

Apropos Of Nothing

XIII

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The Big Picture.

Nemo me impune lacessit. Nobody wounds me with impunity.
Par pari refero. I return like for like.

Quot homines, tot sententiae. Many men, many minds.

Vexata quaestis. A disputed question.

What Ho!, your aspiring President speaks to you in another tongue?! Today I engage not so much in a typically engineered political harangue, as I do in a polemic. What I shall refer as The 'Big Picture' embraces a host of prospective notions, and ideas, ones that may escape attention, discovered floundering around amidst the demands of the more mundane, ordinary existence. Yet we must have recourse to these in order to better navigate the ever unknown and perilous waters of our future.

The terse Latin expressions emblazoned upon the marquee serve notice that time has not been on our side, that we remain ever combative, righteously combative; and that any two people might view our whole prospect very differently. What we may glean from these other-tongued ancients sadly reveals some unfinished business. Though dispute arises amongst us we must persevere; we must find a way.

I say time is not on our side. In one sense time is on our side; miraculously we have survived as a species, despite our combativeness.

I do not expect to win any adherents today; rather do I wish to explore possibilities, and hope to stimulate more thought in areas I consider imperative to what I have come to envision as 'The Big Picture'. The Big Picture consists of a visionary landscape, vaguely peopled. That is the hopeful prospect; how peopled - whether engaged in endless strife, at each other's throats, or whether somewhat idyllically at peace with one another, having with the advent of Time, resolved upon peace instead of combat - one can only speculate.

Thus with that vague landscape in mind I begin with, for the lack of a better expression, this polemic.

Speech writing is truly an amazing manifestation of existence. Perhaps I could add, no matter how poorly arranged; although our time-tested (or time-testing) and testy censors prove to be somewhat mercilessly selective in what is allowed to pass into 'posternity'. Even so, our archives and libraries are full, as well as the bookstores, secondhand stores, attics, basements, sheds, barns, and outhouses;

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our Testament to Rhetoric (What I characterize an assemblage of Persuasions).

Having appreciated the Art and Style in others, I feel inspired to strive for more than a conversational tone, or some other prosaic effect. Beyond Art and Style, it is, above all, the Content that claims the higher purpose and the most 'dedicated effort'.

With these ingredients in mind: Content, Style, and Art, I presume upon the world with the word. Being myopic in my labors, I find it difficult to appraise my efforts, in order to know what I have achieved in the way of fulfilling my own aspirations. I know where I have failed in measuring my labors against my intent, discovering this amazing manifestation of existence consists mostly of a wearisome toil, as do all high-minded endeavors (Oh, My!). I might contrast this endeavor, and feel compelled, to distinguish it from the more home-spun and proverbial approach to our problems.

Truly, some of us do not live by assimilation alone, accruing only a corpus and midden thereby. It is given that we shall transform what e'er we be, lengthened and bulging into our limits, perturbed by unremitting sensation, rife in cogitation, pursued by muses and demons alike; Aye!, obliged to transform this selfsame substance into that peculiar manifestation, the worded self. One imagines, 'What will ye of the future invent to manifest and make prominent your stay upon this earth?' The Sphinxs, The Easter Island megaliths, and Mt. Rushmore notwithstanding. The Industrial Dispersion.

In order that the future may be assured for you, I presume to disturb my private thoughts, their own silent inutility, relinquishing these possessions for your sake; to wail, clamoring for attention. HEED! I have something to say!

Am I then the competence to wrestle with these ancient dilemmas? Whereof others of more prodigious energy, and greater perspicacity, and more refined Artistry have failed, how should I presume to succeed?

I am encouraged beyond a more humble enterprise by some grandiose impulse. While I might consider it an inalienable right to be able to thus engage my time, however futile the effort, and bizarre and inappropriate the outcome, I realize none-the-less, I am privileged, by whose Grace I know not, to become this unrestrained oracle; restrained, to be sure, through my own ignorance, and sundry deficiencies and limitations; but unrestrained in the use of whatever avails me in 'the word', in undertaking this 'awesome' and purposeful task.

Perhaps the future landscape will evolve into a psychedelic experience wherein what had seemed an unending cycle of negative human interaction and travail will have been interrupted, and wherein strife, purpose and continuance will have lost their meaning; and even

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Death will have become an hallucination. Or, more to our amazement, ALL will have become "Perfectly Clear" as we politicians are wont to say.

However it is the immediate future which concerns me now. Nothing about that future is assured. While Nature could disassemble what she has fabricated, it is not her untowardness I would fear (I would think she might be fond of some of her concoctions). It is the overweening and overwhelming presumption of MAN that arrests my attention, and prompts this grandiose undertaking.

As President, in 'good' conscience I will be allowed little alternative, but to confront directly issues which have plagued our species since the 'dawn of History'. I would quite naturally (in a manner of speaking) 'enlist the aid' of William 'to assist me in this endeavor'. William's keen sensitivity to the 'humanitarian' scale would serve as a 'necessary adjunct' to my more cynical outlook.

MAN!; that is my sound! I feel unformed, though I am possessed of and possessed by the parts that describe the physical reality; and surely, I feel unformed in my purpose.

Stripped of our garments (animal skins or product of antedeluvian synthesis), those strange artificialities which protect, conceal and project our emptier repository of animality, we appear as an anachronistic appurtenance, who, shaped by time, seem not ripened by time; who occupy space, though, more in the mind than in the fact, seemingly a hapless and pointless array of pigments nowadays, ill-

suited to this natural environment. So imbued with these and other artificialities, we assume a truly dubious three-dimensionality, all presumption aside.

Ah!, but Man takes himself seriously; and I take something seriously, unable to give it a name.

Man: multifarious; perhaps necessarily so, as he reaches, and reaches, and reaches.

Do we, as Men (a sexually neutral generic reference) have a common collective purpose; or does only one become or exist as the selfish actor who rescues us from out the darkness of the eons? While, as a body, we ward off the common demons, will only one of us be destined as the 'winner' in our common striving? (I recall the 'drama' of Amundsen and Scott racing for the POLE.) And the 'winner', what sort of brute be he? Will he be ensconced as MAN, or merely as some oddity that sprinted to the finish line, just to finish first; colorless, with sweating palms, and hair falling in tufts from his conceited skull? Are we truly abandoned to the 'in vogue' conundrum of possessing the Right Stuff or being Left Behind?

If we succumb to certain Existential Truths, as opposed to one's where we view our fate as inseparable from a deity, will we design a proper fate for ourselves, becoming the master of it, seeing it to the impossible end?

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Hah!, and will we design yet another Slave State to serve our Pleasures, reaching for a cloying Satiety? A mad writhing (maggoty) jungle?

Or, shall we construct a Community, having decided amongst ourselves, that we are, within, a viable potential, as a burgeoning CREATION; our own; not as a Part dashing for the finish line, but as a Whole, in which the Least amongst us will not play the most insignificant Part; and that we will become slaves only to what it is we have decided amongst ourselves, rather than to each other?

A fraudulent maneuver, perhaps; going against Nature's Design? (not unlike imposing Affirmative Action as a fair doctrine to curb the Quacking¹ bastards who would conspire against all who do not look alike, consigning them to the purgatory of our domineering machinations - Whoops!, sorry; I'm jumping the gun!). But, leaping before another wilder shot, perhaps we might WILL, with our very own wills; willing that we become this Creation: MAN.

In proposing some constructive approaches to these stubborn realities, I shall studiously labor not to set my naiveté, my ignorance and my prejudices into BOLDFACE.

I wish to be hopeful for the morrow; that is my chief motivation, however skeptical and critical my outbursts may seem.

Still, I am not blind to our hostility, aggression, and destructive inclinations; the incompetence, the arbitrariness, indifference, bigotry, ignorance, arrogance, prejudice, intolerance, meanness, cruelty, sadism, and profound conceit to be found within our ranks; we are indeed multifarious. YES!, I'm laying it on pretty thick. As you will observe our vocabulary and our tongue is rife with these 'benign' expletives. How wondrous indeed, if we could render them **obsolete**. (Maybe you can tell me why I did that (**obs**); I forget.)

Perhaps a preponderant bureaucracy is the answer, crowned with the .357 Magnum; perhaps we shall concede all volition to these gross channelings, allowing ourselves to be prodded and herded as cattle. In my mind this latter proposition constitutes a particularly unpalatable and intolerable decoction of DOOM.

While 1984 has come and gone, with some relief perhaps, as a projection of many a dire prediction of human cataclysm and apocalypse, its nagging message will none-the-less prevail, as we edge closer to the unnewspeakable DOOM, debilitated by apathy and by an MEDIA over-saturation with our forever ongoing problems and their irresolution, vastly complicated by our huge numbers.

The Golden Age seems to elude us. We do not wish to summon the effort. Oh!, we would not wish to appear conciliatory towards one another; that would make us vulnerable; Alas! - to what? - to each other's predatory nature? !! *A verbis ad verbera* ²? Not Thatin Again?!

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It appears we would do well to hold our tongue! From words to blows As I am fed to the lions, I beseech both Gud and Man; I will hope to the last, though I wail and curse. Desperately some have proposed suicide as an alternative to living in this, our Neo-Barbaric Age.

Fighting amongst ourselves (within the species), even as some dubious exercise in Spartan 'preparedness', poses the most wretched alternative; at least in producing as little hope as we have seen throughout all the Other Notable Ages. Our fascination with Metal is doubtlessly symbolic; Gold, Silver, Bronze, Iron, (Lead, as in get the Lead out); we yearn for a permanence whose character we imagine appears differently than that of the lusterless uncivilized Stone Age. Alas!, what kind of permanence?

Simultaneously 'armed' with such hopeful and such dim prospects, where ought one seize the initiative - to NOW stroke a more colorful and appealing aspect to our canvas?

