

GOTT

Get Along Little Goddy

G A W D ! ! !

Not:

G A W

But:

G A W D ! ! !

The D sounded all too emphatically. Otherwise one might have thought it a variant of Goo! Goo! Gaa! Gaa!; or Gew Gaw. Zippity Gew Gaw, Zippity AAA! (DDD) All The Live-long DDDDDDaaaay! Diddywaw!

That's what she said. That damned word. INVOKED. Like a Chain-Linked Fence. And A Big Iron Gate. A Chastity Belt with a combination lock.

Get by that one if you will. The Gawd Squawed.

I had already tried with my daughter. The very first day she came home from school she blurted out, "**G A W D SAID**"

"**SHIT !**" is what I said.

The one that had sounded the **D** so emphatically was a professional; she had been at it three or four times longer than my daughter; out in the open too; every other word!!!! My daughter has learned to keep it to herself in my presence, at least; she prays for my deliverance though, to become Born Again! How many times? Is once enough?

'If we had voted for Barry, none of that stuff in Vietnam woudda happened'. That's what The BIG IRON GATE said. I'm sure she voted for Dick; then look what happened; the Quaker Peacemaker bombed Cambodia, on sound Military advice, like he lied to the general public on sound advice from the JOHNS; Erhlick, Mitch, and Deen; sorry but H.R. Halter was not that kind of a JOHN. The Gospel of H.R.eehew. I don't know whether he was a Harry, a Hazel, a Hildebrand, or Hit The Road.

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Finally we got Hillary, a Gawddess without a thong to her soul (lying in her linens).

"**G A W D**" 'has defined woman's role'.

I didn't inquire, but assumed it was on the bottom. Actually a woman's place is in the home beside her husband. I had deduced this was her implication; because when I asked if they ever bivouacked in the country in which they were serving the US Department of State, she said it was too hot, like 125° to 135° F. She stayed in doors, air-conditioned in prayer, a busy little home-maker. Enduring! Groaning! While hubby wuz???, looking after the natives. You can be (live) anywhere when you have **G A W D**.

(This guy is not very sentimental.)

There's a lot we don't know, and there's a lot we ain't ever going to know; is that the excuse then for what follows:

G A W D ! ! !

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

A Chain-Linked Fence to ward off SATAN. Before I forget I thought I would mention that rich folk with their chain-linked fences, iron gates, guard dogs, and alarm systems are doing more to prevent crime than almost the government. The government builds prisons sometimes with less elaborate refinements. That's because the rich people have 33 1/3% to 100 or 200%ed us in 'legitimate' (socially condoned) ways; GUILT imprisons them in their compounds so they may enjoy their ill-gottens. (Quotation from Annie Rand Corp.)

Aynie
Anything Goes
Anniething Goes.

Its a struggle between:

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G A W D ! ! !

And:

man

Whats the difference between a:

D A W G

And A

C A T ?

Some will speculate you will discover amongst the combinations of:

A T G C

--- --- the answer to so ponderous a question as the difference twixt a **DAWG** and a **CAT**. Since there is an absence of a **D** and a **W** it is most likely there is no such thing as a **DAWG**.

Is there then really something such as a **GAWD**? Then, there's probably no such a thing as **DNA**. Or **M A N** !!

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G A W D !!!

H E P U S

She was angry. She **CRIED OUT:**

D A W G

G O N E I T !!!

When she felt like **VENTING A BLAST:**

G A W D !!!

D A M N I T T T !!!

Such Control. Peter will take note.

Sort of round and short though. A little dumpling. Not a cherub. Gawd and Gluttony begin in the same key; Concerto Grosso.

There was a pause when I mentioned that all those Christian factions sort of hated each others' guts; I mean why can't all of Jasus li'l 'chil'n get along; 'cause why, huhn? Let me put that into context. I had said Christians are like those who were against the war in Vietnam; everybody with a brainstorm started up an organization that wanted to stop the war over there, over there; there were so many ego trips for the protest

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movement to stumble over, is it any wonder that Cambodia got bombed? And of course dont fergit KENT STATE; who ever heard of KENT STATE?



"**GAWD DAMNED** oops! **DAWGONNED** irritating, I'll tell yuh. Tryin' to conduct a decent WAR, and see where it gits yuh. Those **GAWD-DAMNED** Gooks running all over the college campuses and all over Cambodia; **CHRIST**, what an infestation (INIFEDELSities).

Call out the expletives deleted; that'll fix 'um! If you think my language is bad, listen to The Tapes, and the **GAWD** damned fucking lies..

I knew it, I knew it, I knew it. It has been confirmed, my acuity has been confirmed, my extrasensories have been exonerated in their generalized paranoias, but in this case it was so simple and direct: When she said "**GAWD**" I knew there was something OFF; The Song Of Life had hit a sour note: Too bad GODDY, but I'm afraid you're the one who let things get outta tune.

