

## Notes 14

9/21/92 Yup! The Last Frontier is !Death! The planet schmooed; polyped. All of the genetry rushed therein. FORTUNATELY. Suckered by some promise. Opulence.

An Eruption formed a new erection.

9/22/92 Yup!

9/25/92 Yup!

I was thinking yesterday - I have forgotten exactly what I was thinking yestersay, but the gist attained to some rating scheme, not unlike R; which might signify almost anything; not lurid, but rather uncommon, and certainly unfriendly and cynical (the chosen language [metaphor] being whatever would work).

My thoughts t(h)e[r]se days tend to fly off more than they ever have. While not an improvement on previous ones, they seem to adhere closer to the bone theme. Clarity and coherence is mostly a communication thing which I am able to forego quite willingly because i have only cynical expectations of that notion, whether relevant and clear as clear. I do fail myself periodically, that is, when I hold upon a review of past utterances, I sometimes forget the point of my spake. Convolutions!! Forgetting is becoming a common occurrence, and sort of frightening. Good habits with regard to writing can obviate some of the memory thing (making notes); but when I have told myself "I must remember that thought" only to forget it, dopes worry me.

Anyway, I have noticed, since this heart thing, and since I could drop at any moment, being variously both unprepared and prepared for such an eventuality (excepting the last gasping moment) my thoughts tend to a more unrestrained quality. I take leaps with the cynical bent, noting the total collapse of human society as we know it; something for which I might wish, only to prove a point. Hah!, 'What is the point?' That 'beginning anew' may provide us with a totally different approach; not implying anything necessarily "better". If only we could retain some memory of the bad as to influence a different approach, avoiding the "bad", as it were. I do not believe we will ever escape the tendency toward selfishness; and that does imply a lot (more than the collapse of human society).

I say "r" rated with a small cap., since I do tend to censor myself more than I will admit; however, I will note a little bit of circumspection goes a long way (toward blunting my feelings in the 2

matter). A Triple xxxstacy scenario would have a well-enDOWed pretty thing that has been cloistered (saving herself) learn she has some terminal condition (life is terminal). Well, she does it up big, making up for lost and losing time.

## Notes 14

The Hand of the pantheistic GAWD could take a swipe at us and I believe we would return to 'business as usual' only inducing a marginal humility and apprehension [that our pleasures might have to be deferred]. I am thinking of some kind of natural near cataclysmic disaster that would do a number on the planet and us, but leave some of us still squirming; those who were interested in phenomena, and those who deserved one helluva kick in the ass. All the good guys would mercifully have perished; only the bad guys would be left to resurrect their old usurious habitat - Good Luck!

This chatter is but an extension of an argument SHE had put forth claiming Mother Nature does more to fuck up the environment than Man, and (other) Women. My argument was "whatever man does to man can be 'forgiven' since what man is matters little in the larger scheme of things (take that you two-legged appurtenance), and whatever 'we' do to other forms of life is both unconscionable and answerable [culpable punishment is due and overdue]" I would like to administer the punishment.

The yellow peril: Japanese, Taiwanese, Hong Kongese, Koreanese, Singaporese, Chinese, Cheese Louise, (not omitting the other Southeast Asians) Weed Wackers, Leaf Blowers, Skidoos, Snomobiles, Motor Cycles, (Geeezuzzz) CARS, Chain Saws, Ghettoe Blasters, Crameras, Flim [Flam], Watchers, Polyester Threads, Poly Shoesies, Ceramic G.E. Irons, AND other Corporate [U.S. {us} i.e.] Cheap Labor GOODS, Boats (500,000,000 Barrel Jobs), Soundless Submarine Propellers, Harpoon Guns, Drift Nets, Copiers (Copy Cats), Crassculators, Disputors and Holy Shinto, Grass Mats and Banzais and Shitty What Alls Geared for Consumption in the Land-O-Dollars (pronounced Dahhhllrrrs). Bizzy Little Buggers [And Hungry]. They come ovuh heah to get their educating in how to screw the hell outta (usufruct usufruckt usfucked upfucked fuckedup fuckusup) us. You had better laugh. A good deal of this was rephrased on 9/26/92. That added Yup! sure was fun.

9/26/92 Yup! What's more. You've heard the expression, "I've got a Yen for ..." Well!

She tole us about the semi-religious (the rising-sun thing) pilgrimages to the top of old Fugi. Strewn with cigarette butts, plastic bags and sundry offal; o'er pathed, trailed, packed (complete with rest stops) and otherwise trampled during the oblations.

What a blast! Fugicone. And sum peepel say they is inscrutable. They's lots of um, that's foe show. As plain as thuh noze on yo face. So whut's soe inscrewtable 'bout thet? Not one dadblammed thing, thet's whut. Two-legged's 'nuff to know; that says it all. Just very bizzy, thet's whut, with a lotta yen.

What is an optoenthrallogist? One who improves one's perceptions.

## Notes 14

9/27/92 Yup! Interpretation of REMs Its sort of like having all those extra valves in your auto.

Interpretation of Dreams was just a HUMBLE Beginning, which we sorta hold against the guy who first sprung it on us (but we enshrine Hank Ford). . Even then it wuz nuttin new. Nowadays, though, we're into advanced Interpretation. Genetics and Criminality for example. Genetics and other things as well; homosexuality for example. And we've got names for all of 'em; Making Something Outta Nuttin', for example. This is not a classy name for Paranoia; it is rather what happens when you deal with Banks, Securities, Bonds, Insurance Companies etc.. A HUGE ripoff (profif). We call it Economics. Thats a Disease, in case your guessing. It produces a condition known as Belly Up! Belly Up inspires political slogans, and fleshes out political campaigns.

Moments of Silence are interpreted as mental lapses. See what I'm getting at. What goes around comes around.

Interpret the Protestant ETHIC (emitic). HAHAHAHAHAAAAHA Ha Ha!

Civiliz(waz)ation. Sibilization. Time for brotherly LUV. Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha HA HA HA!

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

Lat 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

## Notes 14

togetherness or sharingness will produce 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 will gather dollars, it is only as a chance melody. Once a corporate entity getstogather 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 system 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 ill-

gotten 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

## Notes 14

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 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 comes from the Greek excrescence kyon 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:

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.

## Notes 14

His "cock a fiddle fiddle" 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.

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 been an anachronism, like men with haloes, in the Twentieth 10 Century.

NO, it was confinement at the Inn (if you had the pittance), or at the jail (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 sound 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

## Notes 14

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 give her 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, harkening 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 chickenyard, 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.

Judge that ye not be judged! I consider myself judged. There are 11 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

## Notes 14

created another barrier? What if she was not in heat? 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 12 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 labeled 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.

10/14/92 Yup! Been to the Island and prematurely returned. Back problem ??? Return Problem!! Rerun problem? Walked my usual in the park, gimping along. Yesterday listened to the three stooges running for Dog Catcher.

What the hell am I doing here?

They want to stick me in the Claustrophobia Machine (MRI). So I gotta take a tranquilizer (Xanax) for my phobia, that I was not really aware of until I got stuck in the thing three years ago in order to examine a similar back malaise. Then I screamed for them to let me out, all the while they and Charline were attempting to convince I needed to remain. After they got me sweating and rubber-legged outta there they put me on Xanax to finish the job. But my memories are of the FEAR.



## Notes 14

10/15/92 Yup! Walked again in the park, gimping with a charlie-horsed hip, but seemingly no worse for the wear.

Optoenthralomology. Monopolomoniology.

All attempting to get ahead, crawling over each other. Maggotsville. Switching gears to name-calling. 'Ats O.K.!

You see, its like this: We are on this track with wheels underfoot; we get shoved along with too much momentum to stop, and even littler will; simply because we don't know what else to do. Since we did not place ourselves, but found ourselves, upon the track, we do know nothing else.