Shoring up the 'Good Intentions' of the Species may comprise a 'worthwhile endeavor', in one set of circumstances. But once again, it is the adversarial pretensions that seem to prevail, exacerbating one's paranoia. Scratching one's head does not promote the revelation of the cause or the purpose; nor does careful observation of the beast; nor perusal of his records. One is abandoned to this combating, or alternatively contemplating some desert withdrawal. And what of this fighting; isn't that some kind of agony? And, can one really withdraw? Can one become a Life Apart? Is there some appendage that shmoos out from the face of the earth, or is there some place in the planetary bowel in which to secret oneself (to fester)?

The questions arise again and again, seemingly without gleaning a hopeful response. Speaking of myself, as one grows toward his advanced years, seeking wisdom and serenity, he becomes convinced of some insistent force, resistive to his entreaties and scoldings. Yet, in all his encounters, he hears the plaintive message of Yearning and desire for Faith (Belief in Man) emanating from some indiscernible place in the background. One seems forever prevented from discovering or determining the Source (or Cause) of what it is that does not grant accord; seldom or never is one able to unveil or expose and burden the Source with accountability. In what and in whom do we invest the Faith? No, not Him again; He just can't pull it off. We cannot look outside ourselves any longer. It is ours to do, and ours alone.

Yea!, and how urgently we reiterate our Good Intentions. How much we need to reiterate them. How we urgently need to revise our smugness, and complacency, with regard to them!

Just what are the utility of Good Intentions? Is this a proper question? Is any question proper? Given that EVOLUTION IS, and that we too have evolved, and that somewhere along this continuum we have

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consented to recognize ourselves as apart from some dumb process; say, no less than one million years ago when there appeared a twinkling in the eye; what has the process yielded? Do we marvel at what the process has yielded in the last 5000 years, as contrasted to the protracted somnambulistic journey preceding it? May we form some perception of a beginning then, at one million plus, at 5000, or today?

Let us muse for a while upon the utilization of the GOOD toward the building or repairing of Community. Whereas it will be more difficult to proceed without some definition of terms, or context in which to define the GOOD, an attempt must be made to establish those ends.

A traditional means of defining is to invoke an opposite or inverse meaning; in this case we would summon the BAD or EVIL; or GOOD as exposed and bathed in the light, while Evil thrives secreted in darkness. A literal definition of the GOOD, while not being specifically obedient to its origins, which are not singular in nature or purpose, and which tend to signify more than one Intent, might yield some innocuous say-so in a lexicon; to wit: suitable and fitting on the one hand, and uniting on the other. One might expand the general meaning into the synonymous: GOOD, as service; as benefit; as advantage. The meaning, for the purposes of this discussion, necessarily involves volition.

We need to wrest any definition from its stasis; we need awake the sleeping actor, as it were. While much is provident in definition, GOOD may perish for want of volition; thus GOOD must become evident through Action. "Your goodness must have an edge to it - else is none."

Therefrom, we blithely steal upon the expression "Good Intentions", seeking to discover the emanation of, or validation of Intent.

While we examine Intent, we shall not assume anything. When we hear the expression, "Good Intentions", as applied to an Action, we cannot accept declaration alone as the validating factor of the GOOD. We must establish criteria in order to preclude WHIM as the active agent of Intent. The 'Impulse to GOOD' however, must not be bargained away. I would wish to extricate the GOOD from any associations with Morality, or with Virtuosity, or Righteousness.

I haven't any desire to protract the defining, and whereas many extant testimonials to actions reveal the objective fact of GOODNESS, we are most in need of some consistently reliable precept, whatever it be, however defined, in order to repair or build our Community (necessarily hypothetical at this point in this lengthy discursive polemic).

One argues the GOOD must occupy a special place reserved unto itself, and must exist as anything but an arbitrary agent acting on its own behalf.

Goodness, in me, may symbolize or express my comprehension and belief in some baseline reference, a point of departure, best

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exemplified in the Precept of the Golden Rule. Thus if I was to state 'I am a person of Good Intentions', I would be reflecting my 'self' explicitly, and none other. That is to say then, GOODNESS in each person is dependent upon the personality makeup of that individual developing a highly particularized concept of Goodness, and, let's say, as well, a particular interpretation of the Golden Rule.

If we wish to arrive at a more universally applicable concept of Goodness, or more consistently applied principle, it would appear, while the Golden Rule is a starting place, it may not constitute the ultimate end. While aware that this theme has been argued at length in Gorgias, and might be considered the best source for exhausting the permutations of debate, I feel one cannot escape by merely reiterating what has already been formulated. While suggesting a consistently applied principle, I do not wish to remove a concept of GOODNESS from the realm of the palpable. The motivating force may be assisted by its handmaiden, in this case, a 'Loftiness of Inspiration', but must not yield to its convenience (hiding behind its rhetoric).

To reiterate then, the main force of GOODNESS must be an Active agent; must be palpable. While Goodness derives its most significant meaning through Action, it remains for us to identify some 'Absolute' likened to a Rock, to which we may continually return and refer (I wish to depart from any preordained Rocks, such as the scriptures, at this juncture, if only by arguing that, while being helpful in a general way, they have not succeeded in accomplishing the task. What task? The task of achieving a Concordant and Convivial Society?)

Should the Rock become a stone ledger inscribed as Moses' Tablet? Does Rock imply LAW; and whereof does GOODNESS reside comfortably in LAW? Does LAW become the active agent of GOODNESS? Is LAW palpable? If LAW becomes the active agent of GOODNESS, what becomes the agent of LAW? And, just what is LAW?

Such a sudden rush of inquiry!

Whereas we would wish GOODNESS to exist as an active principle, we would wish simultaneously to be allowed to participate in the reciprocity of a 'give and take'. I would argue, none too subtly, against the administration of the GOOD through a Bureaucracy or the State. This latter objection thus obviously would place a heavy emphasis upon personal Responsibility as the guardian and protector of the GOOD.

Let us leave off for the time, before GOODNESS becomes some fixed focus of these deliberations. Perhaps it is not GOODNESS, per se, that will provide the Mountain from which we will Quarry the necessary building blocks to construct the Human(e) Community or Society.

Not meaning to confuse the issue, I wish to move away from the HEAD, traveling closer to the BONE. In so doing one must return at once

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to the precept of the Golden Rule. Initially I did not intend to assign the Rule to some insignificant place simply because it appears to possess an individual bias. It would seem, regardless of its particular nature, to be always an active and palpable force, an effective agent of its own implied purpose. Because the phrase is scant in iteration "Do as you would be done by", does not imply an insufficiency of purpose, or some cynical muttering. or hopeless stammer. *Par pari refero*³? An eye for an eye.

Does the Golden Rule require some form of bureaucracy within us? Are we, within, to become the bastion, the reservoir, the Quarry, the Rock, for this emanation, this GOOD work, this Edifice, in which we shall all 'share' simultaneously, on the most 'meaningful' level, and in the end, to the greater service, benefit and advantage of ourselves?

After 'all is said and done', These myriad SELVES, together, become a Unity which does act as the repository of the CREATION and perpetuation of the condition for which each of us most YEARNs.

Our motivation toward observing some precious tenet necessarily runs amuck those infamous CAPITAL SINS wherein one seeks simultaneously a self-gratification in what he does, as well as account the Universe as he does. Perhaps these gargoyles living within us are to be attributed only to the unavoidable animal that remains as part of our makeup. Ah so, fine friends, how do we 'have our cake and eat it'? How do we sidestep the Responsibility to our own proposition? The brevity and terseness of the Rule would seem to exist as a potentially weak champion of its own cause.

To pursue some untoward argument for its own sake, as much as provide example, for which one might substitute any number, of equal relevance, let us assume I would covet and Lust after your spouse (invoking gender, in this case). I may be thus engaged, exhibiting a disinterest as you also Lusted after mine; because it was my Yearning for yours that mattered to me. Assume further I would Lust after your offspring (invoking gender), would the initial disinterest maintain if you should reciprocate toward my offspring? Imagine all the permutations if you will, then answer how far each individual will affect disinterest. We test the thesis by exposing two individuals in a dubiously hypothetical encounter with the same proposition. It appears the one must yield to the other, either as a Do or as a Don't.

The 'Capital Sins' originate in the Bone, and are manifestations of the SELF-ish, and will always be motivated to skirt or obviate the tenet. Therefore, to what place do we relegate these 'Capital Sins' (Sin implies some moral judgment, so let us for the purposes of objectivity not refer to 'Sins' per se, but to States of Being to which we are prone [in the Bone] in a somewhat unruly fashion). While not classified as Sins, per se, this unruliness becomes our companion for life, in one form or another. One might refer to them as palpable realities, perhaps more palpable than

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GOODNESS, or some nebulous and yet undiscovered 'altruistic' 'Instinct to Morality'.

The plot thickens. What specific attribute must we all possess in order to lend consistent direction and adherence to bring about the successfully peaceful and harmonious Community, or Society? Is there any inherent, innate, or instinctive property to our life that will form the 'bedrock' of our concordant alliance, or partnership?

Lacking any identifiable 'instinct' (towards conviviality, let's say), what realistic options exist for us to achieve our ends, the motivation for which appears to be found and expressed as a common Yearning?

Capital Sins, States of Being, seeking self-satisfaction; the 'Pleasure Principle' (Ought one include Fear of Bodily Pain; Anti-Pleasure?). Must we relinquish one thing in order to obtain something else; must we surrender the exigent locomotion towards Pleasure, that well-spring of visceral and corporeal Yearning and Delight in order to obtain - what (a Vision?)? At what point must we declare that the Whole (the Species) becomes more important (or equally important) than the Part (you or I)? When one renounces, that is, essentially sacrifices self, does he or she have the right to expect compensation; or is the yielding of a particular right to be considered a forfeiture in any case?

When we speak of Volition, ideally what role do we permit the Will in the generation of a choice toward enhancing the Whole or the Part? Do we realistically preclude choice, attempting to enslave the Will to an outside objective, in this case, the all-important Concordance of the Whole? In so doing would we have assured Conviviality into the bargain? Or, is the main objective to be considered the survival of each member of the Whole without any strings attached?

