

Naming in a nameless land.

There were certain considerations:

A host of images that could not be integrated or reconciled. Regardless, we attempted to identify each one, giving it name.  
Relentlessly we have behaved in this manner.  
From one transience to the next.

As we have identified and named we have hoped for the recognition of purpose. In the absence of the recognition we have attempted assignation thereof, hoping as well to create relevance.

Purpose and relevance seem as inseparable considerations, not unlike other relationships that we deem necessary for understanding and constructing a comprehensive and coherent reality.

Other relationships involve plausibility, possibility, and probability; and their opposites.

There exist many such relationships which are outgrowths of namings, namings that have been catalogued, that have acquired extended meanings and definitions through the use of these namings as a language, and as a way of framing and conveying to others the reality, constructed within and through these namings.

Over the ages, we have moved from one transience (relative truth) to the next transience (relative truth). Over this same time, the language resulting from the naming has also become modified, wherein certain expressions have ceased to retain their relative importance as conveyances. Language has always been influenced by a local, particular, and dialectal immediacy. It retains a somewhat tribal character.

Many existences have proven difficult to name. Such existences may be anything, an object, an action, behavior, soul state, phenomenon that does not readily fit or adapt to naming or (word) language. Because this condition exists does not mean that we do not attempt, nonetheless, to give them recognition; and even with the poorest of identifications we attempt to convey what it is they are and what they mean. Often we extemporize with only minimal reference to our catalogue of recorded recognitions, namings and definings.

Of course I make distinction between 'words' and gestures. Gestures are not readily defined, however well they might be recognized and understood. The important part is that they are recognized, and that they do convey, what is we wish to convey.

It requires more than lexicons, and translators, to convey from one locality, one tribe, to another, certain meanings. Complicating this condition, we are confronted by the multitude of transiencies. Surely the

catalogues, lexicons, sundry other dictionaries; linguists, translators (and 'interpreters'), exist to facilitate the conveyance, and the meaning.

These statements are made in order to demonstrate that we may all look-a-like, but that we do not sound alike. We may sound alike in generalities, that is, as a series of grunts, ughs, sighs and cooings, but something may be lacking in establishing immediately an hierarchy of meanings, and relevancies; thereby we essentially resort to very basic gestures that may or may not convey certain vital considerations.

Much of what we recognize in namings and the language that conveys what our various relationships to these namings are, depends upon an acceptance of what is inherent to them. That is, placed in time, in a given transience (or ambience) our cognitive selves have been presented with a series of namings of objects, actions, behaviors, soul states and phenomena. These become the media through which we are 'expected' to become part of the time and place in which we discover ourselves. Initially we are not allowed much freedom to choose; that is, a 'C' is the third letter of the Alphabet, often followed by an 'at' which identifies that furry presence over there as a CAT; and that 'D' is the fourth letter of the Alphabet, often followed by an 'og' which identifies that hairy presence over there as a DOG. That is, within one realm of local transience. What happens in another transience may be of little consequence, even though the number and order of the letter is the same, and in one case a close approximation Chat and in the next a confusing difference Chien, each harboring the naming quality and a similar degree of relevance, but given a very different sound quality. This is only the beginning; and what may seem obvious suddenly becomes complicated, and a task for an etymologist, tracing origins through a series of transiences, and other kinds of interpreters when Cats and Dogs acquire affectionate or alienating namings, as well as alternate identifications.

Cats and Dogs given different names in different times and places may seem of little consequence as long as the creatures so identified are not rabid, do not scratch and do not bite.

A high degree of acceptance of promulgated recognitions, namings and relationships may enable us to adapt to a particular time and place (transience). It may be said we fit, we have become a part of, or so appearances would lead us to believe; that is, if we walk and talk like that which we are intended to emulate, then we are that thing. In many cases the appearance is the thing, whether as an imposition or as a disposition. But in many cases one is engaged in a similitude, a mimicry as a means of escaping notice, and as a means of receiving dispensations from the larger transience of mirroring entities. If one walks and talks like that which is expected, then one is received in a certain manner. If one does that which

is not expected, then a number of different consequences will follow, in an uncertain manner.

