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gunslinger, Will Penny); a proposed ERA Amendment to The Constitution of The United States Of America; B O care (health insurance for the average voter, and the indigent); safety nets (entitlements for the highwire acts, like, something to eat, a place to live, clothes for one's back, and shoes for one's feet, proper education, and a job, {don't forget Tax reform}); Latino Immigration, Muslim deportation, Latino deportation; the dismantling of Labor Unions (freely democratic organizations [outlawing collective bargaining]) at both the state and the federal level (as did Ronald Reagan [Bozzo], Scott Walker [Kochsucker], Vladimir Putin [Pit Bull], and Xi Jinping [one of Joe McCarthy's favorite people]). Yes you have heard this before.

The author has spent most of his life on the edge of the precipice. This means he was basically not interested in being a good citizen or a bad citizen. He just wanted to know the truth of things. Even if the truth of things made it apparent that he should be a 'good' citizen or 'bad' citizen, would he be one or the other, or some amalgam of them, or none of the above?

He writes at this time about this feeling of alienation he has felt since his early days. He recalls now a classmate, Janis; Janis Rivenburgh. He was reminded of Janis when he was waiting in the clinic to see his doctor. The doctor's receptionist made several trips to the computer screen to see who was next in line. Each time she approached the screen he observed her walking toward him, and when she was finished looking, walking away from him. She looked so much like Janis in height, and general frame; and her visage bore a remarkable resemblance in features and expression, he began to wonder whether Janis moved like that in those long ago days, in a kind of 'getting where I am going' walk, without any embellishment. Perhaps. He doesn't remember her wiggling like Franny, or Sally, or swaying like Dorothy. He doesn't even recall the exact movements of his favorite, Marie; somewhat dainty and precious.

He now recalls his feelings of inadequacy, of not belonging.

How does this translate, how is this relevant, to what he is saying about citizenship and living above the precipice?

He thinks he remembers one movie date with Janis, but no specifics, the same is true of Betty Proper; and Ruthie Chester sitting on his lap in a Christian (Presbyterian) moment, and taking Ruthie to the junior prom in a hand-me-down padded shoulder Frankie Sinatra striped suit coat with a pair of baggy incongruous pantaloons. Let me outta here! When the author got past that colossal embarrassment, he got to take Ruthie home in her mother's car, a '41 Ford sedan which developed a flat tire. There the author was changing a flat tire in the dark in his evening getup, wasting all that valuable time; he barely got her home at the agreed time. It gets worse with Ruthie Kegel which is really too embarrassing to reveal, or chesty Madeline McNeil with whom one

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indulged with 'spin the bottle'. It only seemed one belonged to something in order to be doing these things. In the end, the most convincing embarrassment occurred when he walked to the top of George's big thing, all four hundred and some steps, somehow arriving at the pinnacle holding Marie's hand with his Gawd-awful sweaty palm sticking to hers. Then she rode down the elevator with Leo and off into the sunset with Leo, only to commit suicide 20 years later. And here the author has been on the edge of the precipice all these years without having the courage to jump.

Janis was a good citizen. She joined the WAFS, and made a career of getting the Bad Guys, and she became a soldier imbued with good citizenship. The Author was not a good citizen. When the draft board was about to catch up with the author, to avoid being inducted into the army, in his own cowardly manner he enlisted in the Navy (to avoid all the real action in the dirt in that dirty little war in Korea). Then he left when the war was over, before his enlistment period had ended. He should have resisted from the very outset. That way he would have been true to himself, and not swayed by fear of the consequences of not appearing to be a good patriot, a good citizen fighting the Commies.

All of life has been like that. Not fitting. A Misfit. Love It Or Leave It was stickered to every doorway. How could one leave? Where to? So one skulked in his own country because he just didn't get it.

The shoulder patch was an affront, as well as a sign of insecurity attempting to convey the opposite.

As he grew into the mass, he was expected to look like others. He must be clean shaven, with a real hair cut (made to look like a conformer, a prisoner with cooties, or lice). The skirts were growing shorter and shorter until a girl could not bend over or could not sit without a crossover for fear of an exposure; although one had to wonder what it was all about.

But Mr. Author, wouldn't it be easier to fit in? I mean, you would go unnoticed like you want if you shaved and got a haircut?

The author replies he doesn't want to be swallowed by the thing that he hates.

But how does it help to be living on the edge; don't you always have to know where you are; isn't there some worry attached to treading the edge?

Only when you get near officials: cops, customs and immigration officers, the self-appointed minders of the mores; the scary ones. And real nice looking girls.

