

Notes 29

Let Notes 29 begin.
23 Jan. 2001

I was not here at the beginning, and I will not be here at the end. Neither were they, all my contemporaries, and all who came before.

Sylvia is dead, and very much beyond any assessments. Ground up, she was, like hamburger in the meat market, by forces unseen. And her partner will not be remembered as a poet, but as an asshole. Just like our Prez will be more remembered as a man who slipped his dong into the thongs.

Life is rife with temptation. We sully our posterity with the deviations of our posterior.

But in the very long run, even that doesn't matter.
What will matter?

So much human life has passed this way. For all the traffic, it might be said we have beaten a path, but we have not found our way, despite all assertions to the contrary. So the mattering is still in doubt.

Most of us are followers because that was what was expected of the incubus. We were duly notified that the stove was hot, and when we touched it, a kind of affirmation had set in, an affirmation that made believers and followers out most of us. Every subsequent lesson was colored by the first. Implicit beliefs replaced our natural curiosity, and our inclination to doubt. We adopted prejudices in place of careful observation and reasoned deduction. You're shitting me!! No?

However, some of us are contrary by nature. Our wills refuse the constant peroration; we want to be burned. And we are burned. We can speak to the defiance and the burning. We are often regarded as stupid.

But even that doesn't matter. Being stupid is merely relative to the greater stupidity to be found in presumption. Everybody is stupid.

Its when we are burned at the stake that we really feel the heat. Alienation. Something we have done has irked our look-a-likes. They want to rid themselves of a presence. Even though it doesn't matter in the long run.

Jesus irked the Romans. He would not recant. That is, he would not salute; and he wouldn't keep his mouth shut. He became a martyr. To grandiosity. It didn't matter. His followers made something exemplary of him, and attributed many things to him that, to the incredulous, seem to be a stretch. But no greater stretch than his persona. Son Of God.

I've heard a lot of God uttered in my life. I often use the utterance as a prefix to other damnifying expressions. A reflex. I

throw the hot stove back upon the world as a curse. I don't want to learn any lessons from anybody. There is too great a risk of being bullshitted. I know now that father was unaware of a presence when he invoked the Godhead in his curses. Depending upon where you endured your period of incubation, you might utter another expletive with equal reflexive fervor. Fuck! Geeeezzzzuzzzz Fffing Keeericetuh. Somehow the drawn out nature of the latter is the more satisfying expression. In short, I have been taught to let it out, by just about everybody I know. Watching someone restrain himself when he has pounded his thumb with the hammer, or someone has screwed the daylights out of him is almost laughable; restraining his reflexive nature, while he thinks of the most politically correct thing to say. We expect he will invoke the wrath of the Gods with such force, more than he ever would in some house of worship; for example.

Enough said on that score.

To me, sadly, my daughter bought into the God thing. All my grandchildren are trying to educate me with their perorations about God. They live in households where the message is God. Its not just the God thing. It's the saccharine Jesus. To believe that oneself is not the center of the Universe may be a realistic outlook, but to assume that one can attribute this inconvenience to a Creator, a personal Creator, doesn't follow. One does not arrive at this conclusion without becoming lobotomized; i.e., inculcated, influenced (potentiated by anxiety and outright fear).

When you truly buy into the God thing, all desire to learn ceases. You already know it all. Ignorance becomes truth. The truth will set you free. Platitudes by the platter full. George claimed that Ignorance was Strength. You can't lose.

We are very susceptible to making Gods from flesh. There are inherent properties of flesh we tend to ignore. We attempt to congeal protoplasm into the most improbable configurations; perhaps Transfigurations. 'Ats O.K. Whatever works.

The world is a dark place. Teddy Hughes wanted to keep us in the dark. For the lack of truth we invent our own. We surmise.

Next:

I see the cardio today. I need to ask him about steroids and the cardiovascular system. Ostensibly I'm to see him about high blood pressure and the ticker, not to mention other things. Then tomorrow I see another doc about the prostate thing. And I received a reply from Blasko. I call him the ducking doc. And to think I trusted him.

I gotta keep going with my blurbs because I don't know how long I've got with my ego. My ego might die any day now, then it will not matter. Since nothing matters in the long run it will be

important to set down certain things that are not going to matter in the long run.

Yesterday I fired up our new chipper/shredder. Compared to the first one, there is barely a comparison. It is far superior. Yet, in a community of a couple hundred thousand, you'll not find the kind we eventually chose. Most of what you find are models of the first one I tried. These latter are of course cheaper, which goes to say something about cheapness. I became familiar with the one of choice through a mail-order catalog. When inquiring about the catalog item of interest I was given the phone number of the manufacturer. The manufacturer supplied me with information not available to the consumer at the catalog place. As a matter of fact one had to wait several days before he could get specific information about what was in catalog sales warehouse. The manufacturer (located in Pennsylvania) told me of certain models being shipped to Sacramento. Also informed me of distributors in Portland. The distributor in Portland wanted to sell to me through a local (Eugene) dealer the model he had on hand. But since I knew of the newer model I wanted it. Anyway the distributor gave me the name of a local dealer who quoted me a price in excess of the recommended price. So I called the distributor informing him of such while asking him if there were other local dealers. It so happened they had done business with an outdoor outfit with whom I had done business. So I called them, and between the distributor and the dealer a more suitable price was arranged. Like \$150.00 less expensive (cheaper, not forgetting what I had to say about cheapness); and it was the model I wanted. I never did hear what the catalog people (middlemen) had in their warehouse in Minnesota. But I must call the manufacturer to tell them how useful was their information. Called Joanne to thank her.

Better service than some doctors I've been dealing with.

Charline told me that the doctors were not responsible for my illnesses. Very true. They are not. But they exist because of those illnesses. Lots of illnesses are incurable. Old age is incurable. Even if old age was curable, what would be the point? I suppose if before death was assured, like you could be kept alive until you decided you had had enough, then maybe some sociopolitical things might become altered for the better. Dreamer!! Ponce De Leon. A lot of ~~Old~~ people do retire to Florida. I imagine the doc per capita is pretty high there; Three bags full. (((This is added in 2003. One of my previous Docs [GP] had retired. A biker, in his dotage he was struck by a car while riding; really a very bad thing to have happened to anyone. I dropped him as a doc when he was suggesting I try some digitalis for arrhythmia without having the looksees of a cardiologist; already Charline had dropped him when

she found out he was prescribing iron (most menstruating women have a depressed hematocrit) without any further testing, which her subsequent doctor performed to discover her body was suffering from hemochromatosis. These might not be relevant considerations for assessing his desire for a Mercedes. He dreamed anyway, but he had only two bags full, so he had to settle for a less impressive status symbol. I understand completely because I always wanted a pickup, but my one bag contained very little indeed. Eventually we (I must say we) acquired a used pickup that endured 22 years, followed by another even more used pickup. But like the doc there was the dream pickup. Since I was getting on in years, I (we) decided it was time to obtain a used dream. I write this only to illustrate how I might understand the docs perusal of the MD magazine he would scan during his lunchtime where he would find the advert for the fancy car, as an aid to salivation.)))

Most of the illnesses associated with old age are incurable. So the docs are put in the position of Mark Twain's doc counseling the old lady with regard to her habits as a way of extending her life. When the old lady denied she indulged in any of the unhealthy habits suggested, the doc informed her she was a 'sinking ship without any freight to throw overboard'. Touche.

There is a need for sympathy doctors. "Now, Now, don't cry", doctors. I don't mean psychiatrists. Or pill pushers. Although we could all use a do-away-with kit. I mean family members can't or don't want to put you out of your misery. They want to keep the old suffering carcass around for as long as they can for their own reasons. They don't want it to appear that they bumped you off for the insurance, if you had any; or were getting rid of a burden. If they get the insurance money a little sooner, so what? Its inevitable. There ought to be an 'inevitable' clause in insurance policies.