Concordance may be effected through LAW; but how intrusively so order the LAW that it becomes naught but a faceless proscription, a weapon, and a humiliation to the Part?

If the incorporated wisdom of the Whole should wish to leave nothing to chance, what regimen could it specify to inaugurate the relinquishment of the Part; for example, at what stage of development; while at the same time encouraging volition, or free choice in all other parts?

Will Conviviality, per se, be assigned an equal place with Concordance? These, it must be understood are not just words, but are concepts as well, and the implication extended by juxtaposing them is to suggest, or inquire, 'while we would do things together, in what spirit would we do them together?' (I need to use this in my keynote speech).

How 'breath life' into thought and word; how give them palpable form; how insure the 'palpable' will remain our servant in perpetuity; and how account for the changes which will eventuate in the future? The movement from generation to generation represents the challenge of change and transfer, which witnesses the lessons of a past not

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We are confronted with a heap of 'baddies' as we enter the first year of the centennial of the Copper Bitch. Usury, Consumerism, 'Free' Enterprise ('Free' to screw the daylight out of each other), Prejudice, Bigotry, Intolerance, Dominion of the One Over the Other, Social Inequality, Visceral Sins, Pursuit of Advantage, Ideologies, Nationalism, to name just a few, are each and every one a 'breeding ground' and precipitant to Discord. We seem so accommodating to trendy hierarchies based on meaningless superficialities. In our hypothetically balanced equation of, let's say, social service, and/or social interaction, as related to social GOOD, we seem to be controlled by the need to construct a balance of forces that must remain apart, or be held in abeyance, in order that they will not 'Go Critical'.

While it might be argued that forces marshaled against other forces act as deterrents while simultaneously providing employment, they also deprive the Whole of a Vitality, of energies which might be used in engineering the Superlative Equation. Instead we counterpoise Concordance and Conviviality to Discordance and Alienation. (It may be said in our favor 'We do maintain the inalienable right to become alienated'). (Propose Alternative Slavery or Job-Sharing)

Often, I am compelled to cease all operations in order to contemplate the reality of the situation. All of these philosophical speculations and grandiose impulses are admittedly an instance of cynically throwing the good after the bad; such is my view. Whether or not what herein evolves toward the good, as either a realistically viable or hypothetically plausible situation, if it is thrown away upon the bad, indeed, 'Why continue?' (The Golden Rule).

A Pandoran analogy (or getting the proverbial Genie back into the bottle) would serve only as a mental stunt to invoke the improbable against the impossible. Man, per se, is the impossible. Man is an alimentary canal, beginning with a Mouth (presumption) and ending with an Azzole (few expectations). Such is the nature of the Bad.

We (or I) had begun this polemical discourse with some focus upon the GOOD as the possible source from which we might Quarry the building blocks of the FUTURE Community, appended to the Golden Rule albeit, and founded in Concordance and Conviviality. We have also tentatively identified the GOOD as the (hypothetically) viably Active Principle (Anti-Pleasure) to stand as 'straw man' confronting those rabid crows of the SELF (the Capital Self) found in the Viscera and Corpus. We had speculated the GOOD will act as mediator and arbiter and liaison between the Individual and the Community. We have attempted to assess Intent beyond rhetoric; we have suggested each person must yield something to the Whole; some more than others; not without apparent pain, however short-lived. It has been suggested that while we might

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achieve an equation in tension, we would expend vitality through anxiety and apprehension. Should we wish to preclude Government or obviate LAW per se, which we might perceive as a humiliation to GOODNESS, let's say, negatively affecting certain incentives in the individual toward the GOOD, then we must assign full Responsibility to the Individual for the success or failure of GOODNESS. In addition we must, as a Whole, be ever watchful, alert and vigilant with respect to all motivations, responses and other issuances, that these not be allowed to transgress upon and jeopardize the Holy State of Concordance and Conviviality. I tender these last as necessary accountings, whether or not any and all explicit or implicit tenets have failed to account them. The persuasions to the purpose can only be reiterated until we are deafened by their insistency.

One may elect to argue both for a State of Law and of Non-LAW. Those who would argue for LAW (lets say, for example, the LAW of MOSES: The Ten Tough Stuffs or Taboos), would deem it a wise precaution given our poor track record. Those who would argue against LAW would invoke the CREATION of the future as being different than that of the past or present, wherein each person became the Ruler of himself, having assumed that Responsibility, allowing each individual a full incentive to the GOOD, and thereby avoiding, as well, any Humiliation to the GOOD (GOOD meant to convey the embodiment of Good Intentions).

Suppose we do continue to do as has been the custom, choosing amongst ourselves to elect a Ruler; what new tasks would we assign that Ruler? How tether that Ruler to OUR Will? Who in the end should propose and who dispose? How avoid usurpation and privatization of OUR WILL?

Let us allow that there should be only ONE Ruler for the five billion. You might argue this as an impossibility, while I would ask you to construct your own hypotheticals. If the existing condition of many Rulers, each with *ultima ratio regum* war, the last argument of Kings at their disposal, has proven unsatisfactory for assuring any permanent condition of Concordance and Conviviality, usually the contrary being the more likely, some condition we might all observe independently, finding some common agreement, then how modify the *status quo* to preclude such nonsense? We ask; 'What is the Will of the People?'; 'What is the Will of the Individual?'. Is the Will of the People, necessarily compounded of all Individuals, now to be emblazoned and entrenched within and become truly the *Status Quo*? Really? What would a single Ruler be able to War against; by way of abstruse example? For the sake of argument I am assuming the individual will be subsumed within the collective (whereas we realize such a possibility seems improbable with parlor ranters like "Give me Liberty or Give me Death").

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Let us take a new tack. Disparity between individuals is an observable condition. How be an individual, and avoid the perception of difference? Or, if differences are perceived, how not transform these differences into conceits or castes or inequities? Perhaps this very query suggests a need for a transcendence of our natures; to return to that *bête noire* black beast; (dark and forbidding interiority) again. In the act of transcending, do we rise above our SELF-selfish concerns; do we reflect upon the ache we have felt as we have been denied by our look-a-likes, denial consisting in our life, for example, by being repudiated through another's conceits? In our transcendence, we recognize 'life' as the highest 'conceit' the highest priority; and we accord our highest regard to the **'fact'** of 'life', above all else. (Do we now?)

What is this **'fact'** of 'life'? (I would not wish to confuse its meaning with the 'right' to life which is bandied about by creationists, religionists, etc, involving birth control, abortion, and what the hell do you do with them once they are here [I know, give them Love, and/or Jesus, or sumpin'].). The **'fact'** of life in our transcendent selves arises from our touchings of our selves; sensations, if you will; whereas we become aware of what is pleasurable, we also become aware of what is painful. Perhaps also we become aware of what might constitute tolerable and permissible limits in either instance; pleasure or pain.

Perhaps it is in this transcendent state that we locate the impulse to the GOOD, where we generate GOOD INTENTIONS, where we recreate the Golden Rule. Perhaps, as well, words in themselves will not reveal the deeper significance of what I will characterize as the 'palpitating presence'. Some might characterize this perception, or feeling, as a 'Reverence for Life'; an all-encompassing feeling which humanity has been privileged, in its peculiar awareness, to feel, and to acknowledge. The greater Man's knowledge of 'life', per se, he has gained through observation and investigation, the greater his appreciation and his marveling at the very **'fact'** of 'life'. One would hope.

While we are dependent upon what the **fact** or process of life reveals, having as yet not developed a purely synthetic sustenance of our own devising, we, in our transcendent state, may easily dispense with our predacious nature, having become 'husbandmen', both from necessity and as an act of conservation. Transcendence, per se, serves as a metaphor for displacing the concept of the hunter/gatherer, which in its own right, and its own time may have proved practical and efficient, particularly when one was forced to nomadically relocate with the seasons, made more possible and when there were fewer of us in number. (Forgive me for all too often mechanically restating the hypothetically non-evident.) (One ought mention that the disenfranchised, in a time of social upheaval, [as accords perceptions of a 'nuclear winter', for example] could easily revert to

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hunter/gatherers, as well as some kind of modern-day 'survivalist' mentality). I must remind you, this is only hypothetical; a worse 'scenario' might as easily be the outcome.

While transcendence of one's nature may appear as the prerequisite for developing and assuring a concordant and convivial community, I would imagine it as premature, and prejudiced, to burden and condemn the future with the past; remembering that the future is as near as tomorrow.

Do we require a Ruler to 'tyrannize' us. Should we follow that somewhat archaic tradition, how should one be ruled? Should we not participate in our own rule, continually affirming or denying our prerogatives? Or should we simply cede to the heavy hand (or the .357 Magnum), taking into account our preemptive natures (our tendency to renege), in order to maintain a constant threat (of life perpetually observing its own demise) against that nature, in order assure preservation of Order and establishment of the Whole? Should our Overseer have the prerogative of determining what is Best, or what is the Superlative condition (assuming the opposite would not be in anyone's interest)? What specific intelligence or sympathies would we require in our Figurehead? Do we require more than eyes and ears in the turret? Would Sancho Panza do? Do we also require the mad visionary?

How much more coordination do we require? Should our Ruler be entrusted with the Vision of Concordance and Conviviality? How best achieve our aims? Shall we continue, and expand, for example, the comparison of Lycurgus and Numa? What is there for today, and what is there for tomorrow? Are we to instruct ourselves beyond this kind of comparison? Is there a clear enough Vision we are able to impose upon ourselves? Is there not a Will to expedite the Vision?

A multitude of questions! If it is not already apparent, in this kind of polemic there are more questions than answers.

