

## Nothing But!

What follows is the author's first attempt at self-publishing, along with a group of other documents. It is not his first time however to attempt to enter the publishing world. He realizes he exposes himself to ridicule, perhaps physical abuse. Paraphrasing I F Stone; 'I expect to be judged, whether I say something or nothing, but live with the hope that what I do say will have some effect', or T S Eliot who intimated, 'I gotta use words in order to talk to you'.

Quintessential? (Some of what follows is rancorous and off-putting; parental guidance is advised.) In addition, it should be noted that the author often uses parenthetical allusions (free-association parries) to other things that may be relevant and related to what has been writ. These allusions are not intended to rile up another's ignorance at what may be inferred, but only, if the reader's acuity permits, allows him or her some dubious embellishment or amusement. Regardless of the incomprehensibility of the allusion, it is understood by the author that the reader will not mistake the point or the intent of that which is writ. As he often intimates, this scribbling is occurring on the edge of the precipice.

Further, this will be a second attempt, after copious editing, to place the flourish of words upon the Internet.

## *Please Pass The Truth* *Plausible Deceptions and Other Rants*

It may seem presumptuous to suggest that one will recognize the truth, no matter what. And that truth, per se, has some special property and function in the affairs of mankind.

The author is wont to place upon every page, something that has echoed in his mind since first being exposed to it, that 'truth', per se, should be self-evident.

At 83, what does it matter; does anything matter?

To this author, very little matters. Yes! Charline matters.

At one time, some other things did seem to matter.

In *Catherine*, this is what happened.

"We had been discussing language, and what regard to their ability imagining a table began as innocently Please Pass The Please Pass The another request Pass The Truth',



written and spoken assumptions we make with to communicate. We were conversation that as 'Pass The Salt, Salt, or Sweetheart, Salt'. When next, was made, 'Please the response was



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*somewhat different than with the salt. After a delayed response, prompted by momentary puzzlement, when you do eventually 'pass me the truth', or what you believe to be the truth, let's say, for the lack of a label, the contents of a purported vessel not being visible, and I take in my hand that for which I had assumed I had asked, to discover it is not that for which I had asked. 'That's not the truth'. You look back at me in puzzled amazement. You could say in return, 'But it is the truth'. I will answer in turn 'No sweetheart, It is not', and will try to help you in your dilemma by suggesting you should search the cupboard more assiduously for what I had asked. Then, revealing no doubt whatever, you will protest, that you had done as I had asked. You will not address me with 'sweetheart'; you will be hard pressed not to say 'Damn it, I passed you the truth'."*

We, fashioned of naïve innocent manufacture (protoplasmic babes in the wood), have been betrayed by certain hominid elements within our society.

Let the author begin, by way of mitigation, acknowledge, each of us is misled by our own assumptions; and by our own expectations, derivations subject to analysis. Being misled and being betrayed work hand in hand. (The author has at times [more so, lately] referred to this circumstance as living with *plausible deceptions*. (Albeit Schizophrenia). Or living in parallel worlds.

One need not be naïve in order to qualify. One only need draw a breath in a tentatively civilized environment, located in the shadow of the Tower Of Babel.

So, hence; subsequently; pursuant to all hatreds and cynical resolutions, let the truth fall where it may.

When the author writes 'we are naïve innocents', he is only suggesting something that may, or may not, be true. From our earliest days, we have known people who have deceived us, whether intentionally or unintentionally. These very people may have been the closest to us, and the one's we trusted the most.

"Its for your own good." (Plausible Platitude #1) is a long standing plausible deception.

It was for us to get the message; wise up!

"We are spreading democracy" is another of those plausible deceptions promulgated by our government, to conceal, or lend confusion to their otherwise incredibly deceitfully hidden agendas, which, in the last analysis, may be said not to serve 'our', 'we the people', 'the consent of the governed', 'best' interests.

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Here we go assuming something unproven, and building our expectations upon an illusion. The assumption is that our government is motivated by the highest standards, always exemplary in nature, based upon the most humanitarian ideals and goals, even without the fanfare of a Constitution.

As we have come to realize, this is avowedly not true. If the opposite is not true, it is not the author's disposition to give the purveyors of deceit the benefit of the doubt. Somehow it has been construed that the President is sworn to uphold something; a misconception, misinterpretation, mistake, complicit irresponsible acquiescence, apathy, lack of vigilance, on our part. Our very deficiencies (absence of awareness of what is being perpetrated in our name) become the government's stock in trade.

It is a grievously sinister truth that our government's behavior is not based upon humanitarian ideals and goals, that it is not interested in exemplary behavior, that it is not motivated by the highest standards. 'Democracy', the lucky charm, the talisman, is uttered upon every occasion, spoken without reverence, (jump-start democracy) as though it was the most self-evident proposition, when, in fact, it does not exist. Even if the argument was associated with 'survival' (i.e., the survival of our nation), which might be viewed as a higher standard than what it is they are actually implementing, we would not know, because everything is carefully concealed behind the rhetoric of press secretaries and state department officials, intended to deceive, to placate, to ward off further inquiry into something that they have made their business only. The truth of the matter, it is their business only, conducted with our lives, in our names, with the will to sacrifice our lives; better understood as 'tyranny'; perhaps even government-sponsored unconditional terrorism (domestic).

In its foreign 'adventurism', our government has sought to escape the judgment of International Tribunals that have been set up to make 'adventurism' an accountable practice. That is, if our government, in whatever guise, breaks the law, it is answerable for its crimes. Not so. Our government simply circumvents the process by threatening to cut off foreign aid to those who sit upon the tribunal; of course, some refuse to be bought off, while others succumb. However, the tribunal, through these entanglements, (coalition of the willing) has become diluted and weakened into ineffectuality, our intended purpose. Not 'our' intended purpose, but those exercising 'our' government's intended purpose. (Eternal vigilance carried to new extremes.) I, or, we, must be careful how we use the inclusive 'we', and, 'our'. ('Our' intended purpose is to make 'our' government, comprised of a surprisingly few individuals, accountable).

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In like manner, the effectuality of the United Nations has been rendered impuissant by influence peddling, not all promoted by 'our' exemplary government. It makes you kind of sick to realize this, No! And if you can still stomach it, all the big shots get to veto by a lone vote any action proposed and passed by the whole (compliments of Joseph Stalin, Winston Churchill, and Franklin Roosevelt [or was it Harry?]).

You had thought you were upholding something based upon the Golden Rule; fairness, equity and justice, all the while your assumptions and expectations (rag dolls) were being appropriated, and usurped, by your government, toward ends that proved contrary to those high minded principles by which you attempted to lead your life. The caveat in all of this, we are complicit, because we acquiesce. We do not stay tuned in, we swallow the rationalizations and the justifications issued by the press secretaries, state department officials, and their anonymous hacks in the fourth estate, but mostly we fear the power of government as we have come to understand it. Homeland Security has become the bête noir of our existence, a colossal misuse of language intended to control our lives, limit our freedoms, and imprison us in a dark doctrine of governmental arbitrariness that voids all our constitutional guarantees, and inalienable rights. How does the author know these things? Look around you! Do you find these words incredulous exaggerations? In a patriotic spasm, you profess you'll not read another line?

We need to go back a few, perhaps to the beginning, even before Adam. Going back to George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, Benjamin Franklin, is not going back far enough; although for the import of this essay it may be far enough.

When these men got together it has been suggested they were motivated by the highest standards of implementing personal freedom from the yoke of the government of George III, documenting these self-same humanitarian ideals and goals into the most exemplary Declaration and Constitution known to mankind at that time; perhaps for all time. Actually, it was the tithe that got to them.

Every dog and every sun-uv-a-bitch had the same rights, and equal protection under the law, hypothetically.

*They said: "We hold these 'truths' to be self-evident , that all men are created equal, that they are endowed with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. – That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving just powers from the consent of the governed – That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of*

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*these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing the powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness.* One further sentence to show the depth of their wisdom. *Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments, long established, should not be changed for light and transient causes, and accordingly all experience hath shewn, that mankind are disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed.*

With time, the US government, with its dogs and sons-a-bitches, has used these rights and equal protections to their advantage. ‘We, the people’, pay for their battery of clever lawyers who spend their collateral (wisdom in legal matters) attempting to defend the indefensible; it doesn’t matter that they bring calumny upon their profession; what matters is they are greatly recompensed for defending the scoundrels at the helm, who have led ‘our’ ship into the perils of the rocky shore. If the rights and equal protection clauses fail in their function to construct a defensible case, “National Security”, secretly absconded, embroidered, and invoked, will serve instead. National Security becomes shrouded in complete silence. The cynical assessment assumes that corporations have taken over the government; and it is their security that is at stake; security from the plebes who feel the unfairness, the inequities and the lack of justice in the affairs of mankind (gotta watch how you apply that word *mankind*). It is further assumed the plausibility (perhaps certainty) prevails that corporations buy their way to the freedom (grease the works) to exploit the masses [what else is there to exploit?].

Game over!

From the beginning to the end in a very short expanse of time; from George III to George (W)ashington, to George W., Mission Accomplished.

How did we get there? How can the game be over?

Can we not extend the playing time (sudden death), so we can try to reclaim what is rightfully ours, namely our expectations, based upon how we have led our lives, saluting the flag, and pledging allegiance? What has that flag stood for, what is the meaning of the pledge? Certainly it isn’t to serve the interests of the corporations (the collusion between government and corps.).

