

Juice

SERATONIN

Condoms In The Park

Our House in Disarray Terminillogically

In the Park, In the Park, Diddly Dooooo, Diddly Dooooo

Don't ya know, Ya don't say. Terminillogically

They said it was because their serotonin was insufficient. A loss of self-esteem in the jungle. Ill equipped to compete for the luscious flesh-pots. (Violence within the asphalt trypots).

Ungenetically engineered. Strictly a MALE problem?

As an underclass, one cannot evolve.

Natural selection; social Darwinism. Isn't all selection natural? Hypothetically, what would qualify as unnatural selection?

Labels applied to the (violent) killings in the asphalt jungles.

Behavioral straight jackets?

There's the king who lost his serotonin injudiciously; Adam.

A blood test designed to sort out the possible troublemakers?
Early Therapy, like 'Early Decision' (Burned Maw - Eve's Colletch).

A conflict between NATURE (who) and Morality.

Serotonin don't know write from rong.

BIG, H U G E, Guns are at the ready to protect the Serotonin Monopoly.

If you hang around long enough in a rotten environment, is it bound to take its toll genetically?

If you are esteemed, or have status, YOU are apt to be perceived as KING, even of the rotten environment. Such is the baggage that accompanies the project under study, Inner Titty VIOLENCE. VIOLENCE

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just comes with the territory. Low, very low, self-esteem somehow assumes a causal relationship to or with very low serotonin, and very high violence? Done to those others with very low serotonin? Which came first; the lack, or the vicissitudes of the inner city? Was it foreordained that when you have this many, you have created (selected) the situation, no matter what? Rats! Some people just get depressed.

The only way to get on with good serotonin is to become King of the hill; kind of like the shakers and movers, the plutocrats, the industrialists, who are naturally and aggressively moral (moral about the underclass), and righteous, for lack of a better self-justification. When it is sung, "We Shall Overcome", is one praying for an infusion of serotonin? Do we require this potentiation in order to get ahead without VIOLENCE? If there was no VIOLENCE would there exist another pretext for a study of shittiness (rotten environment)?

If you do expressively shitty things in a shitty environment (Inner Shitty, i.e.), you become an object of study. They'll make monkeys outta yuh, and they'll put a fence around the joint like those other beasts in cages upon which we all muse, "There but for the grace of Flumdum go I". (Flumdum is the trivia adjunct to the Omnipotent.)

There goes the ole reference point. What's gonna happen to rest of us underclassers when they rid the natural environment of the inner shitty; who's next as the object of all this Seratonizing?

Top Dog Morality. Inhibit the buggers. Prozac their bones.

Its one kind of solution. Solutions are what we are after; solutions more than understanding. A Quick Fix, a cheap alternative to building fences, locking the gate, and throwing away the key; a cheap 'humanitarian' solution.

Some presume to interfere. My advice (interference) is to lock up all the plutocrats and industrialists (movers and shakers [controllers and takers]) (Statusites) (High self-esteemers). Does one need to be some kind of authority (expert) in order to make a recommendation like that? What you do is lock all the high serotonin buggers in the same space wherein they become a class unto themselves, locked into a particular environment (not the Country Club). All those CEOs, Chairmen of the Board, the Presidents, Benefactors, Naturalists, Moralists, etc. They'll solve the problem in a hurry. They'll grant status to anybody who wants it. The one thing these serotonin freaks understand; they don't have to live in the inner shitty; in the Pound, so to speak. So 'wut the muthufukka', turn 'em loose into the corn fields (...er... not the hilltops if you please [everything is conditional {after all, some of these 'making something outta nothings' in the 'low end of the marketers', 'wherever and whatever the market will bearers', have been striving for their pile for their security and pleasure [[that's the

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American Way {{along with making this a More Perfect Union and A Safe Haven For Democracy, etc. [[[You've heard it all before.]]] }} [[] }).

IT IS NOT INCLUSIVE. 'Member 'at, boayuh!

We speak of CHANGE, sinisterly.

NOPE; Its Prozac or Prison.

When Mr. Speck, and Mr. Whitman, and sundry were climbing the headlines with their wantonness, it was thought a blood test was in order for all those behind bars, seeking to learn whether those fukked up chromosomes was a way of identifying the criminal elements beforetimes. If the blood test revealed such and such it was then thought one could go in for early indoctrination (endocrination), (and perhaps an alteration or a temporary incarceration) before it raped, or killed, then the/our joint would be better off for it.

Naturally, the Civil Liberties people got on that one. So now we sorta don't know. Well, the theorists are at it again. Testing for serotonin, (why not testosterone) where one would expect to find very little of it; again, in order to preempt the proclivities that come along with the lower lows. 'Prevention is worth a pound of cure'; the Moral (morality) of the Story.