Many of us are practicing schizophrenics. That is, we maintain different realities. Whether or not we retain a recognition of the primary reality seems to matter little, only as it relates to a particular transience. What is the primary reality? The primary reality is the awareness of one's self, which might have been given life in any period of time, each period of time proclaiming its relevance in its own terms, its own terms consisting of a series of recognitions, namings, relationships etc..

It has often been said, 'he was born out of his time', implying his voice seems to belong to another age (another transience). A criticism I received of a particular writing of mine (*Knotted Twine*) " ... the language of your philosophical discourse is quite stilted, seeming to come from another century entirely." An architect friend mentioned the log house (we are building) was a 19th century thing; something soothing in a world gone mad. This may appear as an affirmation of my recognition of transiences. It may offer proof of practicing schizophrenia.

I do not wish to abase or diminish the suffering of those who live in the hell of real schizophrenia, wherein they cannot be reached in their system of recognitions, namings and relationships. The hells each of us live in may escape only by a hairs breadth some loss of control of our lives, within a system of relative losses of controls. A relative loss of control may be witnessed in the extreme in that individual whom we all agree has lost touch with the reality we all assert we recognize and name, even while admitting it lacks permanence, and perhaps lacks credibility (because it lacks permanence). We do not know that it lacks permanence, but we deduce it does, because historically we know all is transience (and if we live long enough we become witness to the displacement of the transience of our youths by the new thing of another generation). We must assume that permanence is an illusory configuration in the world of those relationships in which we live. This being the case, the amount or degree of control we maintain over our lives may prove to be a very surreptitious affair, wherein we possess enough awareness in a system of recognitions and namings to avert capture in our schizophrenic naysayings. We become this way quite honestly, not through a paranoia, although we may have to work through some paranoid episodes in response to challenges from the outside. We may be told that only certain configurations of relationships of recognitions and namings are permitted and tolerable within a realm of the plausible, possible, and probable.

You may feel I quibble over subtle changes between approximate transiences. What I propose may qualify as subtle, but I'll risk the distinctions that might be made as being more than subtle as a property of one kind of definition arising from one kind of recognition. All things are

not the same, even though the same words may be used to describe them individually. Heraclitus proposed the only certain thing is change itself; or that you never step in the same river twice. This kind of distinction may prove rather subtle, that is while the river appears the same, all the water that passes to form it, to make it seem the same, is very different, entirely different, with the potential for becoming a very great difference; suffice to say, by observation, it is different even though its shape appears the same. The same can be said for the man who walks down the street; even the same man walking down the same street each day. Yes! perhaps these juxtapositions do seem to beleaguer a meaningless subtlety.

In this writing it is understood any example provided to illustrate a point will suffer the onus of a historical time and place. Almost unavoidable, however the attempt will be made to limit a requirement of extraneous research into the historical record.

If you will bear with me, I will proceed with something more dramatic, something that has happened in my own life which I intend to use to illustrate transiences, approximate transiences, similar words used to describe similar, though very different recognitions and namings. Although I have written some of this elsewhere (in *Knotted Twine* and *Apropos of Nothing*) I feel I can do it again in another context. While it may seem a confession, it really is intended as an illustration of something.

Adolf Hitler came to power the year I was born. He and the others who aligned themselves with him, were regarded mostly as fascists. The name 'fascist' was applied to someone who gave credence to the notion of rigid single political party dictatorship, and the suppression of all other parties. During this time an accretion of these 'fascist' dictatorships, became an alliance known as the AXIS, as they were known or recognized. This AXIS proved to be a menace to the balance of the civilized world which was under siege by it. All the conscionable forces of 'humanity' were called upon to end this scourge. One's 'duty to his country' was invoked, one's store of 'patriotism' was called upon, and one's sense of right was enlisted in the cause.