Have we really gone down the garden path behind the Pied Piper, singing praises to things that did not exist, or things that were being usurped from us while we were naively supporting their unsubstantiated virtues? Indeed we had assumed too much. Ignorance was not bliss (Plausible Platitude #2).



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From the beginning, then, where did we go wrong? The problem was not with the documents, the problem is with those who have implemented the documents. Man. Man is not to be trusted with the most sacred; where it is his to profane. Man is an animal first, motivated most viscerally, self-serving, often to the exclusion of his most cherished beliefs, and to his own detriment. He doesn't seem to care. Short term gratification supplants all of the above.

In the very beginning things were flawed, some of the very signers and promoters, and exemplary voices in the Federalist Papers 'owned' slaves; property, chattel. One exemplary soul, with a conscience, or consciousness of an unseemly relationship between illicit property and his beliefs, suggested returning the encumbered property to Africa. Others used plausible deceptions to retain their property. Obviously a troublingly ambiguous situation for lily white hands, with high minded ideals.

From the inception of the slave trade, which began even before our government had coalesced, it required, easily, 150 years before this inequity was addressed by the greatest president, perhaps one of the greatest humanitarians of all time, and another 100 years before Civil Rights became the law of the land. Holy Shit!, that seems like a long time. If the Constitution had not been ratified, and the Civil War conducted to enforce it, we would still have the institution of (overt) slavery. Ignorance of the law is not a defense (Plausible Platitude #3). We may have legislated slavery out of existence, we may have legislated affirmative action, but something inherent to color is still with us; legislate that if you will.

Beyond that basic flaw, we have invoked National Security as early as our second president with the Alien and Sedition Act. In dealing with the foreign element, whether, British, French, or Spanish (England, France, or Spain (even Russia, way back then) National Security was a concern. It fostered the Monroe Doctrine, a doctrine, like all subsequent paranoid isolationist doctrines, was riddled with xenophobia (check out jaundiced John Foster Dulles).

While in the background, not only the Blacks, but the Redmen were slated for denial of basic rights, and unequal treatment under the law, and a genocide accomplished through smallpox, TB, cholera, diphtheria, and measles, and albeit, property rights (mine is mine, and yours is negotiable (Plausible Platitude #4)). From the earliest days, even before the formation of a government, the Redman (albeit, savage), was harshly regarded (later, even on the presidential level, by Andrew Jackson), a savage obstacle, the savagery only recently removed to observe 'political correctness' (correct a devious hypocrisy [more blatant than devious]), from such prestigious Institutions rallying cry, e.g. the Stanford Indians (now the Stanford Cardinals; same color) (like the demise of

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Sambos). Finally, have ‘we’ progressed? Is political correctness another plausible deception? Check out the Washington (DC) Redskins? And check out the racial strife in and around Washington DC (only a suggested locale; feel free to check elsewhere).

The descendants of the African people of color become sports stars, celebrities, heroes and hopes, to those who live in ghettos, while the Native American operates casinos on the Reservation.

The National Security theme has been invoked a great deal lately (since the Great Good War) with the advent of the Communistic ideology, HUAC, red-baiter Nixon, and Joseph McCarthy; and the ‘The Buck Stops Here’ haberdasher, and ever since, by every subsequent president. It’s proved an easy out and a bad habit that undermines every tenet we have been expected to believe. We have been ill-served by the bad habits of our masters. Oh! We have been warned by those amongst us of the Arrogance Of Power, to little avail. Its been a short road from National Security to the Arrogance Of Power, and vice versa. Not that this scheme of things was new; we had bumped along with the Indian Removal, More Indian Relocation, Mexico, Civil War, Cuba, the Philippines. But the art has been perfected, all the way from Korea to Vietnam, from Granada to Chile, Afghanistan to Iraq, all in the name of National Security (RRR Way Of Lafe). It is unnecessary to recite the litany of abuses. Terrorism, by direct invitation, is perhaps only the convenient outcome of all the previous abuses. Corporations are better protected with the red alert.

Our hypocrisy sometimes is glaring; we are the guarantors of Israel’s security, but not of the Palestinians, or the Jordanians; or Lebanon or Syria, or Egypt (exemplary behavior?). In the UN it is guaranteed we will vote against a Palestinian state. We complain about Russia’s silence re: Syria. Yes, they are worried about Chechnya, made manifest by what is happening in Ukraine. NIMBY.

It may be obvious the author doesn’t know what’s up, do you?

Where lay the truth?

It might be ventured that, in the real world, there is no place for even flawed ideals; that ‘eternal vigilance’ should be the mark of man. If we don’t use it, we lose it. At this very hour, we can do nothing to reclaim even our flawed venue.

Mr.D.! You need to come up for air!

Is the Author gasping? Is the author Grasping?

There connected events, and disconnected events, all somehow related to the beast that utters these words. The beast is not the

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author, per se, but his semblance found scattered on this planet, *homo sapiens*, incontrovertibly and fatefully so.

He moves on to yet another of the testaments to the shape of man living beneath the shadow of the Tower.

The Labor movement brought with it the subjugation of the worker to the Capitalist/Exploiter/Benefactor, through the militia, their allies, against a body of troublemakers. It has been pointed out that this movement came to a head, first in Oshkosh Wisconsin, only to be repeated almost eighty years later by the governor of that state. The Hatred of the worker, albeit slave (color inconsequential).

Disenfranchisement of the worker caused him to listen to other voices, and to join, in spirit, the exploited and persecuted proletarian mass. Whereupon HUAC, and the redbaiter, Richard Nixon, flourished, breeding the likes of Joe McCarthy. The sympathizers were exposed as traitors; to WHAT? Our Way Of Life? Our local rag, the Eugene Register Guard, branded the dissenters to the Vietnam War as traitors. When the subscriptions began to atrophy, they decided to eat crow. That's where its at folks.

Some vile expedient on the road to power?

Gerry Spence tells us that the wolf became king, and the king served his master, the corporation. The king had abandoned the people. From freedom to slavery. The wolf was the noise that emanated from government as it tried to eliminate the fringe by any means, both legal and illegal, mostly illegal, with the intent of gaining power, mastery over the masses, irrelevant to their dissidence, or acquiescence. Government proved anathema to freedom. W. announced there needed to be limits to freedom, verily assured with his usurpations and flauntings of the Constitution in the name of National Security. And Congress, through the aegis of the Patriot Act, was complicit in the delivery. What a bunch of the simple-minded. Talk about serving the interests of corporations. Go ahead, talk about it.

Has it all gone too far?

Yes!

The disparities are glaring; who cares? Who is in a position to care, and does the species warrant caring? Is it possible that caring is misplaced, ineffectual? Have we misread the schematic that defines our path?

How was it possible for all those involved in the ponzi (pyramid) scheme (unsecured, traded, sub-prime loans, derivatives, and shmooing of devious financial manipulations; (one wonders about



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Social Security) (making something out of nothing) to walk off with millions (to hang out in the mansion [fenced compound {topped with razor wire, guarded by Dobermans and Rottweilers}]), while the average citizen loses his ass, to find himself on the commons being prodded, or incarcerated for vagrancy (living off meagre handouts.). How are they to pay their bills?

Is that how bad it has got, where one's fellow man becomes prey; preyed upon by one's fellow man (parasites), and abandoned to God Helps Those Who Help Themselves? One's needs, and one's very humanity are mocked by the wannabe would-bes in the political arena. How many bad apples?

The sheep are bleating, afraid. Afraid in their abandonment, and afraid of their government (the wolves). Anti-terrorism, paranoia, the Patriot Act, have empowered the police. If you want to see into your future, remember Kent State. Democracy, if it ever existed, is a thing of the past, a luxurious remnant of one moment in history. Is this all too incredulous, an exaggeration, a mad rant by an impotent citizen? Or the sound of the hob-nailed boots coming up from below; terrorism, or righteous indignation?

Is there a consequence to mans indifference to man?  
Jump start terrorism!

Mr. D., the last is an desperate solution.

What does it matter; nobody takes any of it seriously; it's just him ranting and rankling again? Wait him out; soon he will be gone.

To swerve in yet another direction.

Barry Goldwater coined the phrase for political consumption "In your heart you know I am right." It didn't get Barry elected; not even close. One of the greatest defeats, ever.

There is little difficulty in defeating a 82 year old badmouth (the prophet of doom) whether or not he speaks the truth. After all, where has the truth ever got anybody? Prevarication gets one further down the road (Plausible Platitude #5).

Just take W. for example. He does his thing, no matter what, then walks off the stage free as a bird. So, he goes down in history as our worst president; how can that be, he is richer than when he started. Although it happens everyday in the marketplace, you really can't make something out of nothing. How did we get nothing for a president? That tells you something about what has happened to our <sup>great</sup> nation. The scum has risen to the surface. He

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has gotten away with murder. It started when they gave him power in Texas, you know, the record breaking 152 (after which he became a 'Compassionate Conservative'). He got the habit of wasting lives. The power of life and death, just like 'you know who'. Anyway, Saddam was thought of as Hitlerian (with too much oil for his own good, while W. was thought of as St. George, the dragon slayer (that's what it said on the marquee). Don't believe a word of it; its just PR; hype. He's come across as a smirking lying murderer, waving the banner (our shameless shoulder patch), invoking the almighty, a corporate dupe (dope). A hybrid offspring of an ape and a sap.