Yesterday evening I spoke with my olde high school home room teacher. I have been in search for photos, yearbooks from that time period, and the trail led to her. She has promised to send me some stuff. She informed me that I did a lot of the artistic layout of the first issue of the Yearbook (Crimsonian). Something that I cannot recall. We'll see! She is 76 and seemed a little distracted.

Just came back from the cardio. They did an echo of the heart valve. They prescribed an ACE (angiotensin converting enzyme) inhibitor, a blood-pressure reducing agent without diuretic. So I'll need to get my blood pressure checked in a bit to see what happens if an adverse reaction doesn't get there first.

Next:

Today is the day I visit the oncological urologist. Hopefully this man will have the smarts to deal with something unseen in a

manner that agrees with my sentiments. I suppose I am seeking a direction in this and a health care professional in whom I will be able to place my trust. An illusion in any case; but to know that someone really cares enough. The decision rests with me; whatever enables me to return to the island. I realize I am asking for a lot of someone I do not know.

I am feeling the need to return to the island, somehow sensing an end. Without God, by the way.

I know I will be asking a lot of the place. And in my need it may be called upon to witness my wails.

I must make my peace with the water and the trees. I already know their charms, and I sense their indifference. I would like to have certain people visit me there. But the place is so remote. People who do not visit me here are unlikely to visit me there. Many have spoken of visiting the place; but none have come. The inducements do not suffice. They are comfortable where they are. I could never have any expectations. The people on the island will be the ones. People I hardly know, and I exist as an alien at best. I recall Farley Mowat's experience upon an island when he called into account publicly the islander's seeming total disregard for LIFE in annihilating a trapped whale. They rewarded him and his wife with ostracism. One must recognize the tenuousness of his position. People do not suddenly become a different species because of my presence. They are what they are with all their xenophobia, their prejudices, their resentments, their intolerance and their own feelings of inadequacy. Many can only hope I will perish so it will present them with an opportunity for gain. We live in a precarious universe. In Zorba The Greek Kazantzakis depicted the professional mourners going through Hortense's belongings before she was dead. One misses out if he has too many scruples.

No glossing over our natures.

Next:

Saw the man. Cipro. I think its just putting things off. The DRE revealed a hard spot. So why wait? He's the doc! Gotta see the cardio about too many antibiotics before I zee the dentist - **today**, because I zee the dentist Monday.

31 Jan.

Visited the cardio office in which there is one helluva nice looking young thing. But took only one Cipro, because I didn't like the side effects. Will try again after I see the dentist. I have seen the dentist, and have received my CROWN; po(o)rgold. Today I may begin the Cipro again. I have written one of my letters to the urodoc informing him of certain things. That every doc should know but don't have the time to learn. The urodoc called in

response to my letter; a very nice gesture. As it was with Ragde's office.

It would be nice to return to the philosophizing; where there is little hope. To some other GREAT philosopher has been attributed "God is dead". I believe there was an initial incorrect assumption. There never was a God. Not a real one anyway. I sort of choke when I write things like that.

To believe in the stark coldness and indifference of the Universe when you could have cake (and even peaches, if you want them) and ice cream (or Ding Dongs [Moniker wanted a Dong so bad she could almost taste it; not just any Ding,] when ever you wanted them), instead of that vast nothingness, seems a judgmental error of gross proportions. When, with just a little sleight-of-brain you could have it all, seems kind of, like they say, stupid.

Once before, I mentioned, nobody has a corner on stupidity.

Sigmund, at whom everybody seems to sneer, thought everybody had to have something in this cold indifferent Universe. That word is spelled incorrectly; it should read Uniserve. All you'll get for that is a red underline in Microsoft WORD. That's just another kind of WORD. Anyway the resentments and suspicions directed at Sigmund stem from people not wanting anybody else to know anything about what goes on inside of them, with all of what they have stored in their closet, which is to speak to secrets and doubts. How's that again? Doubts about secrets; or secrets about doubt? Sigmund was just as dedicated a humanitarian as was Jesu, even if he was a little shorter (it says so in the ImBible). Damned if we are not all tempted by the seductions of wanting to know the truth; often disguised as the Apple. Sigmund saw that as inevitable. But what ever it was that Sigmund knew or thought he knew, he did not come up with the brash grandiose assumption and attribution that he was the Son of YOU KNOW WHO. He was just a simple Joo. That rhymes.

Next next next.

A video last night interpreting Henry Miller et al. A lot of turgid stuff along with a lot of writhing in the name of 'freedom'. Freedom to explore all of the permutations of zoning out; i.e., the erogenous zones. I was reminded that George Orwell was impressed. But can you imagine Eric Blair living like Hank?

Have you missed anything? After one has gathered unto himself all of that which he feels constitutes the search and the discovery; then what? Of course one is a fuller person then, to write about life; there will be fewer unanswerable questions?!?!?

The search for the perfect fit. Or the perfect orgasm. The freedom to pursue the visceral urge. One lives only once. This last was a complete sentence. The grammarians found no fault. I do

not believe that because one answers all the questions that have interested him or her regarding sex that one has learned all there is to learn about life. Its merely one question? After one has determined that the powers invested in them are intended for reproduction, and that the road to reproduction (NEXT 4 Feb.) leads to this, what remains? More of the same, until you can't get it up any more. One must know the limits to pleasure and satiation; and of course, that cloying overindulged, 'too much' feeling. How's it hanging? Hung over!

In Thumping I have depicted a youth as an extension of an automobile and a ghetto blaster. We old folk navigate the byways; the myriad paths beaten and trodden upon this one-only place; others do the same at varying rates of ingress and egress, the Thumpers with their high-speed daring-do, darting in and out, startling us more moderate and resigned ones; with their bills on backwards as a sign of the times; I've heard it said that a stiff prick has no conscience; verified I do believe. I don't know what you'd label the female equivalent (Charline wasn't any help in illuminating this latter matter). It doesn't help to reflect upon one's own youth. What is wrong now was wrong then. Unless, of course, you really don't give a damn.

Its not easy to be a Golden Ruler; or a good citizen. Its easier not to have any awareness, and less significantly, a conscience. And when you see the backward bill, you can bet you are in for it.

I picked up one of those books I've had for some time, full of clues about self-publishing, in which I had remembered a contribution by Anais Nin dealing with the subject. While scanning the tome, I recalled also the blurbs about big name publishers and their lack of interest in anything but celebrities and money; money first. Their commitment to literature does not exist. But in appraising the whole field, there seem to be two approaches. All unproven writers are not considered; whether young or old; that's the two approaches. There appears to be some source of funds; grants-in-aid available to help YOUNG essentially unproven artists. There doesn't seem to be this same resource available to older unproven artists. If anyone was to somehow blow the prez, that individual becomes an overnight commodity, a ready made literary discovery. Doesn't matter if it's a brainless twit. We all get to exercise our salacious prurient interest in anatomy, as we read My Story; How I got to blow the prez. And we get to know how our leader responded to a pair of hooters; and how he dealt with his conscience while his thing was up. We get learn something about anatomical anomalies. Then of course we get to learn about discovery and betrayal, how to make the most out of bad situation. PUBLISH! Rapers, murderers, bombers, cokesuckers, get to tell their story, the paths of their downfall, beginning with their

traumatic youth full of abuse; injured and maimed for life. What can you expect? You could have predicted the outcome. And so on. All about the inevitable. Some even get to tell how the government injured them for life, warped their sense of values. How Screen TV personalities showed them how to do it, how to right the wrongs of the world by taking matters into one's own hands. And so on. Then you get to read the successful celebrity author who cashes in on our more notorious people and happenings, telling us about a murderer who got shafted by the justice system, somehow securing their release from incarceration, only to have them murder again. No follow up of course. People do not want to read any more rationalizations from that quarter; (quarter-sized celebrity somehow turned asshole). You trade in shit, I guess you get appropriately rewarded. Something about reaping what you sow. Geezzzz, what a reap!