Purpose was assigned to our lives, to slay the bad guy. There have always been bad guys; human history is rife with an unbroken parade of bad guys. It is assumed because there are bad guys there are also good guys. As good guys ('we' are the presumed good guys), regardless of whatever else we have done to propitiate the conditions in which we find ourselves, we recognize the need for ending the reign of the tyranny of fascism. That is the condition confronting us. Just because humanity will repeat this again in another form, as he has always done in another, is no reason to discontinue the practice of ridding ourselves of its temporal presence, at least, not for mere scruple. Its just that when it happens you have to deal with it.

While this was going on, I was growing up. As I was growing up I heard the call to arms, I saw the flag waving, I heard the declamatory words against the Nazis and the Japs. Everybody hated the bad guys. The AXIS got theirs. The whole damned involvement could have been a perpetration of the fourth estate for all I know. I took it on faith that something was happening somewhere else, that was being corroborated by the fourth estate and all those who were in control of my life.

No sooner was this bad guy slayed than another appeared using the same fearful language to describe him. He was also a rigid single party dictator who suppressed all other parties, but he was recognized and named as a Communist. He had very cleverly wheeled and dealt his way into an expanded kingdom by bargaining his support for a new world order. He had a mission, to export to every other transience this 'ideological' notion of Communism. He was rather successful. But also, other Communist dictators appeared in rather quick succession, about which the good guys could do very little, because they felt powerless to do so. That did not prevent them from naming, and framing relationships intended to provoke similar responses as were previously invoked to rid the world of fascism. While fascism was characterized by invasion from the outside, communism was mostly characterized as a growth from within. The growth from within took place most effectively in those places ravaged by war, those denied through colonialism, and those exploited by foreign (vested) interests. There was an element of credibility to their arguments which made them appear as good guys in relation to the other forces that ruled them. Maxim: There cannot be two good guys on the block. Or to quote our infamous lady U.N. Ambassador "A little bit of repression is better than a lot of repression"

So, when Korea began to appear that it was being overtaken by that horror of horrors, 'communism', the approximate transiences and their meanings had changed. There were not clearly defined recognitions or namings. There was condition name-calling. The 'Totalitarians' and the 'Imperialists', both self-acclaimed good guys vied for control of yet others (upon their territory only) from within, with a little help from the without. In essence Korea was a nameless place, that is, it was a place of no national interest (to our good guys). If someone was asked his opinion as to whether Korea was in our interest he would have answered, "Where's that"?

A stalemate between the self-acclaimed good guys resulted. Later, the same self-acclaimed good guys, under different banners, sporting the same ideologies, still acting out on another's territory; Condition: name-calling; 'imperialists' and 'totalitarians', adding in xenophobic racial overtones. The tragedy of the latter involved two transiences that had appealed to the original good guy (that's us) for assistance when they were in the middle of establishing their popular governments; this assistance was denied; to worsen matters the original good guy (that's us) supported

their bad guys (the French in 'IndoChina', and, in China, Chiang Kai-Chek). Korea was less complicated 'scenario' to promote enlisting more participation from other U.N. countries (some of our ole buddies from the WWII embroilment) than in the latter (wherein only nominal SEATO members participated (you can bet your ass [oops!] there were no French amongst them). It was considered a 'sphere of influence' struggle. Carried over from the days of fascism, the power still existed to draft manpower to fight 'over there'. Invoking the fatherland, the flag, patriotism, and sundry other devices intended either to inveigle or shame one onto the front lines, troops were garnered as the appropriate sacrificial cannon fodder (as implementers of "Making The World Safe For Democracy).

Well, needless to say this was but a repetition of an already comfortably replete history of such events; that is, humanity engaged in armed conflict with itself (against itself) attempting to establish dominion and control over another (not another species). Because this is the case, it easily and readily became the case. Unless you happened to be like me. If you were like me, already a person divided against himself, further division only complicated things. I wasn't so much divided as I was not in concert with the definitions intended to apprise me of the way things were. The division, the split, occurred because I could not accept the transient definition of those states of being I was expected to experience if I did as I was told, if I followed the example of the others, etc.. I was out of tune; i.e, not in concert.

