

Simple Gratifications

CRIME IN THE STREETS

Our Oral Roots. Mary I Wanna.
Salute When Your On The Stuff.
The .357 Magnum.

I pledge allegiance To .357 magnum, To Greed, To Inflation, To Christmas, Thanksgiving, and to The Fourth; to Washington, Lincoln and Ronnie; to Stripes, Deer and Antelope, the resurgence of the Buffalo and Indian; the Sweetland of Supermarkets and Urban Gettoes.

I wanna close with a last refrain in reverence for the Shoulder Patch of Red, White, and Blue, Love It or Leave It, and one little coda addressed to the .357 Magnum, which can blow a cliché in you so wide, there's no place left to hide.

We need the .357 Magnum to shoot up the marijuana plants; besides its fun. In order to better appreciate the deeper meaning, the stoneder significance of the pledge, the people need pot. You are able already to tell who is behind this pen (er .. word processing); ye can perceive the hand that holds it (er .. pokes at the keys); I have exhausted all the pseudonyms and worn all the disguises, but I haven't lost my penchant for probing the soft places. I am exploiting my schizoid personality, seeking an integration. I have no tattoos; no distinguishing markings; as ordinary as chaff; I stir the pot from time to time.

You are not even allowed to suck your thumb; better get your sucking done before they legislate. Thumb sucking, like cannabis, is free; its a cheap thrill, like pledging allegiance. Well, pot isn't exactly free, but it ought to be; the only reason its expensive is cause the .357 Magnum blew it (for everybody).

Dope gives people something to do in between the pledges. When you run outta money to support the 'system' (making the world safe for democracy), you can't just sit around waitin' for more. (I don't use the stuff cause I got plenty to do already; but I aint everybody).

Surely, in his spare time one could practice the pledge, like an incantation or prayer ("make it happen baby"), or he could choose to smoke pot easin' the pain of waitin' for more, or the other green stuff (the stuff of life in the 'free' world in order to collect on the pledge). He could learn how to counterfeit the legal tender as an alternative, but most 'good' citizens have a deep reverence for the .357 Magnum.

Doubtlessly you have heard of Crime In The Streets (The Reason- To-Be of Television). The 'root of Crime is Drugs' (If you don't believe me,

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just ask anybody). Cannabis is a drug, like alcohol and caffeine and nicotine, or sucking your thumb laced with tylenol. Chop off your thumb!!! an' Crime in the streets will disappear.

Street crime is elusive; it has two legs (not counting the crimes of the canine and feline species). Cannabis has roots. Oops; I'm getting ahead of myself. The arch sleuths, who wear very pressed uniforms and spiffy boots, shoulder patches and Lone Ranger Belts with .357 magnums yet waving, along with sundry other criminologists, have determined the reason people commit crimes (a crime is a crime is a crime) is 'cause they's after money to procure drugs. They suppose they knows that drug use begins somewhere after suckling at the mother's fountain; or maybe with baby formula, flavored with red, white and blue Papblum. It begins with soft drugs in grade school lavatories, with coke or chewing gum laced with strawberry, cherry, lemon and lime, and NeutrySweet; finally the day arrives when one eats the brownie for lunch in the school parking lot.

Well, obviously I don't really know; neither do they; but they think they do. So they go after the entry-level stuff that has earned a place in the state legislatures where flags wave and all that. They pin a flag on the .357 Magnum an' away we go. You'd think they was engaged in the noble occupation of tree planting or something; instead they were uprooting cannabis.

No!?!; really its very comical to see these uniformed spectacles, bedecked in .357 Magnums (sort of poking out like sideways peckers) as they all stoops (some are such jelly-bellies they can't quite) reaching down to grab a holt of where the wild tobacco grows, an they pull and shake as though doin' some odd callisthenic, with the ole sideways peckers really hangin' in thar.

That's pledge allegiance and law and order; law enforcement, drug, enforcement; that's .357 sense. One more scourge. You see, anything all the people do all the time just aint right. If Legit and My I Ers had originated pot it'd be O.K., an the guv'nmn't would get a share and Legit would get a bundle; then it'd be alright 'cause that's the way the Deer and Antelope are s'posta play.