Are there specific answers, responses, alternatives, or specific suggestions, that one might proffer that we might attempt to refute or elucidate, enhance, augment, clarify, or fulfill them? You would desire for me to answer questions you ought be asking and answering as part of your Responsibility to yourself. If I should Rule, I would plague you with more questions, purposefully, to bring to the fore the vital concern of Community, wherein self-preservation, and self-satisfaction would necessarily yield to the common weal, in the interest of Concordance and Conviviality (a necessary restatement).

I might find it my share of Responsibility to Rule, but would I wish to become the conscience of the masses? I might attempt to elicit and preserve a Vision, but the collective would necessarily embody its main force, having chosen the Vision.

Before I launch into another grandiose seizure, I ought to state it is my belief, that, through an awareness of the '**fact**' of life, we would tend to

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transcend aspects of our natures, being impelled by the GOOD, implying 'fitting and suitable', 'beneficial', and, in a more lasting way, an 'advantage' to the Whole (and here it comes again) when measured in terms of the Concordance and Conviviality of the Whole. The Self would necessarily yield to this unknown condition of 'Faith in GOODNESS' - GOODNESS serving as the active principle; for without (..er..) faith, even the .357 Magnum is of no avail (to wit the trail of blood that has comprised a larger part of our epitaph). (Aye! would it not be to our advantage to find some permanent device to supersede these wild excursions between anarchy and tyranny?) (Aye!, let us live as accords our platitudes!)

I am inclined to want to understand our behavior, which resembles some more primitive animal, beleaguered by predatory beasts or malicious forces, as if a sanguinary brute, living upon the threshold of our issuance, was the requisite posture to maintain oneself thereof. But, my love, it has been so, for some centuries, all the beasts of the wild have been slain or utterly mastered, while the malicious forces are easily ensnared in our canny intellect, certain natural calamities aside. In this spirit I am hard pressed to understand the irreverent carnage within our own ranks? TO WHAT END?

While I might attempt to place some belief in what would be the outcome of an awareness of the '**fact**' of life, I am not so naive as not to know the pathological amongst us might affect a total disregard for life. But even more detrimental than the pathological is the general lack of awareness which is reflected in a thoughtless and inconsiderate behavior - not only toward our look-a-likes. The little boys walking down the country lane swinging little sticks, thinking nothing of decapitating all the daisies and, "Look, A Lilly!", along the way. And pity the creature that stumbles in their path. Perhaps we outgrow the tendency to use a stick, furthering our decapitations with more 'affection' during our courtships. Some would argue this represents an 'innocent' and harmless behavior. Truly, this constitutes but a trifling issue to demonstrate our lack of awareness of the 'fact'. But Regard!!, we, in later life utter such things as 'The only good tree is a dead tree!', as we have, 'The only good dink is a dead dink!'. Wooden houses bias the argument.

This discourse has progressed to the point where '**awareness**' is being stressed and posited as a primary requirement toward the achievement of our ends (not demises).

The GOOD cannot operate in the Void. Volition proceeds from awareness. Volition MUST proceed from Awareness.

In now stressing 'awareness', it is not to be assumed, that because one avails himself of the Institution (University, for example) in order to obtain generalized 'enlightenment' that he will become aware to any specific degree (my experience of some twenty years in such environs

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confirms this truism). I would not propose to reinvent the purpose of the Institution, but it is my particular awareness that Institutions have a way of becoming factories for processing 'facts' in the 'same old way', that is, as tired utterances delivered by retiring fixtures, as set pieces, as musty old relics of furniture. While it may go without saying that truth should speak for itself, e.g. it ought to be self evident that 'awareness' validates the purpose of the senses, and that one need not be told these things, it would not be an untoward assignment of the Institutions to dramatize and emphasize them. The apparatus for 'schooling', or 'educating' and inculcating, proceeds towards given ends; one might say the modern Institution exists to fulfill those ends, but we are inclined to question the means, since what might be measurable in terms of the 'advantages' of schooling per se, may not truly enhance anything more than the momentary advantage of the individual or some narrow interest of a prevailing faction. (One wonders if ever a greater objectivity existed than this more apparent state of affairs?). Most Institutions become a mere means for procuring a livelihood for its members (Sophists all) to the exclusion, or at the sacrifice, or in spite, of the Institutional purpose of Sophistry?. Is it possible that it is all a waste, a non-sequitur something, that does not follow (from the basic premise)?

It has been proposed, by way of justification for its very existence, in all matters pertaining to curriculum, the Institution of (Higher) Learning, should not become isolated from the community. While the wisdom of this recognition cannot be overlooked, we must avoid the 'double-edged' character to this 'sword'; giving purpose and direction to current events may also devolve into proselytizing -and avowals of allegiance to Gaul. Perhaps it has always been the Intent of the Institution of (Higher) Learning to perpetuate the Establishment. If this is so, such emphasis must be changed drastically to reflect the needs of the Whole, (without prejudice); the primary purpose becoming the stimulation of an 'awareness' of the '**fact**' of life; and in so doing develop in the 'new? generation' the 'sensitivity' to life. Hah! and Heh! again, from whence acquire the teacher - with such sensitivity and perspicacity? An 'insurmountable obstacle'? Some would argue, contrary to the evidence, that the teachers do encourage an awareness and sensitivity to life. Perhaps it is so after all; all the more regrettably so, that such an effort should succeed, and attempt to persevere in a calloused environment, the environment of the very Institution, and the defunct community which it serves and which sponsors it. To escape this circularized propositioning and ranting, it might be stated that because the community is still beset with no small amount of strife, one, in his search for solutions, eventually questions the efficacy of the Institutions purportedly invented to analyze the structure and provide

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solutions to its own problems, etc. I do not propose to do away with this minimal effort; it may yet exist as the seed that must be sown in yet another setting.

Presumably we tap the reservoir of Intent when we establish the Institution. Surely it cannot be the Intent to perpetuate an Orthodoxy riddled with error and strife. We cannot retreat to the adage "It's the Best of All Possible Worlds". It might be the Worst!

An apparent insurmountableness becomes a matter of recognizing what our objective is, provided the Intent exists to identify and determine that objective. Without the Intent, Intent having arisen from out some 'awareness', doubtlessly some presumption to superiority above all the other creatures, that homo sapiens is not a presumption alone, but is a Future Creation; that this Beast, Homo Sapiens, can so order the Future creation, through his Intent and the force of his Will. Is that not so Sancho? Huh!?

The future **CREATION** does depend upon Intent; Intent is dependent upon 'awareness' and 'sensitivity' to the '**fact**' of life. The Institution, per se, has supplied the bulwark of the promulgated message, somehow obviating the recognition of such dependencies; rather has it become, through practice, invested as TEXT, a self-evident lesson; or so it persuades. One is purported to conclude that if he mirrors the (Expurgated) TEXT he has become educated (To what purpose?)

We cannot ignore the effect of INDOLENCE upon this whole construction - these brush strokes to our long-forgotten canvas, The Big Picture - not just an UNWILLINGNESS to do something, but plain Sloth with regard to putting forth the required effort. Mentally 'overcoming' INDOLENCE might enable the overcoming of the TEXT, and overcoming the annihilation of life through the TEXT. Apathy and Benign Acquiescence might be construed as SLOTH. Sensing no danger in a promulgated TEXT, always feeling we are free to reject it, we do nothing. WHY?

AYE! The TEXT, the Catalogue of Preconceived Notions. Never on Sunday, Love.

Thus I am proposing we marshal our forces, founded in our Intent, whose threshold must exist removed some distance from the Visceral and Corporeal propensity toward their own Satiety or Slothful Indulgence. The Intent is invoked, as well, to surmount any apparently futilely practiced Sisyphean antics. Without this Intent, all is without avail; and we cannot prevail if we so easily beat a retreat to: 'This is the Best of All Possible Worlds'; 'shoulder shruggin'. Without Intent it will be impossible to efface and circumvent even this oft-repeated mocking Voltarian ploy. Dire Predictions!

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Hah!, he prophesy the Apocalypse; another Faithless one. All is lost. Not to outprophesy certain officials in our government who have prophesied and argued for Armageddon, anxious to go some place else - fast.

It is the Aware, Sensitive, Thoughtful, Considerate, as much as the Well Intentioned homo sapiens who does 'battle with his own Evils, his own Indolence entangled amongst them, not regarding them as some feeble Pandoran escape,. These 'Evils' or 'Non-Goods' exist not so tamely or obscurely; in themselves they are not brought to light only through a contrast with the GOOD. They are states of being. One, in his attempt to be SELF-serving, would regard as inoffensive visceral and corporeal activities; as unconscionably natural 'drives' toward satiety, even though indulged without apparent respite. Nobody does that, you say! Many people do little else, I say.

Under the auspices of the NEW Institution, the Wheel will be reinvented. While the wheel turns upon its axis, as of old, and while we, with time, attain to a frictionless locomotion and the least adhesive and smoothest path, the wheel's purpose is called into question. While we have improved the design, we rise to ennoble its assigned burden. We have enslaved the wheel to our purpose; how clarify our purpose that the wheel might better serve it?

We might ascribe our purpose is to stimulate 'awareness' and sensitivity to the **fact** of LIFE. It is a belief arising from an inner SENSE, not demonstrable, and not easily corroborated in any physical way, but nonetheless, this inner Sense becomes the reliable source from which springs the belief that he who would become 'aware' and 'sensitive' to life will possess a deeper regard for it; even a Reverence for it. Wow, Is such possible?!

"Let us have a method!", they cry out; "Let us assume your belief is correct, what is your method?" You Asked! You Asked! Someone Asked!

Now!: now this grandiose presence must stand to the task. Sisyphus is called upon to renew his efforts; the Utopian Legions are released to do their work, and Gud is to be given a second chance.

I am humbled!

I do not shirk this 'awesome', (or is it gruesome) Responsibility. I do not presume upon the world without having sought counsel. I am not alone.

I inveigh against my own Sloth; I place you at the disposal of my grandiosity; I enlist the aid of Sisyphus; and Gud furiously constructs a New Model into which we may metamorphose. Gud is our Intent from which we fashion our own image.