Being threatened with conscription forced me to enlist in an imaginary 'choice' situation; i.e. I did not enlist in a branch of the military that I felt would be on the front lines. I could have resisted entirely; but I didn't, simply because I did not know how. That is, I feared the power of the good guy who told me he had a claim upon my life. I did not serve on the front lines. When the conflict was over, given all the immediate things that would motivate me to remain in the service having expired (save one), and suffering the particular (unreasonable and unaccountable) transience, I risked confronting the power of the good guy, telling him I had had enough; furthermore the war was over; the purpose has been served. Well, people just do not do that; not without paying the price assigned to such transgressions. While I will admit to having been a pain in the ass, even an anachronism, I did serve honorably enough, that is, I mustered daily, served my watches, conscionably learned skills and applied them. I did not go AWOL, I was not insubordinate, I did not preach treason etc. (as a matter of fact I was given a 'secret' clearance). But when I had had enough, there was in my mind, no point in continuing; it would only have proved 'counterproductive'

Well, a 'discharge' wasn't mine merely for the asking. There was an attempt to hold me to the full term of my enlistment plus other extensions I had incurred, in order to move along in the service rather than sit still doing repetitious tasks that only served to emphasize the ridiculousness of

my predicament (my life under control by the forces of the good guy, my supposed benefactor). I refused to accept their logic as much as they refused mine. They argued that my signature was all they required, and where that failed them they reminded me that I was ultimately under their control regardless of my desires. They attempted to harness me to my signature and attempted to intimidate me simultaneously. Still refusing, they thought I needed some analysis, and some reedification, and some entrenchment in a dose of patriotism. They sent me to a hospital for certain examinations with regard to my perceptions, my recognitions, my namings and definitions, many of which admittedly were rather unclear to me at the time; that is, I was a lot less able to put them into words than I am now. That is, I would not have been able to state clearly and succinctly that I recognized transience. However I did recognize that a spanse of three years had taken place between the time I had given them my signature, and whence I had decided it was a mistake. Innately I could feel the difference between the two conditions that had existed, and all the inherent considerations juxtaposed to bring about their resolution.

The first judgment was rendered by the chief psychiatrist (Commander so and so) in response to my request, and subsequent denial of obligation. He said I was right and everybody else was wrong, both as a disparaging statement, and challenging question, neither of which seemed to relate to what we were discussing. I cannot remember the details, except that I held to my wish to leave the military. The chief (one amongst seven psychiatrists, all officers), asked; "O.K. who wants him?", whereupon one Lieutenant J.G. Stephens volunteered. He was instrumental in gaining my release from the military without perorating or berating me with any rationale intended to persuade me to reconsider. However he was under some constraint to name that which afflicted me so that he could justify my separation from the military with recognition of honorable service as part of the bargain. A bit of a 'cop-out', or sell out, if you will; but whatever works. Notably, he identified me and branded me of the schizoid personality clan. Release from obligation entailed signing a hold-harmless agreement with the military excusing them of all blame for my condition, i.e., 'I was that way' when I enlisted. It also denied me most Vetreran's benefits. As I signed, it occurred to me that if they thought their way of doing business was a life-clarifying and life-enhancing experience, they were entirely mistaken. If I had had the vision I now believe I possess, I would not have entered the ranks, or if I had, upon leaving them, I would have clearly perceived them as non-existent, therefore powerless to effect anything within me.

Now that you have borne with me, perhaps I will be able to continue with what I have claimed contained an appropriate illustration of the implications of non-transferable transiences. I make the claim that when you operate from dubious assumptions in the one transience, to attempt

to transfer any part of that to another transience illustrates some fairly deranged connections. What was attempted with regard to fascism was applied to what followed it, since the apparent common denominator was perceived as dictatorial or tyrannical, something unacceptable outside of its own nominal ideological confinements. The world entered into a different set of propositions and relationships (e.g. a former ally turned into an antagonist and enemy - the other good guy), wherein one recognized 'sphere of influence' accompanied by 'detente', fortified with 'mutually assured destruction'. In other words, the poised lethal poisoned darts reduced human interaction to posturing, which often was expressed in 'minutes before midnight' and 'nuclear winter'.