Well, now that I've managed to get through that self-congratulatory wrench, I should add I learned that they had almost divorced a year and a half earlier. He probably had spent too much time with the Rotarians while she was sweating it out in the desert heat. Anyway **GAWD** saved their marriage by informing her where a woman's place waz. Yup! as simple as that. Probably even simpler than that. They had grown apart; perhaps familiarity had begun to breed its proverbials. Life had become too routine; it required an infusion of

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dedication as the libido and all those other natural pumps had begun to wane; It was either **JERRITOL**, (or better **GROOMING**) or **G A W D**. Or let **NOMAN** (or **NOWOMAN**, I presume) put asunder what **JERRITOL** hath put together. Whoa, what am I saying? Well even after all of that, after careful consideration he decided he did want a divorce, but guess what; she got all gussied up for one last shot at it (with **GAWD**'s help, of course). **GAWD** failed. Geeez, a dirty ass, a smelly crotch, bad breath, blackheads, pimples and moles to go with the rolls; a misshapen piece of protoplasm yakking about **GAWD**.

There coulda been another woman (dark). That would really put things asunder. I should not think so ill of the man; I should attempt to recognize the 'good' in him. But after twenty years of marriage he might have begun to regard her no differently than an old sock, whether or not another woman was involved. And **HOI!**, do not dismiss the possibility of another **MAN**; no, not for him you evil-minded so-and-so (that's illeagle). I mean men can become old socks too, especially when the libido doesn't bidoli anymore; through no fault of the poor unfortunate whose thingie wanes, for the lack of proper motivation.

"My kingdom for a rhino!" An Afrodeezjeeak. An Afro-Rhino.

Anyway somehow **GAWD** or the **Devil** got mixed up in it all; and they **SPLIT**.

These are all very unkind things to be saying about people who have suffered; not all the agonies of course, but they have been knocked from a near unconscious complacency. It caused them to wake up, the waking was painful, in that continuance necessitated a kind of vigilance, either on their part or **GAWD**'s. One reasoned things through, and where reason failed, **GAWD** took over. Reason said we cannot throw away thirty years, Reason inquired, "What about the children?" Reason argued for a new perfume and more **GROOMING**. Reason foundered in its feeble persuasions. A Knock in the head - an **EDICT** was required. **GAWD** said, 'just cause you've grown old; just cause you're noticing with more and more prejudicial discrimintimation all the odors and imperfections, the peculiar rotundity, the pendulousness; the generally disagreeable manifestations of your partner; just because the romance has wore **OFF**, don't think you can just run away; not if you expect to remain in my camp." **SHAZAM** - fried brains! No sweet breads! **GROOM, DAMN IT**, Shed Pounds! A dirty ass, a smelly crotch, bad breath, blackheads, pimples and moles to go with the rolls; a misshapen piece of protoplasm yakking about **GAWD**.

So she tried, she resorted to the caulking compound, got a dye job, put on youthful clothing, doused in perfume, worked out with Jayne Fondoo, hiked the hemline, projected girlish nonsense through the witherings. Yes! How to grow old gracefully. How to accept the loss of allure. For some it does not come easily; perhaps never. Geeezuuzz, if they only could see

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themselves, pathetically repulsive. No one can respond to their revolting expectations. Oh! Fork! Ω!

A little bit off the subject; a little off anyway.

Dont get me wrong; in what follows I am not attempting to freely associate GAWD with ANARCHY. I'm just using this file because I was too lazy to begin a new one; for you see it doesn't matter; nothing matters.

What would matter is if the Navajo Indians were to arm themselves against the U.S. Government and its SLICK lawyers who are shoving them off'n the land, as Indians (REDMEN - non-Communists) have been shoved ever since the WHITE MAN landed heeah. Anyway I would support any Navajo who fought back. The U. S. Government, with its Indian policies has already poisoned the livin' shit out of a number of the young Navajos with their URANIUM TAILINGS on the Navajo Reservation. I don't know how the U.S. Government worked that deal, but a 'deal is a deal'. The latest deal is to bribe the HOPI into making claims for land that is somehow theirs, but which they never use, but which the Navajo have traditionally used. So the SLICK U.S. Government, thats UUUU and IIII; WEEE The PEEPLE, have persuaded the HOPIs to press their claims for the land they don't use, for which WEEE THE PEEPLE, thats UUUU and IIII, will compensate them JUST SO WEEEEE can get at more of the YOURANIUM thats thar. Anyway we gotta get rid of the REDMAN, and the way we're doin it, besides dumping UUUUranium tailings on 'em 9like we dumped small pox on 'em), is to pit one REDMAN against The other REDMAN; how's that grab yuh? And how's this 'TIGHT PROSE' grab yuh, Mr. Literary Agent (Parvenu), Sucubus) Tight enough for yuh? So amongst the NAVAJO I recommend Anarchy, or any other tactick that will work. And you Hopis will be sorrriyyyyy!

Just think what The U.S. Government would do if we tried to get anything away from them; just think.

Well, I really don't give a shit about the U.S. Government, my government, nor to I really give a Ω about the Navajos, but I give a lot more of Ω about the Navajos than I do about the U. S. Government who wants to mine some Youranium to make bombs, or to sell it to others who make bombs, or use it to fire up their nuclear powered war-making machines. Whereas all the Navajos want to do is live in peace, and to live a healthy life. FAT CHANCE. So I advocate ANARCHY; morning, noon and night, until The U.S. Government and all of its slick lawyers (HOPI-lovers **HAH!**) get their asses whupped, and leave the pore REDMEN (non-Communists) alone.