A chrysalis we are; the Future awaits our maiden flight.

I am flying, Alas! DOWN, DOWN Down, Down, down to earth.

Now, it is I inveigh against YOU. Now, I ask of you to throw out all the old TEXTS: open your shutters; open all the windows; expose your senses to the world; Brighten Up the Place!

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Breath Deeply - FEEL! Extend your Vision beyond the foregone; extend your hearing, ought to include; what else permeates the olfactory fiber?; search after and locate the vital throbb! Become Aware!

Of what have we become aware? "Nothing new", you say. I challenge your dimmer perception of things. Beyond your SELF; EXTEND beyond your Self with these sentinels. You have, you insist; "How is this relevant?", you ask.

I'll agree, relevancy is not always apparent. 'Beyond the Self' is not an insurmountable realization; but BEYOND the SELF is the requisite condition for success. We are capable of coordinating the stimuli; we are capable of concentrating our attention upon the evidence; there is a reality Beyond our SELVES.

Surely we know this to be a 'fact'.

How perceive this reality ANEW? How gain a NEW 'awareness', a new perception? How bring this New awareness to bear upon the creation of a NEW sensitivity towards the '**fact**' of LIFE? In doing this, how do we intend or hope to avoid the danger of circumlocution in our argument? Does the question always lead to that very beginning. If it always lead to the beginning, what are we to interpret therefrom? Can we not tip our wings, lifting into the higher flight searching for, reaching for the higher transcendent?

Always we return to the Intent, and the Will; the overcoming. We move away from the entrapment of Fate, from predetermined behavior, we attempt to move away from the limitations of the viscera; we seize the initiative; we are unWILLing to succumb to the recurrent persuasions of our own hopelessness.

We do not seek to become Gods through our Will. An inner SENSE (that inner Sense again; that credible performer within) informs us that we cannot become Gods, in the ordinary perception of God, as the Omnipotent presence. Still, we seek to overcome. Do you suppose one dare utter, 'we seek to evolve'. Have we not already evolved; do we not already grasp our significance, our potential? Why do we avoid fulfilling, yet more, this, our potential? Is there a sacrifice involved; and is this sacrifice so great?

SELF - one sacrifices Self; only one Self; there are other Selves within; within the potential; within the Future Emanation. Perhaps one does not truly sacrifice, but instead fills the void of yet another Self, giving form and being to still one of many Valid Selves.

SLOTH is the barrier - No, not timidity - SLOTH! SLOTH is the emanation of the Viscera and the Corpus! WE ARE more than VISCERA and CORPUS! Will you deny this last? You do not deny, even though you seek pleasure and self-gratification; even though you will go beyond pleasure to protect the last breath against extinction; even though the last wail is for Self-preservation.

Yes!, you will admit, we are more.

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In the like manner, you will desire beyond desire; you will yearn.

The DESIRE beyond Desire is to Yearn for Concordance and Conviviality.

In the NEW 'awareness', achieved through the Will to Awareness, we have extended our perception beyond ONE self; in the wings awaits the NEW Self.

This NEW Self is formative; it is based upon an IDEA that has arisen from within - to be distinguished and recognized as a dormancy or as a latency, and as a Valid Self.

It is no fluke that the IDEA exists; it necessarily exists as one of the Possibles. It has existed there for an unaccountable amount of time; our recorded history accounts the mention of the IDEA in one form or another. Its root may be found in "Do as you would be done by"; the urge to enlist the world's aid in one's own self-preservation, one's own self-gratification, through the magnanimous impulse?, the altruistic leaning?, an always latent 'species conscience'?

Are we able to enlarge the apparent scantiness of the Rule in our shaping of the IDEA. We have contemplated Community in obedience to the recognition of a given reality. However, we have failed in our consistency. WE have failed to maintain some vital cohesion. While the Possible exists, its Probability founders in irresolution, and in the expediency and supremacy of Self; or Selves.

If you accept the fact that we are ensnared irremediably, that the Self is the insurmountable entity; if you deem that some other inner force always gains the upper hand to disperse our Will, I say you simply have not responded to the challenge; I maintain that your own apathy, inurement, and gravity (a State of Sloth) arbitrate to deprive you of the Concordance and Conviviality you imagine you seek.

While within our latency, or dormancy, may exist all the Possibles, it seems 'what' we learn as the basic lesson, we must Reach beyond the *Status Quo* from both within and without. Simply to follow the urges of the viscera and corpus tends nature, intensifying our aggressiveness, hostility and destructiveness, all else becoming an afterthought; marginal, casual, accidental, and incidental. The Possibles, such as Concordance and Conviviality are shunted aside; still born. What persists in the lesson; surely not just the inevitability?

Obviously I'm in over my head with this Big Picture stuff, the canvas now growing muddier and muddier with too many brushstrokes rendered without pause. I have neglected William and Rose as well as other more entertaining anecdotes. I will attempt to remedy that situation eventually with a contribution from William at the end of this polemic. Meanwhile I am hoping I am not so deeply entrenched that I cannot gain my exit from what is rapidly becoming a quagmire. Sancho

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has deserted me for happier climes. I am despairing of Absolutes in the manner of Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance.

I am attempting as best as I am able to avoid moralizing, and to avoid the Temptation of UTOPIA; however I may yield to both before too long, thus festooning the canvas with a blaze of color.

I cannot demonstrate clearly that anything like a list of dormant or latent Possibles exist within. I could argue that synaptic issuances are random, myriad and multifarious, and that the permutations are infinite, however patterned and recurrent some combinations. Brownian Motion and Poisson Distribution may not restrict their hypothetical value to some indifferent matter or mathematical equation finding their like applicable in all spheres of activity, at least suggesting some psychic counterpart, thus assuring for some random hope for 'change', and from out of nothingness some accountable entity.

We seek to understand and describe matter; we could seek to further describe abstractions and science fictions. Perhaps certain concepts assist us in projecting the probability of the success of expanding our understanding; that is, what we do not understand, we posit as a flux. If we perceive matter as an abstraction, without Will, we might as well predict that our extinction, by our own hand, is probable; we might as well end it all in an orgy of bloodshed (Already being advocated by the Armageddon contingent, and as a final testament to our rather violent nature). Perhaps the element of satiety (with killing - being surrounded, and hip-deep in dead and dying) would interfere before the deed was done; some conjecture that 'Disgust would interfere'. How much difference abides between satiety and disgust? Bitterweet!

Again one closes the circle; he follows his argument to its absurd conclusion.

Michelangelo's Bruges Madonna stares with a pained brooding countenance into the Future; a different prescient Madonna; though resigned, not imbued with sacrifice. A story told, not by a religious fanatic, although imbued with a religiosity, a reverence as it were. It is said He will die; this cherub, this hope, this purity of thought will attain his maturity. Unlike Quixote, he will rise with The Word against the Philistine, the Conqueror, and the Ineffable State. An anarchist? A Revolutionary? A Symbol? To rid us of the Man-eating Monster!

Some proclaim the Ineffable State as a matter of Fate. The State becomes the faceless proscription and Orthodoxy that proselytizes in the Classroom with the Inevitable Cant of Vested Interest.

"Hard words", you say; "unkind toward the State and the teacher; denunciatory of a heedless Fate; and a declaration of premature *rigor mortis* for the species". "Not mere grandiosity now".

You know as well as I that we labor against a preponderant ubiquitous Immensity; but we have labored before; upon occasions we

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have been guided by those latent Inner compulsions; we have been fearless (perhaps desperate) before. It is neither by happenstance, or by coincidence that we feel once again the compulsion to Reach Beyond.

The attrition of our Vigilance has made us Vulnerable; we have descended from the heights while slumbering in our sleep of Sloth. We have appeased all too often those selfish, hungry, near ravaging philistines, the viscera and the corpus.

"Gibberish", you exclaim. "Be specific", you demand. "Quit this bantering", you mock, "A Demented Monologue", you declaim.

How you whack away at me; in rapt attention, you feel prevailed upon and cheated; now you seek retribution for the time I have wasted; for the perturbations I have created.

It is true, I have not used the Madison Avenue approach; I haven't promised you salvation through an IDEA, or a commodity; I haven't attempted to appease your hunger with fraudulent claims to pleasure and satiety; I haven't manipulated your yearnings into blandishments of Materialism; I haven't suggested you would find Concordance and Conviviality in the Market Place, or within our Advanced Civilization; and so far I have not promised you Paradise.

NO!; I have burdened you with your own perceptions. I haven't really moralized. I haven't offered you anything more or different than you claim you want for yourself.

I have probed; I have attempted to discover Motive, Intent, and Will.

I haven't leaped upon my own private bandwagons: The Doctrine of the Least, and the Cessation of the Dominion of the One Over the Other. Not yet anyway.

Perhaps I shall yet require assistance; perhaps I shall call upon Don Quixote, or Sisyphus, and whoever else has served as pallbearer to our recurrently perishing issuance.

With my battering ram, I ask "What is your Intent?". Without waiting for it, somehow I already know the answer. I suspect part of your answer is a falsehood; I suspect you say partly what you believe I wish to hear. You would not wish to appear SELFISH; you wish to be thought of as GOOD, and not EVIL. Thus you will declare your Intent the same as mine, because we commonly yearn for the same end; we do desire the cessation of Discordance and Alienation within our Community; we Yearn for Concordance and Conviviality. We both stand outside a fence looking in upon the untouchable guarded precious

nesses; we have erected the fence within ourselves; we have captured the essences in our thought; we have identified and corralled them, but do not trust ourselves to care for them, to become familiar with them, to know them; we do not allow them freedom to circulate amongst us, to touch us, and we, them.

