



Notes 30 🎵🎵🎵 31 May '01

A Western of sorts (Western Civ.) written by Louis Darnednear Nomore. Divulgements of Utopian schemes. And other promises. Believeth in me sayeth the expedient over principle (expedient over common decency [BT]); success is survival. (Gotta watch me; I'm a very parenthetical guy.) Why did not Wallace Stegner pen a Western?

Excerpt from Notes 24 The Scourge of the Malfeasant.

Getting back to where the conversation was more stimulating. I heard in the noose that the queen is going to streamline the monarchy by cutting her salary, by forcing most of the subalterns to get out to make an honest living. Its got to be a sort of embarrassing anachronism; I mean who could not help but notice? To her credit? She measures ~ 1.625 m (other measurements a closely guarded stateless secret)

As if any of it mattered. Mel Torme had a stroke, and the queen volunteered to cut her salary. One of these days I'll be in the noose. I will be hanging cockeyed, like a framed certificate on a physician's cubicle wall, with my particulars dangling from the noose, rather poignantly demonstrating the futility of breathing, and the ineffectuality of certain particulars.

To get back to the Western.

A brisk wind swept across the plains, like in those old John Wayne, Randolph(ph) Scott (deep parched voice), Clint Westerns, full of spaghetti; a swirl of hot, desiccated dust rose up, blasting the rickety sign hanging cockeyed, suspended above the false front, swinging, squeaking, threatening to come loose in the whistling, blinding mistral. Suddenly loud noises sounded; unmistakably gunshots. One could neither see nor hear the imaginary body as it slumps and crumples to the planetary integument. Since the concoction of gunpowder, the marvel of evolution has suffered some serious setbacks. The camera lens is redirected to the nervously oscillating portent, as a swirl of dehydrated planet obscures the plain spake on the warped, emboarded, the o'erworn dimming inscription: "Marshall". He was noted to have said: "Helluva way to go - plugged; in the dirt." A compassionate enforcer of Moses' tenets. Something personal said over the fallen malfeasant. Those days are gone forever. To die a glorious death, lauded as the apotheosis of a way of life, all out in the open, contingent upon one's abilities with a six-shooter. Even if one was



'slow', he earned his place in history as he became part of the legend; his opponent was always worthy. If one was to supplant Jesse James with Osama Bin Laden, you've got a pastaless Mideastern, or Central Asian. Now, we forlornly perish in the alleys and byways by the droves without so much as an obit. On the stage, one could come out blazing, awaiting the fatal projectile; but real life is hell, then you die; Right, Jack Elam and Jack Palance?

So, I'm coming out blazing, taking potshots at the world. I'm a bit slow, and the trajectories of my missiles mostly fail their mark. I'll not rationalize (sell out) my fellow man for some manufactured expedient, because I was too cowardly to stand on principle. But, as you know, it doesn't matter, and I don't count. If I had said nothing, it would matter even less. Why not be content to be an observer; why must one become a shooter? Our little conceits. Market your conceits. If one would remain offstage, operating the lights and the curtains, prompting (and promoting) the principals, he might vicariously live ALL the roles. Even those with whom one catharizes do not really bleed. And in the political arena we have learned that ketchup is a vegetable to be fed to school children during their lunch period. And contemplating your belly button constitutes a naval exercise.

A Latter Day stream off consciousness?

Yes!, life can be a moving experience. The poets, dramatists, composers, sculptors, painters. have been moved to move us. So, why not become a 'poet'; a mover?

Poets sang of Potiphar's wife. A newsworthy event that found its way into that thumped (read as thump ed) tome. Neither Mr. Potiphar nor Mrs. Potiphar would have come to the world's attention unless the even less notable Joseph (only in name), the real father (however unnotable a Moniker) had not become the object of scandalmongering. It has been implied another Joe had been cuckolded by the All Mighty. He got a carpenter out of the deal, but the tomites may have been attempting to suggest that his MALE ego had suffered some diminishment through the unwanton act of Mary. Hence the juicy temptation by a serpent of the Nile. What do we really know of the bewitching scheming pyramidal temptress? Perhaps no more than we know of the unfortunate strumpet we find discombobulatedlay alying in the alley; or the stockbreaker working the margins, or the corporate exec. cooking the books. Its rated PG (parental guidance) Certain passages must be viewed with discretion, or not viewed at all.