AN archy. Somehow the root of this word is purported to be Greek in origin. The Greeks had a word for everything; (if Plato didnt get yuh, Aristotle would). ANARCH: *αναρχ-ος*. Latinized: AN: without; *archos*: leader or chief (white father). The supposition may exist that all the other forms of arch originate therefrom: hierarchy, monarchy, oligarchy,

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tetrarchy, aristarchy, patriarchy, matriarchy, thearchy, dinarchy, diarchy, duarchy, triarchy, heterarchy, gynarchy, toparchy, (bottomarchy); a big pain in the arc. It didn't stop there; then we acquiesced only too readily to the cracy; from archy to cracy: aristocracy, autocracy, monocacy, bureaucracy, democracy, gynocracy, stratocracy, mobocracy, ochlocacy, ergatocracy, aeocracy; a huge pain in the crass; shall I pursue the **isms**; got enough huh? A pain in the whatsismsit?

So, without a leader, what have we got; free run of the place; *licentia*? Don't worry about the fences. Don't worry about the U.N.. Most people don't. Well, sorta.

Whenever you don't have a leader, you get the Police. The Police sub until you find a leader. Without a leader you are apt to wander upon parts of the globe that belong to sumbuddy else; even the most inhospitable places belong. Sure there's a Commons, but you only get to access the Commons in the NATION where your leader lives.

Usually the Commons consists of a piece of asphalt upon which a lotta dogs have crapped, and a lotta people have spit. You will be allowed to spit too, but there's lots you cant do on the Commons in Sumbuddy's NATION. The Bureaucracy will have EDICTED the Commons.

The more elegant parts of the Commons are subject to Curfews; which means you don't get to bed down in the soft places. If you do not agree with EDICTS and Curfews, attempting to circumvent them or disobey them you will encounter the Police. And there aint a GAWD damned thing you can do on PRIVATE PROPERTY. There are MORE EDICTS with regard to PP than there are with regard to the C. Besides the Police, there are CURS with large teeth, righteous proprietary slingshots, twelve gauges, 44 Magnums, Machine Guns, Stinger Missiles, Nuclear Warheads, and GAWD awful cussin', like "GET YOUR FUCKIN' ASS OUTTA HEAH !!".

You gotta understand; AN archy don't cut it. That plain enough? Whether its right or wrong, doesn't matter. Sure, EDEN was meant for everybody. You got that right. But this here aint EDEN, this here is HELL. In HELL, its the survival of the fittest. AN archy don't fit. And 'The fit is the fashion'.

Thats a good question; "Whatter we gonna do?" We're gonna keep tryin', thats what. Most of them archies, cracies, and isms are just temporary. Never can tell, you might get lucky. One man's misfortune is often another man's GAIN. Life's peculiar that way. Watch your back though. An' stop bitin' yore fingernails.

Acoarse, what we're desribin' in alla this is CIVILIZATION. Human CIVILIZATION. In any human CIVILIZATION you always gotta watch your back. Why the good GAWD only gave us eyes in the front, I'll never figure. Now, whadda you suppose HE was thinkin'? 'Cause we sure need 'em in the posterior.

Is this your idea of Twentieth Century language? How do you expect anyone to take you seriously, if you just babble on in some kind of

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clipped cloakwialisms. Whatsa matter widdya, you think we cant take it straight? Yeah!, the troot, ya dumby. Tell it like Proudhorn tole it.

I'm only marginally interested in these phenomena associated with human civilization. For some time I have attempted to persuade myself that the good outweighs the bad. In order to do that I must consider entities other than man in order to apply some kind of 'governing' principle to the behavior of my fellow man. Of course it is essential that I understand myself first. Although limited, this understanding is used as the measure of the whole; at least the measure of the other (you). The mob thing is perhaps only slightly different than the you thing. Youness in its smallness is apt to practice a self-saving restraint if it happens to discover itself in a minority of one - (unless mad of course). But under the stimulus of the mob an individual who normally would not act may become quite savage. Is there a principle at work that explains the savagery? Is it so simple as no principle; that is to say that savagery is irrational; irrationality admits of no principle? What may we extract from the Universe to explain savagery? I do not mean the Navajo's acquiescence to the U.S. Government; nor do I mean what the REDMAN did to defend himself against the intrusion of The WHITE MAN. By savagery what I mean is what the rational, humane, accumulation of individuals living in a civilized country does when it attempts to take away from the Navajo REDMEN their place of residence in order to get at your Youranium. How would you feel? Let the Navajo and the Hopi settle it amongst themselves. Its like some outsider (maybe China) coming in serving us with the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, or maybe Russia bombing Pearl Harbor and blaming Japan, or somebody accusing your neighbor of calling your mother a bitch. So Youranium squealed on the Navajo informing the U.S. Government that those lousy savages was settin' on Hopi land preventin' Your anus from escaping the confines of the planet in order to serve the needs of mankind.

Quck the U. S. Government. The U. S. Government has had a history of validating the first principle of Governments, that our UN 'Ambastardoor' Patrickkick felt free to stutter: 'A little bit of repression is better than a lotta repression'. Its like saying somebody else is gonna repress; so why wait, lets do it before they do it; preemptively. Thats how we got Hawaii, Gautanamo and Puerto Rico and the Phillipines, Panama, Vietnam, etc.. The history books play down the savagery we employed to get Manila Bay. We even entertained notions of invading Canada just to rattle old mother England. In hindsight your gonna tell me we did the right thing. Aw shit. Then you'll tell me we did the right thing in slaughtering the REDMAN, and so on. Aw shit.