You think NO, eh? You think I'm a smart aleck who ougta get his where ... Case in point; its alright for Johnnie Woker to crank out the stuff - but I can't 'cause the Stars an Stripes are s'posta get the Lion's share; Why? 'Cause they says so; the sideways pecker says so. (Actually when it really gets down to cases, in the monopoly game they are just as apt to wave the neutron bomb).

It appears that Legit and My I Ers and Johnnie Woker and the Guv'nm'nt are conspiring, and what about Mr Bare, Mr Anassin, Mr Tieoneon, Mr.Gerrytonic, Mr. Elixir, Mr Coca ana Mr. Pepsy and Mr. NewTrySweet, until hell won't have anymore; that's what we pledge allegiance to, and that's what makes the world safe for democracy, and

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this all a More Perfect Union. (We will not hold forth on the health hazards; one is free to name his own poison; only overt suicide challenges the imagination of the authorities [each suicide means one less consumer] and [The F.D.A. has feet of clay. 'Nobody Lives Forever' is their motto.]).

The old Physics professor, in his introductory lecture to Astronomy said, with a sweeping, bowing, gesture of his body, extended to his very fingertips: "In the beginning there was GASSSS!"

The Professor, when presenting his FID defense, during his "Orals" (there's that word again: Oral) .. er, during his 'thumb suckings' ('not quite the same', you say) (I'm really getting more obtuse) (I've lost you all by now, eh!) (What else you gonna do If you don't read this - Go Pledge?!. Well, go practice your pledge; see if I care).

There's an Oral Root, an Oral digression (or regression) in this practice of ingesting *nicotiana glauca*; it brings pleasure, like suckling the fountain of milk and honey, and later, the formula; then, or simultaneously, our thumbs, then lollipops, our pencils or pens, licorice sticks, all-day suckers, Wrigglers, Koke; Oral, Oral; 'tis that confounded alimentary canal. As long as the Stars and Stripes could say what goes into the canal it was alright to be Oral. If you get hooked on anything, then you just hadn't 'kept it altogether'. Tough break. The Stars fell into the Stripes. Imagine getting hooked on licorice.

There are people who are able to write intelligently about marihuana, alcohol, Law and Order. Their premises are rather different than mine (I purposely look for the soft penchants); they are able to perceive a functioning society with a kind of optimism, which is impossible for me to feel. They may not necessarily be able to provide solutions, but they do believe in something, whereas I believe in nothing. I am an admonition.

Go ahead condemn me; write me off; 'boy I knew this was a lot of hokey nonsense'. Well, you go ahead an' think what you like; I think its all a circus, complete with high-wire acts and pathetic clowns - and a spellbound audience.

Of course, its preposterous to suggest that crime in the streets begins in the alimentary canal, and equally preposterous to suggest that all the deer and antelope stuff turns peeples on. But peeples will get stoned in the canal as they have always; that's basic. People do get stoned on deer and antelope when its not some gross deception, but when it is something that actually happens (ask the Indians). Its only those who never stick their heads out-of- doors that can believe in the deer and antelope stuff. Things are realer than that and a whole lot less stoned. We are thrown together in a heap as our male and female, ying S yang, anima/animus, dude and lady, so-called parents, leave the birthing place. We cannot conjure ourselves as maggots, but in a sense the

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suggestion conveys the image of a lively heap, and so we are, all requiring something substantial with which to ingest and to grow and increase; our alimentary canal (amoeba-like) is a clear shot from one end to the other, fully functional (Just ask Safe

Weigh). If we lived on the farm eatin' good, wholesome food (oral and elementary, none the less) then perhaps all this other stuff would never get started. But don't count on it). Its more than eatin' however; there's the deer and antelope stuff, the psychic tuff, the succoring fantasy, the elevated life, the allusion to dreams, the stoned life; getting off on nature. Getting off on the feelings one has when he gets off on nature.

When we are nurtured in a heap, quite another thing happens. In the midst of the heap you require enhancement to dim the awful reality of the lateral or downward movement that is an outgrowth of the oppression and repression of numbers. It seems, instead of enhancement, all one receives is the sideways pecker; that is, one is corralled as a potentially unruly herd, devoid of a cohesive something. Alas!, and so it is. Shut Out! or Shut In! are ways of perceiving the condition. If you have nothing, YOU ARE NOTHING!; just remember that, dear parents, the next time you get stoned on sex. Even spiritual birthing might as well end in infanticide if the end is all too clear. (One may envision committing suicide as did the sister of Karl Marx and her husband in their early sixties as their means had become exhausted). Let the infant take his own life when the time comes. Smoke Pot. Anyway, this sort of thing happens every day. They call it 'making room for the next guy'.

