

## **Answers**

Of Course, They Didn't Have All The Answers. Do You?

WHO has all the Answers? Shorty?

They are once again attempting to shorten Sigmund's legs. His name ought to have been Schmitt, as Darwin's ought to have been Bryan, or Karl Marx: Jesus Christ. We make GUDS from Flesh; WE! NO? Then we feel obliged to dismantle them; not for any particular reason, unless we are bored or need a thesis project.

Its not that these GUDS failed us; its that we are none too appreciative. That's the way we are, like spoiled children.

Our ability to discover the origins of a specific mental illness may or may not be improving; the task grows more awesome with our increased number, our economic difficulties, the lack of fulfillment of the political promises, racial strife, neutron bombs; all the multifariously magnified and multiplied civilizational discontents -What Ho!!?

Forthwith, the Way to Truth, if such elusiveness will ever be tamed, is to ferret and dig until you find a scrap of evidence, 'suggestive' being more to the purpose than anything real, to support a basic theory of all scandal mongers that 'nobody's perfect'. 'There'll be a skeleton in that closet'. Naturally, it is assumed that in every closet there's something prurient; if this isn't completely so, 'we'll' simply imply that it is so'. "Thou shalt not bear witness to False Idols".

Thus, the way to shorten a man's legs is to suggest he slept with his sister-in-law; better still, with his sister or mother. Michelangelo was a Queer; Leonardo was a Queer; Garcia Lorca was a queer; Walt Whitman was a Queer; Herman Melville was a Queer; jus' ask enny buddy? Was Freud?; all one need do is pose the question, then it becomes a fait accompli? Well - now - are their legs short enough; are you able to see over the top of them O.K.?

Sigmund was purported to have smiled at one of his lady relatives; he simply could not maintain a straight face. Obviously this represents one of the great psychic breakthroughs, or the beginning of the realization of a grand faux-pas (by the mere mention) according to some of the bored mongers trying to make a quick flash and a quick one (like unTIMEly Magazine, or Hay B C's Samn Donalddaughter - fleshing it out like Playbowee). This abiding interest in Truth is no where to be found, as a matter of fact anything that resembles the truth gets in the way. What one gets instead, can be found secreted in the folds of their pea-sized brains, and somewhere buried beneath the First Amendment to the Constitution of the Ununited States Of Bedlam.

If I had slept with my mother, brother, daughter or son, would I necessarily live in fear of being dismantled. Nowadays it is a common practice to play the ferret in order to show us like we really are. I am

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leaving a mile-wide trail behind me; so there is no hope; just call me 'Shorty'.

Whether its through seduction, or whether its Oedipal, if you have a neurosis today, you have one hell of a world in which to adjust; millions of scandal mongers. So, whether your Daddy seduced you, or whether your killing of your mother (when you were three) brought on a plausible psychic disorder (evolved into a plausible psychic disorder) you had better keep it a secret, just in case the 'taller they are the harder they fall'. But, you just try avoiding the truth; Alas!, 't'will not be the Truth that assails you (and assassinates you).

"Hello Shorty"

"You can't prove we evolved, especially from apes; no way, man".

"What better proof do you need; we behave like apes".

"That doesn't mean we evolved from them".

"You are correct, and all those bones, and fossils, and carbon dates, they are the Devil's work, huh?"

"Permit me to introduce Shorty Darwin. Every time he peers into a mirror he sees a monkey. With which neurosis do you suppose he is afflicted?" "At least he didn't sleep with his daughter."

"Is that because he didn't have one, or because they haven't caught up with him yet?"

"Bye Shorty".

"Cripes, they've made me legs so short, I can't see a Ωuckin' thing".

"Short legs has got nuttin' to do wid eyesight".

"I can see you're no evolutionist".

"You aren't goin' ta make no monkey outta me".

The only reason we make legs shorter is that, in these days of the Advanced Century, amidst all the millions of violent deaths brought about through the fierce rubbing of elbows - well - we tried making elbows shorter, but failed to remedy the problem; the elbows were attached - the reason we make legs shorter is 'cause we are having some difficulty with capital punishing - I would imagine that has mostly to do with the head (if you made most people a head shorter, you would be able to see over them with ease)... Well, after all this elbow stuff, which inadvertently may have given rise to the capital stuff, we had only to resort to the pedestal stuff. You can still get around pretty good with shorter legs and everybody can still see O.K.. It quite often escapes my attention that this is the best of all possible worlds.

It all goes to say, we do not deserve tall people; what is more, we cannot use them. Forgiving their faults is not one of our more obvious traits. Besides, who can make a thesis project, or a scandal from forgiving; it

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would not sell. And, besides, if you run around forgiving everybody, you are bound to develop some other kind of neurotic manifestation.