Lets put aside these Governmental AN archies, the Cuba, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, Phillipines, Nicaragua, Panama, Grenada, Vietnam, Cambodia, even the Youranium problem; these are big time (World Class) about which we can do little, unless we wanta get what they got at Kent

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State. Lets talk about neighborhood AN archy; my neighborhood. I built a good deal of my residence without obtaining any building permits. I placed a huge sailboat in front of my house on city property without obtaining a permit until a righteous unnamed neighbor reported me (like they do in other undemocratic countries) to the Bureau(crazy). I had been a boat AN archist on two previous occasions with the boat, without involving neighborly righteousness. I urinate outside a lot; I feel particularly AN archistic about this latter. On this Island I know about, in another civilized country, just about everybody urinates and youaniums outside, preferentially; even some members of the fairer distaff. Some even go so far as to proclaim, if denied the right to piss outside, they would leave (The Island?). Fortunately, people there do not get hung up over this sort of AN anarchistic behavior. There isn't even a pissing Constable on the Island. Occasionally there is a pot Constable, or a Vehicle Constable, but there are no general AN archy Constables, even though there's a lotta AN archy going on. It bears out what some have guessed about a general state of AN archy; that we would still function. One thing that is particularly noticeable upon the Island; there are VERY FEW AN archistic gestures with regard to PROPERTY (that would sure bring on the Constables). Now, as for my neighbors here: In most cases, the problems involving my neighbors arise from AN archistic Dogs (which are but extensions of their masters - I know this for a fact, which observation easily confirms. Incidentally we have had two dogs for a number of years; our neighbors for the most part were unaware of the fact). While our dogs might have exhibited AN archistic tendencies, we repressed their expression of it. Not so with the neighbors who very often obtained dogs for their very An archistic tendencies. You can lay your money on it, if a neighbor has an AN archistic dawg that the neighbor doesn't give a shit for you as a neighbor. And very often that neighbor demonstrates the fact in other ways. You must realize I am speaking of URBAN existence where people end up basically hating each other. I do not know how I would feel having a Navajo for a neighbor in an URBAN setting. He probably would not care to have me for even an innocuous neighbor, even in the desert. What I am able to observe of my neighbors, leads me to not feel an affinity with them. If they really minded their business, AH!, that would be just the ticket, but they let their business spill over into the neighborhood; so they become a real pain, just like me. I'm not a bad neighbor (except for the weeds and the blackberries), because I feel at least I am aware of others, and care enough to consider them even though they are absolute ass-holes. Of course I think of revenge; who wouldn't; and if thoughts could kill we would have one helluva row; and a lot fewer neighbors.

One neighbor was the Mayor's son. He hadda a dawg that he didn't want in the house when he was away, so when he left his premises he tied his dawg to a tree. The dawg howled all day long. Three letters to him

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did not get his attention with regard to the fact that his dawg howled and that the howling was disturbing me and that the local ordinance explicitly stated no person shall own a barking (howling noise-making) dawg. The people who administer the disturbances created by dawgs advised me to Dogument all the noise, and then file a complaint at the local police office; they also advised me against AN archy, because any AN archy would not go over big with a local magistrate. AN archy would consist of XXXXXing the dawg. Anarchy would consist of having it out with the stupid son of a mayor who mastered the dawg. DONT FIGHT ANARCHY WITH ANARCHY. Eventually I did call him at his father's place of business to inform him his dawg was howling, to which he dumbass "OH!"ed. Then had the aplomb to ask ME what HE could do to keep his dawg quiet. GEEEEZZZZ. The very next day he did not tie up the animal, or if he tied it up, it was without conviction, because the animal was on the loose and got struck by a vehicle somewhere away from our neighborhood. A local Vet got holt of me, asking ME if I knew anything about my neighbor's broken-bodied dawg. Yeah sure, he aint barking! I felt sorta guilty. Anyway he got another dawg; either he got a more manageable dawg, or he decided to get his act together; very often I heard him or his significant other hollerin' NICKIE!, NICKIE!, NICKIE!; it was betterin all that howling.

You wanta know how bad it can get. The neighbor on the other side was another AN archist. She had three dawgs; anybody with three dawgs is sposta get a kennel license, and you cant get a kennel license in a residential neighborhood. Well, talk about barkin, and chasing, and eating cats and so on, well these dawgs were the pits. Pretty dawgs I must admit, some kind of reddish-gold retriever setter combination. The local dawg catcher informed me the neighbor had been cited 39 times for violations of the dawg ordinances. Each violation involved a FINE. Now there's a neighbor for yuh. Anyway, the neighborhood took care of things; at least one got shot for chasing and killing cats; another got struck by a car, resulting in a three legged dawg that lost some of its penchant for AN archy; another disappeared; they all had Russian sounding names. Significant?! 39 citations. Now thats being crass. Dumbasses. After these followed others, forcing me to write more letters; no response, obviously.