Whereas, in the previous encounter with fascism, and with all other encounters previous to that, while frightened by the uncertainties, as well as the character of the armaments, one held onto the notion that he could hide somewhere. In the new encounter, as more information became available, and after reading the account of the bombing of Hiroshima, it did become apparent that hiding was precluded from the new equation. Direct confrontation was eliminated from the equation, because MAD clearly precluded winners. Yet a test of wills necessitated or brought about what happened in Korea. Speaking from the side of one of the self-perceived good guys, I might yield to the 'sphere of influence' argument when all lathered in patriotism, red, white and blue, Making The World Safe For Democracy, etc., placed in the context of what preceded it, in another transience. But hindsight argues differently. While the arguments were more clearly apparent and defined in the case of Vietnam, those of Korea were nonetheless sensed as being different than that which preceded them. In essence Vietnam was an extension of and clarification of Korea. However, in both cases we were denied any access to the true motivations involved, and WHO in reality was behind the 'sphere of influence' argument. Patriotism and 'sphere of influence' are the same in only the very narrow perception of 'vested interest'. If we had taken the Making The World Safe For Democracy, and Making A More Perfect Union at its face value, our obligation would have had to begin at home. The inherent meaning behind the two sayings applied only to economic interests and the hegemony within the 'world' market place. Democracy could not coexist with 'vested interest', even in a so-called 'free enterprise' system, and the Perfect Union could only be interpreted as a conveyer belt manned by 'democratized' slaves feeding wealth and power unto those same interests.

If one was not at least suspicious of the appearances of things, it could be said he was not awake, or that he had bought the argument. If he was suspicious, he may have been assumed to be naturally paranoid without provocation. If he had declared the whole social relationship as a huge infection he would have been perceived as deranged. If he had said, mine own reality will have to suffice unto the denial of this other transience, he



would have been adjudged as insane (Diogenes walking about in mid-day, naked, attired with an empty barrel, holding a lighted candle, seeking an honest man).

As long as the vested interests had access to cannon fodder through the vested channels of a draft, then it was easy enough to further the argument and engage in the posturing (defining one kind of transience by another transience). It has often been asked of the 'pacifist' "How far would you go in not defending your home and family?". One of our popular political figures was asked a similar question, when the hawkish proclamations were intimating "If you don't fight 'em over there, they will come up your rivers, and into your homes". His response was, Yes!, he would defend himself and his family when they came to his doorstep. He was not speaking for the pacifists, but more was he electioneering (saying what he thought would earn him votes).

Yes!, it becomes complicated, and confusing. Confusion worse confounded. One recoils from it all as a protective device, or in order to lick his wounds (physical, emotional, and spiritual); withdrawing into a very personal reality. Overloaded by argument and number, truly wishing to be in possession of a perspective that would enable one to function in that other world full of so (too) much humanity. Unable to abide the arguments for continuing in the one reality, what alternatives exist? If one decides the reality is transient without remedy, he can withdraw, he can adapt (go along, because it is perceived as 'the best of all possible worlds', etc.), or he can make a nuisance of himself (exercise his 'perceived' democratic rights). Exercising democratic rights has often been perceived as treason and anarchy by the vested interests. A vested interest is that which feels it is in the controlling position, an interest viewed as proprietary (assumed by recognition of prerogative of wealth [i.e., having the most to lose, ergo...]) . The perpetration of a deception is necessary to perpetuate the vested interest. This interest must resort to a rhetoric that persuades, gainsays, inveigles the rest of us into that servile capacity, enslaved to an argument that has worn thin through lip service, temporizing and false promises, repeated time and time again. Living within such a fraudulent ambience, would one not be less than in full possession of his faculties if he did not deny it? When denied, that individual becomes isolated in a disassociated reality, one not connected to that which appears to look-a-like, to mirror the surface. One's spirit walks through the fence, but one's body collides.