At the prostate cancer groupie the other night, one of the group delivered a testimonial on his success in treating his disease. He graphically (literally) plotted his PSA values, which showed a dramatic decrease after external beam radiation (along with Casodex as part of a clinical trial). Also it showed a spike of an upturn on the lower end of the decreasing PSA. His response and interpretation of the spike was negative, stimulating in him a search for an alternative, which centered on diet. In short he denied himself all the foods one would ordinarily consume in heaven; and he consumed supplements with magical properties. Without a control, he has assumed that his dietary discipline has resulted in the further descent of his PSA to a mostly flat value above 1ng/ml. He fails to see that the radiation could still be the effective agent. Later he somewhat admitted to the notion of his having Got Religion. I raise this fellow because, as part of the introduction to his testimonial, one heard of his 'success' in this world with the American Dream. Retired, he set about to enjoy the fruits of his efforts when he learned of his cancer, which alarmed him to great degree, as it threatened to truncate the Dream and deliver it unto disaster. He still hovers in that Limbo land, without any guarantees; a cause for a great deal of anxiety and a great need of religion. He thought he ought share his success with the group. Members of the group; some of whom are realists, revealed their skepticism. It's a risk one takes.

When I go over to my neighbor's newspaper tube to rescue his newspaper from the rain while he is away, I run the risk of seeing the headlines. Perhaps you can tell me what they are. I am reminded that the media traffics in fear and alarm, in platitudes, in a sickening preachy morality, acting as a dubious social conscience. All constants in the business. They really do have nothing to offer. Like Albert said, 'all people do is fornicate and

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read newspapers'. Poor Albert, I think he was trying to tell us something. I don't think anyone got the message. And he wrapped himself around a tree at age 46. The message: the sole purpose of reproduction is to become an incubus that develops into a consumer of sexual objects and pulp. Some message; which most every BODY will deny.

Next.

Cynical.

Going backwards 8 years

9/28/92 Yup! GAWD DAMNED FFFFING
Sonofahwatchmacallabitsch.

Last night they were attempting to convince me I otter vote.

I tole 'em I wuz a kynos: Origins:

"To return to writing my own book. So far I've got the covers, made of rosewood, inlaid with platinum. That oughta set the stage as a conversation piece.

The conversation went something like this: "When did you first get the idea for this book, Mr. D.?" "Oh!, I've always liked that tactile feel of wood. I just happened to have a piece of rosewood which I had acquired, mostly just to have a piece of something exotic, perhaps even sensual. Besides I had tried doing the serious writing thing in plain brown wrapper. The Publishers said if'n I could come up with the covers they could provide the stuffing; that's the Coffee Table Publishers, which most of 'em are. They more or less tole me that 'Literature Sucks', so if I could come up with one of the approved gimmicks or formulas, they'd look it over".

"Do you find that hard to live with?"

"I suppose I could always slip something in between the covers in code. One lives with many diminished illusions. What one needs to learn is that he is not being singled out for diminishment of illusions. These illusions (properly regarded as expectations) arise from within as one pieces together notions floating within the human audible range, and sometimes from what appears upon the printed page; all are intended to convey a 'togetherness'. Togetherness is a term used by many to convey a 'sharingness'. Not that togetherness or sharingness will produce any better result than the solo performance; but that one should feel a kinship; an emanation of warmth (perhaps the heat of the human circulatory system); such is the nature of an illusion. Without kinship, what have you?

Well, when it comes to writing for the mass of togetherness, one soon realizes 'togetherness' means all those dollar bills piled next to one another, meant to reside in the corpo repository. The objective is not to produce 'literature', but together dollars. If 'literature' per se will gather dollars, it is only as a chance melody. Once a corporate entity gets together a lotta dollar bills it forgets all about literature. Its only those dedicated to literature who will pursue it for its own end, in the

same way Eduard Shevardnadze pursued Democracy in the Soviet Union (unlike the way the U.S. of A. pursues Democracy, which is to say, Democracy in the U.S. of A. is mostly an inconvenience, as is togetherness and sharingness.

I know this does not answer your question explicitly or directly. Implicitly and obliquely I am saying if a thing is hard to live with, perhaps one becomes hardened to it; and more often than not, cynically. This latter (damning with faint praise), a manifestation of disenchantment, does little to remedy anything; however some of us do yield to its charms, without remorse, simply because it does even the score. All we want is a tie ball game; no winners; no one dominating the other; no one suffering the whims of another; no one put in a position where he must suffer the dictates of another. If the systemization of civilization is set up to deprive one at the gain of another, then let it be so declared; we can then all sharpen our knives. If the system of civilization is erected upon certain undeclared assumptions, such as the belief in man's goodness and sincerity as instruments to bind us all together, albeit, recognizing in our common existence a common striving, then lets get on with it."

"I didn't mean to provoke such a polemic. I did want to learn something about the 'process'. Perhaps the process and the polemic are inseparable."

"There are no hard and fast rules in my way of proceeding. I'm ninety percent inspiration. Writing for me is a concession to an illgotten muse; a generalized muse; a well-used muse with a small case 'm'. When I was young my father served this claptrap about ART and AESTHETICS as redeeming garnishment to my otherwise fetid diet of materialistic decadence (as you no doubt will agree smacks of truth in this nation of ours). I must say his sentiments did not go unnoticed, or unheeded. He was an exponent of his own philosophy, however much a failure he was in other ways (he was also a materialist in his own right). His technique of persuasion was to hit below the belt; his object was to succeed with the message regardless of another's discomfort; the possessory holder of certain truths, brandishing them righteously, as cudgel to the uncertain, the doubters of themselves. "You aint nuttin' lest your an ARTIST" "ART and WIMEN dont mix". These are called ART Platitudes. An Art Platitude is a coordinate where one normally navigates, prefixed with a P. One normally grants himself a lotta Latitude with the wimen; but when you put a P in front of a wimen, you dont get much (you get an old crone of a muse). And when you want to navigate, in general, toward something that brings you happiness, that often interferes with the ardors of ART; when you aint nuttin; and you wanta become somethin', you'll never be anythin' unless yore an ARTIST. You can get some idea of claptrap; and the claptrap muse."

"From what you are saying, I would gather this concession you have made to writing is a tongue in cheek endeavor. I would like to know if, in your readings of all your favorite authors, you sneer at their balmy idealism; their naivete."

"Reality nowadays is a far more crushing experience; that is, the experience of 'truth' is far more crushing. However, as the figure of

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Diogenes will attest, Man, per se, persists. Perhaps there is no remedy; and without remedy, given the Malthusian dimensions of our number, (very redundant if all we do is produce cynics), one is reminded, without remorse, of the dire nature of the crushing reality. A cold winter is one dimension to reality; billions of cold shoulders ARE crushing. In the old days Diogenes exemplified something that took place in a city-state. Socrates merely would have had to leave Athens as punishment for his seditious behavior. Why the hell stick around, when there was so much more of the globe to live in. Nowadays there are no remote corners. Now, Banishment means more of the same. Its a Dog's life in any case; not a lap dog's, by the way. And incidentally the root of the word cynic stems from the Greek excrement kyn **kynos** dog''''''

So there is where it begins: **DAWG** (gawd) Dogs dont vote. They keyrapp on the Commons. Let me tellayuh about the Commons. In S.S. (S. Snotrag) fashion, more on Origins: Backwards another 8 years:

JUS PRIMA NOCTUS *A Wise Man Knows His Fate*

Jus Prima Noctus 1988 *Louis W. Durchanek*

One of Charlie's Favorites.
Inheritance.