Then there's this PROPERTY behind us that seems to have a lot of turnover. The first bunch threw all their partying bottles over the fence into our yard. On some occasions it was obvious they were trying to see how far they could throw a bottle. One other bunch performed a lot of tree trimming by reaching way over the fence, in the same manner as did the lady with the 39 dawg citations. The next turnover resulted in the hiring of an ignoramus with a chain saw whose task it was to UPGRADE the PROPERTY for the purposes of making it more a attractive for SELLING. This bozzo didnt bother reaching over the fence, he

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simply cut down the trees that were on the property line, then approached me with the notion of tearing down the fence because he didn't like its appearance. When I found out what he did with the trees, that was the end of it; I informed the owner he was not to cut anything more and that he was to leave the fence alone; otherwise they would learn something about An archy.

I found the new owners of the PRPOERTY that the Mayor's son had occupied, on the roof of my house chasing their cats. They were from another country (California); I informed them they were not about to Californicate Oregon.

I live in a CIVILIZED country - so they tell me. It rains a lot. Can you imagine what it would be like living in a state of AN archy. There would be more than a dead dawg or two lying about. VICIOUS!, I'll tell yuh; so, its not so simple as Youranium and Nations, and Property; there's DAWGS, and CATS too. In another writing titled Apropos of Nothing, a segment titled, President, I do mention something about NOISE surely coterminous with MACHINE. One of the noticeable things about a civilized country is the amount of NOISE. The TYRANNY OF NOISE.

Without a leader where would be we? Henry David Thoreau thought we could do with a helluva lot less government. Government is a self-perpetuating oppression. And our new leader tells us to "Read My Lips". Somebody called the White House from California threatening to extricate the bugger; they arrested the Californian. In the White House (so-called because thats where the Great White Father lives) prior to the Lippy prez we now have, the actor prez had a staff that tried a little bit of ANarchy (privitization of certain functions of government), only to become HEROES, when any ordinary citizen woudda been hung from his reproductive imperatives.

LOVE This One!

"What got my attention was the fast little vehicle as it sped around me from behind in my rear view mirror, to my right side mirror, past my right side, and as it was passing, a hand flipping a burning cigarette out the open window on the driver's side. At the next light the speeding presence was forced to stop, mostly by the presence of another stopped vehicle in front of it. I came along side to observe a kinky haired youth, female, beating and thumping with her hands upon the racing-car steering wheel, nodding and weaving her head, humping her torso in her seat, all to the bump, rumble and rhythm of the 'rock' blaring from the auto's ghetto blaster. Painted and dolled, jiving, an aspirant to fast track yuppiedom; so I imagined. I wondered what went on inside of that head. Some abstraction from Vogue Magazine, Hot Rock(s) Magazine, some Madison Avenue hype, some fleeting imagery, unaccountable; something happening between her thighs, that oughta

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happen in a big way instead of in this mundane musty gray drab soggy wintry fare. The Human Fiction with a pleasurable itch, yearning for the heights; DENIED; therefore careless; only restrained by some unidentified FEAR. Heading for a RELEASE; something to assuage the burning desire, the rage, the pentupness, the frustrated yearnings, endless yearnings, savage appetites of unknown origin. Too much energy; the wick always flaring up, burning out of control; the horrible waxy sink of life holding one back, all the while wanting to be consumed in the flames, before consciousness returned, dreaded consciousness, awareness of one's little self, one's meager self. DREADED. An all day high, all night too, because one couldn't sleep, one was burning up inside, heaping the little self upon the sacrificial pyre of the Twentieth Century that had declared you aint nothin' unless you're somebody, and you aint nobody unless your somebody, and you aint nobody unless you do it like they do it; they are somebody, if you do it like they do it you will become somebody, then your tiny little self and soul will be able to rest because you will do it like they do it and because they are somebody you will feel like somebody. You will have become Relevant to your time, your Transience will have become validated. Your GAWD damned pitiful little life will mean something. You wont be just another piece of insignificant protoplasm dumped on this earth by sweaty uninspired copulating parents to live in awe of all those others that look like you who presume to lord it over you because they were here before you were, who feel they have some special right to tell you where to go and what to do, to expect you to take sides in their embroilments, their conquests of the earth and of each other."

To Continue: Later: 11/11/93 On the Marquee. 'You Aint Nobody Unless You're Somebody', starring Somebody and Nobody, filmed in Tabloidville, Dirt (as opposed to Assfault) or akin to Earth, that alienated Paradise.

Oh!, When in doubt: Eject. There was an illusory quality to the Star Somebody, a necessary quality if'n you wuz to be transported, like in a catharsis.

What is it like to be Somebody?

There's this mock-up (or parody) of Life hanging in the local Museum, (or mausoleum [close resemblance?]). Since most are born into this world with recollection only (what the 'ell is that?) we are ill-prepared for what is to come. The set-piece under glass located behind the brass rail is intended as some kind of dim reminder that others fared no better than we (in their search for Life, Liberty and the Pursuit [you know - The Pursuit]). So when you want to learn what it means to be Sumbuddy, you are more apt to discover in the fire-starter (you know, the part that goes with fornication) (to make this clearer it was Camus who made the observation concerning man's preoccupation with smut and sex) than in the TEXT.

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However the TEXT has a way of insinuating itself into every life. Verbatim Life, not intended for disregarding, but for upholding.