You may have observed; as there has been little moralizing; as there has been little mention of panaceas; there has also been no mention of

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LOVE (LUV). I reluctantly evoke LOVE as I reluctantly focus upon the Godhead (Gud); perhaps they are after all, coterminous. Do we stand outside the fence ogling these too? So often Luv and Gud have been Preached from the highest Mountain. Like all grand conceptions, like all Superlatives, they somehow become the property of every conceivable configuration of quack (insincere hominid); while Luv and Gud may still retain some meaning in the elevated sense, it is those who have bandied and paraded them about, and in their repeated handlings have so disfigured and sullied them, as to render them indistinguishable from the ordinary pap and spiel. Luv and Gud, being so abused and weary, and of questionable utility in their current state of abasement, and these notions being so true in my conceivings, I shall leave off involving their drained-to-the-less eminences.

Neither have I referred to WAR, lest what I have dredged concerning Vietnam and Korea be construed as such. In the arena of WAR we have compiled a nearly perfect record with only some 200 years of the 3500 years of recorded history free of the Ultimate Discord. In Animal Farm fashion the only threat to WAR is PEACE. Ah Yes!, I served in the Military during an Ultimate Discord, hardly knowing there was a bloody conflict, or what it was all about. At the time I was more concerned with my own emotional turgidity, my skinny frame, my pimple puss, and the adequacy of my whang. Ignorant beyond all measure, I stumbled upon the face of this earth in some garb that denoted my embarrassing trade.

And like Luv and Gud, PEACE became the property of the Many. During the Vietnam Ultimate Discord, many peace organizations were spawned. One large Peace Organization might have proved more effective in halting the melee. As it was, each organization was headed by some notable, a figurehead who became the herald to the Messianic Order, and the credible entity for extracting funds from the following. That others, many others, desired Peace seemed to matter little, only as some coincidence. Peace Groups, like Protestant or Fundamentalist factions, tended to become clubby and snobbish affairs; if you are able to imagine such a circumstance. Peace had become a proprietary concern and nebulous objective; the WAR continued rather persistently, though not unchallenged; but challenged in dilution and conceit. Peace groups warred for funds and notoriety, each convinced that they possessed the true message (what was the true message?).

Neither have I mentioned RIGHTEOUSNES, although I have alluded to the parading of GOODNESS. The public display of Virtue becomes as much of an affront as the snobbishness encountered in those overtly desiring and promoting Peace.

To retrieve the thread then, it is your Intent that concerns me, for you are in the Majority. I will be able to return to the Edge as I had proposed in another polemic regarding the prophesies of a Stalking Horse; I

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will elect to sail about upon the oceans, minimizing my contact with you, and them (those others who Lord it over us all, the faceless ones, and with whom you are engaged in battle) should you fail me.

You would possess immense power if you would band Together, overcoming your SLOTH, and activating your INTENT - your well-spring of GOODNESS - and through the discovery of your WILL.

You could overcome the Established, Entrenched Orthodoxy that reigns as the source of the paralysis that you allow to inhibit your Reaching for the Rightful condition of Concordance and Conviviality.

Misconstruing Intent, being a Good Guy, you feel obliged to acquiesce to LAW, Law meaning something like the ossification of our common concurrence in the GOOD. So it seems. So it seems then LAW implies only some GOOD, but, in fact, LAW is what others make it, not what you make it. You are no longer involved, not even peripherally. LAW and Legality exist for the FEW, and for itself. If we were equal and shared equally, and bore the responsibility for our SELVES, and followed to the letter our Good Intentions, and in fact 'did as we would be done by' there would be little requirement for LAW.

Law is often symbolized by Moses; he was the Law-Giver.

Moses, that middle eastern Redneck, highhandedly, arbitrarily, carved his Will into the world, invoking the Good Offices of the Lord (upon the Mount, of course). Necessity dictated LAW, or so we imagine. WE speak not of Taboos. Leaving aside the twaddle about the Lord, Graven Images, Swearing, the Sabbath, and the somewhat extraneous hoopla admonishing the young to honor their mother and father, and the libeling of one's neighbor (not to quarrel with some of what is implied), three, and perhaps four, of the Tough Stuffs incorporated in the Big Spake involve Property, or something over which one imagines he has a proprietary Right (not that these are the same, but Moses did invoke gender when disallowing the coveting of one's neighbor's wife [the way we regard law in these times, the loophole exists for a woman to covet a neighbor's husband {however irrespective of gender, disallowing adultery may appear to cover all the bases [[there are other advantages to one's neighbor's husband]] }). I am not overlooking the real biggie concerning killing. Killing very often involves property or the abuse of another's proprietary Right. Honor often demands blood; jealousy often sheds blood; and anger often strikes a telling blow, but the majority of the killing involves property. Adultery involves Proprietary Interest; Stealing involves property; Coveting involves property. These were the beginning of the TEXT; prejudices with regard to the Golden Calf and woman as property. Really?!? LAW?!? Holy Moses!!!

Yes! property (rights) catches my fancy (as well might Usury, but one thing at a time). Even the United Nations, in its Declaration of Human Rights, proposed the Right to own property, as a basic fundamental right. Minding my own Moses, I take issue with that notion. I'll

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accuse the preparers of the Declaration, having been composed of an Elite membership, as being possessed of a biased, vested view in the proposing of such a right (as it shall be done in Heaven).

Regardless of the U.N. Declaration, a Status Quo exists, wherein, Land (and Animals), Structures and Things (this last includes the medium of exchange) becomes the property of Individuals, Corporations, and Institutions (pseudo-corporations), and is implicit in the formation of Town, City, Province, and Nation. Moses would claim the concept of Inheritance joins league with the Devil.

What is Property? (Realizing of course, the question has already been asked).

What is Property, besides the (ownership) of Land (and Animals, and in some cases people), Structures and Things, (making no distinctions between Real and Personal Property in formulating the question).

Without Ownership, what have we? (Naked as a jay bird? We would all be too much alike - how horrible!).

As a collective, as *homo sapiens*⁶, MAN, as a finite entity located upon this oblate spheroid, Earth, our World, what could be said to be the significance of the Ownership of Land (and Animals), Structures and Things? Do we, as a collective, own something? If we are said to own something, the earth, let's say; does this imply that we have power over something? If we have power over something, what does that signify? Do we cause something to levitate because we have power over it?

Does Ownership mean 'mine' and 'thine'? Does it signify my 'right' to deny you access to something? What if you should will it otherwise?

If my father gave to me his Gold Watch, or the Mona Lisa, do I not have some 'special' connection to that 'thing' that would grant me a 'special right' to it? Suppose I wished never to share the Watch, and suppose you were of a different mind? Should there exist a societal formality that would preclude the contest of wills over this 'thing'? Do we agree that it is more important to have Concordance and Conviviality than to become embroiled in a contentiousness over 'things'?

We might agree to a Covenant. The Covenant could state the premise of 'mine' and 'thine' as immutable, giving me exclusive rights to decide the Fate of the Watch at all times. Perhaps this Covenant would assure for Concordance, and not Conviviality. In order to enhance Conviviality, I could yield my right to the 'thing' 'trusting' in you to 'treasure' the 'thing' as I do. If you should fail in the trust, what could I expect in the way of compensation; would I obtain the 'right' to compensation once I had yielded my other 'right'? In order to avoid such complications one could advocate the conversion of the planet into a Museum.

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Obviously, one could concoct many permutations to this line of questioning, as doubtlessly we have. Let it pass that enough has been suggested regarding how we might treat of an inherited Gold Watch.

We might digress yet further, discoursing upon the importance of 'Things', wherein the importance of one's memories, pertaining especially to one's lineage, would necessarily involve the meaning of family, of attachment, LOVE, and the entire make-up of our emotional life. Whereas memory may be enhanced by 'things', and perchance, in the matter of family heirlooms, one might consider limiting the number, all else to be shared or dispersed, obviously a ten-thousand acre ranch cannot be allowed to qualify as a family heirloom (I heard Moses so decree).

Needless to remind you, while you do realize, as a facet of the Big Picture, I am focused primarily upon Concordance and Conviviality (which you may feel I am perorating like LOVE, LOVE, LOVE) you must realize that without these (Necessarily intoning Concordance and Conviviality), there can be no discussion of this kind; there can only be discussions about what will arbitrate between the powerless and the powerful, the Least and the Greater. In this latter arena, we have found little success in achieving a meaningful solution, unless one regards 'Balance of Power', or MAD; and DENIAL through LAW as a Fair Practice, as a meaningful solutions.

I am not proposing the dismemberment of ten-thousand acre ranches, nor am I advocating: 'Things' as more important than, Yes: Concordance and Conviviality. As a result, towards that very end, I am in favor of disallowing the private ownership of ten-thousand acre ranches, as well as making 'things' secondary to our objective. (Private ownership means exactly what it says, but to expand the meaning as not to leave any doubt, it should be stated that exclusive grouping can as easily qualify as a Private; 'exclusive' is the key word). Before I polemicize any further I should unequivocally state, in the manner of Moses, 'Thou shalt not gratuitously offend thy brethren with thy inevitability'. Fair's Fair. Anything that 'even remotely contributes' to the Dominion of The One Over The Other must be DENIED.

It is a matter of identifying, choosing and WILLING towards the common objective.

While there may be no direct connection between a violent, destructive, discordant, and alienated society, with the rights and non-rights involved in the ownership of 'things' or Property, it must be perceived there is some relationship between Rights that implicitly Deny, and those Denied. Denial signifies Exclusion, the effects of which cannot be specifically accounted, yet leave us little alternative but to be aware of them.

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Don't ask me "Why so?" for the answer must be obvious. Denial exacerbates. If DENIAL, per se, is not effected Universally, a heightened ENVY becomes the implicit consequence.

Let us, for the sake of speeding up this discussion (for a moment) intuit that you perceive what is the Intent in all of these digressions, and is the general bent of this discourse. Let us acknowledge we have arrived at some general concurrence; we have had our year long, or decade long, palaver in the smoke-filled conference rooms, thus emerging with concurrence; we issue a joint statement: "We hold these Truths to be self-evident (lots of appropriate rhetoric) these are what we have come to agree will meet the needs of a Concordant and Convivial Community."