We imagine we are walking, and possessed of free choice, but have no way of demonstrating this premise. We are locked inside our consciousness, forced to move by transient forces that swarm over us.

To exert some will to the contrary, to still the motion, as it were, we seem unable. First of all, we are ambivalent because we imagine we need companionship. Although we are bruised and treated indifferently by our companions we imagine we cannot do without. I use the term 'companion' loosely; it is intended to denote the aura of look-a-likes, and their power to affect us, either by persuasion, or by mere absence. The absence causes us to feel loss, even though the relationship has never proven that beneficial. Instead of 'Good riddance!', we sense something missing.

Oh Yes!, I do not deny that we have the capacity to escape; some of us do; but not entirely. Most do not escape the supermarket; many do not escape their ties to financial institutions. Without means, escape is virtually impossible, and a bruising reality as one is kicked along the Commons. It is on the Commons that one learns about 'brotherly love'. Obviously there are too many of us; cluttering the Commons with excess hominidity isn't in the game plan. For one thing it is too demanding a presence; our conscience becomes activated; seldom are we able to act accordingly and obligingly.

Of course I realize I am speaking from the 'Decrepitudes', as I am wont to call them these days. I am The Old Geezer who realizes ever more; the terminal nature of his tenure, his occupancy. I realize the perspective is very different in those who feel the world is their oyster either by inference (doing as they were told), or by inheritance (gift of the Gods); and the young, glassy-eyed hopefuls (I dont know about the other hopefuls [illusionists])).

I suppose there is nothing inherently wrong with making certain assumptions about what is ones rightful place upon the planet. Being born as a result of the pressures stemming from some urge leaves one in the lurch, no less hobbled than Oedipus. Oedipus had everything going for him excepting the vicissitudes of the Present Century, notwithstanding his psychological entanglements. We should all be so deprived.

We are deprived in other ways though swimming in the vicissitudes. Deprivation of peace of mind, although one wonders if Man, per se, has

## Notes 14

ever really achieved that state. Understanding that life is what it is, and terminal to boot, is not sufficient to grant peace of mind. Deprivation in a material sense, perhaps recognized as 'comforts', as a matter of a share, in the civilizational aegis. Is that to ask 'Is one deprived of civilization?' One does wonder wherefrom comes the notion that ALL (inclusively-explicitly) should benefit. It is in fact a confirmed notion only after the 'pushing and shoving' has expired. That is to say "Some have a corner on the species, and the rest of us neither 'Stand and Wait', nor act as any specious repository." We are some kind of adjunct presence from which something is to be extracted; some kind of juice.; perhaps as sustenance for others. A passive assignation of 'purpose to life'. We are kept at bay through the pointing threatening armaments surrounding the omnipresent 'status quo', something we are powerless to change. We could alter our status through obsequiousness; by becoming doglike, or shadowlike.. Deprivation and the consequentiality of birth. Perhaps you can imagine why Sparta through so many over the cliff. In the less civilized places (its all relative)) one senses an expediency to the methodology. The more civilized places tolerate hunger, denial, exclusion as a necessary evil. What becomes conscionable or unconscionable is mostly a matter of inconvenience, like biting down on a sour grape Some will go so out on the limb to say "This is 'Tolerance'" whereas others will claim 'Indifference'. You can immediately perceive the need for the optoenthralomologist. Jesus Christ wont do this time. 'Brotherly Love' sucks (as it has always).

Optoenthralomology is the Science of Delusion. It is likely the 'science' would embrace most 'religions', as we have tended to recognize them. In Star Trekesese we invent the Holodeck; in Optoenthrallese we 'suffer with Delusions'. The greatest optoenthrallic event took place almost without notice before the dawn of civilization. "Do as you would be done by" is with us today as it was then, without any apparent alteration in its significance. You might say the seeds of optoenthralomology were sown as well, during those dark days of incipience. As Sigmund has said in "Civilization and its Discontents":

*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.*

It hardly seems worth saying more.

## Notes 14

Notably Sigmund avoided Cynicism.

Notably I cannot avoid Cynicism.

Being "Done By" is seldom executed openly. Inevitably we are waylaid . Who submerges the other? Elbowing is the first line of offense; faces obscured in the crowd. Indifference is the "Done By", whether or not the elbow had intended to hurt. Exploitation is Done By #2; a little less Indifferent perhaps, but 'to the point'; the methods are many; all we need do is learn them and we could become Doers instead of Done Bys. There are no quaint euphemisms for Exploitive practices. Wherein one might seek the dispensations of the good offices of the system, he is confronted with Done By #3; Denial, even in his access to the Commons; he must eat and sleep on the move. Perhaps these are 'fatefully inevitable' as Sigmund suggests.

And Yes! I make much of something that touches me seldom because I avoid its opportunities; and often I hide in these writings; as I might in some kind of fortress. And I do have friends to whom I relate as though it was as I wished to be Done By, never speaking to them Indifferently, never elbowing them, never Exploiting them (or using them) (and asking little of them; though they often insist I do); and never Denying them; always feeling owing to them, though that is not what they want of me.

Oh Yes! I have my faults in this regard; but I hide my feelings (Oh God, I can't stand another face) for the most part. We all have need of friendships; it is a fairly lonely journey from one end to the other; lonely because of the Done Bys, and lonely because it is lonely 'out there'. The good planet "Mother Earth" is tied to her orbit like an old goat, staked out in the Pastoral Universe We cling as a child might to the Mother. Many forget where they are. Would that any amount of awareness could make it all more bearable. Perhaps it is the realization we are going nowhere that causes us to 'throw caution to the winds'. One long ride tied to Mother's apron strings. We become cruel and indifferent as though we treat our awareness as its own 'cruel hoax'; doomed to watch ourselves squirm. Who wouldn't turn to happy pills?

10/16/92 Yup! Another walk in the park; sore hip again, but, fingers crossed, something feels slightly better.

Anyway, looking over The Island, the theme presses on, especially after yestersays discourse.

It seems to boil down to 'Radical Solitude', at least, that is what feels comfortable. I Land

Remember what I had written Yestersay concerning Done By #3 Denial. It is anything but an illusion.

The aforementioned Island is located in another NATION. While this other NATION does not prohibit the sale of parcels of land to individuals

## Notes 14

from other NATIONS, it does not necessarily allow residency. That's the nature of bureaucracy, as previously mentioned.

We have been denied residency (as retirees) since that classification has been eliminated. We were urged to apply for residency by Immigration officials who should have informed us of the discontinued category. All they did was set us up for a DENIAL.

You must understand that we do not receive any tax reductions as compensation for the Denial, and every time we cross the border we are liable for duty and taxes on all our goods and possessions; and so on and on and on. One supposes the Government could seize the land upon any pretext, without compensation; just count your blessings.

Anyway, The Island, per se has become a more involved adventure since my last writings, for us in particular, and within its own self as well, having undergone its fair share of political upheavals. Fair Warning, friends; Shangri-La can become a La La Land.

Anyway you are able to see how I became simultaneously Bold and Delusional. The boldness rose from my lapsing awareness of the power of Denial. The Delusional aspect finds me believing that somehow even that can be overcome.

Our particular involvement finds us attempting to build a residence thereupon from the raw materials of the land.: Trees and Rocks as starter materials, to be enhanced and embellished with gleanings from the developed world.

With the advent of Denial, it has taken away some of motivation.

Life is Terminal. It must be clear what I mean by such an utterance; that is, the pain will last only so long.

And I thought all I had to do was recover from back surgery and open heart surgery in order to continue with my labors. Think again!

Is it less credible to bestow DELOS as proper appellation upon a radar reflector? Is one to impute the precise meaning 'he cannot die', merely by instituting a legislative fiat: ONE CANNOT DIE ON DELOS; or does DELOS signify nothing, more than nothing? We carry DELOS on board.

