

## *The Assumption Of The Cynic or, The Abdication Of The Citizen.*

After some difficulty with using the computer as a quill, hence losing the inspired entry for today, he begins again.

While the author hasn't anything new to offer, he does continue as though, if he keeps at it, something will occur to him.

He had been speculating upon the consequentiality of using the word as a means of communicating that which cannot be communicated, or, if communicable, very much like a disease, to be avoided.

Self-deprecation so early in the day? Whatever works. One word follows the other.

His parents begat him without any real consciousness of what they were doing. Their remembrances of the event seemed jaded by the intervening years. Then they left the premises.

Lately he has been laboring under the delusion of 'plausible deceptions' That is, he has been writing about them, and he does not seem to be able to move on.

Its an important subject because it may be perceived as the key to our drug problems.

A drug is something ingested or injected into the body to produce a state of being, different, and more exhilarating than that which we are forced to endure as part of being a dutiful and acquiescent member of society; or the social transience that evolves from all the notions with regard to the presence and purpose of our redundancy. That's quite a mouthful, but somehow relevant. Drugs do help us to forget.

Organized mayhem. Another way of regarding 'plausible deceptions'.

He has been told repeatedly that his expectations are out of sync(chrony) with reality. That is, reality is mired unalterably in certain predictable arrangements that need to be understood before they can be endured. There are approximately 7,000,000,000 interpretations of what it is any one individual is destined to do, qualified by those who find it in themselves to pass judgment on what it is we are doing.

One of his ongoing expectations is that the computer manufacturer will be calling him in an attempt to sell him a service contract at a discount if he buys right away; his expectations are never defeated in this area of promulgation of intersocial involition. This is otherwise an unsolicited violation of his volition.

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One must always be aware of the ineluctability of the effect of transience. (things often change so rapidly that we are unable to adjust). Often it is intended that events outstrip our ability to understand and cope with their intrusions.

Ortega Y Gasset observed the monkey in the cage as being constantly alert and agitated. In our jail of plausible deceptions, we behave similarly; at least the author is agitated.

He has contributed to the mayhem in the same unconscious manner as his parents. One wants to phrase it as a terminal redundancy. He is certain there are people who feel they are needed; he means they were voted the most likely to succeed; they feel some obligation. He was not, so he does not feel any obligation. He has been free to assign any meaning he wants to this sidetrip.

The most likely to succeed with the notions of 'plausible deception'. He does not wish to wear out the welcome (the reiteration of the phrase 'plausible deception'), but the shoe does fit, so he wears it.

He realizes he has never been an upholder of the status quo verities. He does not seem to have any particular reverence for the flag for which it stands. Maybe its because the flag is always being shoved in his face at inappropriate times. The flag is quite worn out by those who promote it. He recalls all the businesses that placed the flag decal on their place of business with the United We Stand Divided We Fall stuff. The Buy American thing never caught on with the corporations who were into cheap foreign labor. He understands that Nike puts its logo on condoms to complete the outfit. All Made Outside Of America. Its a Global Economy with all of its inborn hypocrisy.

Those who wave the flag with the most self-righteous vigor are the same ones who want to tear up the Constitution because it is inconvenient. Even those who do not wave it with all that vigor are also inconvenienced. Its kind of like the Golden Rule, inconvenient at times.

There is nothing in the Constitution that says Buy American.

There is no antidote to consumerism; bankruptcy is the closest we will come. If we go bankrupt, borrowing to Buy Foreign, we have proven that consumerism sucks; and that the global is a crock.

The author has stated repeatedly that we are conned into living on credit, for a whole pile of shoddy stuff that we do not need, or will ever need. We have been flummoxed and duped. How's that grab you? Do it to them before they do it to you. Sound familiar?

So we need to outgrow this status quo. Regrow the status quo. Jump over the status quo. You know, like growing. You have heard the expression 'He's a grower'. He is also a jumper. He both grows

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and jump starts the economy to within a 'pinprick' (to quote the Osabama). He would attempt to do these things whether he was located in Columbia, Mexico or the U S of A. Let it wave. He's a bastion. He's growing and jumping in leaps and bounds. Boundless energy.

Now that the author has proposed such laudable behavior, let us return to other plausible deceptions.

Hence, *The Assumption of the Cynic*, or, *The Abdication of the Citizen*.

It has been foretold that 'going overseas' enhances the global economy. Besides donning logos on condoms, it fleshes out the bank account; that is, moving forward beyond a pinprick. It is also a convenient way to do business; low labor costs, no SS to pay, no health benefits to pay, no pension to pay, no taxes; holy shit, only money to be made, moving forward with a huge jump.

Convenience is the name of the game; its like the Golden Rule with its double standard: Do unto others as you would be done by, and Do unto others before they do unto you. Ayn Rand and Alan worked that one out; its just good economics; Freidman will assure you. Michael Harrington thought differently.

You would think the lack of equality would turn us all into cynics. But inequality is a natural phenomenon. One could become cynical concerning mother nature. Since mother nature is indifferent (such an observation is so apparent to the author), he believes no further elaboration is required. Of course, if one wished to personalize mother nature, he might deduce that it was convenient for mn to be as indifferent as she seems.

So inequality must stand, must be recognized for what it is. It is not personal! It does not require cynicism to assure its place in the affairs of homo sapiens.

Inequality is OK so long as one is unaware that it exists. It's the awareness that brings on troubles.

While it might be true that most inequality may be judged superficial, that too is a matter of convenience. In superficiality, we fester (foster) a larger area of discontentment, whether or not mn is the (blameworthy) culprit.

"Under The Law"

SAW BONES

Dominion.

THE LEAST

Ortega Y Gasset intimated in the *Revolt Of The Masses* the human contingent, as a whole, had moved upwards a notch.

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Counterpoised to his descent from the Apes as clearly manifested in his hierarchies, the hominid thing had achieved an altered status with the overthrow of his Aristocracy. The ..er.. playing field is, was, has, had, will become more level. Not less bumpy, however.