Of course, you do not believe in the 'heap' stuff, because you know its not true; besides its unbecoming to the tailored illusion of homo sapiens.

Seeing's believing!!!

When I see them bastions bending over pulling up the cannabis, tearing the life, the stoning from the people, I cannot help but laugh at our soft places.

You know what the government could do; they could grow the stuff and give it to the people, like the capt'n givin' out the pint of grog. Hail to the Queen!; Hail to the Chief! Hail to the Stars and Stripes, and oh, what the hell, Pledge Allegiance.

Just a thought; maybe that's the problem: thought; maybe there aint none.

Just what in hell is our aim in all of this? I maintain its not to stop the crime in the streets. Crime in the streets comes from being in the streets in a heap; its the oppression of the heap.

What's more, we are apprised of the situation. A little bit of life is better than no life at all; its like the laidee embassadoor to the You Enn said; "A little repression is better than a lotta repression". Ah so; the MAN had better keep the tanks at the ready, just in case the sideways

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peckers are not sufficient in number to keep everyone in a heap in the streets.

Let's not talk about drug enforcement; let's talk about life enhancement. Thumb sucking. 'That's uncouth'; so is picking your nose and scratching your ass, but everybody does it, whether in public or not. Soft places everywhere - NO? Its the thought that counts; salute when you scratch. A little hypocrisy goes a long way.

What other approaches exist?

You see, its so much easier to legislate against something. Thou Shalt Nots. Moses and Instant Morality.

If one proposes 'humane' ideas and actions, then one is regarded as radical, revolutionary. anarchistic, and trying to bring the Man down (Paranoia). 'Pot for the peeples' ignores the MAN; that's anarchy. ANYTHING for the peeples - ignores the MAN.

Marijuana THC is merely illustrative of our hysteria TLC, our reactionary behavior. You may view the process as a maintenance of 'The Best of all Possible Worlds' or a simple process of Order through Law. You expect me to accept the dictum whether I understand it or not.

If you think I'm joking about thumb sucking, you have another thought coming. Life enhancement through Oral means. Safeweight makes billions, so does Legit and My I Ers, Coca, Johnnie Woker, et al. Surely there are other means of enhancement. In the streets, one seeks all forms of pleasure; actually it has nothing to do with the streets; its just a little more naked and

aggravated there; it is more apparent and more pathetic because there is NOTHING that will relieve the oppression of the streets. Just because all the notables emerge from their various hideaways in a Bruks Brothers, Floorshine combo with Fedora doesn't mean the forms of their pleasure seeking have been in accordance with the pledges. We just happen to assume different things about two sets of appearances. We are led by the image makers (self-promotion) to believe certain things about people who appear in certain attire, and who are propped-up as upholders; in a word, its just a case of mistaken identity; a little honest confusion (on our part; they are quite aware of what bastards they are).

Have you ever noticed the apologetic look upon the uniformed face when it is obliged to enforce the Law upon a Bruks Brothers; not apologizing to the people for the breakdown in imagery, but apologizing to the image; embarrassed by the failure of the image.

Those robed gentlemen do the same; there is a kind of deference shown to the man who lives in the big white house, with the manicured lawn, behind the stone and iron fence with the arched gateway. He's somehow different, even in his vices, than the man who

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lives in the gutted brownstone. ... Soft places in the grass; 'not very stoned' I'd say.

Well, I could claim that the Lord worketh in me and that he moveth in mysterious ways, but no, I hafta take it on the chin. I hafta take full responsibility for what I say. I think we could all do with a little more stoning, becoming a more credible and accomplished entity, through a more humanitarian outlook, I would suppose; surely through some different attitude than that to which we have been accustomed; then perhaps crime in the streets would disappear. Maybe!? I believe Mary is a mind-altering substance, that affects one's judgment, but I do not believe, even in the least, that it is the root of our hypocrisy, social inequities, of our violence, or the Dominion of the One over the Other, or the Denial of the One by the Other. Sure ya gotta start somewhere, so why not with pot, and let the evil live after them.

Whoose dem?