Telling it like it is: It is It is It is. 'Tis 'Tis 'Tis

You See, we are all trapped in this envelop, the epidermis. When they tell us to do something, we might run away. But they can hunt us down. They can tie our hands behind us; they can pry our mouths open; they can force feed us. Mostly they can humiliate us; they can sort of expose our private parts.

There are so many of them (not private parts). You imagine my delusional self, bordering on paranoia.

No, I have only legs; wingless; gillless; therefore I am easily hunted and easily found.. Wingedness and gilledness is hardly a guarantee of safety.

## Notes 14

But if man could fly, or if he could swim. I can barely run; even if I had the spirit to try. When you know you are trapped, you sort of fearfully cower in a corner, seething or hissing threateningly; becoming an easy target (or you play dead [deader than you really are]).

You see, there is no real safety amongst one's own kind. Looking alike means nothing; only a certain knowledge of one's vulnerability.

Vaclav Havel January 1, 1990: "When I talk about decayed moral environment ... I mean all of us, because all of us became accustomed to the totalitarian system, accepted it as an unalterable fact, and thereby kept it running .... None of us is merely victim of it because all of us helped to create it together (by acquiescing to it)... We cannot lay the blame on those who ruled before us, not only because this would not be true, but also because it could detract from the responsibility each of us now faces - the responsibility to act on our own initiative, freely, sensibly, and quickly."

10/17/92 Yup! Another walk in the park, pretty much the same, gimping along with a tender hip and a dysfunctional foot(?).

She claimed I had the dreams of a 30 year old; naturally inhabiting a decrepit body of 60; her suggestion was I ought scale down my dreams.

The Island Behind The Fortress  
And, Oh Yes The Arrogance of Bureaucracy.

10/20/92 Yup! Today I go in for the MRI for my leg numbness and slight pains (discomfort). The machine environment induces or triggers a strong claustrophobic reaction which I will not endure without pills (XANAX). Hopefully I'll survive the experience. I have asked Charline to lookout for my interest; i.e.; if she senses anything wrong TO ACT; and if I say anything like OUT, not to deliberate, not to hesitate, but TAKE ACTION. I am depending on her for this, since there is nothing I can do for myself when I am in the machine. With this heart thing I have no notion of what can go haywire. I am sufficiently suspicious of reassuring words from the medical profession to greatly undermine my faith in it; even in making simple determinations. SO WHY DO IT? I am on track, at this juncture.

10/21/92 Yup! Got through that. BUT the MRI shows a baddie, like before. Soooooo! NOW the Doc says once you have this kind of problem you are apt to have more incidents (AFTER THE HORSE GETS OUT) Showing us how smaaaarrrrtt he is. BUTTT its up to me to decide whether I get the knife. SINCE he has already put so much pressure on me to maintain this anticoagulant regiment; he's in a BIG BOX. HE will not be the Surgeon; the Surgeon aint gonna knife no one whos a hemophiliac. Soooooo (once again) Its up to me to resolve this difference between members of the medical profession. AND the guys who are in the heart

## Notes 14 🎵🎶🎵

valve business aint talking to me, so I hafta get my info from the non-surgeon anti-coagulator. I'm in a BOX. AND there's a lotta arrogance that comes with these professionals, which really BURNS me. AND they charge plenty, you know FEE FOR SERVICE (wouldn't have it any other way). So one pays for the ARROGANCE along with everthin elses.

Why am I? 'Cause that's why. For the first surgery, they swithced anaesthesiologists

I woke up form surgery in recovery freezing and shivering, having to ASK to be warmed up (as if they didn't know).

After wheeling me up to my room, they discovered my BP at 80/50.

After the heart surgery, the surgeon said to Charline, the valve wasn't as bad as we thought (that's after the \$3,000.00+ angiogram). Furthermore, during surgery they rendered the phrenic nerve dysfunctional (which was great for my breathing, especially when I was asleep [trying to recover {Yes,even while asleep} from the whole trauma]). And the docs could not agree upon an anticoagulant therapy.

When my mother was going through her hospital experiences I was able to observe the laxity with which they attended her leaking IVs, even after her surgeons written instructions to the contrary.

Shall I mention the quackery of the physician whom I had consulted previous to the one I am now consulting?

Am I grateful? OR, why am I not grateful? (Obviously) taskmasters are seldom grateful. Simpleminded expectations. I mean, for anyone to have implicit faith in the profession emanates from the simplest assumption (indulgence); that is to say, since they (FEE FOR SERVICE) charge so much, the info must be golden. Don't you believe it.

One would like to declare he is a testament to modern medicine when in fact he's lucky to be alive after all the handling. If they can fix it, kind of like the way a mechanic fixes a car; there are mechanics and there are mechanics; sometimes what the mechanic does doesn't work, so you gotta go back. Its kind of like that, the testament.

Would you believe our choice of presidential candidates: Tylenol AM/PM Mylanta Rheaban Aswiftkickintheass.

10/23/92 Yup! I dont know where this file is in relation to the other in computer No #2. But anyway Onward! with none other than old copulate and populate. Reading about Ebola last night. Hah! What feeds upon what feeds? "Who's in, who's out?" Good line fella.

Lots better line than them prezzidental CANDin(n)ates. Debates izz whut they called it. A coarse they is concerned; we know thet. They even pretend to be concerned about the little old dubious copulator/populator (me).

## Notes 14

I'd like to be able to characterize the whole process in one word, like OVERTHWARDITTINESS. Or Extraneous Appurtenances. Maybe, something lying in between, like a dead fish. When you thwart something you torque it. We the people are being torqued by extraneous matters that reek of something foul. The whole business ought be conducted without involving US (short for usurped) AT ALL. Overthwartness is self-explanatory unless you want to throw in the connotation of something psychological, like sadomasochism (a recognized perversity). That's where the titty part of overthwartittiness comes in. We have all heard 'titty' used in various contexts; in this case it is used as brief for 'titillation', which may indicate a sadomasochistic tendency for certain types of both self-inflicted and extraneously inflicted pain or punishment obtained either through habit or guilt (the conscience factor -seeking involvement for its own sake - or - as a self-imposed or extraneously imposed duty).

One Can-din-nate claims he sezz the 'pledge allegiance' better'n tother. Tother sezz better'n has duplicitous LIPS. And a toid can-din-nate claims whut tother and better'n are sayin' is irrelevant to the issues, an' if he's 'lected, he's agoin to fix everthin', cause its jus' common sense, ta do dat (ask anybody in his famby).

Everyone is sposta have good intentions; even patent medicine salesmen. These guys, for they are guys, accouter themselves in three piece Bruks Brudders, highlighted with Arrer shoits and snappy ties.

The TV camera didnt make passes at their shoes, although they did not appear to be bare footed, or in sneaks. Presentable! Circumspect! Nothing hanging out! Sires, all three; of a persuasion and preference that has not been questioned - YET! One has character, one is characterless, and one is a real character. O Tempoora!, O Mores!

10/24/92 Yup! For How Long!

The docs and Charline are steering me towards surgery again, for the old back; the old geezurs back.

I'm in a padlocked box, walls constructed of FEAR, riding on a rollercoaster rail.

Free Will!

FEAR for sure. The docs are great at the FEAR game. If you dont have so and such done, or such and so done, yore gonna .... And we pay them huge sums for their SPAKE. Whut do they really know? Most of them specialize to the exclusion of most everthin' else. The General Quacker cant keep on top of all the things to FEAR, but when all else fails FEAR is best. And the Speshullests are a dubious lot as well; a speshullist is sposta be a exspurt; but I'll atellayuh flatly, they is humans afore they is exspurts; an you know what they say about human nature.