To be fair in this argument, it is understood the purpose is something we assign to life. One is placed in a position of not becoming a part of the DOMINION of another's assignments. It is also understood, in all fairness, the planet belongs to all equally in one plausible system of recognitions and definitions. In another system (the current one) it is perhaps no less plausible because it is the one that exists (to have and to hold).

Can you imagine the different cultural transiencies relating to each other as they collide upon the front. Can you imagine the collision of the different cultures as the Spanish invaded the New World or as all the other seekers-after disembarked upon remote islands? Can you imagine further then the clash between the cultures of the American Indian and the White Pestilence? On the more elemental level, can you imagine invoking the spirits to ward off the bullet? Can you imagine the schizophrenia of the Redman as the White Pestilence broke treaty after treaty with him? Can you imagine the schizophrenia of the modern day citizen as he feels betrayed by the rhetoric of lip service, temporizing, tokenism, platitudinous deceptions, righteous invocations, indifferent persuasions, newspeak, etc.? How much difference is there between the denial of the Redman, and the other kind of Denial? How much more or less conditioned is one to his eventual betrayal? Are we free enough to ask, "What other reality is there for us?" And if we were to choose another reality, not out of practicality, or as a matter of 'physical' survival, but as a matter of total survival, how would we be perceived? Perhaps our inner transience appears as a less marked difference than those of who occupied the New World, or some remote island, or the American Indian (i.e. we all seem to emerge from the ambience of the same culture). One might argue eventually the indigenous populations saw the light; ergo, it is a matter of time you will also. The New World was colonized. A reality was created for those so enchanted or disenchanting. Clinging to the past was a waste of time and not a practical consideration when entertaining notions of survival (of the corpus).

None of this is past; it is ever with us as vested interests operate with the same assumptions as they have always as conquerors and colonists (albeit conquering and colonizing you and I into the materioconsumeconomical deviance [imagine yourself if you will in Bergman's film 'The Seventh Seal' marching single file toward the end of your life, having wasted it as a pawn in another's game. You might argue, "It was the only way". It is certain the end is the only way]). The balance of humanity becomes enslaved to serve the transient corporate end as it imagines its own self-perpetuation. The 'corporate' end exists as a 'boosterism' of the materioconsumeconomical squandering of life and resources. The corporate end is only to be distinguished from the Royal Aristocracy through its methods. The whos are less visible than had been the Emperors, and their hierarchies; but the same purpose and objective is being served - DOMINION! Could anything be more obvious, given our proclivities and the historical record that illuminates them?

Thereby we hope to define human existence as institutions, civilizational and societal arrangements, a condition revealed through actual practice.

He had mentioned the log house was a 19th century thing; something soothing in a world gone mad. Perhaps. I could not let the suggestion go without reflecting upon it - as is usual with me. MAD certainly played unto my thoughts concerning schizophrenia. So many of us feel or sense this 'something' that moves along unconscionably, like a prairie fire; but even more devastating, because the planet does not so readily recover from the damage. My architect friend may have been speaking from the generational perspective, unable to keep pace with the NEW, to which he could not respond with enthusiasm. The NEW lacked something vital, perhaps undefined as well, even as a transience; and did seem propelled by some kind of desperation. Was madness the apparent manifestation of this condition?

I have boiled this last down to some simple formula, or maxim. Proclaiming advancement, whereof the relevance? There is the notion of sanitation which involves the sewer, the toilet, and toilet paper, and sundry embellishments that are intended to satisfy certain delicacies and refinements of personality.