So Somebody (these days) does a number that decries what it finds in the Text. The decry somehow amounts to a huge success in that it SELLS. It doesn't matter what it says (usually SEX), but what is its market value. You scratch my loins and I'll scratch yours. But it does matter to those who identify with the decry, even though the decry often states that it is opposed to the TEXT and The SYSTEM, if there's money in the message; well, what can you say? The successful decrier or identifier converts itself into a personality, a celebrity, a sumbuddy (a huge sum). It becomes the Archetypical Consumer who cons the cathartic upheaval into a new round of consumption (dig that scratched loin).

So, Nobody, the Archetypical Alien, somehow 'buys into' this thing that is selling, this thing that Somebody is promoting, this thing that the Marquee and the Tabloid flash and clamor, this fascination with artificial glitter that is not gold (well, sort of).

What little Nobody was becomes even more diminished as he/she falls into the t(r)ap Somebody has concocted for him/her. Diminishment is an exaction resulting from an emptier pocket (not that whatever you had in your pocket was destined for any better thing; its just that before it ever found another purpose a promise filched it).

What was the promise? The Pursuit Of. Baubles.

Without a bauble, what are you? The Bumper sticker read "The One With The Most Toys wins".

There are those who ask, "How much longer can this go on?" One hears often, "What goes around comes around." One might suppose our behavior to be circular, 'biting our tails' so to speak. That is, we are unable to break free of the thing that binds us, our genesis, our hominid limitation, and the forever "Human Condition". Yes! there is such a Condition (In Poor Condition one might add).

We wish to make absolute and permanent something that puts us at rest, which some have described as an 'at-oneness'. Everything seems to conspire against this sought-after situation, Re: (partially) the Quote from Civilization and Its Discontents [Freud, whom many prejudiced minds disqualify {whats in a disqualifuckation?} because he was this or that, or did this or that,. or was suspected of doing this or that] (Geezzzuzz, Siggy I just don't know).

To get back on track:

To get Nobody's pitiful little life to mean something before its all over.

But how is that possible with 6 Billion?

Reexamine the context in which Nobody must appear.

Reexamine the Social Equation.

The AWFUL truth is that Somebody aint Nobody in the greater Equation.

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The Temporal Equation sees fit to produce Followers from Aspirants. Only so many Aspirants are admitted into Celebrity status. Celebrity status can arise from either a positive or negative social connotation, with a few exceptions.

The objective of Celebrity status is to generate a disproportionate income, that is, more than one would obtain through a laborer's life; much more. Surely Nobody, like a Jessica Hahn, or a Donna Rice, or a Fawn Hall, or a Jennifer Flowers, Anita Hill, Paula Jones, Moniker Thong by an association with some other personality (in themselves only tiny meteorites appearing in a daily heavenly barrage of astral movements) convert a flighty notoriety into cash. The level of boredom within the status quo guarantees the success of the events.

Nobody must overcome his or her own boredom to enter the boredom of the surroundings.

I realize I am making a series of somewhat disconnected statements (my usual style). These however hint at the direction of my thought as it gropes for a more succinct path to the ultimate revelation. These are revelations, are they not?

I had wanted to continue with the original Tempo of the nobody wanting to become somebody. A kind of spiritual agonarchy. The problem exists in the insubstantiality of the somebody. The desire to emulate that which has no substance leaves me empty and cold.

It is easy to understand why some bored individual would become prey for a 'hit'. Boredom and loneliness are close cousins, perhaps indistinguishable from one another (How do you like that little gem of speculation? [Revelation, anybody?])

The bumper sticker queried, "Why Be Normal?" A sinister question? An innocuous question?

Doubtlessly something apropos.

I necessarily regress or digress to the repetition of old themes, trapped, not unlike the rest of the species, by my limitations, as well as those of my hominidity.

The old theme of mirrors, mirroring each other.

Normalcy finds its definition in mirrors; i.e. look-a-likes.

Normalcy is found in one's postur(ing).

One adopts an attitude calculated to impress the other, given that his awareness cannot preclude (exclude) the other.

The posturing exists as an abstract from a Textual significance. Somehow we have developed or incorporated a notion of propriety in our projections of our self; perhaps out of fear of rejection or incarceration.

But all of this is set in time. NOW. Yesterday it was something else, tomorrow something else again; over the longer time one might judge the shifts and permutations of little avail since a circular or oscillating pattern is more or less described; that is, we can only vary or wander so far from

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the source before we are forced or obliged to return; again, that is, to ourselves, or to the very limitations our design has placed upon us.

All of the above may satisfy a definition of normalcy; that is, whatever we do may be construed as normal, since we never really leave the circle, the circle of our limitations. And since we are so circumscribed our opportunities to view each as a mirror of each other grow more persistent (repetitious [hence the repetition of the theme]); and insistent.

The prez showed no emotion when the East Germans opened their borders. Does he by the merest chance know that it is all an illusion? He recommended they try to work it out in their own four square. Don't run away now that you have had some effect; I think that is what the prez was trying to say. Maybe he was worried what we would do with all the refugees; Christ we got enough problems. I can hear the disenfranchised screeeeaming about helping refugees when there's us whom you've neglected. Then there's the embarrassment of not welcoming the refugees after all that lip-service about freedom. Freedom to exist on the Commons. HAH !!! Pardon my mirth! Or was the prez just a wise man?