If a person 'ud close his eyes and ears to the goings on of the world he would have less to fear. The more one knows the more he has to FEAR. On the heart thing, they used the angiogram, and the echocardiogram, and

## Notes 14

the electrocardiogram to determine that the aortic valve needed replacing (CAN YOU IMAGINE IT?). Anyway even before I had fully recovered from the angiogram; i.e., while I was still lying a-hard-bed following angio, the surgeon was at my bedside talking about boating in BC. Well when A DOC talks to about boating in BC you know you are in trouble. Anyway it was the celerity of his visit that impressed me. A job to be done, and I'm offering my services. Well, he got the job because he's a boater. One boater would not do in another; AHOY! to the brotherhood of boaters. Anyway after the surgery was over, he told Charline, the heart valve wasn't as bad as they had thought; i.e., the one they removed. They had got me into the whole thing by predicting I wouldn't live mor'n another two or three years (an' a coarse, by talkin' up boats [we even looked at some charts {nuttin' ever came of all the boat stuff, but heart surgery; and a few big bills to pay {{for chartering boats}} }]). So I wondered how what they finally saw might have affected their reconsideration of the predicted demise. One does wonder you know (DOC). About boaters, that is. Incidentally while the cardiologist was running the catheter up through the groin he too was talking about boating in BC. All these guys have chartered to Princess Louisa in the summer; something I have never done; so in reality, we really don't have much to talk about. And since I've never operated on a heart; its all a con game.

But, you know this reminds me of the farmer who had kept three heifers in the pasture with the bull in hopes of breeding at least one of them. He carefully watched the activities of the bull and the heifers upon every opportunity he could manage. When he was satisfied that things were a go he turned the bull loose, and after a period he turned loose the two heifers he had thought were bred, keeping the remaining one for butchering; the one he was sure had not satisfied the bull's needs. It was a sort of homely cow, a polled Hereford with a white face, one eye completely circled in brown like a knot in a tree, or like something had been flicked off'n the tail of another cow - POW! a COW'S EYE!

Anyway who am I to judge what appeals between bovine entities? Not all that is apparent is apparent in any case, as will become apparent in the end. Well, butchering day did arrive; and the farmer who was incapacitated with health problems had arranged to have others do the butchering, under supervision, for shares in the carcass. Things had not started out quite right. For one thing the 30-30 had discharged prematurely. The firing chamber had not been emptied upon the last butchering occasion. Why anyone would pull a trigger without checking was not questioned, and why a safety was not secured in place never got answered. Indeed the farmer was most chagrined and embarrassed, and lucky the bullet did not strike anything living. Of course the lured heifer galloped off with the noisome discharge.

The farmer's wife was alarmed and dismayed by all of this, imagining all the worst. Eventually the heifer was lured once again to the appointed



## Notes 14

place, the trees where a beam had been secured between them, from which was suspended a block and tackle. The deed was done with the 30-30, quickly followed by a jugular severance and a speedy evisceration, with some onlookers, including the farmer, who was passing judgment on the whole operation; and including the family cat who was accustomed to discovering portions of raw meat in its dish, now; NOW!, BY CAT GOD, what is this?.

As the chitterlings, and sundry parts were being salvaged for the variety of palates of those into ingesting more than just T-Bones it was suddenly realized by one of the gatherers that the heifer was with calf. There were a few sighing Ohs. And the farmer was heard to say rather resingedly, "I guess its too late now".

It reminds me of the boating doctor who had already opened me up, scalpelled eleven inches from near my throat, to a place below my solar plexus, then sawed through my breast bone, pried open the chest cavity to get at the pericardium, then grab the heart (I wont go into the gory details) slitting it open to cut out the offending aortic valve, only to see that it was not as bad as 'they' (the boating doctors) had thought. Well!

Maybe I could have lived longer than they had thought, maybe even long enough for some other disease that waits in the wings for which I am destined no matter what. Cant cry over spilled milk.

Can sure get pissed off though. Should I be grateful? I really don't know. Perhaps the first back operation was another matter; I was in a lot of pain. Even the heart operation may have been the right thing. While recovery required a long time, both in terms of regaining strength and confidence in the body, and in stabilizing the medication, It does seem I do not have the tightness in the chest previously experienced when walking up steep inclines. A difference that seems balanced, however, by a body that projects less stamina. After eight months it may be deemed too early to tell.

10/25/92 Yup!

10/26/92 Yup!

*"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."*

## Notes 14

I have quoted this paragraph on other occasions.

'Fatefully inevitable' ?

"Too Much" ?

Too many?

Too much self-gratification? Or is it more elemental than that? An Imperative to Survive?

For the most part, we have decided we cannot go it alone; so how much company do we really require? And what do we do with the excess?

Surviving, and self-gratification (the purpose of survival; and whatever end that serves [not unlike the dinosaurs]). The Imperative that belies or accompanies the Force does possess an 'inevitable' component that wants to serve to put each of us in the forefront.

Sharing is not our first impulse, lest in a weak moment of loneliness we offer seductions to the wayward soul.

REAL Sharing has suffered the edicts (morals) because we have proven arbitrary in our dealings with each other. Spain and Portugal divided the earth in two areas of trading and possessory influence; that is, until the English, Dutch, French, etc. came wresting along. To Have and To Hold. Before and After.

Sharing harbors (and implies) more than its apparent material aspect; the "We are all in this together" aspect. That is (once again), 'No man is an Iland, intire of itselfe ..' [A Devotion, Love] Somehow Morality found its way from out the human labyrinth. We, that is, perhaps the weaker amongst us, devised an appealing scheme of Sharing. "DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY". The Super Ego came into being through a notion of self-preservation. It was less than tolerable to survive in a "Who wins and who loses, who's in and who's out" world, even without knowing the premise for existence.

Although the G.R. receives much acknowledgement on the commons, it is what stirs (motivates) privately that matters. Some of us are incorrigible, that is, self-interest attempts to obviate the rule. We build bigger and bigger fortresses to wall out the rule, and more incredulously, to wall ourselves in. Acquisition is or becomes a thing in itself, the purpose (*causa* [sin]a *qua non*) of existence. One must review the notion of self-gratification (pleasure principle) as the purpose to life.

One might argue that a feeling of security is a necessary component of survival. Security in and of possession behind the wall.

The Morality has been greatly expanded in order to account the largesse, as well to attempt to control the more errant and destructive urges that arise from the more primitive aspects of survival. Along with Morality has come the notion of Punishment, deeming 'VIRTUE (abiding the rule) has its own Reward'; whereas Punishment is something administered almost proscriptively (since a stigma [police record] attaches to one's existence once he/she/it crosses a certain line). A lack of forgiveness emerges from a basic insecurity in the affected other; i.e., can

## Notes 14

we trust the first, once he has shown a particular self? One is allowed to survive with a tin can tied to his tail, or in some cultures, with his hand severed.

The expanded Morality has many vested components to it. The first person might only want something for himself, or may covet something, or be envious. The second person might only want to redistribute the wealth [acquisitions] (let's say) following some inspired economic theory of human brotherhood. A third person might only want to assign a purpose or a goal to life. The expanded Morality is intended to preserve what exists, the, albeit, status quo.

What might have begun as a simple realization by the weaker amongst us as a self-serving admonishment "DO UNTO OTHERS AS YE WOULD BE DONE BY", has been seized by those who are the stronger only to enforce their advantage, albeit, enhance their security (as a matter of convenience to themselves).

'Those who stand and wait also serve'. This statement is intended as a balm to those abandoned upon the commons. I do not believe a promise exists in this statement, i.e., when an opening comes along that you are next, even if you did take a number (either as part of a sequence or randomly [lottery fashion]).

Lately the commons has become so crowded, actions are being taken to establish enforceable curfews (to remove what is perceived as an eminent danger from vagrant entities). Those who occupy the commons are prodded to 'Keep Movin'; and to wear shirts and shoes (expanded morality).

Some members of the species are sensitive to the disparities amidst the brethren, that is, they easily perceive differences that are pointed out to them, these differences becoming a matter of 'conscience'; only in so far as one accepts a particular argument that disparities ought not be, to such a degree that it becomes 'embarrassingly' obvious. Two individuals so juxtaposed to each other rarely exists. Those with means tend to move away from any embarrassment. That is, they feel more comfortable in the presence of their own kind, walled in or out.