Somewhere it was a politically feasible electioneering tactic to say that we needed to remove government from our lives. As an example of touted 'change', we (the Tea Party) needed to get rid of the New Deal, that socialistic/communistic methodology that was introduced to rescue our nation from the spoils of greed (you know, Greed!). The meaning behind the removal concept is not meant to favor the average citizen. It is meant to favor corporations that were being controlled by government in the area of taxes, and corporate collusions (circumventions of the Sherman Antitrust Act, and the HSR Act), and fucking over the environment, to open the national forests and the wilderness for their plundering, and the sea to off-shore drilling. The average 'citizen' (we the p.) is intended to sacrifice his entitlements as part of the bargain. How's that for a platitude?

We stood or sat there with our mouths agape while W. orchestrated our demise. Our Way Of Life went down the tubes with a vacant smirking duplicitous George. And he walks away, leaving us holding our bag of ruins. W. wasn't the only one. Every Republican administration sought to undermine the New Deal. They wanted the Old Deal back. And we got it back in spades. Bubbling!

No, W. wasn't the mastermind behind the greed, but his cronies were the beneficiaries of the permissive environment of wheeling and dealing of the nation's, and other nation's, assets. Enron was only a symptom; Carlyle, Halliburton was the finesse, like Brown and Root in Vietnam. Social Security, that carryover from the New Deal, was the Main Coon, the president's private kitty. We The People get to pay off the debt incurred by the Asshole at the helm. How?

The great devastating, aforementioned, ponzi scheme was allowed to flourish in a permissive environment. After all, if government can engage in a free-for-all, why not I!? (Nobody will notice – oops! Too late).

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We are ready for a Newer Deal, once again, to rescue a faltering nation from the greed that has brought it to ruin, once again.

Can we be rescued? Hah!, that is a question we might put to ourselves. Our new prez talks the talk, like Jump-Starting this and that. Sheeeit, Man! Just another politician at the helm; they gave it the NoBall Prize; in Anticipation of great deeds (Mr. Deeds hangs out the washing). B. O. (Backtrack O.) The litmus man. The pinprick man. 'Meet the challenge' man. Grow forward man. Etcetera! Just another asshole? Raised in Assholedom.

We!? A nation of philistines rescued from its own greed. Or is it just the corporations, that have gone overseas, who deserve the epithet?

Put every man and woman back to work rebuilding the nation's infrastructure (perhaps rebuilding democratic institutions). Will that do it, will that rescue us, and restore confidence in our system of government; a government that truly cares? Will it earn us the respect that has been heaved away by the likes of W?

Or has it all gone too far (George is just icing on the moldy cake), has it gone on too long this time? Is it too corrupt? The government and the militia in league with the haves? Is that possible? Like Chile under Pinochet? Is that possible? Is this the fringe talking its desperate talk? The author doesn't know, do you? How pathetic, the 'Occupy the Banks' movement (passive resistance trying to bring the man down [Plausible Platitude #6]). What was it Abe said: "You can fool some of the people some of the time, you can fool some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time."? Is that possible? Still? B. O. ? You can't fool Elizabeth Warren.

One is mindful of the Republican Congress attempting to balance the budget by eliminating Medicare; get rid of all the safety nets, all the humanitarian ideals. Holy Shit! Fringe! - Is that what the vigilant are to be labeled (libeled)? Terrorists! What should we call our representatives in government, those bankrolled by the moneyed interests? Obviously they are not 'our' representatives. What in hell are they then?

We are at the bottom of the bottomless canyon howling the empty ineffectual phrase of the parlor liberal, "Give me liberty or give me death!" (The greatest Plausible Platitude ever uttered). Sorry Gerry, I know you believe this, and feel it is the rallying cry. Maybe it was, once upon a time, a long long time ago. Even though they control our government, the rich have been at liberty to go overseas with their 'ill-gottens', untouchable! How they despise the working man (perhaps their own humanity – requires too much

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acknowledgement). Their patriotic verve is very inspiring, a model for us all. They have sucked us dry; time to move on to other hemispheres. Swoosh!

We have been given the opportunity, time and time again, to remain vigilant, but have acquiesced repeatedly to the jargon coming from our leaders, out of convenience (laziness), out of ignorance (being deliberately left out of the loop [furthered by the lies and deceptions promoted by our elected 'officials']); and out of fear (emanating from the conspiring of the 'unpatriotic' people to be free, once again). You know this Gerry, as certainly as you know anything. It's like Kurt has intimated when he said the Constitution Of The United States Of America is a radical document; nowadays.

Is it possible we have lost something we never really had?

If we ever really did have something, please tell me where we made the wrong turn.

While it may not be true, the author believes we will never reclaim any part of what might have been. We lack both the will and the power, and most importantly, the foresight (we are inherently too self-serving). We are witnessing the slow withering death, by attrition, of something that never was. Never! When the W's and the Dicks get to go free, we know we have failed; that we have been duped, perhaps raped, then bludgeoned.

As the author believes, he so believes, we must begin anew, as does every people that has freed itself of oppressive government. Needless to say, we cannot rant about liberty when we have shown we cannot even yield to the spirit of the Golden Rule without asking, 'what's in it for me?'

Oddly, most burgeoning, and formative attempts at fixing in stone (like what happened on Mt Sinai) a prospectus for a freed people, the sound is not too different from our very own declaration and constitution, Bill of Rights, Charter of Rights, Inalienable Rights, whatever, as they make their nearly self-evident intrusion into the affairs of men.

There are those amongst us with much sensibility who will caution that we are not ready for more empty words, more false promises (false hopes), because, when we cannot perform as expected, we lose heart, we become embittered and cynical, get drunk, do drugs (highly ineffectual antidotes).

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Gerry blogs, trying to encourage dialogue amongst the losers. What can we do to get some of it back? Its like this; if Gerry can't get any of it back, how the hell are 'we' supposed to get any of it back? Gerry had an angle in the courtroom with juries. We are all fuckups; that is, we are human, prone to make human errors. We do not deserve to be condemned for the failures which are endemic to the species. Gerry convinced juries of peers of this basic truth.

Gerry began his career working for corporations, insurance companies, et al. At some point in his life he realized the little guy was being eaten alive by those for whom he used his litigating talents. He then swung his support to the little guy. 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 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'.

Yeah, some of it happened, the good stuff, outside of the courtroom, where good people saw to it that good things happen, but this is the exception and not the rule (a twist to American Exceptionalism). Even the innocuous Golden Rule has its rare good moments that would encourage us doubters a moment of hopeful expectation.

He rants on and on. Still? At 82 (getting on)? Is that so?  
To be ignored. An old crust. Toast.  
At your peril! (Plausible Platitude #7).

Again he picks up the thread.

If we ever had anything, we have lost most of it. There are those who have taken it away while we slept. The music came down from the firmament: "God Bless America". We wanted to believe, we needed to believe. We did believe. Our Way Of Life (Plausible Platitude # 8) was at stake.

What now is Our Way Of Life?

A parable.

It was thought for a long time that Jesus was the Son Of God. Doubtlessly a Grand Delusion. There are those who still believe in



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that pagan notion. Just imagine what He could have done if he had had a Toyota pickup, an RPG and an AK-47?

When the father followed UN resolution 222, he followed it to the letter, like any responsible leader would do. Although his advisers were tugging at his sleeve to go after Saddam while they had his army on the run, the father stayed the course. A lost opportunity!?

When the son could not persuade the UN to formulate a new resolution to go after Saddam, the son formed his own coalition of the willing (nations?) to rectify what was promulgated as a 'material breach'. And, Oh Yeah!, those Powell truckies running around with baddies (yellow cake, lemon meringue). The son wanted also to rectify the error of the father. One better. A family matter?

God left the Son out to dry with Mary and a few disciples, whereas the other Father watched, as the other mighty Son, a Caligula of sorts, with his sidekicks, Dick, Karl, and Donny, ran roughshod over, (trampled underfoot) a people to get at its tyrannical leader, and to proselytize the fast-fading notion of 'democracy' (sounded good), and to get at that OIL, in order to preserve Our Way Of Life (sounded good) all the while filling the coffers of Halliburton (now we're getting somewhere – closer to the truth). The Son gave the orders to kill and kill and kill, to torture, to spread democracy, and to get Halliburton in there. Mission Accomplished (a real premie) on the carrier deck, acting it out in a flight suit (the former soger who went AWOL from the National Guard). How simpleminded can you get? We tried to make something out of nothing (Plausible Platitude #9) (with the Supreme Court's assistance (that great moment of infamy)) The Law! What Law? The Law unto itself, made up for the occasion. They named an Italian Automobile after that one: FIAT!

Take a breath, allow the smoke to clear.

While the Author is at it; he's not done.

Referring to the Notes (8) ♪ ♪, "Jailbreak" from plausible deceptions'. Yes! that pertains. Return to the truth of things. 'Jailbreak' is both real and symbolic.

We are imprisoned by our assumptions and our expectations. We feel the need to escape them, because they have abased and undermined, and soured our lives; they have failed us!. In order to escape, we are forced to deny our associations with others who are also imprisoned. We must go it alone. Like the man on the bridge in Paris, Texas, "I warned you, I warned you." (Plausible Platitude # 10).