Then the next day the gawddmaned babboon said that earlier he had told Grabinshov to "Tear Down That Wall", like he said "Read My Lips". He's one of those guys you can sorta look up to, aint he? He's our leader. Its O.K. for you Eastern Blocs to rebel against your master, just to prove that another Ideology doesn't cut it, to satisfy some smug prejudice of some of those on the side of the fence where I happen to live (you know those idiotic newscasters [you know what newscasting is dont yuh? {the depth of IT is what is astounding}); but listen up you rebels, stay where you are; we already got enough.

Bleating Hearts, Oh! Jasus, I'm Bushed!

One must drop all the pretense. While it serves some dubious humour, all the wisecracking is tending to conceal something; perhaps mostly one's ignorance, if not one's utter disbelief.

One writes even when he has nothing to say.

I have felt I had had something to say, but often it has been the same thing I had said the day before, the week before, the month before, the year before, years before. And I have said many of these things all the while realizing much of what I was saying had been said before by others, often more eloquently, more appropriately, with better timing, in a more opportune forum etc.; perhaps with as much effect as will ever be possible, yet in the long run with very little effect at all.

Then, why bother?

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Bothering is like being born. Bothering is like being born when and where one is born.

If you don't bother, then there's no chance at all; that's what I. F. Stone had to say.

*Vox audita perit
Littera scripta manet.*

(George Orwell felt it was bad form to use foreign phrases.)
(I hope a comment like that gets you to read George.)
(George had a helluva lot to say.)

So; more on writing; and being born; being born out-of-it.

When you are out-of-it, you are not in it; when you are not in it, you are an outsider.

I have been an outsider since I was born. Although I do not mention this fact, it is easily concluded, because of what I write, that something is wrong somewhere; is it because I was born out-of-it?

I don't know that it was a matter of free choice whether I was a candidate for inclusion in something that was intrinsically alien to me. Because I was not a candidate for inclusion does not necessarily infer that I was a candidate for exclusion. I might have triumphed over the ORIGINAL SIN of exclusion by making every effort to crawl back into EDEN. But there's the REAL EDEN, and the FALSE EDEN. The REAL EDEN was abandoned by man a long time ago. The FALSE EDEN is the one he has created in its place in which he expects every creature born to enter on its hands and knees.

Being born then is no guarantee of entry into anything. You must earn your right (rite) of passage into something. As an infant the something is not known, but as an assemblage of feelings that are tasteful or distasteful to one's inner palate.

Being born of the male persuasion, I seemed from early on to have a genuine interest in the other configuration of two-leggedness. Also I seemed to possess a cursory interest in other parts of the outside world, that is, the three dimensionality of what surrounded me; there was space into which I could run, there was something out there behind which I could hide, as in hide-and-seek, and as a place away from all that appeared to harm me. Things like the water, the 'dirt' (mother), or trees, slow fluttery butterflies, or buildings were intriguing, as were the toyed (pleasurable) aspects of the world.

It seems all the early recollections telescope upon one another; their chronology perhaps relevant to something, like, when did girls in fact become a big thing?. I remember, in the second grade, in Uxbridge (Mass.), Doris Doris, hitting me over the head with something, under the slide, in the school playground; the 'recognition scene'; a gesture of

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touching; an act of Love? This happened after other memorable events, but what happened after Doris Doris? Other boys did not cut it. As luck would have it I was sent to a Catholic Boarding School for boys for three years, a Convent no less, where the other part of the species was cloaked in nun's veiling that revealed only an oval, like a mask for a face, and a pair of hands, all else concealed. But these black-draped figures became the ones with whom I became infatuated or emotionally attached; perhaps as surrogate mothers, but also as romantic adjuncts to one's HAH 'anima'. I flew with them as co-pilot in dogfights shooting down the JAPS and NAZIS.

Girls did become a real big thing after the Ascetic experience of the nunnery. I mean there were so many of them; they had long hair, shapely bodies showing through close-fitting clothing; and ankles, calves, and knees, not to mention what might appear in a timely or untimely manner, all to endear one to such a wondrous phenomenon. Oh! that they were stupid, simpering, giggling, tittering, titillating, petty, cliquish, teasing, didn't matter.

Was I born into this, to see this, to enjoy this? I soon learned that this other two-leggedness had formed a generalized aversion to what I might be or might represent. I had been excluded from something. I did not belong to something.