Still we do these complicated maneuvers without knowing what is the purpose to it all. Surely we do not wish to perish on the commons, especially in the gutter.

Some might argue with the harshness of the terms; like fortress, instead of enclave; circumspection instead of embarrassment; incentive instead of convenience; repose instead of security. Is any part of what we do defensible; or is it that no part of what we do requires any explanation; only such as suffices to apprise the other of 'What is mine is mine; and what is yours is negotiable'.

10/28/92 Yup! With little enthusiasm since I am headed for the hospital again.

## Notes 14

Anyway I had been looking at things around the house, for whatever reason; a spider web had caught my eye. This lent a feeling of repose. Time had passed, with the spiders crawling from their hidey-holes. If one would leave things undisturbed, the whole interior would turn into a cobweb; and why shouldn't it?

I had paused outside to take a leak by Don Juan. His maker was long gone. The Great Man was gone, while still trying to leave his mark. I'm attempting leave my mark; I too am doomed.

The politicians ride about in their bright and shiny bullet-proof limos to galas in the night, flashing by the video cameras, lenses yearning for a glimpse of what eludes us. It does elude us. Our own reason for being here eludes us; the politicians exploit our vacancies, that is, they take advantage of those who wish to be left alone in their quietude. Holy Shit! God Bless These United States Of America! So say these limousined cats.

David Brinkley, the bought'n ADM man, who shares an elite value system with Bob Strauss, Damn Sonaldaughter, THE MAN, and coterie of launderers, and PAC MEN; A condo in Ocoala. One of Many, Some of Many Many of Many. Sold To The Highest Bidder; Holy Shit! God Bless These United States Of America!.

The Can Din Nates get 55,000,000 from our coffers to ride through the night to galas, Blessing The Shit Out Of America. They sure as hell better Bless, and Thank, or whatever else one does when he's going for a free ride in style. Do really think they are going to save us from this?

The Wind was Howling, wowwindling, wowlwind, wingwind, wingowl, howlwind, wingwind, lingshowl, lingwind, wowling, hing, and wingshowl.

10/29/92 Yup!?! The wind really was up a bit last night in the first genuine fall rainstorm, barometer 29.4 at 600 ft. above sl.

I must have been aware of some of it because I dreamed of a boat in a faraway dreamy place, Charline aboard. The boating dreams prove soothing even when at their worst. I have made contact with something elemental within myself.

Many of these dreams envision partly familiar bodies of water, and continents, although they are not part of what one would find on this planet, or upon a chart. For example when I dream of the north, it is faraway place, farther away than we have traveled in Atavist; beautiful; forbidding and alluring at the same time. The same is also true of the Southern coasts and waters, somewhat like the west coast of South America, and more isolated than New Zealand. These dreams enlarge the planet, while the charts that appear in the dreams shrink the planet.

In a few days I return to the hospital for a second lumbar laemenectomy. Tomorrow I discontinue the anticoagulant maintenance, so

## Notes 14

that maybe by Tuesday, the prothrombin time will be reduced to near normal.

All a traumatic decision for me. If I do nothing, most likely I will become a cripple. Even though I am not in pain now, I might be in a good deal of pain at some time. A nerve root is compressed by a disc extrusion (and fragments). This means I would be living with a nerve in constant jeopardy of permanent damage upon the first straining physical effort that could cause further extrusion or movement of the existing extrusion. The mental trauma stems from the memory of the first laminectomy; upon awaking I was freezing; my blood pressure was low. Since then, as you know I have undergone a far more serious surgery, about which I remember nothing; only the long recovery period, which involved not so much pain as fear, the actual feeling of dying, especially when awaking with jolts, gasping for breath. Recently I have felt well, needfully conscious of my condition; enough so to remember to take my medication daily.

I may die, I may live. Most of the statistical information suggests I should pull through without complication. The same was true of the heart surgery, only there were complications, a damaged phrenic nerve.

However there are anomalies that frustrate the statistical bias. I can only hope I not amongst the anomalies. I could experience a blood clot (a thrombotic event) at some time during the discontinuance of the rat poison. Who knows how sturdy is the heart, really, or my nervous system, after a third anesthesia.

So my apprehensions are additive; the knowledge that things can go wrong, coupled with a fear of dying, and/or becoming a vegetable (following some kind of stroke) causes me to imagine the worst. The doctors assure they have only my interest at heart. I am obliged to take them at their word, even when they screw up.

Perhaps the oncoming trauma, and the fear of it have stimulated e(x)cape dreams, palpable realities that are soothing to the anguished spirit. I do take refuge in the climactic changes, the seasonal changes, wishing these, and only these, were the preoccupations of the brethren. In touch!!

There have been so many birds lately; flocks of varied thrushes, veereys, townsend warblers, towhees, bush tits, flickers, robins, juncos, chickadees, wrens, brown creepers, red-breasted nuthatches, stellar jays, even a scrub (Canadian) jay, sparrows, many others I am sure; in the distance (thank Deity) flocks of starlings, and the ubiquitous dump gulls, floating (winging) above it all.

Halloween Yup!

Jon Que Foibles ventured THITHER, accompanying his canine friend Happenstance (Happy). Their final destination was uncertain from the outset. They knew, that is, Jon Que knew they must pass through the Islands of The Deceptitudes before they could gain the more distant

## Notes 14

Thither. They were, actually Happy was, searching for the source of a scent, which Mr. Foibles assumed to be none other than that of Old Yallah (Yillah in some accountings, Yeller, Yaller, and Yellow in still others).

They embarked in an odd looking craft, appearing to have been constructed originally of beach drift, and repaired many times over with more of the same. Scrawled somewhat cockeyed upon its transom was something one might construe as an advertisement for traveling abroad; GO NOW. Perhaps it was that originally, having become flotsam with the passage of time, only to be rescued as reinforcement for the transom of an otherwise nameless hulk.

Happy appeared very intense and serious about the whole adventure. When he approached the Decrepitudes his demeanor changed markedly. He had paused instinctively, as though asking himself, 'What am I getting into?'

'Well, for one thing, you don't end a sentence with a preposition' Jon Que chided him.

Undeterred by apprehensions and prepositions, Happy pressed forward through the fog shrouding the first of the Decrepitudes, feeling the cool moist somewhat embalming affects there from. Therein, touching upon its shore, immediately Happy and Jon encountered Rosinante and Don.

Happy's ears were erect and curious, and his tail wagging in greeting, while Rosinante's tail was hanging, the Don slouched bestride her sagging frame. The two of them presented the damndest most drooping, dejected, demoralized, dispirited, discouraged, depressed, disinclined, despondent, disheartened, disconsolate, despairing, dismal DAMP one could ever hope (deferred) to encounter.

In consulting the charts of the region, one immediately recognized the trademark of the Island of the D's, one of the larger Decrepitudes.

You might wonder what sort of nonsense is being scribed herein.

Should you find another diversion, the author would understand, because he understands the prospects of diversion and the need of diversion. While it is Happy who has the urge; 'The Urge of Tagi', it is Mr. Foibles who goes along for the diversion.

Usually it is one's canine that follows one about faithfully. It so happened in one of Jon Que's marine wanderings, with Happenstance aboard, he had become lost in an immense fogbank, then had been driven by pressure and storm into the Netherlands (nether here nor there). Wearily disembarked upon the Nethers, it wasn't long before Happy was alerted to something in the bush, disappearing in hot pursuit. Jon Que paid little notice, figuring Happy possessed the ability to size up a situation, getting out if things got rough, abiding an admonition he learned when very young, 'When the going gets rough, the tough get going'.