Being mindful all the while that we do not operate in a vacuum, I expect the media will have a go at our little polemic. In anticipation of such I have constructed a scenario that is intended to answer some of the more discordant and improbable queries; these are couched as the Interloper, and the Anti-Interloper, such as will follow:

Interloper: I doubt seriously your ability to obtain any agreement or compliance with this pack of nonsense, even if you found people willing to take the time to understand where you are coming from; you might inhale the whole of Havana and still not get a farthing from the haves. But no harm done. Write your Convivialist Manifesto; perhaps old Mother Russia would be more open to a permanent thaw in human relations. At least in that bastion of socialist ideology you have leaped one hurdle; in theory all property belongs to the State. We know such is much the same as all property belonging to the King; but at least you have a populace that is accustomed to a particular disciplined awareness, albeit a limited one; perhaps not quite as austere as that delineated by Eric Blair.

The odds are against any success without some kind of violent revolution. Mankind does not wish interference in his affairs. Of course, those on the bottom want some relief. If you ordinate the net yieldings of your legislatures versus the amount of time spent representing your interests, you will soon begin to realize your interests are far outstripped by those with other interests. Its all well and good to listen to the lip service involved in the process; one man, one vote, for example. We know crass reality reveals one fat-walleted lobbyist can easily nullify a whole constituency. That is our system. 'Privitization' of Democracy (of the Demos); Argument: Making the World Safe For Demohypocrisay! In Order To Form The More Perfect UNION! How can we stomach such obvious self-serving deceit?

How do you propose to stop the roller-coaster? How do you inveigle the Entrenched, Got It Made, and Headed For Glory, Whoopie Yuppie, Contingent to hear you out, even supposing you could get their

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attention? Do you suppose for one minute they will think of you as anything but mad, anarchistic, extremist, unpatriotic or Red?

I do not wish to throw a wet blanket on your enterprise. Gud knows, someone needs to make the effort. Yes, Intent is one thing, and Action is another, just so long as one is not asked to give up anything. It is far easier to deny somebody else.

What you propose will require some element of Time, even though you access the most recalcitrant's Will through the .357 Magnum. You will need to be tough, like Moses. There will be those who claim their life will not worth living unless he be allowed to rip off his fellow man. There will be those devoid of your 'awareness' and sensitivity to the '**fact**' of life, immune to the rhetoric of the Golden Rule, and will not recant under any circumstances; you will be permitted no alternative beyond shooting them, or branding them **Qucking Bastard**.

Others will force the issue as a matter of 'right', that is, misconstruing Law as 'right'.

Anti-Interloper: What you argue cannot be refuted; so it will become a matter of establishing a wholly different order, whether or not the momentum of the NOW can be persuaded to cease. I am relying upon the Intent of Man, albeit, those 'Good Intentions' to at least effect a change in direction. And perhaps he will purposely force the issue to test the efficacy of his own thesis; but, in the end, I am convinced, most will yield to the principle. AS for those who would argue from a position of 'right', they will be in for a stiff argument regarding all kinds of Rights.

Interloper: Everyone who might accede to your proposition in their willingness to demonstrate their (GOOD) Intentions, thereby acknowledging the absolute value of Concordance and Conviviality, will nonetheless want to Grandfather his share and rights in Land Structures and Things. And I would not too readily discount the imperatives of race, ethnicity, religion, nationality, and even ideology. Race and certain Ethnic groups, as well as certain religious factions, will be unwilling to yield their power base, fearing assimilation, especially those with some thing to lose.

Anti-Interloper: You are becoming testy in your advocacy of SATAN. As I would wield a hammer to shape the World, I shall strike again and again upon this Ingot of Intent. I cannot spare you this cudgeling; your advocacy must become more subtle to the purpose, and not so outlandish as to presume to force from me the same answers repeatedly. Do you imagine me to be so vacant as to not realize all that you say regarding Grandfathering and a people's fear of a loss of their identity? There is much more that I realize. And I do not dispense with anything. I do not advocate any form of Denial that enhances the fact of

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the Main Issue. Something such as Grandfathering will simply be disallowed. Those who fear assimilation or a loss of identity, as all others, will need to make adjustments. On the one hand no one is Denied per se for what he is, be he fat and ugly, or shapely and beautiful, or for what he believes, but on the other, if he makes an issue of himself to the exclusion of others he will be in for some tough sledding.

We have played this scene before. If I felt it was a majority being denied, or a minority being denied, or anticipated such a denial as a part of this effort to achieve the concordant end, it is my belief, once again, there would exist a whole gamut of *non sequiturs*⁷ once the Main Issue had been established.

Therefore we have decided to limit Grandfathering, necessarily, the imperative being to tackle the NOW - the Roller-Coaster. The Roller-Coaster cannot be forced to adhere to its track; first it must decelerate. We necessarily enter a transition; we also anticipate and prepare for a different ride; perhaps a different momentum as well; our view becomes more Inclusive. We do not measure the ride in terms of Thrill; however Concordance and Conviviality will provide their own excitement. There will be 'trade-offs'; the greatest trade-off (and incentive, by the way) will be the eventual Concordant and Convivial Community (to reiterate and hammer the ingot once again).

That NOW is upon us we do demand the Divestiture of Land (and Animals), Structures, and Things that would DENY or EXCLUDE, and that would augment the 'Balance of Power' (there existing no further requirement for this archaic mentality). Obviously this implies that the whole Military Establishment will be dismantled. In actuality this will be the easiest task to perform; just pull the plug. The salvageable part, the material part, will be used for the enhancement of the common good, the balance to be destroyed.

Interloper: How Divest? Does one just walk away from Land, Structures and Things (and Power)? Does one just walk away from his home, his place of business, his Investments, his Bank Account, his boat, his golf clubs? Bah Humbug!; screw this Concordance and Conviviality stuff.

Suppose you do take people off the street and out of the Ghettoes, placing them in twenty-room mansions (or other underutilized structures), what do you do with the rightful occupants, what do you do with respect to their privacy if they are allowed residence? Will we not at least be accorded privacy? Screw this Concordance and Conviviality stuff.

Anti-Interloper: There are many anxieties (none so great as would require 10,000 Nuclear Warheads to assuage), most of which will be

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discovered to be unfounded. In the past certain niggardly people (those who 'had it made') were in the habit of asking "Am I supposed to be my brother's keeper?", all the while paying lip-service to "Do as you would be done by." I will not take them to account for the obvious, but will rather admonish them with other proverbial appropriatenesses "Kindness is ever the begetter of Kindness"; and in this devout land, of a Sunday, what is that oft espoused Christian rhyme:

*Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each others cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.*

I will not dismiss out of hand one's desire for privacy, however, the eventualities are such that no untoward onslaught, ... la 1984, would be made upon one's privacy. If sharing imposes some restraint, let it not be construed as denial. I would ask only that you consider the alternatives.

The objective of serving the Common Good would, in each of us, establish a repository of implied restraint, the emphasis shifted from "what can I get away with" to "what is my obligation and responsibility", each of these considerations reaping their own rewards, neither the one nor the other requiring less effort or more 'scheming'.

While all of this involves a transition which in the end may test the whole thesis, we are confronted with certain practical considerations once we get there. While one relies upon the INTENT (Good Intentions) to suffice as the common Human Glue, we cannot expect all to be of sound mind, or totally willing partners (from the force of habit). I cannot envision total autonomy without some attempting to gain the upper hand. Therefore I have reluctantly proposed some kind of 'peacekeeping' (conviviality keeping) force along the lines of the United Nations peacekeeping forces, or alternatively, the Red Guard of The Peoples Republic of China, to be essentially nationless, and blind to color, ethnicity and creed. The majority would be obligated to serve a certain period of time. We would designate an optimum age, a limited period of obligation, and exclude the possibility of a career. Some nominal planners and strategists might serve a longer tenure, but part of a lengthened tenure would be utilized in training one's replacement etc. Being a member of such a convivialitykeeping force would be regarded primarily as a Duty, to be devoid of special honors or glories. A system of lotteries would be established to serve in the selection process for obtaining the sufficient number.

While this may seem to represent a hedging, it is more an act of reinforcement of the Will, since the Intent has been openly declared.

In order to further relieve certain anxieties with regard to Divestiture, it must be obvious that many would be required to yield little or nothing

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while others would yield considerably more. And just as obviously we are under the heavy obligation to assure equitable treatment of all regarding basic needs; this forms the bottom line. The Community becomes the guarantor of basic support for the all.

Now that we are envisioning a new way, would it not be absurd to contemplate, as one of the alternatives, the use of the profit-motive (as part of a free-enterprise scenario) to arrange for the supplying of sustenance, shelter, clothing, and the ordinary amenities to life and the living; that we should leave something so basic to the 'free market' is absurd, regardless of the jingle 'You work and honest day; you get an honest deal'.

You will argue for incentives. To replace GREED as an incentive, we will offer the only viable incentive, that of a Concordant and Convivial Community.

While it is understood the transitional period will appear virtually 'revolutionary' it will in fact be a common revolution. The common aspect will provide impetus to the Intent, and help to preclude some of the apparent dispossession of the HAVES. It is anticipated that reluctance to yield will be based more upon distrust of one's fellow man, perceived as attempting to take advantage of a change, than distrust in the perceived objectives of Concordance and Conviviality; one cannot distrust 'Good Intentions' founded in this (our) common yearning.

In the last analysis, the HAVES of today live on borrowed time in that they cannot live forever in an exclusive Isolation, through Fortress and Force alone. Stalling the inevitable may only earn them a domination in another crueler Fate.

Now that these Interlopers have added to the dimension of our problem, without particularly resolving it beyond the pale of the word, which is but a meager arbiter in the affairs of men, and since this polemic was intended but only to stimulate thought beyond the TEXT, so to speak, let it be finished except with this last from William, my chief confidant and adviser in these matters.