Wondering the back allays of a fragmented mind. There is no story line. There never has been; so stop looking for it. Having



expectations that exceed the confines of the script is not unusual, but you gotta keep your perspective, and ya gotta keep trying.

Never lose it!

End of Excerpt (with a few updates).

Actually the Western venue is as foreign to me as cowpunching. I never saw a man punch a cow. The overwhelming evidence clearly proves that the most barren piece of ground is a worthy place to try your hand at raising cattle, or sheep, to distinguish one breed from another, the virtues of each remaining genetically bound. I'm assuming cattle to mean beef, not mutton, or ass, as in chattel. I both heard of and have seen with my own two eyes the 'stump ranch', a common phenomenon in these days where clearcutting the forests has become obedient to some kind of forest management philosophy, where trees represent wealth, the more of them that you get the quicker (remember what I said about the expedient) the bigger peel of moola. Anyway there's what's left after all that, not so amusingly identified as a stump ranch; i.e. more or less affordable land for simple possession, raising a new crop of trees, or for trying your hand at alternative life styles, cattle raising amongst them. As I have hinted in my diatribe *Pain Without Locus*, a *Damnednear Nomore* early edition, the beginnings of such deviant behavior to be viewed with parental discretion. Before the rating schemes were invented to protect young minds, forever being prevented from knowing the real truth of things, The Western got loose as a means of theatre entertainment, until you couldn't find enough bad men and Red Indians to kill; the same actors were doing the shooting over and over again, and the same few remaining Red Indians were getting killed over and over again, and the same bad men were being carted off stage again and again; eventually these became known as spaghetti; however corny.

Moses Marshall (*The Scourge Of The malfeasant*). His lady friend was Potiphar's wife, uncoveted, however adulterous. Biblical? Perhaps Umbelical; it's the thought that counts.

Actually, to continue with this formative Western with a dash of parmesan, there was an Eastern component. When they (Our Government, otherwise known as The Bureaucracy) opened up the Oklahoma Territory, they first had to decimate or relocate the Natives; i.e. Redmen. So the Redmen were becoming Westerners while the land hungry Whitemen were becoming Westerners. The White had little knowledge of the Red (except he was a savage); he rode on with preconceived notions. One such notion involved the manner of greeting associated with the Redman. It was believed he



said HOW. So when the White were going west and the Red (Cherokee) were going west, as one greedy one inevitably overtook the disenfranchised one on the trail, the White man was the first to utter the salutation "HOW!", While the Red responded "HOW the fuck did we get into this?" The noble savage. Which one?

Anyway, to return to the dusty false front, and the bloodshed at the beginning, just like the opening of Romeo and Juliet. The only cure for the premature denouement is romance. But you can't have romance without trial (triangle – that little orchestral dangle and tingle!).

First we need to clear the air. Who would want to romance in a dustbin? First of all you gotta be able to see what it is you are about to romance. Therefore it is necessary to have a saloon with something besides the half-made swinging doors which admit all the outdoors airborne parched earth into its environs. We bring the swinging doors back when they have a bar-room brawl and its time for the hero to knock some bad ass backwards through the swinging doors, out onto the stoop and finally to drop into the dusty dirt-ridden commons. So we gotta arrange the stage to accommodate a series of set pieces.

Anyway (once again), to continue. Marshall Moses has done his deed. He has rid society of the bad dude one more time. He needs to arrange for a decent burial, for which there always seems to be an obliging (drooling) undertaker.