(Droit de Seigneur). Roots To Civilization.

Transience.
No instinct to morality: Hmn!
Stateless.

The fence bisected the tree, or, the tree bisected the fence.
The male fowl exhibited himself on the other side.
He had created a State, a Nation; a fowl Nation.
His "cock a fiddle faddle" became another of the newspeaks
(getting old after so many centuries of repeat performances).

There could be no accommodation; he said his grandfather had willed the land to him; he was of a mind to farm it, or to bird sanctuary it; whatever he told me it signified I would need to find another way to the other side. NO!, he would not consider a passage through. He willed it thus.

Well, there it was: I could make a violent issue of his intransigence; but he showed me the deed with the Notary's crinkle.

"NO!" was his only utterance thereafter. I was abandoned to camp along side the public road, on the commons, for 'his' had been the last square of earth upon which the newborn had been able to walk without hindrance. The future promised the exaction of a toll, or the threat against one's life. One is always being forced to yield something.

There is something onerous about the public road that leaves one feeling disenchanting, especially after it has been trampled; nothing will

grow there; it is beaten down or pushed aside in the manner of the earth surrounding the feeding trough in the barnyard, or the feeder lot; where a species of filth abounds.

Others came along, denying any residence upon public lands or in public parks. There were established curfews; the dirty fewcurs; or damned few curs were allowed at any time. Mumble, mumble, Cur-ses! Curs! Guess we'll be obliged to spend the night under the bridge, with Ring Lardner, if there is space. One is beginning to see signs under the bridges "No Camping".

There are alternatives; one could seek out friendlier types, or become a thief in order to acquire the means to purchase a piece to place a fence around - like everyone else. A friendlier type would have appeared as an anachronism, like men with haloes, in the Twentieth Century.

NO, it was confinement at the Inn (if you had the pittance), or at the jail for vagrants (where you were treated like vermin). That's Fate; a Wise Man knows his Fate.

What I must do is go to the seashore; it is futile to put fences upon the ocean, even though they draw them on the charts (that irresistible urge); and even though, those who border the water claim it as theirs, and even if they impound your water craft - even though - if you go far enough out to sea

But first one must find a seaworthy craft, however small or large. It is possible it is possible, perhaps to construct one's own from drift.

I know I make things appear depressingly awful; that is, I promulgate stories about man and his selfishness, portraying little good in him. I depict him as a male fowl when in reality he is not quite so limited. I do not give him credit for being able to look into my eyes, to be able to perceive how I yearn for the solace of the forest or the untrampled open space, or the freedom of the sea; all, most unsympathetically.

Frankly, my existence is not his concern. He is not lonely enough to require my presence. There are already too many.

It is not that I do not have a companion; but she too would like the same things. There have been times when the male fowls would allow her passage beyond the fence ... but only temporarily. She has declined, indicating that she is not a female fowl; and even if she was free, she would not condescend to become one. Hers was to enhance, not degrade.

He would confront her with one of those looks; one of those inhumanly awful ones, that stirs jealousies and hatreds; one of those presuming looks; the "I have the right to inseminate any and all; that's why I'm here, you nameless female". Yes!, that predatory and proprietary glance coming from the cock-fowl face, hearkening to the time of the '**droit de seigneur**'.

He would not trade his fence for her, presuming he could negotiate such a trade; yet his salaciousness was not easily remedied. Her polite refusals were taken as simple demurrings. Alas!, the hopes of the lascivious fowls with their rocket-assisted peckers, somewhere in the chicken yard, behind the door, atop the dungheap. And imagine, if you will, such lechery as would assume a cuckolding before one's very eyes. Someone is always getting chummy in the barnyard. I learned later that a 'stiff cock has no conscience'

Judge that ye not be judged! I consider myself judged. There are many times when my libido compromises my tenancy in the House Of Morality (my moral tenancy). I have reached and had my hand put aside by one's wiser than myself, who had the grace not to label me a barnyard fowl. There are times when one desires a more lasting relationship.

Fences make a traveler of one. One travels and travels, sifting the dregs; on consignment; for hire while the body is strong and the mind alert. One's companion withers sadly. 'There, but for the grace of Gud go I. Surely, I must wither in the process, as well. Gud; is it all really for naught?

Its her loyalty that wins me over; I ask myself, 'How can anyone be so loyal?'. I don't mind having my hand put aside; I am thus freed from placing my guilt alongside her loyalty (fidelity).

Then just imagine if I had donned the comb and wattle of that creature on the other side of the fence; just imagine if I could not rid myself of the costume - Don Juan's costume. Just imagine if I could not, just imagine the unrequited aspect, the endless search for ... Death??

The Dance of Don Juan and Penelope. Am I correct in assuming her loyalty? Even if I am cuckolded, how does that affect her loyalty? Is it possible that loyalty really doesn't begin ... until afterwards?

Fences; is loyalty a fence? If she denies another his advances, even while attracted intrinsically, have we built a civilization or have we merely created another barrier? What if she was not in heat ... er .. .estrus? Does one examine too closely?

We are consigned to the road; we had arrived too late to find a place; no one would make room for us. There were many others who arrived late also; some, like the male fowl, possessed a document, a scrap of paper entitling them to exclusive passage beyond the road. They could disappear behind the fences. We were shut out; acquiescing to the .357 Magnum, the arbiter, the unappeasable.

Her loyalty walked the road; such virtue, and such humiliation. Was Penelope frightened of Odysseus, or did she know she had a good thing going, something worth defending? Its different on the road with all that humiliation.

What if I did not recognize the devotion? Fortunately I had; for I have learned something thereby. I'm not exactly sure of the full meaning. It doesn't signify the difference between humans and animals, for there are species, as you might have heard, where conjugality persists even after death.

SHE is a bastion. Others might argue that she may feel inadequate, and that it is easy to be virtuous when one fears rejection. Perhaps the ordinary male fowl does not appeal to her. Perhaps something else is inaccessible to her charms and offers of favor. Perhaps she has had to retreat.

We conjecture too much; where is TRUST?!! Should she not be recognized and allowed passage all the same - for her fidelity, and dignity - and I too, as her companion? We are not swine. """"""

L. Lotrag speaks of the COMMONS WHERE DAWGS DOTHE KEYRAPP.

They labelled it a CUL-de-sac: *Blind alley*. It is more like a CRAWL-de-SACK wherein maggoty looking things encrawleth over one another; anything but obstructed vision of one's fellow maggots; more like an Arena. Close Watch, Close Watch.

The writing has improved over the last fifteen to twenty years. The message is the same. The rancor, the humor, the cynicism.

My little trip backwards was intended to find KYNOΣ κφνοζ DAWG. I think the delivery is a little better. It still doesn't go anywhere. I haven't built a better civilization. I can't, because I am a realist. I am in the camp with Bosch, Swift and Rabelais. Don Quixote visits us from time to time. He urges us away from our merriment. He perceives some necessity to what he is doing. The cost doesn't matter. A noble pursuit; chasing Bedlamites. While we mock the passing scene; seeking verification of our most cherished notions. We laugh at Utopias, not because, in our heart of hearts, we do not wish for them, but because as realists (truth seekers, if you will), we cannot betray our muse. Laughter!! And yes, cold satire and acid cynicism. We cannot preach love, even though love exists. Love is a special condition, not a universal thing that one taps. Love is said to be enduring. When it is special, perhaps. To an outsider, all is questioned. As outsiders we have learned not to take anything at face value. Our learning has taught us to be guarded, to hesitate in making our assumptions. We have witnessed the preaching. It sounds attractive because WE stand to benefit. We are suckers for promises of things we cannot provide for ourselves. And who wouldn't grab forgiveness for all his 'sins'. Anyone can partake as he nears the end of the road; its like receiving a handout upon entering the commons. Niggardly repentance to give credence to the either/or polarities of Heaven and Hell. One imagines he doesn't burn just a little bit in Hell. If we have run amok, we must repent. If we have no integrity, what does it matter? If we did everything half-heartedly, the other half given over to calculation, or hedging, then what are we? If we pass muster as a hedger in order to feast on chocolate ice cream for eternity, what kind of example have we set? Our trophy room full of conceits. Fog on the mirrors.