Sigmund Freud wrote of 'aim-inhibited' instincts and Repression, but could not posit an Instinct to Morality. To us this may mean that Right and Wrong appear clearly as identifiable demands from the outside (Moses Tough Stuff). Because we have a desire to be loved, love being intimately (and unfortunately) entwined in a social ethic, we yield (compromise) something in order to satisfy (gain) something else. However, Fear of Punishment might be construed less of an incentive to morality than Loss (or withdrawal) of Love. (From the Annotated Golden Rule).

E. M. Cioran laments the over-civilized. Mount Olympus is overcrowded. He sees vitality in madness.

Susan S. opines Cioran perceives revolutions against the Status Quo in the name of justice and equality as a kind of childish fanaticism.

Building an empire on B.S. is just as worthless.

Playtoe argues "Justice is in the interest of the stronger".

Sigmund Freud: "We are threatened with suffering from three directions: from our body, which is doomed to decay and dissolution and which cannot even do without pain and anxiety as warning signals; from the external world, which may rage against us with overwhelming and merciless forces of destruction; and finally from our relations to other men. The suffering which comes from this last source is perhaps more painful to us than any other. We tend to regard it as a kind of gratuitous addition, although it cannot be any less fatefully inevitable than the suffering which comes from elsewhere".

Herman Melville, in *Billy Budd, Foretopman*, exposed us to moral and ethical considerations which we might rightly ponder in perpetuity; and doubtlessly shall. Dismissing all 'extenuating circumstances' one is faced with a *fait accompli* to which he may apply more than one consideration - but it is one individual, Captain Vere, who decides. (There is no question in my mind what Claggart deserved, all morality aside. (Without moralizing, cruelty is something not to be tolerated.) Often those in a position of power waive sympathies in favor of reinforcing their vested interest - an act of cowardice, augmented by certain extra powers inherent to a somewhat hide-bound ship's captain. A Hearty, innocent of the implications of any of the forms of morality applied to him, Billy becomes an antithesis to all assumptions familiar to our

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civilizational aegis. The author feels confident Herman did not intend this to be a set-piece of stupidity, even though such was the inevitable result. Anybody in power can write his own rules.

Gordius Excalibur contemplates John Cage, who figures its futile to wish to live in another time; 'Now is It'. So, for Knotheads to declare the 20th Century is irrelevant just conjures one as a madman (however vital). To have lived in this age does not constitute an 'error'; neither would suicide be construed as an 'error'. Even dropping the ball (or bomb) would not be construed as an 'error'. So we will be permitted to play in order to accumulate as many 'error's as possible. The antithesis to perfection. The pen got stuck in the inkwell, so we missed our chance at revelation (and relevance). In the author's view no one in his right mind could supply a rhetorical antiemetic strong enough to stomach this transience.

Louis D(urchanek) demands the cessation of The Dominion of The One Man Over The Other. He also condemns any 'System' or Social Contract that does not account the Least, and deems any 'System or Social Contract that does not so account, a Failure. An 'Error'!

Neatsshe exclaims: "Live Dangerously"

G.W.F. Haygull, looking backwards (Lotlike) "...The first thing we see is nothing but ruins". Bruegel saw it too.

Louis The Koop Pasteur General says "AIDS is the natural outcome of illicit microbiologizing" "Neutralize The Buggers with Condoms and Sterilize your Needles". While on one of his recuperative walks the author had discovered where some casual prophylacticer had abandoned his jissom-filled lamb-skin along the roadside in our fair Park. Is that O.K. Koop? What the hell are you s'posta do with those filthy things when its over? Anyway?

Non Chalance: Given over to levity and irrelevance.

Non Chalance: Most of History is Bullshit; endless temporizing.

Non Chalance: The word 'Exclusive' ought be struck from the scrolls.

Louie asks, "What's the difference between a Failure and an 'Error'?"

Anybody who believes living in the past (as a general sort of escape to a less complex time) ought to read The Fatal Shore. Although we may appear Anti-Utopian, given certain practical considerations, have we not elevated ourselves above such malevolence, as a function of Government? Individual malevolence remains a problematic extension of individuality. Of course Governments (even democratic ones) do maintain Hit Squads.

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Lobotomies may offer an alternative. We live within our own Fatalities!

Pinpointing oneself in time and space; there's the challenge, as always. Yesterday is proven irrelevance, even as a dubious lesson; what lurks is the 'error' of now; and the impossible devoid future.

Time is a continuum to which one is briefly attached; like a rope-tow up the mountain side. Unlike what really happens when your entry and exit become events beyond your control, the rope tow allows some freedom of choice. Rope Tows are a recent invention, unlike sawbones.

Sisyphus might have appreciated the lift.

This is the year 1956 after Jasus was bled to death upon the mystic Centre of the cosmos (impaled upon the sword wielded against the Man-Eating Monster) (even more gruesomely portrayed than Mathis Nithardt Gothardt [Mathias Grunewald]) (in other words, no saccharine shit this time). Others would note the date as 1989, in the Year of Bush. The author might refer the date as 13 After Ludvik.

It is also the year of the Insect and the Beeper; or that of the Helicopter, and the OSHA-directed Machine; predominantly an Urban phenomenon (the tyranny of numbers); or the year of Enraging Annoyances (because the author cannot escape them easily [unless subsumed in the Noise of a Storm]). He had informed the Keeper of the Beepers the sound intended to warn IDIOTS (an IDIOT is a [person?] OSHA deems offended when maimed by a piece of machinery) that did not adequately warn the maimed of its presence (and therefore is eligible to sue the owner[s] of the machine), that he was over-warned, or prematurely warned. The managers of the Beeper lip-serviced their way to neighborliness, but after taking a gander at the author's whiskers perceived him as a crank, therefore persisted unabated in their OSHA IDIOT BEEPING (over-civilized). The IDIOT part is not relevant, lest it be construed the author is the IDIOT who must listen to the beeper some 3/4 mile distant within the walls of his home. Who said justice is not in the interest of the stronger? They failed to mention that justice is also in the hands of the IDIOTS.

It is also the Year of the Drug Czar whose knowledge of drugs consists in his habit of smoking two packs a day; his alcoholic proclivities unknown. A dog with large teeth (A PIT BULL) after a quarry. Formerly a Dog HEWER of the 3 R's. From whence doth these canines appear? Of course this is not relevant.