## Notes 14

After resting for a while, Jon Que perused the charts for areas of interest, finding little more than place names and some topographical information. If there were inns, spas, and night spots, they are conspicuously omitted on nautical charts. However the name of one Island caught his eye, an Island formed or arisen slightly apart from the main Decrepitudes, and one with such a name as to portend strange happenings. Mr. Foibles remembered from his early schooling the name of such an Island, or such a place. Odd that it should be well-enough known to appear upon a chart. He imagined the place overcrowded like some smelly bird rookery. Hmmn, DELOS!

His interest piqued, he whistled for Happy; that is, he whistled and whistled and whistled. No response. Eager to set off for Delos, he became irritated with the animal's recalcitrance. He truly believed Happy was in no trouble or danger, having faith in his innate abilities to elude or avoid difficult situations. God Damned Dog!, why does he have to pull one on me now!?

John Que could have shoved-off without Happy, attempting to teach the beast a lesson, but he was loyal to the mutt, more loyal to Happy than he had ever been to a human; perhaps that was so because Happy was so intensely loyal to him, even during some of his most trying aberrations. Mr. Foible's fellow look-a-likes were unkind to him and intolerant when he manifested behavioral anomalies, that is, when he mocked the status quo, and hooted the materioconsumerist ethic of the masses.

Happy wandered into his life one day when he was visiting a friend who, not uncoincidentally, was also an individual whose behavior invited suspicion and intolerance. The friend had acquired Happy through yet another friend who could not abide the animal's penchant for wandering. Oddly the wandering mutt always returned to his master of the moment. The first friend also did not particularly care for the wanderlusting canine, but felt obliged to treat any creature that would dally with him, deferentially. Well, John Que liked the disposition of Happy, and received the offer of him with grace, and thankfulness. It required a few tries before Happy got the idea it was time for a new master; that is, he returned to the friend's domicile upon two separate occasions, showing no inclination to leave. However, on the third relocation and an ultimatum from John Que, Happy seemed to get the message.

LATER STOP HAPPY 11/11/92 Yup! Walked three miles yesterday; a little sore today in the leg. SLOW DOWN.

Anyway, I had dallied with Happy and Mein Hump.

I remain unfocused as usual, but have been reading critiques of Herman Melville again, partly stirred by the tactics of those opposed to the Orifice Control Addicts (see Mein Hump). Herman Melville remains a tough nut to crack; he endeavored to do it all. It is suggested he could not reconcile the ambiguities; as indeed none of us can.

## Notes 14

*Ambiguas in vulgum spargere voces.* To spread doubtful reports among the (common) people. *Onus probandi.* The burden of proving.

NONPLUSSED.

Questions? Moral certainty? Is there?

Qualifications? Wind and Weather permitting (there's that old boat analogy again).

Possibilities and probabilities?

Impossibilities and Improbabilities?

What can "Science" tell us? For Example is "Science" able to demonstrate anything to substantiate Morality as inborn, as inborn as a finger, or a heart or liver, lets say? We would answer almost immediately, instinctively, NO!

Is there a 'logic' that can really become as arbiter in our affairs?

I am apt to perceive the mass of mankind as mindless; as easy prey. I imagine the 'promoters of the system', for argument's sake, let's assume 'consumerism' as a system, also perceive the mass of mankind as something to be fleeced, whether or not they are mindless.

The object is to locate the mean, whether or not founded in mindlessness. Susceptibilities is that for which is searched.

There is something inherently wrong with 'consumerism', per se. There is something inherently wrong, and 'immoral' in perceiving the mass of mankind as something to be exploited or picked clean. It doesn't matter that it has been happening since the dawn of consciousness; its still wrong; as is usury, also with us since the DAWN..

Broadening the notion of 'consumerism' to more readily expose its wrongness, 'consumption' involves a great deal that is wrong. The wrongness becomes apparent through very different perspectives, one, perhaps involving a 'moral issue', another, a more basic issue, finite resources.

If one is a pragmatist he will not require morality to persuade him to balance his ledger; or in this case, mother nature's ledger. If one is also a moralist he will declare wrongness as a matter of principle. While the pragmatist will foresee certain things in as much as his knowledge will allow, the moralist will condemn those who selfishly ignore what is conscionable. I say these things without really understanding what it is we expect from moralizing. Somewhere, we are envisioned as taking control; either through sheer genius, or through some kind of persuasion. Taking control means taking control of ourselves. As it is now, we bias every argument in favor of what we are doing, whether or not we know what we are doing. This behavior is often referred as 'short-sighted'.

Friday the Thirteen Yup!

Reading in y Gasset and McGibben. Put those two together if you will; and my neighbor dropped by with The LOTUS. Regarding my neighbor; he



## Notes 14

has always seemed upbeat in his greetings, but, in my mind, anyone in the Western World who gets into Boedism is Escaping, in a dire sort of way. I understand completely his need to pull the rip cord; he's much more involved in the World on a day to day basis than I. An Artist! Yet another!

Anyway reflecting on Gasset who is speaking of the 2500 year old philosopher, the collective one, he speaks of truths, and errors, or mistakes. He speaks of aspects, and (un)certainty. In commenting upon Hegel's famous one-liner, Ortega views the ruins more as errors; but he also acknowledges the formative part of knowledge as an ongoing thing, recognizing that truths have also been present; i.e., some buildings are still standing, however weathered. These buildings, in themselves are an affirmation, requiring affirmation (these last two are my interpretations).

I am mindful of Snotrag's rant about Cage's notions concerning Error. I conjure an Ivory Tower wherein sit these thinkers, or would-be thinkers, airily gesturing, "There is no Error." Its like saying, "There is no conscionable act". Anyway give Snotrag enough rope and she'll hang herself, which she always does; sponges and parasites, piratical behavior, clevernesses, finally a plague of plagiarism. I've witnessed it in others who occupy a lesser place in the affairs of mankind; same result however; a suspicion of grandiosity and conceit (not unlike myself; however I don't take on another's arguments without lots of cogitationing).

While beneath the Tower, mankind slaughters itself and his environment. Blessed aloofness. Not that philosophical truths, or would-be truths have much bearing on the scuffling below. It is the extrapolations from these truths (and mistakes) that do affect us all. An extrapolation could amount to a judgment, a condemnation, or wishful thinking. The 2500 year old philosopher is an assimilation of truths, some founded as part of an intellectual exercise (pondering airily), some founded as part of what filters through when these truths are applied to the role of man in the Universe (our little Universe). The 2500 year old Philosopher is also an assimilation of Errors (or judgments concerning the journeying upon misleading paths).

My object is not to philosophize, although it is permitted to do so without qualification (As Gasset notes, we all do it). Much of truth gathering or aspect-gathering is achieved intuitively. Perhaps much of what is not achieved intuitively is irrelevant. I'm counterpoising this to truths achieved solely through an intellectual process, through argument, as a series of irrefutable recognitions, having more to do with logic than experience. A Priory vs. A Poteriori.

I suppose I am interested in relevance to a particular problem facing myself first, as a life; perhaps a social problem, which involves others to whom I am forced, or obliged to relate. Gasset somehow conveys the notion we have benefited by what has gone on before us, both philosophically, and through experience. But we cannot escape the fact

## Notes 14

that we're still 'formative'; that is, despite the benefits, the job is far from over.

Gasset speaks of our 'inborn' skepticism. We reject old formulas, old truths (Like the scalded cat, they avoid the house where they were burned). Philosophy becomes suspect because it cannot nail down with certainty. We are unable to extract a consistent, or all-persuasive message from our experience. The 'formative' part, that is, the argument that excuses our inability to find a true way, is offered as appeasement to the skeptics. We are in a position of needing to believe in our abilities, while acknowledging their dubious, ambivalent, ambiguous nature. Our need to solve our social problems are inseparable from our perspectives. They are intertwined.

