

Rooting

This writing could delve into the attempts man has made to enable cuttings, that have been severed from living flora, to take root in greenhouse turf, or in the sod of the mother.

This writing could express the Sis Boom Bah of cheerleaders as they gyrate to the mystic rhythms that are intended to inspire us in our attempt to overwhelm great odds in our march toward victory, For every victory there is a victim.

This writing could reveal the pathetic yammer of Dimwit, perched in the middle row of the bleachers, as he chants the chant of the gyrating pom-poming cheerleaders, as they leap, tumble and split their “Who Are We Fah!” Sis Boom Bah!. Otherwise known as ‘Rooting for The Home Team’.

However, we are not to delve into these sometimes engrossing subjects, but much deeper into another human quagmirry enigma.

In the beginning, sanitation was overlooked, by the Omnipotent. After a length of time had elapsed, it became obvious that human wastes were part of God’s works, only to add the horseshit to found in all the byways of human traffic. That is, God left that part of the equation to be addressed at a later time. Refer to Giovanni Boccaccio, Hieronymus Bosch, and Gabriel Garcia Marquez

The enigma began his sojourn, however convenient it seemed at the time, by shitting in his drinking water, or so it seemed.

After a few bouts of cholera, typhoid, dysentery, meningitis, hepatitis, gastroenteritis, and deep embareassment, sanitation became a necessary good. That is, rich folk contracting what ailed poor folk was considered bad form. The outhouse was invented, thereby capturing some of the waste, and reducing public exposure. Shitting and peeing in water supplies, in watersheds, in water tables, became a socially unacceptable practice, however culturally endemic.

To cut to the chase. Sanitation has developed into a thing unto itself. Every urban household must be connected to a sewer system (which processes the wastes, removing as much of the undesirable elements from the effluent as the process can process, returning the watery medium to the rivers or oceans of the world). Even rural communities process human wastes through septic systems, which capture, and break down bacteria. In fact the whole planet has been turned into a toilet.

Connecting to a sewer system or septic system involves sanitation that might, in the course of a lifetime, become restricted

by various agents. Roots, stuff (even turds) that are too large to pass through the plumbing, and mechanical devices (back-hoes, excavators) messing around, prove challenges to sanitation.

That's where the author comes in. Actually that's where Sam Blanc came in.

Back in 1960, challenged, by becoming a family man, the author was in need of employment in order to earn his daily bread.

John Brown (get that!) , the local Roto-Rooter (offshoot of Sam Blanc) ("*Call Roto-Rooter, that's the name, and away go troubles down the drain.*") had advertised in the local rag's Help Wanted columns, for an assistant. Since the author was in need of a job, and since he was young and incredibly strong, he thought he was a cinch for the job. (In fact he had just finished installing his own septic system.) John Brown owned a truck with Roto_Rooter painted on it.

The author can't recall what he said to John Brown, but he didn't get the job. He supposed it was the beard and long hair (longer than the skinheads of the day) that turned Mr. Brown off. The author could not imagine being rejected for such an undesirable occupation. Maybe Mr. Brown was looking for a jackass (mule) who would stick around in the shit business for ever. Maybe Durchanek was not an appropriate sounding name for the business, although whenever Mr. Durchanek hears the expression, 'Hey Shithead!', he readily cranes his neck.

Some might conjecture that the author was Saved. Shortly thereafter, in answering another Help Wanted add, appearing in the aforementioned local rag, the author was more successful. He was employed to repair TV's, install TV antennas, and sell TV's when things were slow. In the show-room the owner insisted that the author get a haircut, not objecting to the beard. An old Navy man, he put it this way: "I don't care if you come to work in your skivvies, but get a haircut." Even with a haircut, the author did not become a very convincing salesman. When things got really slow, the proprietor assigned the author the task of building a sidewalk for his crippled wife's wheel chair, making it possible for her to navigate between their factory-built and the business building.

Business didn't improve, so he had to let the author go. Mr. Moffitt of Moffitt's TV Sales and Repair, located on Brooklyn Avenue, Eugene, Oregon.

If this reads like a true story, let the author assure the reader, nothing could be closer to the truth.

The reader is probably in a quandary as to how the author qualified for the TV job and not the other one. Actually he was equally qualified for both, having had experience in each field.