To someone who will arrive later, 1000 more times the revolution of Gaea about the EYE (2989), practicing the Non-

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existence of Yesterday will have become a finely honed skill. Thus it matters not when one might pinpoint himself in a continuum, which will inevitably eclipse him as generation overlays generation, thus easily verifying his inconsequentiality (like pitching headlong from a chairlift into twenty feet of snow). He should have used the rope tow (Moralizing).

So it is the author has come to label this the Year of the Physician (Hospital interchangeably), or the Year of the Son's Marital Rupture (The year he ceased officially to be a grandparent, reduced in number by two [those children residing with the mother {of course} and her parents {of course}], and became as well, through The Daughter's insistence, a grandparent, increased in number by one) (or  $2 + 1 = 3 - 2 = 1$ ). I suppose one could initiate another of those hopeless causes involving grandparents rights (after all, why should a child bearing the name of Durchanek be exposed only to a Born Again Theology [mentality]?). (Every one-out-of-three is Born Again - Shucks!) (Better luck next time.) Damned Bible-Thumpers!

This is also the year of many other momentous happenings: The Year the author learned he would receive \$520.00 per month from the Social Security Administration if and when he decided to retire at the age of 62 (he had already left the workplace at 47), and if he was bold enough and found reason enough to live until age 65, holding out therefore, he would receive \$645.00 per month; and get this, if he wait until he reached a venerable age of 70, he would max out at \$825.00 per month. He scribbles this at 56, his father died short of 74, his mother lives at 88; brother lives at 55. Mother receives approx. \$820.00 per month from the Soc.Sec.Ad. Literature Sucks - 62 is it. One cannot do an end-run around the critics who are well schooled in the use of language, but have very little more to say than to perpetuate certain affected tastes. No Help! Yore on yer own. He cashed in his pension in order to purchase a piece of Shangri La, only La La La is an expensive place located in another NATION that living on \$520.00 a month will not cover; HA HA HA. If he dont live; he dont get nothin'.

At 87, at 5 O'Clock in the morning, mother achingly dialed 911. The pain had been intense. It arose agonizingly four days after her colonoscopy physician had said he wouldn't need to see her for another three or four years; he had given her lower tract a clean bill of health. After a day and a half in the hospital 'they' discovered, finally, her appendix had burst. We had visited her in the hospital while the cursory diagnosis had been diverticulitis, or diverticulosis (in lieu of the possible puncture of a bowel resulting from the colonoscopy; since x-rays revealed no air in the

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peritoneum, the subsequent diagnosis excluded a puncture as well as a burst). Something persisted in causing a pain which was partially relieved through sedation; the world was on Hold, awaiting something more definitive. For the lack of something more definitive, with a sedated miserable creature waving away the presence of well-meaning visitors, we elected to cross-country ski (the author's first brave foray upon his right leg which he had nearly squashed between a log and a rock the previous autumn [swelling like a Bulgarian weightlifter on steroids]).

Returning from an exhilarating time in the snowy wood to learn of mother's operation for the burst appendix. Of course, in our absence, all the principals were attempting to locate us. We arrived to hear, given her age, she had only a very small chance to survive. She endured after eleven days in the Hospital, two weeks of initial recuperation in our household, which she was most anxious to leave for her own quarters, for her own reasons; and months of determined effort, mostly on her own. The colonoscopy physician, despite his reassuring statement, made daily appearances at her bedside, somewhat unsure of the connection between his procedure and her condition. He would argue against cause and effect to preserve his ego (or professional standing) - but correlation he could not argue against; correlation arguably is not easily dismissed. Needless, the colonoscopy physician was concerned. Is there a correlation between concern and culpability?

During the interval encompassing mother's recovery, the author's spouse, who had been perorating him for some time to 'get a check-up', arranged an appointment for him to see a new physician, also her new physician, and mother's of some three years standing. Pursuant to her wishes he became the object of much testing by a cardiological physician at the recommendation of this new medical entity.

Hjs heart beat diversely. That pump hitched to the rope tow revealed itself to be in want of perfection, lacking thereof. Non-invasive studies (EKG, Treadmill EKG, Echo Doppler, and Holter Monitor) revealed something that bears watching. Whereas he was told he could keep up with most of the world, he should return in one year in order to learn if such were still the case, and more often on a regular basis, if he should note shortness of breath, dizziness, or PAIN. The Sawbones will hold his hand as he enters the portals of Hell.

The Heart Physician informed him in twenty years, man will be constructed of half-plastic (perhaps bloodless as well, i.e. filled with a blood substitute).

The most alarming part of this whole probing involvement was not the physical revelations (after all, we are only human), but the



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depressing tally of cost, which, if he had not been covered by his spouses' insurance benefits, would have discovered him with far more lacks externally than internally, and would have precluded any involvement whatever, lest the healthier parts of his corpus be divided amongst those most financially able to bid upon their functional utility (you might easily grasp why he complains about those excluded, as we practice our Near-vengeful Inequalities). Fortunately mother carried private insurance which costs her \$65.00 per month (and rising rapidly); (in addition to government insurance for which she pays a premium for very little coverage) Her appendectomectic Hospitalization had cost \$11,000.00. Congress continues to dodge the HEALTH issue - MONGRELS!

The author is on the cholesterol bandwagon, so he's plugged into the "see the doctor" for regular blood samples. Oat Bran is weathering some mystical storm; someone has discovered the Chicago Futures Market persuaded a group of susceptible Cholesterol Doctors to promote the stuff as a binder of intestinal cholesterol. The net effect resulted in the rise in cost to the consumer from something in the neighborhood of \$.80 a pound to something like \$5.00 a pound. Is that really getting rid of the fat? Perhaps in a few middle class guts, if it really does that much good; but surely has added to the fat wallets of the Caveat Emptiers. The Heartbeat of America is suffering a Coronary - and those forced to eat Hot Dogs can go suck. ARMOUR!, ARMOUR!, my love. (More Later)

Its not over. As he Word Processes this tale, he is scheduled for a laminectomy after seeing the sawbones again. He accidentally allowed himself to be squashed by a heavy weight; which has once again fallen upon his spouses' Insurer, as well as herniate a disc (not the Insurer; the author's). Its one of those policies that contain deductibles, and pays eighty per cent of this and that, and most everything else, which means its all still costing us plenty, since these guys don't come cheap (being only human). If we didn't have insurance, the author would have to face the prospect of being a cripple when he started collecting the \$520 a month. There is no guarantee he will not be a cripple, but he's gotta go through this thing on the better than off-chance he will come out of it better than he is at present, which is, as one Lasquetian Pig Farmer has often exclaimed, "useless as teats (tits) on a boar". Besides he's gotta be good enough for his next scheduled Treadmill EKG. Of what a treadmill if not treaded?