"Get up off that couch!"

"OH! Please, Doctor; I ache all over".

"Ah so, you have been forgiving everybody again".

"How did you know?"

"Anyone who aches and lunges for the couch; its a deductive process".

"OH! Doctor is there anything that can be done?"

"Just begin by calling me 'Shorty'; every time you address me -call me 'Shorty'".

"OH! Shorty, what can I do?"

"When did you first notice these aches?"

"Well, Shorty, the very first time I ached was when after reading about how Sigmund was Queer, and how he laid his niece, and how learning this stuff really interfered with my religious beliefs; I mean it was just as if I had heard Jezus was jaded, and that he and Mary Magdalene had made out in the barn; any way I just couldn't believe it, and wouldn't believe it anymore'n I'd believe it 'uv my daddy. That's when I decided, or had it revealed to me, that I oughta be forgiving in general, just in case any of it was true; how the hell was I to know? I'm just an ordinary reader; I can't see in between the words ..... Then I had a dream where Sigmund appeared with a halo about his head, and my father came by and knocked the halo off his head - then horns appeared to sprout from his head. He came toward me with an erection. His face seemed to be oscillating between his and my father's visage; anyway I sure ached after that one ... I have had many similar experiences with forgiveness, and many similar dreams".

"Doctor .. er .. Shorty Williams referred you to me, since he could find nothing physically wrong with you, He believes you are all screwed up in the head ... Do you have any boyfriends?"

"Friends, Yes; but no intimacy. I don't believe in messing around outta wedlock".

"Off hand I do not know the specific origins of your aches. It is conceivable they have their roots in some sexual complex or other. It is possible that at sometime during your pre-Electral stage, your father attempted to seduce you. Perhaps some penetol or hypnosis would be in order - unless of course you are able to recall some of the salient details, and would care to reveal them to me".

"Look, Shorty - I don't wanta know. I luv my daddy - and I luv Sigmund. Perhaps he and daddy are in cahoots; maybe they both wanta seduce me, but if they're gonna seduce me, I want them tall. So I'll forgive 'em an' keep 'em tall, even if I ache 'til hell freezes over. But, Shorty, if its all the same to you, isn't there something you can do on the couch; isn't there something you're supposed to do?"

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"Something out of wedlock; why you little wench; then I suppose you would try to sue me?" OH, NO!, I promise not to sue - not you Shorty - I believe in forgiveness".

"I suppose if I encouraged you to sue me, then your aches would go away and I would have to let you call me Doctor again. Oh, what the hell - why not screw and sue; its better than all these Hippocratical inconsistencies; after all, if I become shorter in the eyes of the world and taller in yours, and you are relieved of your aches - what the hell - let's try. We shall prescribe this as pro-active therapy; Joe Breuer didn't know what he was missing, did he Sigmund? Saints be Praised!".

You are able to envision how easily one can get his comeupins or meet his downfall. An obliging healer. He will forgive her.

Actually I think Sigmund was pretty well motivated, no matter who he slept with. I'm sure he was presented with his fair share of temptation, as are we all; perhaps he more than most. It is difficult for those of ordinary human clay to remain as upright as most of the scandal mongers (the silent voyeurs). I know they must examine very closely their own closets before they set up shop; and they are always prepared to leave town pretty quickly. Sigmund was far too busy for that sort of stuff; so I guess he has to suffer with the 'diminished man' syndrome. 'There shall be no other Guds before thee'. The trouble with scandal mongers (they wear many disguises; they might even be disguised as one's friends) is they don't always make the legs an even length; one becomes sort of hobbled; the whole world appears a little cock-eyed. It is truly a disservice to humanity, for it interferes with one's assignment in this life. Shortening a man is one thing, crippling him is another. I just do not know what I would do, if on the one hand I could sleep with my mother, and at the same time alleviate the suffering of humanity; that is a tough one. Actually, my daddy pretty much checked those impulses; he castrated me pretty early on during my pre-Oedipal phase, my pre-puberty phase, my pre-manhood phase, my manhood phase; he's not around any more, but I think he left a large enough curse in the air to cover the post-Oedipal phase. Another thesis project.

Its all fodder for our paper mills, and for the occasional salivation. One's fortunes are up one day, and down the next, eh wot, Daddy long legs?

This was not writ in defense of the philanderers and womanizers. Not writ to extol, but mock those that's into Genius Smut! Its to get after those that force prosthesis on a hobbled fella in order to enable him, just to see over the WALL!