From the time he was eleven his family lived with a shit(out)house. Periodically the said house would become congested, reaching out toward the tenderer parts, making it necessary to remove its contents (empty such matter). This very task was reserved for the author, who first needed to dig a hole somewhere, out of the way, as if in preparation for a burial. As the reader may appreciate, the author became familiar with that end of things, however, he only dug graves for his dead pets.

Regarding the higher tech stuff, while in the military (the USN where he served as a dead-eye), he had acquired knowledge of the inner workings of electronic devices (as well as an intimate knowledge of the latrines, since he was often the low man on the 'totem pole', and often in need of remedial reminders to keep his mouth shut regarding service to one's country).

While working for Moffitt, the author became acquainted with the Director of the Institute Of Molecular Biology at the University of Oregon. This connection came about through the Art Network, somehow enjoined through the offices of a Thryzra Anderson's Art gallery where the local women in the Arts (Eugene Oregon) had congregated. The author's partner at the time was a painter; and the Director's wife was involved in visual art stuff. Eventually, all the dots became connected, wherein the Director had said to the author, 'If you ever need a job, let me know'. At the time, the author was building sidewalks.

When the author's opportunity arose to once again become unemployed, still very much in the need of employment, he let the Director know of his predicament. True to his word, the Director, Aaron Novick, hired the unemployed author (at the time, a pretender to the title of sculptor), who worked at his Institute for 20 years, toilet-training graduate students, 'post-docs', and ancillary personnel.

What do you suppose would have happened if John Brown had hired the author?

Consexual Sense.

That's changing the subject. (You didn't expect the author to continue ranting in offalese.)

Fast approaching the Octogenarian milepost, the subject is apt to change hourly. Its not that the author cannot concentrate; its that he cannot foresee the purpose in doing so. It seems, more or less, relevant, and consequential, to ramble.

After all, what is it you can really say about the connection between waste and disease that will prevent aggression and war from displacing entitlements? Is that really how the author wishes



to frame the question? Something is being displaced. Let us take the known knowns; W. fucked over and bankrupted Texas; he did such an admirable job, the Supreme Court elected him ruler of all, to enshrine for all time the art of fucking over and bankrupting the nation.

Its almost easier to conjecture upon consensual sense. In choosing a mate; to say that another way, according to *lex naturalis*, the impelling gets ahead of the choosing, coupling occurring in a variety of ways that may lack finesse because of various compellments (impalements). How would the reader say it?

Its like consenting to be screwed by W., Dickie, Rummy, Condo, Dustbin, Rive, Wolf, Poil, Gink; how is it possible to consent to that? Vicarious Rape!? That is, when they destroy the Constitution, vis a vis the Patriot Act, and establish the Establishment's Homeland Security (whose) (read that any way you like), and Executive Orders, they have committed Rape. The Rape was conducted as a preliminary to the Murder (playing Poker with a marked deck) (There had to be a coalition in the Rape, otherwise recognized as Gang Rape [more colorfully expressed as GangBang]). Colin Powell jumped off the fast moving train, concerned about his rep, as the first black not to be blackened, i.e., raped by Uncle Tom (it was too bad that he got snookered into that UN thing with the trucks). Condo was gangbanged; she liked the notoriety. Someone asked. 'How can you be gangbanged if you are already a prostitute (a harlot who plays the piano)?' How can you do good without being notorious?

One moves easily sideways into Affirmative Action (quotas), Tokenism (presence), and so on and so forth. If we can get past that, maybe we can figure how to Accomplish The Mission.

Has the author Lost the reader? Not intentionally.

("Call Roto-Rooter, that's the name, and away go troubles down the drain.")

There are all kinds of shits that need to be wasted. If only we had the courage, and the persistence, we could bring all those fuckers to justice, like they did the Nazi's and Pinochet; and finally, the other way (seek and destroy), Bin Laden.

The author is rooting for the masses to find a way to permanently remove the coalition of the willing (the gangbangers) from the aquifer.

Question is: If we had been successful in removing those shits from public office, would we have been able to prevent the disease that affects our nation? Lack of vigilance in the sanitation department. By consensus, or apathetic indifference.