Later.

He seems to have survived the lumbar laminectomy, but remains rather hobbled with a leg that painfully does not function properly. The high point of the whole hospital experience was the

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surprise visit by his daughter-in-law with whom he had desired to make some personal contact ever since she married his son five years ago. Unfortunately it comes at a time when they have been seriously considering going their separate ways. Her father opines because the son has come from a broken home, he is doomed to become another statistic (that is, remain a statistic). Once a guy gets you in Hell he likes to keep you there, especially if he happens to believe his daughter married the wrong statistic. His own daughter put him on notice, by claiming that for manifesting the appearances of being a reasonable man, he showed an unreasonable attitude with regard to her choice of a mate. Fathers are an unreasonable lot. One gets caught threading a very tentative line between credibility and hypocrisy.

While driving his Heartbeat of America, Celebrity Baseball was queried on the playoffs in Panama; to which the Celebrity replied, "I don't get the connection." Conversely the Notable Noriega was queried on the playoffs in the American League, to which he responded: "Strictly Bush."

Anyway the injured back 'Bill' is rapidly approaching \$8,000.00.

More meat follows.

Louis Durchanek demands the cessation of The Dominion of The One Man Over The Other. He also condemns any 'System' or Social Contract that does not account the Least, and deems any 'System or Social Contract that does not so account, a Failure. NOT An 'Error' !

The cessation of the Dominion is not gender specific; it is therefore an imperative explicit to the two-leggedness, bearing an implicit resemblance. Anything approaching Dominion is intolerable. We are an intelligent enough two-leggedness to comprehend the significance of this essential sine qua non.

One of Platinum's (Plato's) antagonists will throw up some kind of folderol about the stronger possessing some prerogatives inherent to SIZE. (Un)just(ly) a specious and tendentious harangue. Because, because it places hominid existence at the level of an amoeba. We have dallied assiduously as a lower form without as much as inferring attribution. We may infer something about SIZE. We may deduce, in a Rousseauian manner, since our observations reveal to us that all things, all beings are not alike (at least cursorily, in their apparent physical attributes [most of which are secreted behind a veneer of 'theatricality' {father used to say, "A coat of paint covers a lot of shit"}]), that they are not equal, which is the same as saying they are inequal as in the Discourse on Inequality. or unequal, as the case may be, in the Discourse

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on Unequality (The Doctrine of Vengeful Unequality). Because all things and beings are not alike, we have allowed our prejudices (for the lack of a more clearly embracing assessment) to infer other things involving comparatives, whereof the author quotes from the famed exemplar (The Great Don) in the form of an assertion rather than in its original form, as a question, (the question having been asked so often as to void its purpose), "It is possible your pragmatism should know that the comparisons made between wit and wit, courage and courage, beauty and beauty, birth and birth are always odious and ill-taken."

One might rest his case there, relying upon some innate intelligence to respond, and grasp, the significance of what is set forth. However, leaving nothing to chance, the dire situation compels a more forceful assertion. "Any assumption of Dominance Of The One Over The Other predicated in perceived differences violates the basic premise". To argue that "All are not equal", bears upon nothing more than an esoteric discussion (or specious teleology) with regard to a notion of Equality, as though having identified differences or what might be quantified in a value system of effectualities (or ineffectualities) bearing upon SURVIVAL (in the jungle, or as a member of the Social Contract) contains its own self-evident relevance (and purpose?), and right to hierarchisms.

The windy author is fully aware one does not alter circumstance with the word alone, even when we are all agreed on a basic tenet. So he is hard-pressed to recommend the best method of implementing that to which we might all agree, but which a peculiar inertia prevents. Of course, initially, some will not agree; it is not that they cannot agree; it is they have not been effectively persuaded that lack of agreement is not in their best interest. Lack of agreement breeds ill-will, but also invites persecution. Should an individual be persecuted (prosecuted as well) because he believes his Inequality in terms of what he perceives as his superiority, entitles him to something that should be denied to others? My answer is YES! (Unequalified).

Pandemonium! Of Course!

The thought-police of the totalitarian state are not a reasonable alternative, yet we invite that spectre the longer we ignore what our intelligence reveals to us. The thought-police represent outside control of our lives. Perhaps such cannot be avoided. The longer the notion and reality of Dominion persists, the more begs the totalitarian alternative. Its not so much involving free choice, as acting upon what we know to be true. 'Free Choice' is an abused concept that favors a continuance of establishing hierarchies based on differences, and maintaining them long after the

differences that promoted their establishment have disappeared. As Inequality existed in the first place, promoting something unrelated to it, (a superiority or an exclusivity, let's say), in the end it produced something unrelated to inequality, superiority, or exclusivity, that is, a vested interest in Dominion, a Dominion of a sort that witnesses the most flagrant inequalities enforced with a vengeance, by a power structure that was vested only in itself as a power. Most Nations of today fit this description. Is there anything more ridiculous than Nationalism vis à vis, government?

The truth of the matter exists as follows: There is no such thing as Equality; there is such a thing as Inequality. Under the

# LAW

## Equality

is based purportedly in a concept of uniformity, accompanied by a plentitude of whereasses which are intended to preclude the non-uniformity of prejudices to be found amongst those who preside over the WHO law.

Equality = Get a load of this: Equal protection and security for all under LIKE CIRCUMSTANCES in life, liberty, (PROPERTY), and pursuit of happiness. Whereass this statement does not contain any asses where, it sure as hell is a biased statement open to a multitude of interpretations. We do not require LAW that only enforces the Dominion Of The One Over the Other. But that's all we've got, according to last lasting prejudice. A LAW-abiding citizen is one who believes in the Dominion Of The One Over The Other.