## *Nothing But!*

“Its for your own good”, someone tells you these things. Sometimes even Yells these things at you.

Ted Kaczynski, or Timothy McVeigh, might have said as much. Randy Weaver and Vickie Singer withdrew into their own world. Branch Davidian (David Koresh), or Jim Jones, became symbolic of those seeking an escape from Gomorrah. The author does not condone the more violent acts of some of these players, and their adversaries (Horiuchi, the government hitmen), but he does try to understand their disenthralment with the plausible deceptions; innately poorly disposed to blatant lies. Some of them swung wildly (unlike terrorists), unintentionally hurting some of their compatriots, many of whom were also disenthralled (that is very sad, deserving of condemnation). W. killed 152 while governor of his illustrious State. Then he killed nearly 5,000 US service personnel, and almost countless (well over 100,000) Iraqi civilians. He struts free in his ‘flight’ suit (for all appearing like the perfect jackass he is). He was our leader!!!! (The author proclaims “I am the scald!”)

Everybody can’t be happy all the time. That being ‘true’, it would at least be reassuring if there were warm fuzzies in the fundament. But the world of man is a pretty cool environment, most of the time. Terrible Malthusian occupation morphs into indifference, even violent resolution. Too many is too many. If there was a hope to be found in the results of fornication we might relent in this condemnation, this wild abandon of our animal parts. Since most of the urge to fornicate occurs without love, it is an untoward expectation that any good would emerge from the activity. The offspring, or springoffs, occur through the fatefully inevitable, (anatomic destiny as suggested by Simone) rather than by intent, the blind deposit of the miracle of life. Oh yes, the loving mothers who love because it is their lot to love, even if it be an imbecile. The occasional proud father, proud of his seed; better be a good egg. Does this sound all too cynical, bitter; a looking for a way to make you cringe from the base assessment, the mocking of the undeniable urge? Yeah, well; sure. Let us hope that you will awaken, that you will only fornicate when you love, truly love; not just when you get the urge, when you itch, like an animal. No guarantee of a better product, but maybe fewer of them; and perhaps more love of them. That would be nice. (That’s-a-nice!)

Ha! The inveterate moralist. Perhaps, or a prophet, or seer.

The one who questions how much love might exist in an erection. Very little, he supposes; perhaps none. It was his friend who claimed a stiff prick had no conscience. They gave the rapist

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the option of neutering. What option should we allow with regard to unconscionable fornication, especially extant within a marriage? The marriage is, after all, only a legal entanglement; why not a clause with respect to fornication without love, punishable (restrained with a lock on the codpiece and the chastity belt, only unlockable through the proper cooing). The higher standard (advocated amongst the celibate. Assumption [Feast Of the Assumption] {celibate} Pope's plausible platitudes).

Like the tenets (the scalds) heaped upon Moses on Mount Sinai, the Ten Plausible Platitudes escape due attention by he that has uttered them.

The author has often speculated that the Creator, The Prime Mover, The Omnipotent, The Holy One, has left the scene in pursuit of some hussy. He or she left us with this, more than some stupid admonition with regard to the apple. Yes! this freeing nightmare, reeking of some kind of animal.

More to come!??

Truer words were never spoken, so the author must work what follows into the script. He that hath masterminded truth.

A Sophoclean Drama thus ensues.

The author hadda fadder (pateras), who, being who he was, often thought in Greek. He envisioned himself as Laius. His real name was Louis, but it sounded so much like Laius (spoken with a forked tongue), the author thought he would let it stand (as untruthful as that may seem). Laius often spoke of his partner (wife) with shameless words. Laius did not believe in innocent conjunctions; that, in fact, he believed Jocasta (his wife) had seduced Oedipus (also named Louis [something fatefully fulfilling in such naming]). When she departed to live in the environs of her son, there was more to it than met the eye; there was hanky panky (αργκς).

When Laius opined to Oedipus that he and his mother were up to no good, Oedipus told him to shove it.

This Jocasta thing got started through the association between the pateras, and a short, balding Jewish psychiatrist, who had become Laius's friend. The short fellow imagined himself to be a Freudian analyst of the highest repute; in fact, he did indeed seem like a nice fella. And he coulda played the part.

Coincidentally, the association was formed through an introduction by the Grace (that was her name, of the author's

mother, alias, Jocasta) who had worked in the very same institution as the doc (psychobabbler).

These guys (Laius and Joe E. (that was the doc's name [not Sophocles]) would get together, in their most knowing ways, both being literature buffs (and very intellectual), to discuss any and everything under the sun (almost wrote 'son'), often with Freudian precepts (slips) in mind. After a while, daddy got to thinking like an analyst. Geezzzz!. Here's what the pateras had to write in the matter, verbatim: *Grace & Louis* (Jocasta & Oedipus) *according to Gene* (short for Joseph Eugene) *last evening, was that what drew G(race) to Louis was that Louis needed nursing -I f not Know (sic) later - thanks to his emotional instability. That still does not cancel out the oedipol (sic) involvement. Should he become ill she'd be only too delighted to wash (play) with his peepee - as she did when he was a baby boy some 40 years ago. I cannot believe in angels!*

Carrying this whole side TRIP to its logical extreme, bearing upon the truth of things. It was true, mom left dad because he was screwing around with everything (that wore a skirt). Analyze that if you will. But mom, was, categorically, not Jocasta, and the other guy was definitely not Oedipus; he can tell you that himself. So, when mom left to live in the same square as her son, she was merely putting as much distance between herself and the old bastard, just as had the son (huios), three thousand miles, to be more exact (that was a very great distance indeed, in those old Grecian days [as a matter of fact, it was unheard of]). The doc hit a sour analytical note when he suggested that the son needed nursing. (He probably had one too many.)

Eventually, mom (mitera) got old and sickly, and did actually spend some time with her son, in her son's care, if that properly identifies what transpired.

The son was not particularly much of a caregiver. His caring for anything human was sorely tested by the cantankerousness of mom. She was Miserable, old and somewhat broken, not in control of her own life, stuck living with someone else's habits and rules. (You can read more about this in Urary). Mom also had competition, a naturally empathetic person (her son's wife), who simply went out the door every day to the work place, leaving the son and the mom together.

Health care workers would come into the son's home to bathe mom, and other healthcare workers would counsel her, groom her, medicate her. Mom was indiscriminate in her cantankerousness. One nurse, after listening to mom claiming she wanted to die, offered to help her to die, if that is what she wanted. Whoa, mom backed off'n that suggestion. Reverse psychology has its good

points. When mom didn't want to get up in the morning to eat breakfast (usually oatmeal) it became a challenge to get her motivated to be more compliant with house rules. Short of physical torture, Reverse Psychology was the only thing that would work. Since mom was Irish, and not Greek, she being a proud New England Catholic (the author isn't sure of the connection either), but her parents were from the old country (Ireland) (not the Free Irish State, at the time), and mom being who she was, was proud of her heritage. She could often be heard saying 'The Irish Never Quit'. This was replayed to her when she claimed she wanted to die, instead of getting up to face oatmeal again. (Well, when the author was a tyke, mom had fed him plenty of oatmeal.) Another of the Reverses involved the son picking up (actually removing it from its case) his own son's abandoned violin, to play (screech and crawl) (draw the bow across the strings) in the most unprofessional manner accompanied by, 'please do go on with your story'. That got a laugh out of the old Irish lass that day (doing something two days in a row earned the caveat, 'don't patronize me'). The son's real partner, the one who would go out the door every morning to the work place, came up with a gimmick of her own. When mom would get up to pee in the porta potty, Oedipus's real honest to god, mate, would tidy up the bed for mom before she returned to it, only to moan she wanted to die rather than face oatmeal again; while doing so, matey would short sheet the bedding, so we could watch mom try to return to a bed that would admit only part of her; it was good for a laugh, as sometimes proves the case with Reverse Psychology. Not cruel, just relieving the tense atmosphere.

This mom thing went on for two months, the son held captive, if you can imagine Oedipus held captive by something, other than lust, for Jocasta.

The son got tired of the embroilment, when, one day, his mom, sitting upon the throne (thundermug, to you), in the throne room, was screaming loudly (is there any other way) "It Hurts, It Hurts".

Like the oatmeal mitera fed her huios, the huios fed his mitera oatmeal. Like mom used to do when he was a tyke (besides playing with his pee pee), crapping in his pants, mom would wipe his ass. Well, the cry for help was mom sitting upon the thundermug, attempting to crap (relieve her bowel, in some circles). The turd was just not going to come out without assistance, like Oedipus, when he was born. So, any good caring son would assist his mother with her shitting. When an author has the audacity to write *Please Pass The Truth*, it may not be as audacious as the critics (of the best smellier list) claim. Lenny Bruce would be scatological for a laugh, but Oedipus routing around in his mother's anus trying to locomote a turd, impacted in Jocasta's



bowel, under the influence of morphine, that is not only a Greek tragedy, it is the truth, of such profound nature, as to never be repeated again in polite company. Pedipus had had enough.