Our 2500 year old philosopher resurrects the old arguments of Socrates concerning Goodness, for example. Is there an irrefutable GOODNESS? That is, in all things are we able to identify with certainty, the path that significantly leads to 'goodness' (and most likely truisms concerning goodness)? Gorgias argues the case for us. Will we acknowledge that there is a rationale that indisputably leads toward Goodness? GOODNESS is used by me all too-broadly at this juncture. In Gorgias, one is led through a series of dialectical steps toward a single conclusion; that GOOD is knowable, and mostly irrefutable. The method proves successful.

I'm not about to propose that we repeat the arguments. The propositions have had 2500 years to gel. It's possible we are not ready for a construct so all-powerful as the GOOD. We are still wending our way, avoiding, as it were, the implications of the "leading the GOOD life". I realize I am treading on treacherous terrain in uttering such a statement, because "leading the GOOD life" encompasses too many self-righteous adherents (of diverse backgrounds and persuasions). Let us rephrase slightly in order to recognize the motivations behind such a statement. Let us imagine that all those so proclaiming are conscious of something required; that is, actions which broadly further the interests of mankind (which may be construed to include the preservation of the planet as a top-priority item; i.e., a Good Good). We might all agree that the preservation of the planet, our only home, is of paramount importance. We are persuaded of this almost intuitively; and when presented with certain data, and projections based upon irrefutable data (a kind of truth we cannot ignore), we are confirmed in our belief that, if we commit this error, we are indeed doing more than committing a philosophical error; we are indeed scalding our cat.

I am not about to attempt to persuade you of the GOOD. I might set about to argue there does exist a collective self-interest, a commonality of interests, maybe even a Universal ingredient to our need for circumspection in certain areas of our conduct. I will not go too far afield in this, only to suggest that my self-interest and your self-interest may

## Notes 14

both be served by giving it a certain character that assures for mutuality of effort, though we may disagree philosophically in every other respect. The mutuality of effort may be assigned the dignified terminology: GOOD. Or it may demonstrate a begrudging awareness and concern for each other's cat.

As Gasset noted: You all already know this (it is self-evident?), even in an unprofessional way; so you apt to say: "Come on Durchanek, don't ask us to look out for your cat."

You can easily see where philosophical speculation leads when you claim, "There is no error." In a highly speculative way, we exonerate ourselves from any responsibilities. We may intellectually exploit uncertainty, choosing what is formless, amorphous, as a possible escape route from culpability.

I take the liberty to entangle and incorporate action into conscionable action, and associate it with an ultimately self-serving proposition; furthermore, include collective self-interest as an argument, even before I would assign culpability (that comes later, when we discuss the GOOD, as a recognized construct [TRUISM at least]). Taking this step, I shape a recognizable, though rudimentary form, perhaps only a blob at this stage.

Elsewhere in my writings, such as they are, I have not grounded myself as purposefully as I am doing here. I tend to 'shoot from the hip'; or soar into grandiose flights. But then again I have seriously attempted to solve recurring hominid dilemmas by any and all rhetorical means. Do not mistake my intent, ever. Perhaps 'dilemma' is the appropriate word. I would wish to weight the argument in another way, feeling there is always a clear choice to be made. I realize that 'gut' choices stem from origins we must recognize, perhaps more than any other. We must access the 'gut', the viscera, in some manner; first learn what it is that produces the 'reaction', secondly learn if there is way to assure the viscera that 'reaction' is an unwarranted response (not easy to do; especially in world full of suspicion and 'too many').

It is easy enough to state the self-evident nature of mutual self-interest, simply because it doesn't require much statement beyond simple demonstrations, largely depending on the efficacy of the demonstration to speak eloquently and persuasively that which will appear of its own, and which we need to know. In effect we arrive at the point where, in looking at each other, we recognize something else in the other besides that which we recognize in our selves. The other agrees; we release some of our hold on ourselves, 'trusting' in the other in shared sentiments; we are on the road to resolving 'a' dilemma. We somehow arrive at the place where our response is governed. We moderate the interior with agreement and trust. We are in concert as pertains to a recognition of mutual self-interest. This has been effected through adequate, persuasive, and convincing demonstration.

## Notes 14

I have always used the example of Sanitation as an object-lesson wherein we fairly readily find agreement. And in the more organized communities of man we have created binding legalizations to effect our sentiments in this area of concern. In our planetary (global) concerns we are rapidly approaching the necessity of mandating similarly our sentiments with regard to preservation of our only home. While many 'undeveloped' communities still have not achieved proper Sanitation, we cannot ignore this new added burden, which has many more dimensions than Sanitation. We still recognize poor Sanitation as the breeding ground of disease. Disease is our concern.

I do not want to get into a restatement of Ortega y Gasset, or Bill McGibben. I want to pursue my own approaches, using my own rhetorical devices as I have been doing all along. I am grandiose simply because I am a skeptic. I do a lot of proselytizing of disbelief. However, I do believe there are self-evident concerns that are in conflict with our other self-interests, and that we are aware of them; and that we do little or nothing to address them. We sit on our hands because we do not want to step into an unknown area where we are called upon to sacrifice. We want unanimity of sacrifice; but we will not be the first to so sacrifice. We may appreciate the demonstration of irrefutable data; we may realize something must be done; but as long as we are not in complete agreement how it must be done, we do little, simply because what we are doing now satisfies us through habit; it has an immediacy to it that the gradual destruction of the planet does not. Self-evident? YES! Stepping on the cat's tail? Most likely. A patent error in our thinking? At least an amoeba cannot be accused of not using its head. Otherwise we seem not too undifferentiated from so lowly a creature. Rhetorical device? YES!

Thar's ole Pilgarlic, hisse'f. Are crabbed cynic.

November 14, 1992 Yup! The End Of Nature. FINIS  
Play out your hand.

Don't throw in your cards; 'cause, with a 'new deal' they'll be very different; like nuthin' you've ever seen before.

What is the deal? McGibben doesn't have a corner on the market; he just got to be one of those who aired his package.

I'm not in disagreement; more in agreement, thinking upon similar lines, but I'm probably more in sympathy with the Deep Ecology people; perhaps McGibben is also, underneath it all, despite his desire for creature comforts, and his appeasing rationales for the Third World.

I want to play out my hand, although I've bitched my entire life about the hand I've been dealt. I'm 60 years invested in my hand; I've made my

## Notes 14

compromises, my choices, my whatever else you would call these perambulations, stumblings. Mostly they have been predicated in some kind of search for contentment, which I have found in bits and snatches, finally receiving a card to play, which suddenly makes of me a gambler, where before I had not been. Already there have been too many lost opportunities to play the card. I run the risk now of the game being declared over; all bet's are off.

As always, there is an imperative component to these words,. something impending, something to be thwarted, intercepted.

This afternoon, I was recalling the 40 odd years preoccupied with the nuclear thing. We imagine we are permitted to relax now that nuclear war has been moved back from midnight to sometime in the afternoon. The Chernobyls still exist, while do the many warheads. And in the wings, the Saddams (Bushes) and other fanatics wait. We are not entirely blessed. To fill in the gaps we can begin to worry in earnest concerning the global warming, which will grow more serious each year, and become all pervasive in a way that the nuclear thing did not.

More immediate concerns are those generated by the tax assessor and tax collectors. I must not leave unanswered their latest arrogance which they will most likely attribute to computer error. If they try that one on me I'll give 'em a tongue lashing anyway. Last year they felt so guilty about their appraisals they felt it necessary to include an editorial from a rag claiming they were playing fair, and that a particular ballot measure limiting taxes on property has nothing to do with the increase which was 8% on land and 25% on improvements

17 Nv. 92 Yup! Sorta. Getting picky.

The Saurians

Evolved: Theodorians Cotystems 310 Million PaleoCarboniferians

Hello Tyrone

(Yuppies) Rex, Bruno, Georgio and Tyrone

Hello Scecil (Hippies) Stego, Triceps, Campy, Ankle and Scecil.

Hello Proto.