The basics remain the same. Advancement should be measured in terms of durability, which, of course, is not the case. Making durable sewers is an important consideration which we seem to recognize. In most other areas of endeavor we feel we cannot justify the expense. Since we place a monetary value on just about everything including all vital services, we systematically void any claim to advancement, in all areas. The thing or the service is measured in terms of its consumption. The planet is suffering from 'consumption', resistant to all palliatives. That is, whatever it is that is being done is being done to obtain the medium of exchange; the primary purpose of the doing (sewers marginally escape this declaration). It is understood that unscrupulous cost-cutting [profit-motivated] contractors may effect long-term installation [all of a limited duration in any case]). Survival is equated with the medium of exchange. The planet is virtually irrelevant.

A question arises, "Would the doing acquire a different character if there were no medium of exchange involved?" I would speculate that it would. If the one consideration took precedence over the other, things would manifest a different character. That is, if durability was the primary objective rather than the obtaining of the medium of exchange, would not the different emphasis produce a different product? Better product? Relative to what? Remove the constant of consumption from the equation, what have you?

What Kafka has intimated with respect to 'bureaucracy' may be further extended to what it is that all of humanity registers and comprehends with regard to life in general. That is, what it registers as some minimal awareness of an environment in which one is placed, albeit, through a long evolutionary process. Whereas there may be not be any human history

that is worth studying, since the focus of 'him' is in a nowness accompanied and driven by visceral urges, there is another kind of history that began before 'him' that will not end with 'him'. How many millennia occurred before and after the dinosaur? Certainly a time scale that dwarfs the Hominid event.

'Life in general', that which palpitates, is part of a landscape that might appear in a painting that might hang upon a wall in some urban condo. It might hang in a place distanced from urbania, and still only minimally be associated with what exists outside in the surround, a surround that is dominated by an overwhelming presence, MAN.

What Kafka has intimated, 'Oppression by bureaucracy', an unfeeling, almost sinister presence we have created to serve us, has assumed a life of its own unrelated to anything but itself and its self-serving and self-perpetuating ends, may also apply to the broader human creation. That creation, an accretion of notions promoted by certain interested parties, who or which inherit some distinct power to oppress the balance of humanity, and even more disastrously, the balance of life on the planet. We seem intent upon taking the ship down with us.

However, as huge as the presumptions of the most fatuous amongst us, I do believe this particular planetary pestilence is contained, and will not spread to the universe. Suffer with it we shall until it is over.

Selfishly I hold on in the last corner, cowering, seeking power over my own destructive urges. Yes!, I too feel that urge to strike out; I am affected by the seemingness of motion that often resolves in violence, our violence, our big bang. Often arises the urge to smite that which offends me; only cowardice holds me back. I am part of the pestilence, unable to rise above it. Mired by gravity, in my own weaknesses, in my own unsustainable volubility, in my weariness of oneness; also by a fate that becomes strengthened as time shapes its inevitable arguments. The more we do it the more we become inured to it, the more the inevitable becomes ours, the more sure the outcome. We have isolated ourselves in our fatuousness without leaving open a route of retreat. Our habituated way has crushed and traumatized our brain, scarring over a birthright of intelligent perceptions upon which it was expected we could act. The viscera have been allowed their free reign, the more the habit, the more incontrovertible the swath, and the less motivated to save that which is already destroyed; instead, the pestilence gluttonously seeks out the last node. We cannot muster the discipline necessary to step outside this folly.

The evidence bears me out, as I cling to it, and cringe before it. I must therefore suffer the outrages of the proverbial 'slings and arrows'. However, by taking up arms, what had been proffered in the rantings of Hamlet, I could never hope to effect in the least, lest it be to end as he, the mad proselyte of desperate action with a knife thrust through the quick.

Yes!, even I might return to previous speculations and utterances borrowed from one I.F. Stone who declared that if one did not speak out, he would have foregone the right to have an effect upon that which must endure the persistent rant. The more we distance ourselves from sane action, simply because habit dictates maneuvers we cannot control or measure, the more inevitable we will miss the cautionary coherent spake. We will deny to the last that what we are doing is what we are doing, in obedience to the urges that promote the doing. Then when the curtain is drawn, we will purvey the argument that we did our best, and we failed. Do you suppose in the final recognition scene we will be allowed the luxury to dwell upon, that we will in fact confront and admit, our failure, suffering more intensely, the consequences? Would we merit a place in our own dramatizations, expiring in full knowledge of our failure, or would we obscure the end, as we have done in life, so shall it be always, notwithstanding the urge to dramatize our less than pitiful existence?