William and I have debated this issue at great length. We agree there is a Big Picture, bigger than ourselves. We, as hominids, like to think of ourselves as the center of the Universe, even when we know it cannot be so, even though we know we are precariously perched in our own vulnerable position.

I perceive that I now live in someone else's Future. I wonder what it is that I do to fulfill some 'vain ambition'. Some voice from out the eons gone by still echoes herein, saying "My fondest wish is to entrust the torch to thee; carry on, for our task will never cease- yet it is all within our grasp; you must risk your vulnerability for the greater good of all".

William had suggested to me the image of the Bruges Madonna as an appropriate cautionary gesture, realizing that I might forget my origins in my grandiose flights of fancy. Perhaps my Visionary scheme overlooks too

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many aspects of both our nature and the forces that conspire to act upon us. While these cannot be specifically set forth as absolutes, any more than 'Good Intentions' can embrace the Absolute, my prejudice is to lean on the hopeful side, despite all the cynicism. It is only from out some meager argument that I rescue Hope, and that is, we are stuck here; it is in our interest to make the best of it.

In a letter to me William projected the future in more dramatic terms, full of dire imperatives, somewhat frightening to me. He had titled his writing: *The Bruges Madonna*. Rather than paraphrase what has been written I include it here for I feel it speculates upon a Fate for which I am unprepared, as well as revealing to us the Atlas-like dimension to William's soul.

The Bruges Madonna

He that Would, that Must, and that Will.
The Emanation.
Everyman.

Toss and Turn.

He rises from the very compost of humanity, the ultimate distillation; occasioned through the heat of desire, the desire for love, for sustenance, for warmth, for knowledge, for repose, for peace of mind.

He swaggers, yet he is uncertain. He is robust, full of breathings and palpitations; he is not intimidated by his surroundings. He swaggers over the face of the globe, yet he is uncertain. Shadows appear before his eyes through which his acuity and being must forever force passage, before he knows of anything with any certainty. The next moment lived and captured encourages the next. There is little humility, for the Mother does not reach out to chastise him in his swaggering; she contains not the power or the voice to humiliate this emanation, that everyman, who swaggers.

His seeds, brought forth through chance medley, trial and error, and through the terrors of a long uncertain march, have reached unto us, have reached into me, and my self. Am I the measure of this aforementioned emanation? Do I merely record the he that would, that must and that will? Do I have the right, the perspicacity and the detachment necessary to form speculations concerning my own milieu?

He bursts forth into view from the 5,000,000,000 (prorated) who desire love, sustenance, warmth, knowledge, repose and peace of mind; if he was granted each of these, would he be content? It would seem not.

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For he would, he must, and he will.

There was a time when he did not swagger, or so I surmise, when each and every part of his field of vision was imbued with spirits and controlled by unseen deities; unknowables that he was obliged to assuage, to imprecate, and to mollify, in order to gain favorable passage through this world.

Now, though the silent scream of the magma-filled Mother pierces to the highest heavens, that new HE, made in the image of man, that emanation, everyman, is not assuaged, is not imprecated, or mollified; he has eaten of the forbidden fruit; he has stolen fire from the Gods; he has become arrogant; yet, yet he is uncertain.

He would, he must, he will.

He gambles.

Although his awareness, recollections and reflections would stir certain apprehensions, would reveal some distinct consequences, would provoke a feeling of guilt, he will gamble; not that he must, but that he will. One might argue that 'he must', for that is his nature, as it is coalesced in his nature to be stirred by apprehensions, to acknowledge these consequences, and be possessed of guilt; he forges ahead, ignoring the apprehension of certain consequences.

He that would, that must, that will; prevails.

His gamble is a selfish act. We do not know of its true origin.

He will tell us he is concerned for the future; he tenders affection for his progeny; he would assure for their future; yet a curtain is before his eyes; he cannot know. Those who came before did not know; still he arrived, despite all the miscalculating.

Somehow, magically, he does know more, now; he knows more concerning finiteness, and limitations, this new emanation. Though he swaggers, he knows, with certainty, of the finite. He knows, yes he knows; perhaps that is why he willingly gambles, as a 'daredevil'. He seems almost willing to sacrifice the continuance; if only it will last out his lifetime. He has invested an idea, his wealth, his person; he seeks a return, a fruition; though it would be the last, he seeks his, even so; just one more tankfull. He will multiply and subdue the earth; that is his emanation.

Rather than follow any other way his intelligence might deem wise, almost as though he was destined, without will, he persists; he swaggers on. He gambles the day, that the morrow will bear his fruit. HE will not be the first to change, if a change is to be ordered; HE will not wait for the others; he may be the last.

Amidst the babble of the 5,000,000,000 (prorated), as we hear the voices of this everyman, this emanation, this totality that swaggers, that is uncertain, that desires love, sustenance, warmth, knowledge, repose and peace of mind; that will not be mollified, that will feel guilt, that will profess concern for his progeny and will abrogate their future, seeking

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fruition of himself; amidst this babble of voices one discerns a lowing, a counterpoint, calling for moderation, for altruism - invoking the future, salvaging for the future.

Is one able to locate the vanguard of the future in this emanation that rises from the compost, the distillation of the 5,000,000,000 (prorated)? Does not what happens today hold within it the prospect for the morrow? Is the vanguard merely invested in the seed that survives, as it has always; is it merely consigned to the giddiness of chance, this future emanation?

I meditate upon the countenance of the Bruges Madonna. She is given vision into the future; he that stands at her feet will suffer at the hands of the emanation. Hers is the lowing, the counterpoint, the voice of those who have been denied in their wasted progeny, sacrificed to the presumption of the swaggerers.

It would seem the greatest quest is for an equality amongst them; it is so because such a condition is denied so many. The quest for an equality is a great stumbling block for our emanation; yet he does not remove its onerous presence; he swaggers and stumbles on instead. Stumbling has been coalesced into the seed. He opens his mouth to say that the reason he does not believe in equality is because he believes in inequality, saying we are not equal.

Regardless of which social arrangement one favors, if it denies the many, then it fails; if it parcels out too thinly, then it fails; the system fails; the cumbersome edifice cannot stand and will tumble to earth as it has time and time again. This he, that would, that must, and that will, acts out his drama, stubbornly digging his heels unsensuously into 'her' o'erspurred integument.

And what of this place we are consigned to live, to act out this drama; how perceive, we, this oblate spheroid, our stellar chariot that whizzes through time? Now we feel 'her' as crust; 'she' has become a crust, an 'it'. We suckle at 'its' breast, we tear 'its' flesh from 'its' enchanting skin; we bore into 'its' fruitful body; we wholesale 'its' substance. 'It' does not complain; 'it' yields to the expedient of the emanation.

There is a lowing amidst the 5,000,000,000 (prorated); the lowing is part of the message brought forth; the lowing is a love that would re-transform 'it' to 'her' once again, to love for 'her'. As we have done in the past, we could call 'her', she who has been subdued: Mother, Mother Earth. Those who low with love would personify her once again as Mother, Mother Earth.

However this lowing will not be countenanced, for the collective swaggering of the emanation succeeds in disfiguring her glory, in taking away from her, forever taking away. She yields her substance without a whimper; she is becoming emaciated; her founts of milk and honey will yield only this or that amount, only so many thimblesfull; yet she does not complain. Wherefore is she able to replenish her substance? The

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lowing sounds not in HER throat. The lowing is personified in the Bruges Madonna. Within the Countenance of The Bruges Madonna one imagines he hears lowing for the emanation of the future.

OH!, what are these goings-on in the search for love, sustenance, warmth, knowledge, repose and peace of mind? They are plain enough when viewed as words but complex of attainment; these symbols of states or states of symbols: love, sustenance, warmth, knowledge, repose and peace of mind. None are borne in the seed. Only the seed itself is carried forth, as it must, upon this magma-filled ball of crumbly dirt. 5,000,000,000 (thems a lotta zeroes) arrested in time, sustained through the chanting of some chance medley, carrying forth itself, and the seed, always the seed. The seed presses on, seeking the future of futures, abandoning the progenitor, caring not, pressing onward.

Perhaps the Universe, that whole infinity which we cannot measure, that exceeds our imagination - did congeal after a Big Bang. What do we know? What does the seed know; that seed that is not, cannot be, that one seed, until it forms a union with another, the ova; the Mother? The Universe presses on, the paroxysm of the union, the BIG BANG - descending now into the ominous BLACK HOLE?

Onward pressing, this emanation, this repletion of unions, this everyman, that thrives on this crust, in this crumbly dirt, that rides this colloid that whizzes in that vast expanse that disappears in the eyepiece of our most powerful radio telescope, that floats suspended in the universal infinity which we cannot measure, that exceeds our imaginings, our capacities, and even our daring.

This emanation; He that would, that must, and that will; what are we able to say of this emanation who evokes in me the image of Michelangelo's Bruges Madonna? She, who is helpless; she, who can only do as she does; she stares a piteous blank into the future. The Bruges Madonna is but a stone, as the earth is but a magma-filled crust, crumbly dirt, stark and loveless. She is given to us from a meteor.

We faithless ones toss and turn, keeping the others awake.

At this time I will say nothing further, but 'Bid Thee Well'.

We faithless ones toss and turn, keeping the others awake.

1 Make of it what you will

2 From words to blows

3 I return like for like

4 All around you

5 War, the last argument of Kings

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6 Regard!

7 Does Not Follow

Notes to myself:

Triathlete. 1) Thumb Sucking 2) Running To The Outhouse 3)
Getting Out Of Bed.

Bleating Hearts

Privitization of Foreign Policy.

A mental disorder – loss of will power

Cioran: asservates, simulacra, moribund, abulics, divagations,
draconian, philippics, eleemosynary, confect, phalanstery, (anti)
Manichean