Next to girls was sports. There was participative sports, and what one did to amuse himself when he found himself alone, which I often did, sometimes by choice, but mostly because father insisted on my not wasting my time in the village with all the (of course) village idiots. He was probably right about the characterization of the locals, but I was not allowed to discover this for myself. I would not have agreed with him, because as long as they could hit a baseball, or skate, or climb, or run fast, or tackle, they were O.K. Because they didn't know about the Art Student's League, or Corbino, or The Metropolitan Museum, or Zola, or the Hapsburg Empire; OR, because they did not aspire to become a famous artist, or reek of culture, didn't matter to me. Because, neither did I. Girls and sports were big with me (Girls and Ted Williams). Then came a host of feelings about my surroundings which I cannot qualify or quantify. They involved the song of the Phoebe every morning outside my bedroom window, as it sat upon the grape vine, its body bobbing with each 'feebeee'. There were those cold winter days when all the windows would have such thick layers of lacey-patterned icy frost you couldn't see outside; those winter days when it would be snowing a heavy snow, the whole world outside a grey white quiescence, like a Pissaro painting. One would be inside huddled near the tin oval wood stove crackling away. Outside, a purity, not so much of whiteness, but of something from another place having descended to wipe away all the other apparent ravages of MAN and winter, blanketing them, obscuring them, and creating something so enchanting, with every harsh winter line puffed

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out, softened, transformed into an infinite grace. Then magically the sun would rise the next day radiating such a blinding gleam, and the heat from the solar illumination would begin to wipe away all the magic of the day before. With resounding clomps and clumps and thumps and bumps, huge lumps of snow would whump upon the muffled snow-covered, roofs.

And in the summer time, during August and September, the Thunder Storms, raged long and threateningly. The blazing flashes that struck all around and close, sometimes so close you could smell the ozone, sometimes so close you didn't hear the thunder, only a sibilance. I remember the clouds would eclipse the sun in the afternoon, the world darkening, ominously. All would become still, as though in anticipation; the pale hinds of the maple leaves would show, having gone limp. Then even more darkening followed by the first breath of warm air; suddenly followed by a more earnest blustering, then the audible rumbles in the distance, more wind, the first drops of moisture, the air growing more chill; more rumbles, more wind, more intensity to the onrushing tempest; when all hell (heaven) broke loose, the heavy movement of furniture in the ABOVE. Then the precocious jagged darts of red-yellow-blue followed by the crackling reports trailing off into boulders rolling down mountain sides, and a lingering reverberation as the sky healed its wound over some distant hill, echoing a-rumbling throughout the valleys. Then another and another, and the wind heavy with rain; huge, immense drops; the air much colder, in a deluge. Sometimes these tempests would mill around unabated, lingering two or three hours, with taunting undecided ferocity, while we quavered inside. At other times these tumults would race through in a matter of minutes. In their wakes, heavy downpours, the air abandoned finally to a soggy, dripping quiet, a purified coolness, disturbed only by the sound of running water; or the twitting of the occasional apprehensive bird; and the distant muffled drumming of the disappearing disturbance. After this

I suppose I ought to get back to:

G A W D !

The reason remains the same; as in the beginning. Goo! Goo! Gaa! Gaal; or Gew Gaw; Zippity Gew Gaw, Zippity AAA!, All The Live-long Daaay! I had not seen (moy) granddaughter since she was some nine

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months old. The occasion had been Thanksgiving; who the Hell knows why Thanksgiving and the relevance of it all; anyway we gave thanks, if thats what you can call it, over Pizza. Coincident with all these happenings so ascribed Thanksgiving, was the appearance of The Father (or the Son), the Holy Mother, and their daughter (the Granddaughter). At this juncture she had attained the age of three years and five months, whom whome I'd advise you to envision as a lovely dainty little doll, both in appearance and demeanor.

Before the repast upon the Pizza had begun the little one had asked if a prayer would be said, presumably over the Pizza. You must understand that the parents of this young one have been separated, the Holy Mother living under the roof of her parents, wherein is practiced (the novel) daily mumbo-jumbo over formal fooding (not invoked over every candy bar, Ding Dong, or marginal gluttony, but over meals).

Those present did not object to the child's whim or earnest request, whatever the case might have been; but later adduced to be that of whim, since at the inception of pizzaing, the juices flowing, the youngster needed to be reminded by none other than me, since she had wanted words over food, it would fall upon her to say something.

The tyke hesitated, then uttered:

G A W D !

She hesitated again. At this juncture, to avoid a protracted lesson in mirroring the good offices of entrenched bigots, I removed her from further responsibility, informing her she had said enough, and that we could proceed.

Why is a person who says words over food an entrenched bigot? Why can't a person just be thankful? O.K., thanks is one thing; but GAWD, the noise that accompanies the thanks, is something else.

Literally, a bigot is man with a mustache; what about woman? A bit of a conundrum there. When Webster says HENCE, watch out; 'cause, hence a person with a mouse-stache is of spirit, firm character; and OF COURSE, obstinate. Things go down hill from there. If you sport a mouse-stache you blindly and intolerantly hold to a particular creed, opinion, ETC.. And it goes on: narrow-minded, intolerant (thats a repeat; perhaps true then) person. The O.E.D. wonks you with a goodie: A hypocritical professor of religion; and then,

WOW!: a superstitious adherent of religion. (Is it possible that any adherence to religion is not superstitious?). Anyway O.E.D. tends to corroborate Daniel: A person obstinately and unreasonably wedded to a particular religious creed, opinion, or ritual. O.E.D. claims the word to

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be of unknown origin; so you may deduce how hard it is to pin down the buggers. And then to get them wedded, unreasonably.

I await the:

DAWN of human consciousness.

Rotund presences who conspicuously ate fruit, but wolfed down DING DONG. So when no one was looking.

**GAWT
BLESS
AMERICAR!!!**

**GAWT HELPS
THOSE WHO
HELP
THEMSELVES**

BETTER BELIEVE IT