Its like the unorthodox Mormon psychobabbler who conducted his sessions in his boat in his garage, opined, of the keepers of the peace, that they all had khaki complexes; that is, anyone on the street in khakis was a refugee from the surplus stores. This was before racial profiling became fashionable. But the complexes did not stop there; if it walks like

a duck and talks like a duck it is a duck. Nobody cares what a duck really is, except that a duck is a duck. A bearded and long haired duck is a duck indeed (queer duck; well you know, queer, like in odd, or sexually confused, some of whom fit the description). But what were they really besides a stereotype? Beatniks? Hippies? Ducks, for sure.

The author can safely assume what Janis would have thought of him as a defender of our way of life. She would not have been polite about her ostracizations. The author had not spoken to her until very late in life after it was all over, life, that is, when he was inquiring about Marie, after he had learned Marie had taken her own life (depriving the rest of us of possibilities that might lie in the wings). That is what he remembers. He does not know how he came by the picture he had seen of Janis in her military duds, looking the part. But it seemed she was even less appealing than he remembered her as a high-schooler; she might even frighten the enemy; now there's a twist, and might be funny, if true.

Anyway, Marie was already in limbo for 35 years before he had learned of her disappearing act.

The author is always getting onto another subject, as though he didn't have enough to say regarding the one at hand.

All pertains!

Does it matter?

Perhaps not.

Squeaking of Fits:

The author truly believes most of us lead schizophrenic lives. This is not to demean those who really do suffer with such a disease. It may not be so apparent that others suffer with the other kind, but they do. Those who suffer with the diagnosed disease perhaps suffer less than the other kind. Schizophrenia is a kind of safety valve. When you are able to step into another reality, different from the one you are obliged to endure, you may cause consternation and worry amongst those who pretend to know you. But you may actually be having another-worldly experience.

As suggested, or implied, in *Please Pass The Truth*, we, all of us, from birth, do us part, are subjected to certain 'plausible deceptions' that are intended to guide you through life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, a veritable minefield of assumptions, and expectations.

Conformity, mirroring ones look-a-likes, can become an arduous task, especially if one doesn't buy it.

For society as a whole, conformity is supposed to be a safe bet; that's why there is so much insistence upon the condition.

Why is conforming to something (not derived from within) similar to schizophrenia?

True, at birth, one does not know what to do with this 'property' of 'life'. So if a parent, teacher, peer, albeit, ruler, tells it like it is, and tells you it is for your own good, and this is parroted by the fourth estate as the truth, how in the hell are you supposed to function if you don't

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hanker for any of it? Are you, like, in Ancient Sparta, to be pitched into the bottomless canyon because you do not conform, do not mimic, do not take the bait? Or do you qualify for institutionalization?

Delusions of Grandeur; is that a schizophrenic condition?

If some individual declares itself to be the 'Son Of God' is that a real delusion, or is it merely a metaphoric polemic; like, are we not all children of some unknown primogenitor?

Maybe the delusional one was speaking metaphorically; but those who were persuaded, what had become of them in their deluded state?

The author speaks metaphorically when he says of those deluded ones, as having been lobotomized; that is, they have a portion of their brain rendered useless for whatever was its intended purpose; whether as an evolved entity, or a God-given entity. If God-given, why the deception of intelligence associated with gray matter? Intelligence does not matter, that is, it does not figure into the equation, hence what it produces is of no consequence. Something else is missing from the equation, as well. Because the constant of intelligence has been removed from the equation, anything is apt to happen, like factionalism, heresy, inquisitions, burning at the stake, palate for lions, tortured on the rack, KKK, Our Way Of Life (God Bless America). Lurking somewhere in this schizophrenic wrench is the promise of Paradise, sitting on the right hand of You Know Who.

Lets not forget those wretches who race around in Toyota Pickups brandishing machine guns, RPGs, AKs, and swords, conducting beheadings, rapings, and sundry Caliphatic schizophrenicizing. The more you behead, rape, and otherwise discombobulate, the more pleased is Ahlahlah in Lahlah land. These guys deserve a good case of Ebola, and pecker rot. How much schizophrenia, how many delusions, how much intelligence is it possible to live without? Or to put it another way, how little intelligence can little intelligence be and still survive? Testosterone lives! Pecker Rot!

After it seemed the swallows were attempting to build a nest, that is, settle in, the author had deemed his abode a temple. He was cautioned by Charline that the swallow is a fickle bird. So it has (had) seemed. However there was a lot of activity, and a lot of nest building material going over the side as the bird(s) continued to pursue some kind of goal. Then it all seemed to cease; fickle, Yes! So the temple designation was removed, as the author wished the southeaster, that was blowing, would push the damned swallow into the arctic and beyond, like Siberia. However fickleness has its own strangely misunderstood properties. The bird(s) returned after a day to resume their activity; once again seeming to fickle out. However today, the air miles have been accumulating, and more stuff is going over the side. The abode awaits with nervous anticipation being declared a heritage temple.