The author will come back to this later; for the moment he wishes to pursue the other half of the Equation, titled: The Doctrine Of The Least.

The judgment rendered in the earlier statement: Any System or Social Contract that does not account the Least (as a measure of its success) is deemed a FAILURE, NOT AN ERROR.

In discourses bearing upon Equality or Inequality, little is self-evident from which we may extract a principle, because we are confronted with an issue of morality; morality falls into a category of EDICTS akin to those of MOSES. In an attempt to account the effect of Inequalities we etch: Thou Shalt Not Have Dominion Over Another.

What, you got an etch?

Also, in discourses pertaining to The Least becoming the measure of success of a Political System or Social Contract, a moral issue once again, becomes apparent; but nothing is hidden; that is, disparities are visible. What requires action becomes

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obvious. Certain elucidations would necessarily clarify the 'bottom line'. To say that all life deserves a fair shake is to moralize. To say that each life deserves some minimum security as a life does not escape the moralizing whip. Morality is a condition associated with two-leggedness. 'In Nature', as one is apt to say, The Least fall by the wayside; the same may be said for human society; The Least fall by the wayside. So its natural, then!!?? Ask the gip.

In the past we have attempted to impose upon Governments the responsibility of recognizing those amongst its citizenry in dire need (you've heard it said 'safety net'). Failing that, 'court of last resort' beggary, charitable and certain religious institutions, along with a 'trickle' philosophy, have attempted to answer the basic need of those most deprived. However, often we hear the expression, "I AM NOT MY BROTHER'S KEEPER" (as advocated by Ayn and Alan). And often this expression will be uttered by those proclaiming nearness to HE who was impaled upon the sword intended for the Man-Eating Monster; HE whose life was swathed in poverty, not as a creed, but because WEALTH existed within the SOUL. Mockery of HIM exists in the pitifully CHRISTIAN NATION that avows "THERE AINT NO FREE LUNCHESES." Whereupon hearing this, HE squirmed upon the center of the COSMOS, anxious to scourge the blasphemous; those who ardently pray for guidance, all the while counting their shekles. (He bled a little more.) A Christian Congress passed legislation allowing at LEAST 10% ground up bone and other meat remnants (eyeballs) in HOT DOGS (No BULLSHIT however, which is reserved for their Political Campaigns), a staple diet for the hungry Masses. Jesus Christ is like a peanut butter and jelly sandwich to a hungry man. Meat remnants were intended for those who cannot stomach peanut butter and jelly. When yore government and the Lord leave you in the lurch, "Where you at, man?" Manifest Lurchery. Are you not beginning to feel a little bit cynical?

Help us help each other, Lord  
Each others cross to bear,  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel his brother's care.  
> oops!

Thats fine for the Lordly, but what about the phony Lordly? You know its been a L O N G L O N G L O N G time since Jesus Christ, the Greatest Sorry Ever Sold, has touched upon this planet; so something's bound to have been lost in the translation. A white collar and black gown; well, thats O.K. for a get-up, but why bring the Lord into it? Although rather banal, and perhaps less affluent, but hardly broke, the Country/Western (Happy

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Trails) evocation of He that hanged impaled, looking sorrier than (well the author wont say ..it); but pretty sorry all the same; well what can you say; sort of trite? The author is not about to belittle a guy's Fear, or his need for reassurance in this life, 'cause sometimes its pretty awful; he means life aint worth a (well I wont say ..it), but it just aint; so you gotta have something besides the Bulkshit that comes from the Notion's Capital, that hegemony and monopolistic Group who parade around in Greek-Looking buildings. The Fear is that one will not live forever, and the Fear is that a man's envy and hatred will force him to commit mayhem, so he's gotta have some kind of outside beneficence, even though immune to prayer, and generally disinterested, to whom he/she may appeal; "Please restrain me Lord". And please save a place for me up there. OH! JESUS!

Up there, Pshaw. A Bunch of pixels from Neptune is what; and if you get anywhere near the sun with those After Rapture feathers, your gonna get singed. Icarus weren't no Skydiver. Yeah, its true we do understand more about aerodynamics and heat shields these days; but 10,000 degrees Kelvin? Who said heaven was in the BIG EYE, anyway? O.K., so where is it?; Oh!, its in the HEART. Well, That Is different. Heaven is really a computer-graphics nightmare. Artificial Intelligence will save us, and the Jarvis Heart will become agnostic. And heaven isn't any where near the sun which is hotter'n heck.

What's all this got to do with the Doctrine Of The Least? The author is beating around the bush (not George), but the author is not quailing (not Dan) before the subject; he is perplexed, because he knows his fellow two-leggers for what they are (*humani nihil alienum*); they are a sort of an ambivalence. As long as you cant prove nothing to him, he aint gonna buy it; if you ask him to take something on Faith, he hesitates. If you argue, But For The Grace Of Gud, Go You, he could just sorta smile, if he didn't wince compunctiously. What's the difference between a compassionate and a compunctionate person? More than an unct and an ass? Remember what Ronnie said about those on welfare: Social Retards!

Should we consider AI Truism as a friend indeed who is a friend in need. AI's been around for a long time, but he's proven unreliable. Totalitarianism works best, especially if its as big as a D-9 Cat with a twelve foot blade. A level playing field is what is required. You see how easy it is to allow your thoughts to become infatuated with run-of-the-mill notions. Re: this business about a level playing field; what is meant, of course, is that we should all stand at the same height on the extraterrestrial (does such a word exist?) plain. But before we arrive there we do have to put up with

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this side-trip down here; hence the D-9 Cat with the twelve foot blade.

Back in ole '42, the naturalized and native-born Japanese west of the Continental Divide felt the shove of the forerunner of the D-9 Cat, the D-8. 45 years later, those starched collars strutting around in the D.C. Greek-Looking buildings, decided, after most of these yellow traitors were dead, upon a recompense for certain denials that cost 'em everything they had, that the rest of us got to keep. Now that's THE LEAST they could do. A kind of delayed reaction, but butter late than never. All the Good White Christian Teutonic Germans got to keep theirs; same for the Good White Mediterranean contingent. *We gotta lotta explainin'* to do. Bunch a racists - is what. We did have a pitched paranoid run at the Commies with HUAC, Joe Mac, and Richard Milhaus; but so many commies was white from the melted pot you couldn't figure - so you sorta gave up; you couldn't (un)just(ly) take a D-9 Cat to a whole nation; if you did that you'd have no one left to preserve and carry on all yore prejudices.