Next:

Very Good Durchanek For that you get an 
Atta-Boy.

Last year we had to fight with the IRS over MIT's creative bookkeeping. This year will be the same. Only this year we are going to give MIT some shit. We will threaten to report MIT as lying to the IRS. Give 'em hell Durchanek. Put their feet to the coals.

Notes 29

In addition our W-2 Forms were sent to Canada. Fortunately Charline's paycheck was not sent to Canada.

Bureaucrats in action! I'd like to get the whole lot of them in one room, then turn up the volume. Not just for a few minutes. I would hope to convert them into repentants, turn them loose on the world as human beings, proselytizing against the abuse of their fellow man through bureaucratic means – upon the threat of bodily harm in addition to increased volume. Call it sadism if you like; but I call it inadequate retribution and compensation for pain inflicted. Man's greatest enemy and torturer is not Satan, but HOMO SAPIENS (The Mirror).

Next:

Got into it again with the Lasqueti Fire Department Issue. Fighting the Fire of FEAR with common sense (as I see it.) But they want to fight it with MONEY and more MONEY as the controllers of the standards (the Bankers and Insurance Companies and their handmaidens [the experts]) set the bar ever higher and higher; requiring an ever larger supply of MONEY.

The person self-appointed and self-burdened with getting the MONEY does not want to hear anything but supporting statements for her message of FEAR. She mocks those who raise extraneous issues such as FIRE PREVENTION, the best defense against FIRE. She does not want to hear statements regarding the loss of control of one's own fate. Her formula for FEAR is to give into the Bankers and exsurts so she can get the lowest insurance rates possible so that if her houze boins down she can recover some of her lozz. Now there is reazzonin at its best. Not one woid about prevention. Hand over your fate to Insurance companies. Relax, you're covered!

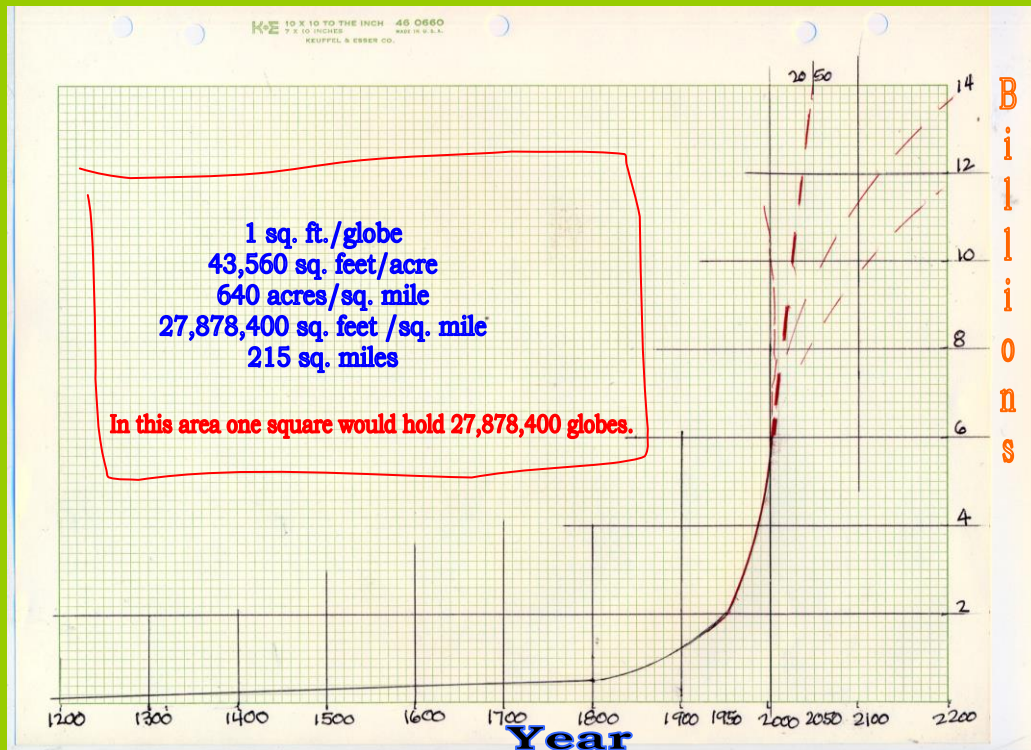
Of course I'm the guy who opened his mouth about prevention. So they pointed their fingers at me, figuring that it was my job now to do something about prevention, since I was obviously too old and decrepit to qualify as a firefighter. Not them; me. Even the experts didn't mention prevention, because if all fires were prevented they would be out of a job. And furthermore it is assumed we are all experts when it comes to prevention because it is assumed we are all aware of?? Anyway gotta have fires to stay in business. I guess its assured there will always be fires as long as there is thoughtless guy like Zeus throwing thunderbolts around. And as long as there is an idiot homo sapiens (Prometheus) left on the planet. Man's brain is full of combustibles.

Next 9 Feb. I presume.

I am returning to, and reexamining the numbers thing with regard to population. I'm sure our mathematicians whether

Malthusians, demographers, or just while-away statisticians, are tempted to become moralists (rhetoricians), feeling the compulsion to sound the alarm LOUDER. The numbers are coloring redder and redder, as the abscissa yields ground to the ordinate.

Already, when one fills in the data base with certain numbers, some things seem probable. Given the existing numbers which are floating above 6,000,000,000 (update as necessary), the planet seems stressed GIVEN WHAT WE KNOW. As a species we could lessen the impact by doing certain things. However there is no way we can make accurate predictions when we suspect that any behavior cannot be modified to any meaningfully recognizable, or measurable extent. That is, the status quo will persist. All we can do is calculate the rate of consumption toward the endpoint of no resources. It would seem even the most basic arithmetic will reveal the crossover between resources and a rate of consumption, even at this point in time. And with increasing number a simple extrapolation would predict steeper more dramatic and dire curves, translated into consequences. **Maxim: If you prove to man that his resources will last one more day, then he will wait until tomorrow to deal with the problem.** Large numbers are already too large to comprehend. Transforming numbers into people is literally impossible. We cannot envision 6,000,000,000 (update as necessary) individuals. Somehow it is easier to envision the planet because it is only one, often in the form of a classroom globe. Try to imagine 6,000,000,000 (ditto) globes. If each occupied one square foot of space i.e., 6,000,000,000 (ditto) square feet of



planetary integument, or 215 square miles. How far can you see? How high a hill would you need to mount in order to see 215 square miles? So that you could view 215 square miles of nothing but globes. Globes that did nothing more than occupy space, consuming nothing. Only a static presence. If you would return to that same hill in 50 years, would you be able to view an additional 215 square miles? (Now 430 sq. mi.) That is what the losing side predicts. But we are not slaves to graphs, are we? Recognizing that the graphic projections are exponential rather than linear, we cannot ignore the implications. WHO cannot ignore what implications? WHO? WHO? WHO? The wise ole spotted owl.

Redundancy augments the argument for genocide; as always. As long as you are not on the receiving rear end, Ats O.K.