You will not escape with the ease of condemnation of me as a deformed misanthropic affliction, even though it may be as true as the precipitants that have brought about that self-denying condition. True enough I cannot escape this protoplasmic envelope, therefore must suffer my own unsaintly cursings; I too must be swept aside with the rest of you; a clean breast. And because I have spoken aloud I will be the first into the hopper. And once I have been disposed you will imagine you have escaped perdition. Not so.

You have helped me frame the questions to which neither of us is able to provide answers. It is my misfortune to carry the portion of that burden which belongs to you. It has not helped to exercise one's faculties laboring to answer your questions. You thought it was your obligation to pass on the torch, you had imagined the quest as defined by you was a legitimate testimonial to your life. You laid the egg in the folds of my emerging brain, hoping to breed a distracting hatchment of immortality, though knowing the larval accretion would destroy the me that was me. Though forever mortal and stillborn, you persist, afraid to take your medicine, your dose of life. You have stubbornly adhered to the notion you were educating me, out of love; while instead you were, with malevolent selfishness, cleaving and cloning me. You flattened me against a quicksilver pastiche with threats of a humiliating record of deportments and public detentions, and finally a stamp of disapproval as inefficacious and insufficient (A social retard [quoth Ronnie]). And, I swear, in the last analysis, I have mirrored that which the depth of the mercury would dare reflect in its fleeting images - NOTHING! All for nothing. An abiding testimonial to tragedy. Why could you not have left me alone? [Prophet as Stalking Horse].

You had assumed the whole thing belonged to you; you were not about to allow another loose within your fortress on his own recognizance.

All the while you presumed upon me, you insisted I carry the banner, because it meant something to you. Then you said to me I was privileged to live in this land of freedom, that I should be proud to herald the wave of legions sent to administer your outreaching self-serving controllings. My body was intended to assert itself upon or insult the other, and suffer the reprimand and rebuke as well; all, all for you and your nameless cause. Oh Yes!, you had imagined you had given it a name, Oh! Yes! But What A Name! And what is in a name? "There is no stone without its name" Nor a rose. "And twenty more such names and men as these, which never were, nor no man ever saw" OH! Sobriquet, avail thee!

And shall I trade in my death for a kudo cast my way? Shall I forego all this evil of myself to earn a place in the Hall of Fame? Or shall I live by this code of mine though it earn me the smack of dishonor, a dishonor, that an honor would be, if the whole apparatus of perceiving was topsy-turvy? We only guess at Right-side-upness, even though we make much noise in our assertions. Noise carries the day when there is naught in the day but noise.

They have attempted to put that crap of 'Death Before Dishonor' upon us all. One is dishonored if he steps backwards. One is honored if he throws himself upon the barricades.

It is this holding action that must be maintained, through a series of finite transiencies. Either someone will or will not cross the finish line. A moot point really, after all the pitched cargo, those forced to walk the plank, our ship, dismasted, an eviscerated bowel without soul or purpose. For what have we endured; just to bear witness to the fading light? To scoff at, and scorn, the whole enterprise, to mock the heap of us, measured, not by he that hast mounted the heap, but by he that lies buried beneath our dire circumstance of man against man.

And they continue to foretell that, with the speed of light, we shall spread the word of our deliverance, with the speed of light we shall amuse ourselves with the clarity of our nothingness. Inveterate 'boosterized' materialists, another gadget will be thrown our way to stall our gradually diminishing event. The foretelling predicts escape upon escape until the final capture. When I die, none of it will matter; the capture will proceed without my intervention. Small comforts for a dinosaur.

Hey Durchanek, work on it (17 Oct. 2003).