Its just to get us through these hard times of overpopulation (that is - too many; a heaping lot of 'em, excessive redundancy), poverty, teen pregoes, etc.. Psychopharmacologically neuter the muthus. Just for a little while, until we get things under control (while we work on expanding our markets and filling our coffers, and balance the budget).

Being a non-aligned member of a "Rationalist" mentality, I am able to imagine that if one was to ask the right question he might get the right answer to so-called 'Inner City Violence'. Without the right question any answers might prove anathema to Rationalist thought.

Is there an extant model to which one might refer? That is, is there a 'successful' city in which its innards reflect the desired object (i.e. a violentlessness, as perceived by concerned outsiders)?

A 'Happy' undrugged interiority. If not Happy, at least, inured to the rhythms of NATURE, full of hope that it isn't as hopeless as it seems?

Lacking any model, let us design one, based upon what we know about ourselves. Chuck the theories for the moment (restrain yourself; stick to your self-knowledge; don't theorize yourself; rather recognize yourself).

It only sounds simplis'tick'.

What are the criteria for Your (Our) Happiness?

Your 'hit' of Prozac? Your fair share of Serotonin?

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Although I might be able to respond to this question in a perspicacious manner, i.e., regarding the criteria, based upon my self-knowledge, I would realize the limitations my particular makeup would impose upon the criteria.

I might say, "I don't care", in a neutral sort of way, what was the design, so long as it limited or forbade any consideration, allowing for DOMINION; i.e., the Dominion of one the Man over the Other. AND, even If I was the LEAST, I would want to be included.

Despite what might be said in the theoretical, Darwinian sense, about the naturalness of 'dominion' for a specifically 'natural' purpose, the consideration is double-edged. If we breed deliberately for dominance, i.e. to enhance the genetic pool of serotoninites, at the expense of some other lesser endowed, we will suffer the consequences, not differently than we have already theoretically (socially) assayed them. Brain dysplasia.

Arguably, one would press for equal distribution of the goodly 'juice'.

In the old days one argued, "Better Red Than Dead".

Better a Shitty Inner City, than ? I'll never forget the Lady U.N. Ambassador (Lady mind-you, no male dominance thing unless she is built different than we might suppose); that 'profound' utterance "A little bit of repression is better than a lot of repression", in reference to the Banana Republic Dictators compared to the threatening Reds. Was she on Prozac?

I believe it a specious consideration to pursue the imperatives of natural selection in order to salar to a certain desired result; that we would be remiss if we did not recognize the imperatives found therein. I would say if we are still aiming to live in the 'jungle', then the consideration is not specious. As a matter of fact it becomes what it is, a free-for-all.

If we are to tinker with 'natural selection', only in a hypothetical sense, for civilizational, or social reasons, because we believe that the benefits of the many outweigh any non-intervention, then we are recognizing something which we may need to consider seriously. Differently than Jasus; by remote control.

Thus, returning to Design, and my self-knowledge, as well as my probable indifference to something I would tend to avoid, in any case (the too much-too many). I am not entirely at my own disposal, even when it can be proven I recognize the difference between write and rong. I was inculcated in this culture. One might even infer that certain promises were made. I mean somewhere it was inferred, if one compromised his naturally selective tendency toward anarchy, he might be in for some reward; not just staying out of jail.

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Sure, later, down the line, one learns it was a con job implemented by true-believers. Because I am white in a predominantly white milieu, controlled by whites, I am able to pass unnoticed outside my nominal confines. While all may be suspect if they are discovered in certain places and/or at certain times, given our number, and paranoia with regard to number, imagine the unseemliness of color to all places and at all times outside 'their nominal confines.

Have I bought into the arguments used to con me, to compromise me? Like 'making something out of yourself'. If I make something out of myself, do I, quite naturally, take on a certain aura? What is my entitlement? Something or other is its own reward. Virtuously.

Does the emphasis ever come out differently? That is, why is it necessary to make something out of oneself? Is it only to gain the esteem of others, self-esteem existing only as a shallow reflection of the other?

As trash we are kicked off all the government, and all the private, property, and the commons (as vagrants); what is left?

Wallows under freeway bridges; Inner Shitties?

It is remarkable, truly remarkable, our social scientists, and social theorists, would concoct such a bazaar scenario, to explain away, their, and all our inhumanity. Even they, within their professions, do not have the time or the resources to even begin deal with the problems resulting from our inhumanity. There are just 'too many' claims upon what humanity does exist within us. One writes abstractly about things he surmises. We shun the reality.