True or not, the reader may be turned off by this somewhat disgusting scatological display, but the author (rereading it) got one helluva shaking (you've heard it before, 'shaking with laughter') laugh out of it. The truth sometimes does that to you. The old man and the psychiatrist went out to sea in a leaky boat, or is it, crappy boat? Bet the reader never thought Sophocles had it in him. Sophocles was the author of that awful tale of lust. It is a tragedy of the greatest proportions when a son falls for his mother (just think of it); those Greeks didn't have much else going for them. Nowadays they got plenty to occupy them with trying to convert olives into Euros. Gott knows what the playwrights and psychobabbelists will make of Olive getting into bed with Euro, while Drachma looks on. The Greeks do things with style.

The reader believes this mocking of the ancients cannot pass for truth. They said it about Hamlet too, so there. Can you really envision the Prince banging Gertrude? It would be not so much of a wonder that he would utter those famous lines, if, in fact, such a grind took place in the palace.

The elements of truth escape us in these Sophoclean and Shakespearean nightmares. Pretty desperate drama, if you ask the author. Ok, so the author felt this thing for his godmother. What was it really? Could he imagine himself squiring her in bed? In the warm light of day, No! But, if what Sigmund propounds, has any merit, when we are at that tender age (somewhere around three), when our parts suddenly become a source (scourge) of pleasure ('playing with his wire', as the nurse once observed), do we desire something more than a pleasurable sensation? Sigmund intimates anything is psychologically possible, but, being first, a physiologist, he must have realized the improbability and impossibility of such a configuration. It's a stretch, both physically and morally, however symbolic.

Is it a matter of admission, that we are all corrupt? In admitting his fascination with his aunt, he is also saying that he was in close proximity to someone who showed him every kindness. She was of a sweet disposition. Question is, was she turned on by her godchild in close proximity, or was she so holy and untainted to completely sublimate any such stirrings? Are we so prone to twisting, that we twist until something breaks?

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Presumably all of these hypotheticals are revealed in dreams, where the truth is laid bare, so to speak. The author did not have such dreams; simply because reality was never so bare.

Is it a higher standard, or a higher truth being applied? If we are base, ruled by our corrupting influences (titillations), is there still a standard that we apply to our behavior?

Was it 'bad' for a 17 year old to feel that his godmother aunt was an attractive wench? How close is aunt to mother; would S.F. opine, close enough? Would A sister of Jocasta or Gertrude still make a drama, or a farce?

What constitutes a drama? A swollen foot finds its way into its mother's bed. That is a drama. Hamlet unknowingly executes the fatal thrust. Pedipus lives to do his thing, but is blinded for his aberrations, whereas Hamlet simply gets offed for something else. Sam Shepard did it again to Julie Delpy. Its called entertainment (Electrafying).

How does it make you feel to know that your catharsis might be tainted with the desire to screw your mother (or your father)? Come on Siggy, give us a break.

The author will not deny the existence of strong ties, bonds, if you will, perhaps even sexual in nature, between a mother and a son, also a father and a daughter. But these are always suppressed or sublimated, as decency or taboos would insist. The author did never feel such ties with his mother (or his daughter); S.F., notwithstanding. His ties to his aunt were immediate in an environment where the nephew lived for the first time in the company of a woman, young enough and pretty enough to excite something in him. Proximity produces its own phenomena. He felt nothing of the kind toward the older of the two sisters, his other aunt who lived in the same proximity. He did notice differences between the two; one slight, (his godmother) and frail appearing (probably full of tics associated with her abstinent life style) and the other appearing more robust (big busted, without any noticeable tics). The differences in the ages of the sisters was the same as the difference between he and his godmother. Old enough to know better.

Geezzzz!, what a crazy (psychologically plausible) world! Is that literally true?

How much of this would have come to light if only the 'lower classes' (those of lower expectations) were the ones subjected to child abuse (mothers and fathers doing their sons and daughters [as they have throughout the ages?])? S.F.'s treatment of young female hysterics did not involve the lower classes, where one might tend to believe the unbridled is more rampant. But in the more socially conscious upper classes, if truth was to be known, there

was little difference, beyond the appearances of things. Fathers, uncles, mothers, aunts, outstanding, (or, is it upstanding?) members of the community, friends of the family, seduced (molested [abused] under aged children). Some of the abused or molested ended up being basket cases that needed help. In attempting to help the basket case, it was discovered that underlying root causes (suppressed subsidiary causes) were largely responsible for a breakdown in the 'psyche', which effected sometimes extreme uncontrollable behavior. Getting fondled, diddled, fucked by a parent, close relative, friend, or anyone, without one's consent, especially as a youngster, constituted abuse of a high order, in one man's way of thinking; that is, it was regarded, (and still is) as socially unacceptable practice (taboo, if you will). Margaret Meade might see it differently, if the social milieu found it an acceptable practice. But one of the things that has happened, with more advanced civilization (is that a HAH!?), has been an 'improvement' in certain mores. Pedophilia is not tolerated in any form. Improvement denotes the sacredness of the child. (By citing any of this, the author is not suggesting anything inappropriate either in dream or reality had taken place between the aunt and the nephew.) (Inappropriate thoughts are a given.) He hasn't a clue what happened with Oedipus and Hamlet.

Mucking with the truth has its rewards. The truth and nothing but the truth.

Yet another twist.

When the author's first partner played at attempting to take her own life by using the vacuum cleaner hose attached to the 67 Saab car exhaust, plumbed into the car's interior where she sat with the engine running, he got a dose of reality. She had planned to be rescued by calling her analyst as she was about to do this thing. The analyst in turn called the author that things were amiss, resulting in a hurried departure from the work place to the scene of the crime. He was in time to interrupt the process in progress. However, he was not in the mood for more of this precipitous action, insisting that the analyst do something to curb her patient. The analyst thought a period of confinement under watchful eyes was the way to go. This required an appearance, a hearing before a judge, involving commitment proceedings.

The judge was a lady of some repute. She listened to the pros and cons, also the admission of the author, when he stated most truthfully that things in his household had been turned topsy turvy since he revealed he had feelings for another woman. The judge responded to the honesty of the author, by, after the successful commitment proceeding, communicating to him,

outside of the hearing room, that ‘everything would be OK’, abruptly ending the unseemly conversation, and walking away, when others from the hearing room, appeared.

He would have liked to have hauled his pateras and his psychiatrist friend before that lady judge for a determination regarding this Oedipus and Jocasta thing. Brains in their pee-pees, the pricks! Toys.

How much more than feelings were at stake with this other woman? Truly it was ‘love’. What is that? The analyst thought it was about ‘sex’. ‘Sex’, in this application, is a dirty word used by a professional, as a scourge. Another analysis declaims against the first, insisting that love is the higher issuance in this case. Sex may be one of the end results of such inclinations as love, but it is not a end in itself. That was the truth in the matter. So doc, that is one red mark against you. Lousy guess work and shitty moralizing. Same goes for the old man and his friend. A little bit of analyzing goes a long way, especially when it aint the truth.

Please pass the truth! The greater denial.

Whatever relevance sexuality plays in love, Hollywood, and the profession of psychiatry, have had a field day exploiting certain aspects of the connection, with a lot less depth of understanding than might be supposed. Tempestuous squirming passes as true revelation of raw passion, that urge to procreate, sometimes construed as love. That’s Hollywood. In addition, Horrorwood provides triangles, cymbals, and drums, to enhance its caco(phony) of dissonant relevances. The analyst sees it as a manifestation of infantile preoccupations. Neither seems to know very much about anything. To quote another author: ‘The author cannot shed any more light upon the subject.’ Adam and Eve got caught in the crossfire, no way to avoid incest. Somebody told us the Omnipotent was so clever. How could this shit pass as truth? Right On, You Got That Right. Geeeezzzzz!

The ugly head of the monster of TRUTH appears to taunt, or perhaps frighten us. We had assumed truth to be a beautiful maiden, sought after, to gladden the heart, to illuminate and brighten the awful darkness.

Are truth and reality one and the same? Does a symbolic and archetypal ploy govern our every action? If this latter be true, is it intended that we succumb, or be forever consigned to misery?

Can one really deduce that the son and mother, the father and the daughter, are fated from birth to wreck the whole civilizational aegis, through their (somebody’s) utter wantonness? He asked, “Is nothing sacred?” “Does the Lord really move in mysterious ways?”

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We want to answer in the negative. From what we have learned of genetics, mostly through the old court intrigue, of marriages (liaisons) between closely linked lineages, that the result has often enough contravened the concept of survival of the fittest, we opine, 'Not Good', 'Not Good'. 'What kind of sick thing will be bred of a sick relationship?', we ask.

If dreams put us there, how can it be sick? Sick dreams, fella. You need a dose of morality. Moses left out something that perhaps the seventh in the Decalogue was supposed to address. Marry it or pay recompense. Yahweh failed to imagine that which was created in his image would invent a few travesties along the way in becoming what he is. A monster turned loose in Paradise. Get real!

Why all this dwelling on SEX? Because that's where it's at.

Oh sure!, there's ART. Art supposedly dwells on Beauty; Sex ain't beautiful; its merely pleasurable. They say one ought'n mix business with pleasure. How about ART? Well, by now, you all know what the pateras had to say regarding such things.

One depicts the object of his love for all to see, and be cheered thereby. The species is raised to a higher plateau. Nice try.