Often enough we are confronted with statistics that do not fulfill their purpose, or their promise. That is, what you might glean from them requires a certain amount of time for validation. Statistics in themselves became only apparent truths; attempting to establish relationships such as cause and effect. Admittedly they sometimes create bizarre relationships. For example any two events that occur at the same time can somehow be shown to bear a relationship if they have common elements, which may not mean anything more than mere coincidence. In matters of health we have ridden the roller coaster with notions derived from such relationships. Even when no causal relationships can be shown directly we reach conclusions that we will to effective correlations, inferring something that is not true. Perhaps a year later new statistics reveal a new relationship which may lead to the opposite conclusion or to have generated a premature conclusion in the first instance. I could go on with this harangue, but will state that in the instance of population, statistics have failed us again; they have failed to speak for themselves in the first instance, and they failed to predict the actual level of fucking and survival that has occurred. It lags behind its own predictions.

Anyway you can see where breeding will get you. And your offspring; well, not much for them to look forward to. (don't end a sentence with a preposition **Asshole**).

Next.

What concern is it of mine?

I have yet to write the GAN. In there I might include something about the Demise. The inevitable. When you think of writing the GAN, you suddenly realize there isn't anything to write about, unless it's the rape of the planet. And what Don Quixote is doing to save it. Love and Romance before The Fall hardly rates.

I am sailing through the Islands Of The Decrepitudes; eventually I will run aground; perhaps sooner than my overreaching imagination will take into account. In addition to the prostate, I have been informed the ticker is slowing down.

This means, of course, that I will not be around to see us reach the ten billion mark; and its consequences. But it is wrong for me to think that I would be able to sit in my Ivory Tower without suffering the consequences.

Is there hope? We Hope, do we not, even in the face of the worst, we cling to something. **If you prove to man that his resources will last one more day, then he will wait until tomorrow to deal with the problem.** There is reported to be a lower sperm count in various parts of the globe. And RU286 has FDA approval. More same-sex marriage would help.

In my previous rantings, in Apropos of Nothing, in President, although I did not speak of Gays in the Military, or Planned Parenthood International (RU 286 may be repealed) as my first Presidential undertakings, I did include something about the Natural Carrying Capacity (in the event of a Nuclear War where everything would be totally disrupted), information provided by the Nuclear Winter people. Their estimate of the nat. car. cap. at the time was on the order of 50,000,000 people, more or less the human population of the planet earlier in the previous millennium. But even that may have to be revised since the disappearance of more and more species of flora and fauna (although after a nuclear thing, what would remain? I guess if you start with less, you might end up with less). You can't eat dirt, even though you might be able to eat grubs; as long as they are not irradiated or contaminated. We would presumably cling to life even without automobiles and cameras. Maybe we might be forced into cannibalism (slightly preserved with irradiation).

Its not that I want to see anything fail. Too many people I know would suffer. But, even those people do very little, as I do very little, to prevent what is coming. We are all assuming it will go on forever, which is simply not the case. I preserve a little bit of my sanity, and relieve a little of the 'its out of my hands' feeling by writing this stuff. I am guilty of consuming. It's a way of life.

We cannot begin to imagine the horror of mass starvation. What happens in Ethiopia or Sudan touches us smug Westerners not, even though its supposed to **(Asshole)**. We suspect that some organism, or microbe will come along to wipe us out; maybe that supreme egoist, Saddam, will bring something to fruition. The organism thing will be indiscriminate. The starvation thing will fall upon those without the means to hoard and store, or without

sufficient armaments to steal sustenance from others. It will all be very brutal as only humans can conjure.

It can happen here.

So many things can happen. Just with the sheer numbers of users and consumers, the planet is undergoing its own changes as the atmosphere, the waters and the land become transformed through usage. We will adapt to some of those changes if they occur gradually enough.

We are speaking of usage, rather than 'living in harmony with'.

Number comes with its own expedient. It becomes a driving and riving force in its own right. To make believe that the human brain is an accountable presence is to ignore the realities. Humanity has done more to fuck up the planet than all the species combined throughout the millennia. When I write 'fuck up', I mean fuck up. Even though the fucking up appears as gradual, with the occasional alarming piece of news, like ozone holes, and global warming, soil erosion, fertilizer and pesticide/herbicide/nuclear waste load in the land and water, and various unexplained things like shifting bands of precipitation, or repeated El Ninos. What can you do already? Get some Kickapoo Joy Juice. Find a good drug.

Next.

All this writing and/or 'creative' stuff I do is predicated in the belief in a tomorrow. Without a tomorrow there is no possibility that anyone will ever read or see the results of my efforts; or anyone else's. Even a person confined to a prison cell for the remainder of his life might hope for some kind of remedial or mitigating outpouring in the way of expiation for whatever perceived crimes he had committed against human society. But if the society wanes while he languishes, he will be no better than you or I outside the walls. Question: If the society in which its offender was incarcerated disintegrates, should the offender not be released? The offense no longer exists. Imagine: if you will, like Ambrose Bierce, the lone man in his cell unable to extricate himself as a different fate awaits him than was intended.

The tomorrow that might exist will necessarily be very different than what is now. Without war and pestilence, and overt genocide, to reduce our number, despite a lower sperm count, and the dissemination of RU486, the dramatic increase will occur, because fucking will occur. Fucking (excuse please, fornication) is often a matter of passion and lust. It taps the visceral rather than the cerebral within us. The cerebral part might take a full accounting of the results of any kind of behavior and might possibly take charge of one's more primitive, more elemental, instinctive anatomically destined nature. Possibly?

Yes! Man is capable of modifying his behavior. Perhaps the tomorrow that will exist will find humanity awakened to the necessity of behavior modification – on a large scale. Things like recycling, as we know it today, will seem as a drop in the bucket, compared to what we will need to do from THIS day forward; which is to end reproduction on a random basis, and to cease consuming the planet; i.e., converting it into a standard of living. Once we have reduced the demand and ceased to consume the planet, we might be able to start to really clean up the mess we have made. It will require a totally different attitude on the part of everyone. The lesson learned about converting for the purposes of creating a ‘standard of living’, regardless of whom was the crucible of the learning, is to know that to continue will result in total disaster. The industrialized nations, or developed nations, as we refer to them, have given us the example of what not to do. They serve a purpose in that respect. For others less developed or industrialized to complain that the developed nations are preaching something they do not practice is to ignore the lesson learned. When conscionable people come forward with the truth, regardless of their place of origin, we must listen, and we must act. To even suggest that we can go on for a few more days, months, years, before we have to do anything, is totally irresponsible (**ASSHOLES**).

So, is it really a race to see who can become the most wealthy converter? Who will rule the dungheap? Getting ours?

If what we have done is any measure of what we will do, REGARD!

So I am skeptical, based on what is happening now. Yes! There are quite a number of decriers who are warning us, and there are some who are putting their resources where their mouth is, but this activity doesn’t even begin to staunch the flow, or address the magnitude of the open wound. There is so much lip service, temporizing, and faulty (criminally misleading) rhetoric from those in opposition, not to mention the resources that are being poured into defeating the efforts of the naysayers. Countless attorneys are involved in defending converters against the saviors of the planet. And the saviors, instead of taking up arms, go into court to accept half-measures like grandfathering, or even out-of-court settlements, in order to get something (never, never enough), before the will to resist weakens (as the resources dry up). Appearing before ‘Congress’ is like appearing before the proverbial fox that guards the chickens. You’ll get the entrails.

What would Don Quixote or Sancho Panza do? I’m like Sancho; in realizing that mankind is such a wailing dubious lot, I would abdicate. The Don, because he is enchanted (some would say

‘Mad’), would persevere in Bedalm, though he was pummeled and ridiculed unto death.