Do you gather some of what the author means by Doctrine Of The Least. Not yet!? Well then, let's continue.

I want to get back to the King of the Jews. Sigmund Freud. Not a fair haired Teuton with an aquiline nose. Nobody has thought more on the dilemma of Man than the King of the Jews; SVRI (Sigmund Vienna Rex Iudaeorum). By the way, just because he wasn't crucified doesn't mean he aint the ticket; and dont give up, there are people everywhere who are still looking for ways to crucify Siggy. Like the Other King Of The Jews, he was only Human. For one thing he was short. And he probably had his Mary Magdalene (temptations). Most of this is irrelevant except for the muckers amongst the Fourth Estate, who, in their disguise as Right-To-Kowners, are really malicious scandal-mongers (*Scandalum Magnatum*). - SELLS COPY - SELLS WHAT??.

Sigmund spoke of gratuity. He was careful not to say that we deserved all we got, but did say much of our suffering in this life is free; freely bestowed, granted without claim or merit, provided without payment or return, costing nothing to the recipient; and such gratuitous suffering was easily obtained simply by having relations with one's fellow two-leggers. And what is more, he added, such gratuity was as fatefully inevitable a contribution to our suffering as that which came from our body, which is doomed to decay and dissolution, attendant with all the pains and anxieties associated with such dispensation; and as inevitable as the overwhelming and merciless forces of destruction delivered from the outside world (over which we have no control). The author thought that last gratuitous parenthetical juxtaposition

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would add emphasis to the pessimism of the first part of the paragraph, which ends with 'fatefully inevitable'.

'Over Which We Have No Control'. We are unable to control the suffering we cause one another; it is inevitable (fatefully inevitable) we shall go on (in our relations with each other) forever causing each other suffering. Is that possible? What has happened to all those Good Intentions? The Human Condition???

If Gordius Excalibur could but free his stylus from the inkwell he would rive the great conundrum with the (s)word. He has declared the great conundrum to be PROPERTY, which he perceives separates the hominid presence into classes. An hominid with much PROPERTY is deemed rich; an hominid with no PROPERTY is considered poor. Value judgments are invented with regard to individual's relative degrees of richness or poorness; these value judgments place the richer above, in a place of Dominion whether explicit or implicit. Richness to poorness establishes an hierarchy in an hominid scheme of values, richness atop the hierarchy and poorness at the base of the hierarchy. Beyond such hierarchism exists others that place little value on hominidity (humanity), and far greater value upon the place within the hierarchy, hence Dominion falls heir to the higher place in the hierarchy. Thus it is fatefully inevitably writ. PROPERTY is anathema to EQUALITY.

In our discussion last night we had wondered; 'if a man was willing to work within the system, and despite what he did as a willing participant he still was unable to secure a place for himself and his family (this consisting of an accommodation, to shelter, clothe and feed his family [and maintain them in a state of health]; notwithstanding his need to feel as an accepted and honored member of the community in which he lived), to whom should it fall to account this (for the lack of a better [s]word at this moment) FAILURE (of THE SYSTEM)'. "If one is willing, and does, what are his 'rightful' expectations?" We actually asked such a question.

The author kept his private thoughts to himself (which often appear incoherent to others), while listening to others declare that Government ultimately bore the responsibility. The responsibility to effect the best possible situation for all its citizens; to do everything within its power (very carefully chosen words lacking any political overtones) to implement the Doctrine Of The Least.

Amongst the Red, White, and Blue, Beggary is considered vagrant panhandling; anything but a time-honored profession; so embarrassing in fact, we concoct ordinances to discourage it. We build impregnable fences under bridges to them from shelter. A person without a Home Home On The Range, or a dime in his



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pocket is a vagrant. Vagrancy (no visible means of support) is a culpable crime, where ass, in truth, is mostly an embarrassment to the SPECIES (of Bigots), or to the law-abiding citizen (embarrassment is not a culpable crime). If any law-abiding citizen cares to meditate upon the basic Flaw - that Man Will Have Dominion Over The Other, how reassuring it must feel to be reaffirmed by the vagrant over whom one may exercise Dominion; which is a hell of a lot easier than feeling sorry (like Jesus did) for down-trodden humanity. But, after all is said and done, no matter the sympathies of Jesus, that recalcitrant middle-eastern hippie, "Gud Heps Dose whose Heps Denselves!"

So we got two Kings Of The Jews, not necessarily at odds with one another. Both are concerned with the PLIGHT of humanity. Each desires to help. The author tends to side with Sigmund, because he's more of a realist; perhaps more current in his thinking. He does not deny the value of an Illusion, such reference inferring a Deity; for he knows all too well that man has not come up with the answers within himself, at least not with any consistency or demonstrable ability to communicate his within to the without; even to his fellow two-leggers, much less to something that does not understand him. Having a crucified object, or sacrificial object, a tangible reality (talismán [can't be Saint Christopher]) outside, seems more satisfying to the fear and trembling going on inside, than some dumb platitude intended to comfort or shout down a bunch of doubts that follow us wherever we go. The Latter-Day King seems desperately to want to believe that man, as he evolves, (he is evolving, is he not?) his intelligence will become a more contributory factor in gaining a beachhead upon his basic anxieties (fears and tremblings), and his understanding and acceptance of this Side Trip on EARTH. Of course, when that happens, the world of man will become more under the influence of intelligence (construed in this context as a beneficial augmentation to his existence). Intelligence as it is expressed now may be perceived as very primitive (incipient) (still formative), characterized by a peculiar form of aponia (*vox faucibus haesit*, misconstrued as intelligence, a highly developed skill one may achieve through his local Toastmaster's Club) however totally inadequate to resolve the basic dilemma.