Pateras set the example. He fell for the sweet young thing; his friend's spouse. Although spouses of friends were always fair game, this one was a bit tainted. By depiction, the crippled friend was a skeleton fornicating with a beautiful object, his spouse. When the falling was all over, the bald-headed fellow (J.E.) opined it was like taking candy from a baby; you will find that reference in the appendix of the first afflatus in the manual of psychobabble.

When the principles had slaked their lust, growing weary of the watchfulness of the world, the pateras attempted to fob the beauteous object upon his son. The son wonders how that would play in the first afflatus. Like the other man said, "A stiff one has no conscience." Pateras got a skeleton painting, and a metal formed bust out of the deal. To his credit? A credit to sublimation? "Grist for the mill." is what pateras fed those who would listen.

Somewhere in all of this, ART was assumed to have surfaced.

Enough of that kind of truthful speculation? Confessions of St. Laius.

Science Fiction.

A question that occurred when the author was told by his spouse that they had landed a 'rover' on Mars (the God of War [do you suppose they were seeking the God so they could off 'it']?) Anyway, a couple of thoughts arose in the noodle of the old author. One, the first, "Where's the chicken?". The 'rover' is a radio controlled vehicle. Radio controlled vehicles are the product of



homo sapiens mechanistic doodlings (probably even before Leonardo). The author wondered upon their utility in real life, that is, beyond their entertainment value. He recalled his son (as an adult) playing with his radio controlled toy, chasing the chickens in the yard with his four wheeled contraption, that seemed to have a mind of its own (a chicken seeking device). It was most humorous, as the scattering chickens sought safety from something we all know to be true; 'The sky is falling, the sky is falling'. 'Where are the chickens?' seemed an adequate response to the 'rover' revelation.

The second thing that crossed the old noodle involved the shape of things. How come all the heavenly bodies are round (or spherical)? (Asteroids, comets, meteorites, etc. excepted).

A third question had already inserted itself into the equation. More of an assertion than a question, or a little bit of both. Who is paying for this rover and the chicken thing? The author means, how come they are squandering all that wherewithal on the impossible (Jump Mars)? He means; we ain't going anywhere. The author's spouse didn't see it that way; she didn't even see it as a distraction, or entertainment; but as an achievement. Katty Kay thought so too.

The author scowled on. 'Don't we have more pressing matters?' After all, they have been to the moon; (they haven't been back) they couldn't transport enough green cheese to pay for the trip. They settled for souvenirs; rocks in the volcanology archives; rather inedible, with no socially redeeming qualities; Geeeezzzz, inert! The taxpayer got stuck for that 'triumph' of competitive ideologies. Next, Icky (short for Icarus) will be flaxed off (short for, fly off with his wax wings) into the solar orb. One requires excess capital for these ventures; probably China will get that honor, putting other's conceits to shame. India beat China. The Euros beat them too.

*What is most valuable in man is his eternal and almost divine discontent, which is a kind of love without a beloved, and like the ache we feel in members of our body that we do not have. Man is the only being that misses what he has never had. And the whole of what we miss, without ever having had it, is never what we call happiness. ....man (is) the only being who is unhappy, for the very reason he needs to be happy. That is because he needs to be what he is not."*

That's what the philosopher told Catherine. A first approximation to the truth?

*"Reports that say that something hasn't happened are always interesting to me, because as we know, there are known knowns, there are things we know we know. We also know there are known*

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*unknowns; that is to say we know there are some things we do not know. But there are also unknown unknowns - the ones we don't know we don't know.*" Where have we heard that before?

Further amended, *"There's another way to phrase that and that is the absence of evidence is not the evidence of absence. It is basically saying the same thing in a different way. Simply because you do not have evidence that something does exist does not mean that you have evidence that it doesn't exist."* That's Donald (Duck[ing] {Quacking}). Rene Descartes propounded something similar, 'I think, therefore I am.' Quack. Quack.

Have you ever read such bullshit? This was being fed to the American People at a time when their government was very deliberately destroying their Constitution, and every decent tenet by which they lived.

Is your thirst for the truth slaked by these rebelaytions?

Who will have the last say?

In order for this thetical to be proposed, we need to have Al in there as our leader, instead of Sandra Day O'Conner, eat all, or was it Jeb and Katherine, eat all? (Substitute) Surrogate W., a born leader!

If Al had been in there, his intelligence gathering might have uncovered the conspiracy; that is, he might have paid attention to it, if his National Security Advisor had been anybody but a Chevron executive.

Getting off the subject again?

As of this writing, the killers from the W. administration are still at large. Their names continue to appear in the headlines. The author wants it to be known, that is, Louis W. Durchanek, wants it to be known that he wants to appear in the headlines condemning those killers, that he will not rest, and his heirs will not rest, until all the killers are brought to justice, and public ridicule. He strongly believes if we are too cowardly to set the example, then we all deserve their eventual fate; Ignominy, with pain!

Yes! Bitter words, without conscience, or remorse. If it was within the author's power they would be made to suffer, at long length, as he has been made to suffer with their dominance of his life. They set out to destroy the very Constitution that had made it possible for them to be where they were. These people are from an elite caste of corporation executives whose sole purpose in life was Gain, and to control the avenues toward that end. Dominance was the name of the game. These were not 'demos', conscionable

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citizens, from the street; they were usurpers and destroyers. And those who did not approve of them were 'terrorists'

How could a dorthy old man become a terrorist?

You may believe the author's taste somewhat affected when you read his dalliance with Oedipus; his dalliance with his mother; but could it be in any worse taste than these ones so described, with their dalliances? Somewhere it is opined that comparisons are odious.

Move it forward.

It started with the Phoenicians, as a 2 letter word, ending as a 6 letter word.

Fk, fuk, fuck, Fuuck, fucked!

In our, (as in 'we the people') search for the 'proverbial', we might discover the hypothetical, that is, the WTC thing might have happened, and it might not have happened, depending on how you construe your conspiracies.

Even if 911 did happen as conspired, it seems unlikely that Al would have charged off into EYEWRECK; only one person could be that dumb (or with that much vested interest).

But imagine it. Saddam still hangin' in thar. Halliburton broke. W. out to pasture (at SMU) instead of waddling in full regalia on the carrier deck spouting Mission Accomplished! (There's a Premie for yuh.) Sheeit!. 5,000 soldiers lives saved. Jessica Lynch, a nobody, 100,000 EyeWreckie lives saved. EyeWreck infrastructure still in tact; its national treasures preserved for posterity. Sheeit! And none of that crap from Rummy, or Asscrap, or Jesus Christ anyway, the garbagemouthed DICK, and his garbagemouthed protégé, W. And probably none of that Patriot Act Bullshit. And Usama, well who knows about USAMA?

Both the overvote and the undervote; its like when Gene Tierney smiled, her uppers showed clearly she had evolved. W. was a celebrity too; an asshole, par excellence. The butterfly ballot made it all possible, as well as all those felons who could not vote and all those blacks whose names sounded unethnically like somebody else, and, it has been suggested, dead people voted; and late absentee ballots. Christ, talk about a conspiracy abetted by Sandra Day O'Conner, who disallowed a hand job; only mechanized dildos are allowed (you got five minutes).

Can you insult a man any more than if you didn't call him (her) an asshole; especially when he (she) tried so hard to be one? If it is still possible, I maintain Sandra Day O'Conner was old enough to know better. She aided and abetted; that makes of her an asshole

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as well. Don't take it personal, Justice, it is 'limited to the present circumstances' only.

Some will say the whole process was flawed; that it was not a conspiracy, just a whole lot of honest mistakes.

Let me tell yuh, IRWRECK was not an honest mistake; it was a deliberate blunder passed off as plausible necessity shrouded in (con)s(p)ecrecy; yeah, yeah, made possible by Sandy. If there was a conspiracy, the SC was in on it; they owed the Baker something.

The conspiracy theory is not a single theory; it is a series of conspiracies within conspiracies. Where does one start? In Florida, perhaps, where W's brother was Governor, where the Secretary of State was a Republican Chairleader (later to be appropriately scandalized). And with the Supreme Court (needing to be scandalized – let me do it! Al wouldn't [country before revenge]). After that was the 129,000 ton SS Condoleezza Rice as the National Security Advisor (Don't know what a person has to do to get a ship named after them.) As NSA she had access to all the intelligence being generated by the various intelligence entities, which purportedly were not talking to each other; or jealously guarding what information they did possess. A conspiracy of ignorance? What does a corporation executive know about intelligence (or being an ambassador to a country he or she has never visited)? True equestrians (horse's asses).

Then there was NORAD.

There was Dick, Halliburton's man (probably others as well); and Dick's sidekick, Scooter.

The Bush connection to the house of Saud, Carlyle, etc. Money Talks! Listen up!

Conspiracy, honest mistakes, stoopid blunders; just plain ole greed; take your pick!

We became a nation of losers, yet again. Democracy finally went tits-up with the Patriot Act. Which states, you are a terrorist; since you are a terrorist, you ain't got a chance; that is, the dungeon, no charge, no representation, rot in hell (habitual corpse denied), and all that stuff (just for opening your mouth). If you imagined 1984 to be an unimaginable hell, mere child's play next to the Patriot Act. And don't forget those other guys (the monopolists) who are presented with a Get Out Of Jail Free pass. 1984 with a twist of something rancid; drink up folks.