Since science, the handmaiden to our perversion (note: not preservation) of the planet, is unable to cure all the ills that it has created, not to mention the ones it hasn’t, we are seeking alternatives, even searching through the centuries, to ancient (the older the better) Chinese herbal remedies, and even their ways of eating and meditating, for cures to all of our physical and mental ailments. (Their apparent longevity persuades us thus) By the same token it is time to implement other alternatives to the conversion (perversion). Science will be of no aid to us in this latter endeavor, nor will any ancient Chinese remedies. We do not know how many Chinese existed in ancient times. We do know there are a helluva lot of them now. They want to climb on the modern bandwagon; I suspect its going to require more than their ancient remedies to cure the problems they are creating as they ratchet up and as they modernize (Where’s Mao when you need him?). The expedient of number is too pressing. The crucible. Reinventing the crucible. The Chinese are deserting their ancient wise men in their pussht. Don’t ask why I didn’t mention India?

So the cynic mumbles, what does it matter in the absence of any other purpose to life? We are not here to create a wholly new civilization or to preserve an old one. We are in it for ourselves. What appears to be a civilization per se is mostly an artifact, a matter for future anthropological and archaeological study. That was possible in the days when there was a future, and when it was thought we could learn something from such ‘unearthings’. We have learned that ‘civilizations’ decline, become overgrown, and buried, and some disappear entirely. We seek the ‘Whys?’, and frame the answers in the context of our superior all-knowing judgements. No room for conceits, fellas! Because the object of living is not to establish civilizations. Civilizations fail. We have missed the purpose of life. By repeating the process, does each succeeding civilization learn from the last; does it improve? The jury is out; meanwhile we have to assume the worst. The search must continue. While we continue to search; its almost over.

I doubt seriously there will be a warning ‘beep’ before it all goes to ratshit. But it will not come as a surprise, because we all sense it is destined to happen WHAT!? The disintegration! Since I am informing you, you will have no excuses. You will not be able to say, “How could this have happened”?

Next

Of course I’m fooling myself, or at least, at the moment I am not, when I realize all the paper that this verbiage is stored upon is

bound to disintegrate, or burn, OR! And in one hundred years, the English language will become a thing of the past, if there is even a time such as the past. As the Cool people are fond of saying these days it will become Toast. There could hardly be any interest in what somebody had written in English one hundred years ago. Can you imagine me giving this thing we are another 100 years?

And further, any kind of insurrectionist or irreverent verbiage will not be circulated by the new masters, even as an example of archaic thinking.

We have heard often enough “In fifty years, nobody will know the difference”. It will be truer in the future than it is now. It will matter even less fifty years from now, because Tomorrow may never come.

I sound like a crank who wants the end to come since I will no longer be here. I want some assuagement for all the bile that has arisen in me from enduring the civilizational and societal bullshit. And I’m not even an After Rapturist (rupturist). For me there is no Promise Land.

The only time I feel this whole shambling perpetration is worth continuing is when I hear a really good piece of music that reminds me of a certain sublimity achievable by this thing I represent. Additionally, my wife Charline is a very good person. She deserves something that does not exist. She will live after me in a disintegrating world. All that we have built together will become a burden in a more frightening and disintegrating world.

There are other apparent good people whom I know to be good in only a superficial way. It takes Charline a very long time to draw the line. With me she draws the line quickly. But with others she will allow them to walk over her, believing their reassuring bullshit about stepping on others; not because of the Golden Rule, but because she doesn’t have the ready courage to speak for herself, especially in denial of others. ‘Stop walking on me’ will become internalized. She will become tearfully frustrated, angered and embittered, but still reluctantly protestant. ‘What could hurt more than what she is enduring’ I often probingly ask. I have very little influence over her; even while she tells me I do have. I am a better observer of her than she is of herself.

At least I know I am not a good person. She doesn’t have to tell me. I am as good to her as I am to anyone. I cannot be any gooder. Put a red line under that Mr. Gates. In the future someone is going to be putting a red line under your name. Mr. Gates had so much money he was forced to become a philanthropist. But **W.** will make philanthropy a think of the past. Like Planned Parenthood.

When I become prez I’m gonna give it back to the natives.

Notes 29 

JKG wanted to become an abbreviated acronym like JFK. It isn't enough to scribble J. But it has become enough to scribble **W**.

They aced Jack and Bobby. So much for the allure of charisma; Teddy backed off, a premature Bill, boinking Mary Jo, then leaving her to float, much to embarrassment of the State of Massachusetts. He didn't do himself in, but he lived to regret something, and get rid of another, Joannie, on his way to yet another. Then he got drunk and got fat. He was a Democratic rhetorician. But George and George occupy the throne. Which reminds me when I was in Catholic School (Nazareth), there was a matriculate by the name of George George (underlined by Mr. Gates who would not name his kid Gates Gates [the idiot underlined himself]) who was not amenable or malleable. G.G. was resistant to the persuasions of the radiator brush, which was used by the nuns as the instrument of Gud. G.G. finally grabbed the brush away from one angel of Gud, striking her (nighting her) upon the head. For which he was excommunicated. The other duo are busy knocking us on the head, for which we should extricate them.

I'm an early morning person. I cannot sustain the attack into the afternoon. After my sojourn down to the phlebotomist, noting the byways and storefronts I got to thinking of On The Beach, of the incredible stasis of the empty streets. Then I was reminded of the testament to parasitic and symbiotic activity. With the awful truth of a photograph. The visual clamoring in all its ugliness; our own very special kind. No subtleties.

And I was reminded also of how quiet the freeway when it snows, or when the pumps run dry, which is very seldom. All kinds of reminders. On the island I am reminded less often; a place where I sort of really declare my independence. Not much time remaining. Why spend it embroiled in a real Dead End? Don Quixote on his bier.

I guess I've had a pretty good run at it today. I gotta sneak out for more paper to preserve this stuff on (asshole). Dream away fella!

Next Missed the basket.

Next

Got the paper but its still on disk.

Started packing yesterday. Hope I make it to the island. I hope the masses have not multiplied to the extent that the road is blocked; or all the tanks have been sucked dry. One day at a time. Most likely one mile at a time.

Next

Next 28April

Notes 29 🎵🎵🎵🎵

Back on the island.
Overhearing conversation.
Mill closings.

Having to plunge further and further into the non-existent forest on steeper and steeper slopes to harvest the last of the big non-existent trees. Then we hear that man has taken over nature. He now creates experimental forests in his own image, when he gets around to it. In the mean time the clearcuts erode away; until we get a sustained-yield crew at it. Every now and then in the conversational assessments one hears “A stiff prick has no conscience!”



Jobs! We hear. In a competitive global market. Can you imagine what is happening to all the other forests that must answer to the persuasions of competition?

There's Jobs!, and then there is Profit!. In the greater scheme of things two perceptions exist, that a rapier of nature for profit needs manpower until the raping ceases to be profitable; then the jobs take a powder. Its called economics. Corporations DO NOT EXIST TO PROVIDE JOBS! Plant trees assholes!

There is no place for idealism. Like “We are all in this together”.
What a pile!

No Illusions
Next

This thing about no conscience is not just a metaphor. One is screwing his mother. She is passive, so it is difficult to determine whether she is being raped or just merely being screwed. Profit is the big hard-on (erection if you please); which demands satisfaction. Mother's often indulge their progeny. Oddly enough what remains is often referred as ‘pecker poles’.

The basic premise one derives from these observations is that life, per se, doesn't amount to much.

I know, I know, I know. When man leaves the joint, it will recover. Some of it. And so what if it doesn't?

Next

The Man with a mission. The Chinese are saying that our **Fuckin Asshole.** of a leader is a weak prez. So he's gotta use his power to show he **Aint.** Playing with hisself.

How is it possible? Yale should issue a disclaimer.
See how easy it is to get sucked in?