All ridiculing aside; what of this collusion between a fLAW and PROPERTY? When Mr. Bumble declared the 'LAW is an ASS', he not only knew whereof he spoke but where ass. The LAW has become synonymously associated with PRPOERTY. The LAW has been imputed to enjoy a keen association with the dubious concept of EQUALITY (as applied to persons). You may think the author's far-fetched constructions as a non-associable

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relationship between these three; you may claim there exists no logical relationship. Logical relationships are mostly inferential. There exist some inferences to be drawn from relating: Property, Law, and Equality.

Of course the author does not exclude that part of the LAW that deals with irresponsible behavior, and reckless endangerment.

It has been noted amongst some primitive peoples, notably those we have deemed the most primitive, like the aborigines of Australia, or what we had observed of the Tierra Del Feugans, that they were essentially propertyless; that is, all property was held in common, or not at all; this has been noted amongst the Indos of Columbus' repute; and all land was held in common amongst nearly all American tribes. The three dimensional external world 'belonged' equally to all (perhaps exceptions existed with regard to clothing, spears, and emblems of rank [many acquired after an association with you-know-who]). These are mentioned as gratis inclusions meant to signify possibilities. Realizing, in this discourse, we are dealing with civilized peoples, The Lantern of Diogenes casts a gloomy crepuscule. Be of good cheer; this is only a mental exercise.

More discussion last night; the recurrent theme was: The Human Condition - as an excuse? In other words one does nothing because the Human Condition IS 'fatefully inevitable'. Its like the older argument one still hears frequently, "Its human nature." There was resignation expressed in the voice of the person who uttered 'Human Condition'.

Resignation versus cynicism (the author's).

'Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out.'

We cannot all be Caveat Emptiers.

The Caveat Emptiers claim the Free Market (of The Free Enterprise Rationale), of its own, determines all value and status in the affairs of men. This declaration is clouded in the sanctimonious mist of providing 'needed services' (to one's fellow man). Is this to be construed as synonymous with servicing ones fellow man; and, of course, alleviating (or relieving) the Human Condition?

Such mentality obviously leads toward and abets consumerism; just like Money (Capital) aint nothing without Interest. A consumer is an Emptier Caveat, who imagines he needs something to satisfy a hunger, either viscerally, or as part of a social equity, or simply as the result of a good sales pitch (through a psychic manipulation); (an artificially created need [relevance]).

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A Caveat Emptier is one who passes on all costs to a consumer in order to maintain a PROFIT (margin). PROFIT is GAIN. Is GAIN something special?

GAIN is an established Right founded in a system of inequities.

GAIN (PROFIT) does not occur in a Vacuum. Where there is GAIN, there is also LOSS (first law of entropy or conservation of vested interests).

GAIN assessed in a system of Equities intended to signify and become synonymous with Livelihood is to be distinguished from PROFIT. One often speaks in terms of 'gaining' a Livelihood.

He claimed he wanted his children to have opportunities (and advantages) he did not have; that is, presumably to make a contribution toward alleviating the Human Condition. There exist many such arguments. If one remains poor and disadvantaged, how will he be able to aid his fellow man? Alternative: He may be crucified.

Caveat Emptying is the will of GOD; Consumerism is the will of GOD; on the medium of exchange inscribed for all; "In GOD We Trust." Eventually they will strike that one; because its such an obvious untruth. Stanford finally got rid of the Indian, while Sambos became edibly correct.

This discourse has meandered across an ocean of thought, prejudice and cynicism, projecting the usual grandiose pretense; but without a specific destination in view; encompassing everything, yet without compass, meridian or rhumb line. Ah!, but how else would one utilize his time in this urban prison? And such it is, such it is.

One had begun with Ortega's perception of an enhanced hominid thing when the aristocracy knelled its last. The so-called aristocracy has been replaced by yet another overweening dynamic, fashion and spectacle (the author wanted to write 'Corporations'). Has the hominid thing been advanced (elevated) thereby? Some have opined so; some have become disillusioned because of the FAILURE of the Promise. Since time began (Especially, since time began), no one man has owed another man anything; not as much as a nod or a farthing; yet because hope springs eternal within the hapless and (Alas!) vulnerable human breast, even against his better judgment (his innate heresy) the hominid thing is duped into taking the shadow for the substance. He will believe that 'Nothing' is possible. Moral probity with regard to the fulfillment of the Promise has been lacking. The Promise originated as an Hallelujah to the Manufacture of Mass Produced goods; for it served two purposes: 1.) It provided employment for the burgeoning masses; 2.) It provided the masses with goods

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purported to relieve them in their mundane labors, allowing them more leisure time to enjoy such amenities as life would have ordinarily reserved for the few. The Promise has produced a new Aristocracy that has moved overseas.

The Remainder Is Still Wanting.

The Evolution of Economics (that phenomenon attendant to a peculiar hominid rationale, so-called science, advanced as a notion that pertains to the distribution and consumption of wealth [and various relevancies associated with that phenomenon]) has converted the basic maxim of: Multiply and Subdue the Earth into what the author has variously bastardized as lengthy perversions of the words: Economics, Materialism and Consumerism, also construed as its own peculiar form of what has been known as Slavery. Once the Science of Economics has taken over, it becomes simultaneously a religion and a bad habit. The High Priests of the Materioconsumeconomical System rant as High Priests (Job's Comforters) have always ranted, more or less insisting on Faith in something that is falling about their ears, converting all of them into Jonahs. And Swallowed Up for all that.

Economics purports to chain the Word to the Promise. It Fails both as a Science, and as an much-needed social instrument. Economics is perverted into Consumerism, into the Conversion of the Planet into a nebulous and dubious Standard of Living (often phrased as 'Our way of Life'), based in the production of Obsolescing goods (i.e. shoddy impermanent wares of which all manufacturers stand accused). The bywords: Whatever The Market Will Bear; The Low End Of The Market; Maximum Return On Investment; Making Something Out Of Nothing; Never Grant Parity To A Trading Partner; to suggest the Crass Nature of the System that Promises so much. The Science of Greed and the Acquisition of Wealth is more to the point pushed to the Ponzi point of junk loans.

Create Relevance in Materiality; Create Social Relevance within that milieu; Create Laws with regard to Materiality; Create Indebtedness to Materiality; Foster Consumption of Materiality.

Free-Market Forces will control the Flux Of Supply and Demand, the Scale of Wages versus the Price of Goods. Not True. GREED.