Our current leader says plainly: 'Let me be clear, other nations engage in surveillance, so must we'. The justification appears on page 69 of the HR 3162. See how easy it is to get perverted, and once a pervert, to become habituated. The lame duck goes Quack, Quack, Quack. We, the peeps, fall in between the Quacks.

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Backquack O. Snowden, the 'traitor' let the cat out of the bag. Everybody has one!

Just because Usama is dead, does not infer that we get rid of the PA. Unh! Uh! Its very convenient to have turned all of the people into terrorists, and objects of surveillance. You can't jack off without somebody looking on. What are you going to do with a nation where everybody jacks off? Its like eating too many strawberries, or too much ice cream. Saturation and Satiation. What do we do for an encore? TERRORIZE! Terror works: the tyranny of terror works; the terror of tyranny works. The fear of the tyranny of terror works! Getting' it off.

Clean it up Durchanek!

It may seem like a lot of repetition and redundancy, but the question must be asked, 'What are we gonna do to get it back?'.

This is a mostly anticlimactic query.

If the process was inherently flawed from the beginning (that is riddled with self-interest); now that we know better, could we begin again with something different?

The pundits (those in the know, in control of the known knowns) tell us that those in power will not relinquish any part of what they have gained. That is to say, the corporations, and their government agents, are quite happy, thank you, without democracy. Corruption works better than democracy. Well, its not really corrupt, its just that slavery has returned with a better design, with a conveyor belt delivering into the maw, the corporate maw. The pundits call it slavery; simply because they recognize it for what it is. Corporations are indifferent to humanitarian distinctions. A slave is a beneficiary.

When ya got Orin Hatch mumblingly supporting Backtrack in a fast track Pacific Trade Deal you gotta suspect something is rotten in America.

This whole rant is purportedly involved in a search for the truth. The author will take the truth wherever he can find it.

Yes! It seems like a lot of assertions. Perhaps so.

You wanna believe in something better, or the possibility of something better, as things get worse and worse. That's human nature; one part of human nature. There are those who already have things the way they want them; that is also part of human nature.

It is opined the edifice is so huge and so strong, metaphorically, that you cannot destroy it; that a million WTCs leveled wouldn't



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affect the outcome. The Corporations have all they need in vaults stored in so many places off shore; they even have title, incontrovertibly, to the barren landscape (like Silverstein after 9/11). You have to get your hands on the deeds, otherwise you have gained nothing by leveling it all. Question: What are all those elitists going to do after they knock off all those beneficiaries? Can you picture them doing it in the dirt?

Since our thoughts clearly demonstrate that we are terrorists, we might as well do what needs to be done. Although it is said you can't do anything about human nature, you can at least go with the flow; that is, execute the monopolists, and their minions; break into their vaults, destroying the evidence. They say you can't fight City hall, but you can crap on the front steps. They send out the bomb squad to clean up the mess.

Start again with the same old protoplasm. Imagine it, a leveled playing field. Dig in folks. Break 'new' ground. Plant the seeds of equality, fairness, and justice. Carefully tend them with democratic principles; and for the damned sake, observe the Golden Rule in all things. Anything that even smells of corruption (weeds), off 'em! No more betrayals, ever. Post a guard (Bugger Off!), vigilance at every doorway.

We know how one tires of hearing only the bad things upon which the author seems to dwell. Its like taking a dose of castor oil without a chaser. That's why there are so many cynical, jocular, sardonic, asides.

We need to recognize these bad things, and we need to deal with them. When the author proposes offing the weeds, he is only meeting the intolerable situation head on. Perhaps it is terroristic to so propose. But if everybody ganged up on the weeds, they would cease. One person, or two people, a dozen people a hundred people doing it is not sufficient; everybody needs to do it, NOW!

You can't let the bastards turn you into a second class citizen. Like we used say in the machine shop, *E. pluribus carborundum*.

Don't let the dirty bastards grind you down.

"A republic, madam, if you can keep it" (BF forefather).

How those fine words, and many like them, seem so hollow now. Perhaps not so hollow, as ineffectual. Right, Gerry?

When the bad guys use words, it is to frighten us, to intimidate us. They throw Homeland Security into our faces.

Our representatives created the PA because they didn't know any better. It has become obvious they didn't. They swallowed all the bull from SOBs at the helm; 'Right Full Rudder!'

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The SOBs at the helm didn't know any better either. It was an opportunity to turn the world upside down. The chief asshole said it loud and clear. "There ought to be limits to freedom". Right Full Rudder! That's 2 Right Full Rudders (steaming in a circle).

The author wants to limit that asshole's freedom. Like put him in the pillory; throw rotten eggs at him all day long. Let his thingie hang out thar for all to see; humiliate the fucker, then really start in on him, like they did in Abu Ghraib. Sound cruel and unusual? Certainly no worse than the hunert n' fitty too he Ok'ed for the gallows while guv of that state, where, as CIC he off'ed 5000 sojers n' 100,000 Iwreckies. Nothing compared to what the author had to endure from January 20, 2001 to January 20, 2009. The author wants that fucker to stay in the pillory forever, without parole. For Not Knowing Any Better?

Let the author make it perfectly clear, you have to start somewhere to make leaders accountable. They don't just get to wield a big stick, then march off the stage with impunity.

If Sandy had had any brains she would have realized that something was rotten in Florida, that the 'ubiquitous' Baker III was using her the way politicians use every one everywhere. She had the floor and the stage all within her grasp, and so much was at stake (the Union). Since she was ruling against the State of Florida, and since so much was suspect (corrupted) in that State, either intentionally or inadvertently (through stupidity), she could have admonished them, even though it had nothing to do with the suit brought before the court. Obviously the wrong suit was being played, full of trump cards to boot. Hurricane Sandy chose to sweep Al off'n his feet.

Crying over spilt milk? A lot more than milk was spilt. Sandy threw away a chance to be the greatest jurist ever. If she had voted to allow the recount to continue, as had the Florida Supreme Court, while doing so, since there were so many other irregularities, real or imagined, resulting in disenfranchised voters, she could have encouraged the state of Florida to order a new election along guidelines already setup, ordinary common sense procedures adopted for conducting fair elections. These would include clear choice ballots (no chads or dimples), proper screening for qualified voters, that is, where one lives, and verification of identity. No arbitrary striking from the rolls because one is a suspected felon, or because one's name is nearly the same as a felon's. Absentee ballots must be properly postmarked, or otherwise authenticated for compliance with time limits. In addition, neutral poll booth monitoring should be made available for those confused by the mechanics of the ballot, otherwise written ballots should be supplied. AND a name attached to the

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ballot in order to clear up any ambiguities (in order to assure the voter's intent was registered.)

Because we didn't do this, we join Russia, Zimbabwe, Iran, Kenya, Cambodia, Ghana, Egypt, Pakistan, Mexico, and others, in shunning democratic principles; we tear down the walls, turning ourselves into pinpricks. Florida isn't the only state that has wrinkles in its election fabric. Others: Ohio, Iowa, Arizona, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, North Carolina, Missouri.

Why is anyone afraid of the vote?

No, BF didn't tell the lady how to keep it.

You gotta storm the walls of the edifice, everybody at once.

Even with their enormous arsenals, there are more of us (we the people) than them (the gobbleizers, manipulators, usurpers and absconders).

You can try the non-violent means, like passive resistance, or boycotting, even hunger strikes, you can stand in front of the tanks. No matter how you do it, you gotta do it together; you can't let them pick you off one at a time. The end result may be the same, but if you all act together you will do a lotta damage; maybe even succeed. When all the plebes are dead, cluttering the landscape with rotting corpses, that leaves only the Corporation Executives, the cops and the militia to deal with the results. If the cops and the militia would reflect for only a moment, they would realize that with everybody else hypothetically dead, who's gonna be the slaves in the New World Order; who's gonna clean the latrine?

What is happening in Syria gives one a pretty good idea of what to expect if you do it piecemeal, with factional disputes giving the advantage to Assad (with a lotta help from Vlady).

Al said, 'At this point, if I win, I still lose'. It was implied that he would be discredited. Being discredited didn't phase W.; he was impervious. If Sandy had done the right thing, neither would have been discredited.

If Assad wins, he will be discredited, and hated. He will not be able to appear in public, neither will his wife and children; all will become targets (Muslim vengeance can be dreadful). Perhaps he too will be impervious; or he may simply be righteous; he did what had to be done in a very different world, the Muslim world. Power belongs to those who can keep it. Obviously that is not what BF meant. Assad is not interested in what BF thought. It is not any longer a matter of import what Assad thinks; he has paved the way for his own end. All tyrants earn their just due.

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The shoe needs to drop on the tyrant, W.

Mr. D., you seem to be old enough to know better. Its all over; the damage has been done. Its within the power of mankind to ruin many projects. This is just one of many. Face, it, they got away with it. Why not move on, since there isn't anything you can do to change things? You already know or suspect that 'Justice in the interest of the stronger'. If you truly want justice, you will need to become the stronger; they ain't gonna let that happen.

There are no New Frontiers. This is it. The New World Order. By annihilating democracy (selling out to the capitalists [corporations]), it has weeded out the greatest threat to it. All those accustomed to living by 'democratic' principles, albeit, within a very limited scope filling the interstices amongst the laws designed to protect them, are now considered terrorists.