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In the author's other domicile (imagine having two of them) in the olden days, the swallows discovered a nesting box nailed under the eave of the house. Only somebody else was already doing its thing in there; a white breasted nuthatch. The swallow waited patiently until the hatches hatched and fledged, and left the premises; then they took occupancy. This went on for two or three years, until the nuthatches did not return. Not long afterward there was a reported die-off of swallows, that is, they appeared, in very reduced numbers, at Capistrano; and, in fact, we witnessed no more swallow activity. The temple was abandoned.

So the swallow thing has been happening slowly over the last few years in our island domicile. (This is 40 years later). (Our other domicile is located some 450 air miles to the south). They have been looking us over for four or five years; we ever hopeful they would find our accommodations to their liking.

So, its not all cynicism and testosterone. As Kurt would write "So It Goes."

So Katy Kay. Whuddayathink?

'Sorry, Mr.D. I'm over in North Vietnam with Carter, hoping to hear what he has to say regarding China's foray into the South China Sea, or the Western Philippine Sea, or the Eastern Vietnam Sea. The Chinese appear to be proving an old adage about justice being in the interest of the stronger. Well, its not exactly justice, but something occurring because the stronger are the same everywhere: assholes. When you conjecture there is no hope for humanity, I am inclined to agree with you.

The Descendants of Sinanthropis are claiming they are looking after the interests of the Ethnic seagulls.' Katy didn't really say it like that.

I'm so old and tired these days, I try to imagine myself being dead; and being reincarnated as myself with a little more energy; but otherwise, finding little difference.

That is to say, obliterating one's past isn't going to change the scenario. The world is just as fucked up, before and after.

There doesn't seem to be any reason to go on; and there doesn't seem to be any reason to come back.

Some claim there are alternatives, like Heaven, Hell, Purgatory, and Limbo. (Let's not forget the Earth). There is also Delos.

The latter might be the most preferable, if one could only do away with The Big C, The Big H., politics, and the seven deadlies. 69 Virgins would be OK, but let's be realistic, one might be a rare find.

Forever is a long time. The Delosians don't seem to be any better specimens than those found on the rest of the globe; it's just that they are privileged to suffer longer.

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Posthumorously they awarded me with a prize, so I was invited by that nice lady, Katy Kay, to tell her what it was like coming back from the abode to receive the prize, when it would be of absolutely no use whatever. I probably should have stayed where I was, since I had worked so hard to get there. Its not that I was afraid of losing my place in line; its just that I had nothing further to add to what was already in the record. Except, I had not said any of those things to Katy. She was the attraction; not the prize; to say that another way, she was the prize attraction.

When you receive the prize, it becomes your moment in time to tell it like it is; which nobody wants to hear. You are expected to say something humbling; like, if it wasn't for fucked up humanity, I could never have written all those fine words. I am ever thankful that mankind is consistently a badass; so reliably an unchanging freak of nature, who/which engenders so much endless conjecture and speculation. He deserves what he gets; finiteness (smallness, mediocrity; actually if it was to be acknowledged, inconsequentiality). Even when you hit the most home runs, you and your bat, pumped up on steroids, turning gray as you bust your bat trying to outperform all the others. Its like the gunslinger who outdraws them all, he becomes a target for a Remington hollow point.

Why is that Mr. D.? Katy Kay inquires.

Anyway, the Chinese are still copying the US of A; now, with its margins, bubbles, and Ponzi schemes, and the quadrillion yuannies pitched into oblivion. It makes one forget about the overturned ferry in the Yanksea, which was also a national embarrassment. It seems everybuddy has to suffer the slings and the arrows (that is, the vagaries of greed and debt; and overturned ferries).

Milky Ways, Mars, and Snickers. That's a laugh. That's what you do when another rocket blows up. Elizabeth Kolbert, the New Yorker snitch on matters scientific, space and sundry, downplays the Mars thing; so all that's left is the Milky Way. Pretty soon they will admit defeat by naming the last futile attempt, Icarus.

Then maybe we can settle down to deal with the problems on this here planet; the author does not refer to the Greek debt, or the Iranian Nuke deal.

Whose deal is it?

Mankind has gotta shut down the media (excepting Katy Kay). Its like the man asked, in Shipping News, 'What do you see when you look over there? Nuttin honey. 'Storm threatens.' When the threat doesn't materialize; 'Community Spared Storm.' 'Newsmakers', they say. Got that right!