He's a Crock

Hello Rampho and Peter

## Notes 14

The Unlikelies

Others.

Its pretty damned COLD here.

What gets me is they will be sitting in judgment. I mean we are destined to leave in any case. But there they will be in their Brooks Brothers, Arrows and Florsheims (Alligators OHHH!), yaking how dumb we were; pitifully floundering, unable to help ourselves; just VICTIMS! They are not victims are they; just ASSHOLES.

Yeah! If we had only known, If we had only known. Its too late for genetic engineering. We're VICTIMS all right. COLD too. I know how Franklin (SIR John, to you) felt. COLD, and Nothing to eat but putridity. What's the point if you are destined anyway? All the fffing struggle; then the utter dishearteningness of it all.

What saves us is we don't know we're going to perish, whereas they do. Sure, we will suffer pangs, the TEMPERATURE, OH!, if we could only be warm, in HELL. Oh! sure, we feel it coming; we sense something is coming; its not our salvation thats coming. They know they are going; they could hope for a planetesimal; a cover-up for all their mistakes. Nobody would know. After Rapture. I bet they would have been good eating; an ordure (hors d'oeuvre. Small comforts.

Can you imagine how awful it must have been? Waiting for someone to appear to rescue you after all those days; then the autumn returned again, the darkness, and the ICE, the certainty engulfing you with such power and presence; can you imagine how small he felt, (SIR John)shrinking into a wizened pitifully pathetic anachronism; Phhttt!!

Heh! Can you imagine how they must have felt when they realized they screwed it all up. Genetic Engineering didn't help them any 37

either. Evolutionists they may have been, and Physicists too (every action has an equal and opposite reaction); even Ecologists; but too too many bad habits, and little self-control. Every one of them a CA, and a SOLA (Civilization Addict and Standard-of-Living Addict). So for all their High and Haughtiness; Down The Tubes!

COO OOOH!LD. Northwest Passage to RICHES and another Sword on the other shoulder; from the Rotund Sovereign. No No Comforts. COOHL D

They haven't figured us out yet; only that we are extinct. They suspect something went wrong with the climate. What's The climate? Political Hot Air! Tyrone, do you suppose they really couldn't see beyond the end of their noses? Visionaries? They have been toying with the notion of taking a core sample from the Greenland Ice cap; for a martini; HA HA HA HA.

I'm sorry Rex; its another cloudy day; and I'm freezing; I know I'll never be warm again. Putrefaction everywhere. You and your jollies; you and your jollies.

## Notes 14

Hey! Tyrone, I do believe we will have some sunshine today; Look! See! the orb showing through the clouds. Cheer Up! My jollies; Hah!; if were only so, if it were only so. They really piss me off, more than they jolly me. They were living in the garden of Eden; I mean Paradise; the planet was a Paradise. Because some dame pilfered an apple; they fell. HAH!; pin it all on some wench who can't control her urges. Forever after they were always mooning for Utopia. 1984 is what they deserved. Looking Backward; Looking Forward; Nowheresville, Lost Horizons, Atlantis, New Yawk, Fable of the Beesness, Erewhonsville. They never stopped fornicating; just like Camus said.

Rex, will you give it a rest! Sorry, Tyrone. But you know how they scared the shit out of themselves; at least those little islanders did, by imagining huge monsters like Godzilla; just a rompin' amd a stompin'. They attempted to portray us as savages. When they have their oysters on the half shell with hot sauce; they're being dainty; refined. REX!

Chicken Little said "THE SKY IS FALLING, THE SKY IS FALLING!" Who said that? Oh!, its you Bruno. Aren't you ahead of your time? Chicken?

Well, if they can do it, why can't I? I'm playing to my audience. What's with toothy over there?

Bruno, I think Tyrone has the blues. I'm relieved that he is inactive; frankly I was getting weary of running. But you know, it does help the circulation. I feel better after a good romp. But, unfortunately it makes me hungry, and there is so damned little to eat. I found only a few ferns yesterday. If only the sun would appear. You know its so damned COLD. This perpetual fog. Where did it all go wrong Rex?

Tyrone doesn't want to talk about it; he doesn't want to be humored. My guess is, he's leaving us soon; he's going to give it up; just like Sir John .

Can't say I blame him, Rex. According to the SCROLLS we are doomed. We are doomed to have ugly faces appearing in the coffee table picture books of the future. Nice color though. Laser color.

Stuff of which we have never heard. I like your grammar. There is a time warp here. If it wasn't for old Crock we never know of these things. Imagine genesis starting long after we have disappeared. Do you realize there were no terrible lizards in Noah's little cubits; no wooly mammoths, no Neanderthals. Just some of Noah's relatives; talk about nepotism. Is it any wonder they have such vacancy amongst the troops? Any way there seems to be some disagreement what the CREATOR did and when he did it. If he was purported to have fleshed out his Universe on the sixth day of creation with all that creepeth, nothing could be creepier than us, there's no mention of us. So maybe we didn't exist at all; maybe we are Godzillas after all.

## Notes 14

Doubtlessly we are a figment of somebody's imagination residing on somebody's coffee table. But you know, Crock is the missing link. If he hadn't told us about Noah's descendants, we would not be able to appreciate the fact that we have lived so long as a species; and you know its been too long. We have evolved to these big ugly things, an anachronism; and if you look at Crock, that's another 65,000,000 years; so after 200,000,000 years or so, what is the meaning of evolution? You suppose those two-leggers will be as ugly as us after 160,000,000 years?

You know I can't imagine Noah including two crocodiles within his little cubits; stowaways, I'll bet you. Anyway can you imagine the incest; heh!, once again. Adam and Eve's little ribs were ultimately incestuous; you suppose that's where the expression "Bloody Barsteds" originates? So accustomed to incest were the hominids that Noah brought only his relatives, or so the stray story goes. But you know stories; believe half of what you see, and none of what you hear. A deal's a deal. Its a done deal. Like Al Gore with Four (hey! that rhymes). He tole 'em there were too many, that the rest of the globe had to keep it in their pants.

From GAN:

Some would say it is sloth; succumbing to lethargy, to a loss of idealism, becoming a dusty household desuetude. Ineffectual, incapable, impotent. So impotent in fact as to infuse ones copulations with little desire to continue. Why? For Cripes Sake, Why? Why are we doing this? Doing the Inevitable?!?! This has to go on though it serves no purpose, other than to generate and reproduce more of the same. Ah! Small Comforts for the Dinosaur. Spasms. Spazzums of self-interest. The landscape remains the same; a quagmire devoid of vegetation. All that hast thriven, through which we have been enlivened, hast from this integument been driven, by our immoderate spazzums, and the Seven Deadly (Decapitable) Zzins. Our collective consequence has been sacrificed to the exigencies of self-interest. Make no mistake about it". This has been a soliloquy of a Dinosaur.

On these outmoded tracks that take us on guided tours through the backwaters of human society, we feel not enthused, or enthralled, somehow not inured, but mostly affected by some kind of lingering malaise for which we have not found a cure, a social disease, a disease of the body hominid, peculiar to it. Since it is so massive, constructed of concrete, reinforced with iron, mired in time; disposed through habit of mind; deposited, for all that, upon the landscape; thoroughly in need of remaking.

Duplicitous, ambivalent, dichotomous, two-faced, mealy-mouthed; a litany of cunning; the unholy compulsion to survive. Some animal



**Notes 14** 🎵🎵🎵

crouched, on all fours, tentatively striving to stand upon two; homo erectus. A divination!!?? Crap! Lethargically seated upon a tattered seat in the carriage that rides the rails through the scenic wonderland in the best of all possible worlds. His creation, made in his own image, from the clutter of his oversized inordinate brain. Homo dinosaurius; the terrible wizard.

End From, GAN:

**Notes 15** 🎵🎵🎵 will begin with the end of **Notes 14** 🎵🎵🎵 for some unclear reason.