You have already recognized that the system was flawed from the beginning. However felt or designed, with whatever motivation, democracy was something forced upon mankind. Yes many, perhaps most, welcomed it, but many did not. Those who did not were those with a vested interest in something else; and they were the ones most likely to be in power. One equates power with a wealth that was acquired through both legitimate means, and greed. As you know greed is one of the deadly sins; for good reason. But the power gained through this means was not content with its gains. It felt it was entitled to complete control, or to put it another way, it felt threatened by the legal means invented to make them share their gains, in the form of taxes proportional to their wealth. The tax was intended to pay the bills incurred by government, and to aid the indigent masses in their needs, so identified as a safety net; by doing the latter, it was intended to assure for a healthy community. Besides, it was the Christian thing to do.

But the howl arose from the wealthy: I am not my brother's keeper. God helps those who help themselves. The wealthy persuaded government that, as people sought gainful employment, the wealth would trickle down to the masses; that the private sector, instead of the government, would provide sufficient means.

Government is made up of individuals who owe their jobs to the wealthy who have supported them in their pursuit of cushy officialdom. These ones find it very difficult not to be influenced by the desires of their patrons. Over time the system has become so eroded by vested interests, that it no longer viable as an implementer of fairness, equity and justice.

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Government manipulated by corporations and tyrants is in the vogue, achieved through a series of usurpations, as well as legislative fiats, brought about by very narrow controlling interests.

Do you suppose by repeating this ranting over and over, that you will eventually get it right, and that mankind will finally get the message?

One has hopes (those fairies that slip in between the evils).

The author realizes that fine speeches are the easy part. Perhaps one can retire after giving them, feeling he has done his part. It is better than doing nothing. Fortunately, if one has the means, one may still find some places where he can hide, that is, avoid becoming a participant in his own disenfranchisement. Not on the commons. One must never get in arrears with the government, lest he suffer the fate of Randy Weaver. One could become an itinerant, living in a motorized home, pedaling poems, or eulogies to the better life. One could even live in a canoe. Eventually, some highwayman, or thrill-seeker; or maybe some local official, enforcing a local ordinance, will end it all for you; it is inevitable (ask Vickie Singer).

Is one safer staying home with the blinds drawn, assuming one has a home? Suppose one does not have a home, but is on the road anyway, as an itinerant vagrant. If one does have a home with the blinds drawn, will he not become suspected by the thought police (those who enforce the provisions of the Patriot Act dealing with 'conspiracy' to violate the homeland, trashing the 4<sup>th</sup> Amendment, allowing them entry into the safe private space of the individual)?

You see how it is. When they get you to thinking this way, they've got you where they want you.

It is only through unified action, even though one hesitates to use the term, it is through 'revolution', in order to remove those who enforce the New World Order, that generic mankind can reclaim what is rightfully theirs. Yes it seems radical, and is radical, however necessary. But it must be a unified action. The Ted Kaczynski's, the Timothy McVeigh's have been easy targets for the Retibutionists, also a lesson to us all that we must act together. Care must be taken to avoid detection of conspiring to overthrow the New World Order. Spontaneous revolution seems impossible, given that so many are intimidated. Use smoke signals; avoid the Internet. Even though it is your inalienable right; denial with a big stick comes first.

This cynic has been broken on the wrack of elusive truths, piccadored by the many pike thrusts upon his credulity, and



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finally nearly garroted by all those desirous of shutting him down, that now he barely manages to dare to persevere. It's a sorrowful lamentation. Despite this seemingly dubious resignation, he maintains a belief that the truth will prevail, and in doing so, will yet awaken in those so disposed to awakening, a commitment to serve her unstintingly; perhaps without any cynical outbursts characteristic of this lonely and despised author.

The author has not been completely faithful to his opus. He has whiled away at other writings, meanwhile entering the lists at 80 (eighty). Still he holds off from a public exposure, even though he has contemplated such a venture for some time. He has even signed up for a couple of internet domains, as well as a host. If his foolhardiness exceeds his courage or caution, he may soon appear in PDF fashion via GoDaddy where Truth will become a search engine, if not a study in paranoia, or schizophrenia; and a source of amusement.

A rather round presence when he appeared, disembarking from one of his three limos. He spoke of truth. Hmn: inconvenient truth. Perhaps Sandy could see this coming; she voted agin the hypocrisy she sensed. But Sandy shoulda foreseen what would happen to the balanced budget, and surpluses gained by the Clinton Administration. Sandy knew that W., as guv of tex, had bankrupted the state. The Justice could be heard to mutter, bankruptcy is better than hypocrisy.

Of course it was too much to ask of the only somewhat prescient Justice to envision the 'bubble' that would come into being during a permissive period in our accounting and accountability. When you conduct a war to feed Halliburton, the opportunists take notice.

Hindsight has a way of making a lot of things seem absurd. Sometimes foresight produces the same result.

By now you must realize that the author is not privy to collusions and conspiracies, abscondings and usurpations; all he got, he got from the Commons; ignorance and paranoia.

Mr. D., why all this truck with the truth? It seems that all this rendering accomplishes, is to spoil the effect. So things are not to your liking. And so you know that certain things are inevitable.

Not all, mind you, not all; as will be foretold in the first afflatus.

Whadda we gonna do for an encore.

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Another bomb, Breaking News!, for the fourth estate to exploit in order to raise their ratings, to sell copy, and to promote shit to shinola.

Somebody please say something nice.

Doubtlessly you have noticed, a lotta of this media promoted alphabet soup has amounted to a running commentary upon bombs and guns, or strife; and a lotta hurt.

A reasonable person becomes more than frustrated when attempting to argue for a different way of doing things. Those who do the bad things rationalize (make self-satisfying, but incorrect reasons for one's behavior, i.e. plausible deniability; justification without legality; temporizing; disinformation; whatever works).

'Deconflicting' is bandied about, as is collateral damage, preemptive strike, material breach, ethnic rights.

We hear it argued that people kill people; that guns do not kill people. Its not guns, but bullets.; its not bullets; its lead. Its not lead, its one's lack of immunity to lead.

North Korea's Ping Pong, celebrating his nation's seventieth anniversary of tyranny, is proclaiming that he is prepared to take on the US of A. That bellicosity is offered as a complimentary issuance while Vladdy is 'supporting' his only ally, Bashwar, and the US of A is airstriking in Iwreck, Scaryer, and Afgunistunned, as well as popping off here and there, with deadly force, at home. The Israelis and Palestinians are at it again, countless Islamicysts are attacking on all fronts (Syria, Iraq, Turkey, Nigeria, Chad, Ethiopia, Kenya, Libya, Egypt, Yemen, Saudi Arabia, with Toyotas, RPGs, Antitankers, strap-ons, barrel bombs, back-packs bombs. While NK is bellicosing, Iran is publicly launching friendly ICBMs. Let's not forget what the pit bull is doing in the UKcrane, \*now Scaryer, during all these other conflicting elbowings.

In the South China Sea, somebody is getting tough. It was thought during the days of SEATO that the yellow peril was a real threat if you got into a domino game. Just wait long enough and somebody is going to get tough. The domino game is played with house rules only. If you are daring and big enough you will challenge the house rules. Japan is next. Tibet is a foregone conclusion. Mongolia waits in the wings. Southeast Asia has experienced the trafficking of its women. Pretty fucking brutal. And nobody is there to stop them! Metastasis.

Who the begeezzuzz is stupid enough to invade China? What is there that anyone would want? Its not what you want; its what you get. 1.3 billion is lot to deal with. Wall them in.

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By all means, DECONFLICT!

As all rants go, this too, needs to end.

As a parting shot on the subject of deconfliction.

The woman (or Person of the year, according to TIME) was Angela Merkel. She finally joined the coalition against ISIS. Even the Ruskies (after one of their civilian airlines was bombed to bits) are considering shifting their support of Bashwar to targeting ISIS. All are becoming severely tested, not just because of the terrorism aspect, but also, because the refugee thing has grown so pervasive. GB, France, USA, Germany, (others in the EU) some Arab States, maybe even Bashwar, are uniting in the fight against ISIS. That's the NEWS, however factual or inifactual, and how deconflicting that may seem. The author is awaiting a beaming smile from Katty Kay. as she announces a cease fire in Syria, and a promise by all to subdue ISIS.

This does not mitigate the task posed to the US Government: to clean its house, now and forever.

Oh!, by the way. We shouldda been more on the ball (vigilant) after the S & L fiasco. We The People got caught napping again, with the 'bubble'. I can see those faces; one remembers Keating going to the hoosegow. But the others, Paulson, Rubin, Greenspan, Summers, Bernicke, Others in the Federal Reserve, Bank Executives, Goldman Sachs Executives, and their apologist economists, setting at the Ivy League Roundtable; all these guys got a fat bonus for working the system. They didn't even hafta go to the hoosegow. Then there's the little guy on the bottom, underneath the Tower, imprisoned, slogging, in the muck and mire.

Plato was full of ..it; Justice **Is** In The Interest Of The Stronger.

'Justice' is not even part of the equation.

The money changers were chased from the 'temple'. But they kept coming back to finesse the Son Of God. Mankind raped, pillaged, bludgeoned, crucified, other mankind, and abandoned them to the dark alleys, and byways, of a corrupt civilization.

All Sophocles had to worry about was mommy, daddy, and baby make three.

Mommy deserves a medal.

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# *Paradise*