The Medium of Exchange is anointed dubiously, hypocritically, and blasphemously, "In GOD We Trust"; as if to say, 'THY WILL BE DONE, on Earth as it is in Heaven'. We form a slavish dependence upon the Medium. The Science Of Economics, (that excuse for Greed and the Acquisition of Wealth) places the indifference of SCIENCE between man and man; and makes it easier for the haves to maintain something to which they are not

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entitled. One man is not more entitled than any other. All men are entitled equally to an equal share in the Promise, and the fruits of that Promise, An Assertion to be sure, but the only viable one in the author's mind. It is the only way to avoid the Hierarchism of Human Society; It is the only way to promote the concept of permanence in manufactured goods; it is the only way to eliminate duplication of effort, (reducing waste thereby). The higher objective, and inevitable stress of logic, must be obvious

One necessarily advocates the elimination of the profit-motive, because that motive closely associated with greed, fosters the worst of all possible economic predictions, the promotion of Hierarchies (which translates into haves and have nots), promotes a concept, not of permanence or impermanence, but "anything goes" (once the human conscience, and the integrity of that conscience is breached, then a whole new devious and dangerous rationale is constructed in its place); promotes duplication of effort, not to serve, but to gain; and promotes not only consumption of a vested materialism, but also a wanton disregard of the Planet. Greed knows only short term goals; Liquidation of the Planet follows closely upon its heels.

It is manifestly unfair to base a system of equities, and expose them to the anomalies and vicissitudes of, a profit motivated Social Contract. It becomes an impossible and precarious scheme because it is manifestly arbitrary and capricious, all tacit rules aside (in such a scheme of things all rules are meant to be broken).

It is not an easy task to posit hard-line edicts, because one feels he is not including something (or someone). Perhaps it is our tendency to be more selfish than anything else, as though we were the ones in whom the species is most vested, therefore inherently guaranteeing all rights we design and win for ourselves, regardless of all those other two-leggers who might resemble us. After all, each of us may represent a new species deviant who will in the end become one's real competition, i.e. a threat to one's survival based in a greater command of the environment, totally insensitive to all other forms of life (very much like what it appears modern man attains to in his behavior); lest you have trouble envisioning and understanding the creature the author attempts to describe).

In days gone by, one might emulate his Father, or Chief, as a 'role model'. He might perform this act as an expectation of him from the outside, or he might have performed the same from out some more primitive need to survive, long lineage-linked and learned throughout the darkest of ages before the birth of human consciousness; through an imitation as we might observe and

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deduce amongst those of the animal kingdom. During more recent times, when it might be said human consciousness included discrimination and a breadth of vision, one might still have 'chosen his paterfamilias, or his nearest Clan, Tribal or Social Leader as a role model. He may have aspired to Royalty itself; a position of Rank, Glory and Honor. In these days, one might still emulate a family member as a basic role model; but in these times of overexposure through the various organs of 'Media' one perceives the multifarious; one easily becomes an assemblage, his own melting pot comprised of many role models, many acquired early from fairy tales, from the Authentic Mother Goose, Grimm, Andersen, Seuss, Potter, The Hardy Boys, Tom Swift, Pauline, Lassie, Tin Tin, Zane Grey, The Sunday School of David, of Moses, Of Jesus; Hoaratio Alger, Captains of Industry, Heroes One, Heroes All; not to mention School Teachers. Peers, Sport's Figures, Celebrities, and National or World Leaders, and those who have emerged venerated from the historical tomes. For all that, we may have donned Rose-Colored Glasses. We may only be in touch with illusions, the best part of something. Our minds might be merely part of a Silver Screen, reflecting a scene, carefully prepared for our viewing, intended to persuade us that red-necked John Wayne was our Hero and Savior as he pursued and slayed the ruthless Savage Redman on the American continent. Transformed through time, and in Real Life he lived long to be our Hero and Savior against the ruthless Communist Redman; Master of both Savage and Ideology. And Pete Rose fell off'n his hoss. A Rotten Egg rote a book an' survived.

And amongst the Omniscient 'Media' (that evil eye that follows [dogs] all, spys upon all, and judges all), it is a moment of great triumph when the Communist Redman fails. 'There But For The Grace Of Who Go I'. We Mask our own Failures in those of others. We live in these Antipodes, doing these things. It is intended we should believe in what we are doing; we are persuaded by every coercive and sweet-tongued (forked-tongued, double-thinked, disinformational) means known to man to engage in, submerge ourselves in, be loyal to, and Trust in this surround of Materioconsumerconomic Interdependence and Slavery.

Is there a better way? We all know there is a better way, even though there exists no precedent for a better way, it still exists, because it exists in the human heart and soul. As Barbaric, Brutish, Selfish, Narcissistic, Unconscious, Uncaring as we might have been, and still might be, we have not managed to divest ourselves of what lives inside; that something unexplored; that something for which we yearn (The Untested Vision). Even the grossest human might harbor some sweeter sentiment; if only he

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had been exposed differently to some other less grasping world than our own in which some small sentiment might have flourished, instead of this bestial thing forced to function in an indifferent and hard world.

Believing that throughout his history man has endured the worst in terms of servitude, subjugation, humiliation, deprivation, and brutal, inhumane (by any standard) violence to his person and family, meted out by the look-a-like monster, any system we might design today could only come as a reward for such endurance. Thus it is uttered, 'we had it better than our forefathers'; 'you are having it better than we', etc.. Though this lip-service to an apparent progressive betterness is intended to quell the discontent natural to us, once we perceive inequity, it fails in its mission. Why dally??????

Words will not change events. John Cage argues "Now is it." "Endure some more." The King of The Jews #2 says it is 'fatefully inevitable' that we must endure. The King #1, more idealistically laments, "Forgive them for they know not what they do." Non Chalance deems now is the only relevance, however shabby; "It is ours to do with." John Cage advises us to sit still, (do nothing, or crap at will, matters not); things will change by themselves. He claims there are no 'error's, there is only the living to be lived. No one sits in judgment. "Merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream".

If there is no error there can be no failure. And So On, despite what Snotrag from the land of affected tastes, utters in hisits defense.