I had been re reading my stuff on Sylvia. Then realized Janis Monterey Pops Ball and Chain Joplin terminated at age 27.

Wicks flaring up. Incendiaries. Torch songsters torching themselves. Thumping!

You are repeating yourself Durchanek. You are headed for the loonie bin. Which one? I'm already in a loonie bin. Cheers! I've lived 22 years longer than Albert. Lots of chances. I can't push the rock up the hill any more. All I can do is follow its descent; it is gathering momentum. I can hope it will pick off the **Fuckin Asshole**.

Some claim he was a credit to his race. Must be a different one. Probably a different planet. Know Durchanek, you can't get off that easy. Do you really think I'd allow homo sap fuck another planet? No way; you are in your own private cell all together; like the man said you are 'all in it together'. Hope springs eternal. But you are basically fucked. Suicide is a viable alternative And if you are gonna commit you might as well take some of the **Fuckin Assholes** with you.

Watch it Durchanek.!

NEXT

None of this is important. When young and full of fervor one imagines he can, just through good will and good intentions, change the world. It is almost too obvious that the world needs changing. What grander thing to do? Jesus did it. Why not me.

The script would read a little differently. My mother's name was Grace; Grace Claire Ellard. You couldn't ask for a better name than that to give birth to the likes of the world's new hope; the old hope sorta loosing some of its allure. All things with time need revamping. The priests and ministers and apostles have clung to an old tale with all of its rigid unmodern overtones. Even the more modern Don Quixote is somewhere back there with his lance. And the Lone Ranger and Tonto have become a set-piece of Western Hoopla. One wonders about those two. At least the Don had an image of Dulcinea, and J.C. felt Magdalene's trusses upon his feet; oooooooo! Lotsa speculation there.

Now we got the Unabomber who had a message, and a method. Where's his fluttering scarf? (A pure saint?) However, he suffers tarnishment. Anybody who takes matters into their own hands suffers tarnishment. J.C. got there first with his grandiosity; imagine letting oneself be crucified for other's wrongdoings. Either fiction or madness. With the Don, we have a picture of fictional madness. The Lone Ranger is a kind of leftover from a greedy lawless time (promoted by the government of the people by the people etc.) in the New World. And Ted, who probably read it right, but somehow offended the powers that be with his means of

persuasion. Because he seemed a kook, doesn't mean we should overlook his motivation. The corporate world (taking the whole world under advisement [into their own hands {roping it all off for themselves-then wanting a tax break from we the people and by the people sheeeeitt!}] who Ted was indicting, operate under the protections of we the people, by the people, etc. until there are no tomorrows (like there were no yesterdays) (very little of today left for the rest of us – piles of junk maybe).

Anyway, like I was asking, how important is any of It?. At my age (68) with limited energy, and the realization of the magnitude of any job of saving anything in this 6,000,000,000 overload is beyond any fictional depiction or comprehension.

NEXT May 20, 2001

The Island. A place for wounded animals. Wounds not always obvious. Although one of the more glaring is Little Boobs. Then there is Chinless, and Bucktooth, Shorty (various kinds), Crip, Fatty, Knock-kneed, Skinny, Shnoze, and Kermungous Hooters (Big Boob Bangaroo #14). People refined by their outward deformities. Then there are the inner deformities, sometimes shaped by the outer ones. There are not too many lookers; or those with ambition. A good many define themselves by their self-mutilation, or self-projection; often accomplishing both at the same time.

Time is running them (us) all into the ground.

There is some relief through the Transporters: Dope (Boo!), Coke, Flesh Of The Gods, Acid, Glue, Candy; Lollipops; Alcohol; Life Savers and Dogs. Some manage with sex (Geeeezz, LOVE) and/or self-manipulation. Cheap(?) Thrills! Some get into politics and push others around (there's always a little thrill in that). There are other trips to do with power. The big over the little and helpless, cowering. One does a strutting trip.

There is a high percentage of failed personal relationships; which may signify that one never escapes himself or herself, no matter transporters; or the new found habitat (Paradise) where all the wounded may walk or drag about. Never unnoticed. Dogs on the loose often get shot. Some make a point of being never unnoticed; they wear 'original' attire, and speak sayings full of interstellar wisdom; beyond common understanding. Guh Guh Guh Guru. VOOOOOODOOOOO! How Voo Doo Yoo Doo? A long beard and long hair, and a little ascetic height abets a lofty mystique.

There are attempts at cultism, or exclusive organizations, which somehow fail in the long run. Not everyone finds what they are looking for; misfits everywhere. Some leave forever.

What am I doing here? What indeed would I be doing anywhere? What are my deforming qualifications?

I suppose I'm like anybody else who has experienced a glut of humanity; very easily achieved these days. One sees so much of the two-legged presence, he begins to believe that this planet was created solely for him. While it might have been created for me, I feel that seeing my reflection in everyone else is unrewarding. What I need to see and experience is something more elemental. Earth Air Fire and Water. I'm alone in both environments. There is more expectation in the human environment; although I cannot tell you why.

What you have expended in expectation yields few rewards. Mankind hasn't learned the knack. He is always thinking he is doing his best. When in fact his cerebrations are intended to deceive himself. We use people who grandiosely die for our sins.

Inescapably, like a bad habit, there are those who cannot live in harmony with the planet, as it is found on the Island. It must be subdued and raped. Sort of achieving a self-aggrandizement through plundering the defenseless. Shit happens, it has been said.

What also happens is that each one of us grows older, and feebler. Often these ones of us, slowly becoming this bent accretion, cannot keep up the illusion in the face of the dire need to survive on the Island's terms. One also tires of the human element. As one realizes the last stronghold is only another way station to hell.

Is it all a matter of perspective, Little Boobs?

She thought I had asked a question, but couldn't fathom the answer. Big or Little, there was pleasure to be had. Pleasure was construed as a reward for suffering. Little Boobs and Shorty were an item for a while. Misery enjoying company; or real love; will it last? Often, even real love doesn't last. Sometimes love is based on hating the rest of the world; sharing those secrets of annihilation. Little Boobs thought Shorty had got her pregnant; hers was a kind of accusation. (Another Shorty had claimed "A stiff prick has no conscience".) She had had other plans. Although she was on the edge of the childbearing age, she gave birth, then let Shorty get her pregnant again (Maybe other parts of the human anatomy are not fitted with a conscience). Now its two mouths, plus Shorty and three meals a day; time for post partum syndrome as the world engulfs one's PLANS. Paradise Lost through a burden. 6,000,000,000 others emphasizes the loss.

Of course I'm only guessing; I'm a spectator speculator with little information; except that statistics will give me a lot of leverage. You aint gonna make it. I cannot see the harmony. Sharing secrets about the rest of the world forms a dubious base.

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As does finding a safe haven. Sometimes even mutual hatred sustains an alliance. I can foresee the test of endurance; then a welcome parting. What is love? Doing what is right?

What is right?

If one suffers enough, does that make it right?

In *The Family Of Man*, there are examples (not to be construed as exemplary) of *We Two Form A Multitude*. I try my best to imagine the basis. Perhaps it is that it is better to be Two than One, no matter what.

Let no man put asunder what God unites.

I got out of a bad unsanctified relationship. Not easily; because I had asked, What is right? It would have been a lot easier if I had not asked. Right or wrong, I ended the addictive effect; of that presence. There was another addiction to follow.

Putting the best face on things; that's me; because what I know about myself suggests a rather shabby construction made of all the things about which I rant. One doesn't leave much behind. Sort of a used-up self; getting all the good that can be got.

There's always room for one more in Krafft-Ebing. In the *An(n)als*.

How much further can one carry this monologue?

Many people get remembered for that good face; others not troubling themselves with what lies underneath. Illusionists, all. Often it gets asked, Who Cares? Rightly so.