It has its good points; the author would not have heard of Elizabeth Warren if he had not accessed the media. This constitutes a rare

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compliment that is not intended to flatter the First Amendment. Its just a case of finding a doughnut without a hole, but does not reflect optimism.

Gotta say something about this.

From the Pulitzer prize to the Bullshitzer 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.

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 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) A simple name change might have made a difference; along with all the other attendant changes necessary to create a new equally credible character. 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). 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).

The IRAN nuke deal seems unpopular with Netanyahu and his followers (seemingly, many in Congress, and many in other places). Nutanyahoo shouldda negotiated his own deal. BOOM! Instead he belly ached to Boner, et al. What the hell is going on? A Huge campaign contribution!

It seems clear that IRAN will eventually get to develop and deliver a nuclear device; pretty soon, if left alone.

Those in the nuclear club thought it best that if a deal was possible, then it oughtta get it on paper. The world facing a Islamic Nuclear power seemed worse than the North Korea thing, so the world got together a bunch of Heads of interested States to try to get IRAN to the table. One

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guesses that if Israel had been invited, IRAN would have stayed away or had proven most belligerent.

The fact the Iranians appear to be the dedicated supporters of anti-Sunni Islamasists, supporters of anti-zionists; supporters of anti-Kurds, and other religious or cultural factions, seems to cause many to wonder what they might do if they had a nuke.

The Iranians are trying to paint themselves as reasonable people who do not want to take over the world, but just wanna be able to do what they wanna do without any outside meddling. They want their money, they wanna sell oil, they wanna buy weapons from Russia and China, and so on and so forth.

OK, so there's this deal. Somebody had to make the effort so everybody else could have something to criticize, without providing any alternatives. The alternatives were more, tougher, sanctions (which would not have prevented a nuclear device from having been created [eminently]); or WAR, to blast their asses into submission. Instead they got this deal. No nuke in exchange for getting their rightful money, using their rightful right to sell oil, and to buy arms from Russia and China. The no nuke thing is being seen by the proponents as a no nuke forever deal whereas it seems its only for some 25 years (that's if IRAN plays by the book; many believe IRAN will just go ahead with clandestinity. So, unannounced inspections are part of the deal, and announced inspections are part of the deal. An announced inspection comes with a time delay, so the Iranians will be given an opportunity to hide their stuff before any inspection (so it is intimidated by the Yahoos). This is seen by the Yahoos as a BAD deal (Everybody else gets a chance to hide their underwear [even the inebriate, Boner, and the jowly southerner, Mitch).

Despite all they say about IRAN being furtive, devious, dissembling, and masquerading, can one imagine IRAN wanting to be in anybody's crosshairs? The Yahoos don't want to give IRAN the benefit of the doubt.

Well, you know, IRAN has good reason to distrust any agreement that involves the West, even though IRAN has its own agenda, without invoking its resentments of the West (The Shah Hah, Hah.) Earlier they fucked over a good president, Jimmy Carter, and then made deals with Ronnie to supply harms to the Contras (what a convoluted mess: IranGate). We have our agenda; they have their agenda. The Yahoos have their agenda.

Everybody wants Iran to make money so they can spend it. If the Yahoos were not so stuck up they might even consider doing business with the devil. Are not the Yahoos inveterate traders? Even in hArms?

Hilary's Underwear. In the pink. She must be a pinko. To make sure, the Republicans (who are they?) want to haul her before the Justice Department to accuse her of treachery. She has dirty e-mails, corrupted by state secrets. She was responsible for Benghazi fiasco, so all the

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Republicans (who are they?) say. If you peer into the crevasses, and can't find anything more, then you resort to the innuendo (that's what all those campaign contributions are intended to produce - SHIT!)

Running for the highest office ain't worth it. Hilary should enjoy being a grandmother, leaving the playing field to the Republicans (who are they?) Imagine 16 name callers in a race for the white house. And the media eats it up, beats the band with it all, and shoves it down our throats, and up our asses. Diarrhea of the mouth is what is guaranteed by the foisted amendment to our constitution (a full body splat). No matter how appealing the anchor, the shit is still of the moment. I'll atellayuh, looks can be deceptive. Most of the anchors need to have their feet cast in concrete, and pitched into the briny deep. Then we might get some rest.

This could go on.

The author intimates, his abuse of the first amendment, could go on. Even though he is not a member of the Press (the Fourth Estate) he acts like he has the right.

He thinks he will end this one here, seeing if it will fit into a single file on Go Daddy. He proposes to continue his ways in: This Is My Future.