One supposes its O.K. to seek solutions, provided we acknowledge and declare our motivation for doing so. Honesty is a necessary underpinning to a credible performance.

I react to the Quick Fix.

Jasus Christ would be amongst them, but not the social scientist.

We have no right to impose anything upon anyone, that includes our judgment.

In essence, we have no right to insist upon our method of inculcation, our system of rewards and punishments. We?

One must maintain his perspective. He must always ask the crucial question: What is the purpose to life? What is the purpose to human life? We are all waystations, or Holding Actions. It is possible the whole enterprise is purposeless and aimless. And because this is so, we can do only as we do; we dominate (control), and possess (the female, or property), for the lack of anything better to do, just like all the other forms of life. Being human is only imaginarily elevated above some other condition which we do not understand any more than we understand our own. Because we are indeed limited in our understanding, we behave variously. In a heap.

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The Violent behavior is only a manifestation of the purposelessness of existence. Violence expresses the futility of an enforced purposelessness. Violence is an expression of something and a relief of something, simultaneously. It is confined to a particular place. Pissing on it with Prozac is like using fire hoses to disperse the mob.

All our judgements add nothing to the solution, and obviate our dubious humanity.

SURE; we try! What the hell else we gonna do? Seriously! I might make jokes, or pretend facetiousness, or exhibit a black, abrasive, and even corrosive, cynicism, but underneath, in the deepest recesses of my being, I yearn for better. I am never sure of the effectiveness of honest entreaties, or well-reasoned arguments, or imputed truths extracted from explicit or implicit polemicizings. At least with the cynicism I humor myself, as I go down with the ship.

We seek a causal truth from which we may engineer a corrective action. We might even be willing to admit our lack of humanity; at least our lack of involved interaction; our preoccupation with other things (like building walls around our pile). We might even acknowledge the inevitability of our protoplasmic limitations (implying the blind driven part of our natures [crawling on our bellies - so to speak {foraging}]): with the resultant apparent indifference. Such so-seemingness derives from the blind driven part, over which we imagine we have no realistic control; we excuse such behavior as part of a natural process; perhaps such consideration as we are not willing to extend to the others; we condemn them, but not ourselves. Short of condemnation, we fear. What do we do in the name of fear? Between fear and condemnation, we accomplish little; rather we exacerbate. Yes!, even if we did our utmost, by offering understanding, maybe even sharing and inclusion, would we then expect everything to become hunky dory?

Perhaps the whole civilizational argument has grown as stale to them as it has to us; their perceptions of the argument are keener with all its obvious lacks, the most obvious being exclusion. You're on your own buddy! Just waiting to take over! Yes, with that attitude, we do have something to fear; rightly so. FEAR, fueled by a GUILT, that we are not doing our part.

Only certain ones feel any guilt. Most find it quite easy to utter "Tough Shit!". That's Dar WIN ian.

One supposes there are few who even recognize or acknowledge there is a problem, because the problem is 'over there'.

Problems impede traffic on the Fast Track.

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Besides, we all got problems. What would life be without problems? Some have it worse than others, that's all.

Alleviation; you get that out of a bottle; either ALEVE or that taxable relief - booze. Stronger stuff is available from the Cartel.

Altruism - Well?

Violence - lashing out! Like a tantrum. Willfulness. Becoming unfettered by one's own limitations - HOW? If we were big enough and invulnerable enough we could overcome most of those other limitations, but we would still be stuck with the heat and the cold, the earthquakes, the lightening, the tornadoes, hurricanes and sundry maelstroms, the volcanoes, floods, tidal waves, insects, snakes, and the rabid creatures; and GRAVITY.

We could overwhelm indifference with cold assertion; like stepping on a bug. We could overcome Lack Of Love by command, like monarchs of olde. What would it take to satisfy us? To placate us? To remove our terrifying presence from the scene? We would be unfit for ordinary companionship. YOICKS!, stuck within ourselves, unable to escape. No place to go! Only here. Right Here, and Now. Monkey in a cage.

Take another drag; pitch the butt; watch the flames. Self-destruct; over there, if you please.

I've watched you with your overbearing sullenness. You stink up the place with your attitude; you reek. None of can be happy in your presence, because your yourness becomes an affront to common decency.

You make such a big thing of yourself; whatever it is that is bothering you, like your failed promise for which everyone else gets blamed. You found the world an imperfect place; and until it becomes perfect you are going to throw a tantrum; everlasting. Black will never become white; darkness will have to wait for the light. Its all our fault.

Rising above it all never occurred to you - Doo-Wah-Diddy.

If I gave you what you wanted would you be happy? A bad habit is a bad habit; whether you are always asking or always getting.