On his way to refreshment and romance he stops by a circumspect false front to notify Lazarus he has another customer to be charged against the State. As he does so the proverbial stage coach rounds the bend at a staggering pace raising such a cloud, all but the lead horses are visible. As really happens in the movies, the only apparently errant conveyance is brought to halt by the singular effort of

of the driver (Andy Devine) pulling with all his might on the reins (The enclosed picture on this page is all that was available for this showing). As the dust whirls



about and begins to settle, passengers disembark. And as it really happens in the Hollywood version of the West, amidst all that heat



and desolation, a slim pretty foot, then disembarking leg, appear at the door of the coach, to be followed by the remainder of the raiment and attire of a young properly buttoned up flaming red-head without a single freckle showing (not O'Hara).

Of course we all swoon at her lithe 167 cm, other dimensions reserved, switching emotions from the dust and dead to a potential catharsis with such a beauty (The driver is not available; try her HTML).

Depending who is playing the part, if its Coop, (kickety-poo, kickety-poo, kickety-poo; well there ain't much response reflected in his manner, even though he's lookin'. Or Randolph with his reassuring manly ways. But if its J.W. there's a swagger of indifference; or Clint with a smirk. Or if it's a garden variety hungry lothario, there's a beaming smile, an offer of a hand, and a cool response from the red-head. However it is played, we sense this is not the last we will see of this feminine presence. We are not sure whether we should put ourselves in the shoes of the beaming lothario. Rejection looms large at the outset. And perhaps a confrontation that leads to an early grave. So familiar are we with the format of the Western tomato sauce denouements. They go on making them anyway, because there isn't much left worth a shit to distract us in this 21<sup>st</sup> century (unless its revolutionizing the world of pleasure with techie stuff). The Western is our cultural heritage (herotage) (herostage). Why didn't Wallace Stegner have a try at the genre? Chasing Saddam across another kind of desert is merely a ploy to make the few rich; no class. SPACE!

Most of the western towns I have passed through seem like lost places. Even a flaming red-head doesn't seem enough inducement to remain. Bleak. Something to call one's own. A Homestead, even if it is a bleak setting with colorful sunsets. Or a cattle ranch where the deer and the antelope play. Sounds a bit jaded, but what the hell. You can't have a western on the Mediterranean. But you can induce Gina, Sophia, Anna, Slyvana, or Ingrid (the transplant) to come to Hollywood for a little Paydirt. One cannot imagine a Med. staying around any dustbitten town, not even for gold. Hard on their complexion; always dirty feet on the barefoot contessa.

The classic Western wasn't much involved with ordinary folk. Mostly lawmen, badmen, cowpokes, and hustlers; saloons, chorus girls, a few belles, mother lodes and banks, stages and trains to rob. A raw bunch of occupiers, kicking out the inhabitants, every which way.

Yet the whole notion became idolized in the freedom of the west; the wide open spaces, and the grubstake. In 'Pain Without Locus' I carried the aftereffects of this cultural phenomenon to the stump



ranch; i.e. cattle ranch dream that could never materialize. A decent dreamy cowpoke with a .357 under his bed (and a sufficient arsenal) who drove a truck in order to make his living wage. Enslavement to a cultural form and a cultural unreality, both of which he abandoned. No deal. The real Louie Nomore missed an opportunity to tell the truth.

Anyway, to return to the flaming redhead that turned heads whereupon lotharios doth expire through tomfoolery.

We never really learn much about her. Not a Belle, nor a Fayeaway. Not exactly a Yillah, or Rima, or a phantom either; nonetheless someone distant, revealing little, seemingly intent upon an elusive something (something that eludes the viewer). Her disdain of the lotharios seems to reflect some particular wisdom gained through experience; foregoing the attention. If not that what then, why this beauty in the desert?

There is little doubt, despite the lack of overt recognition, that the Marshall has noticed this new presence. He senses trouble, and finds himself compromised by his own interest. A little French Bread might help.

Disembarking in a dustbin seems hardly the proper setting for any recognition scene. My apologies; but its still the same planet with the same cast of characters, same plot, same denouement.

The hotel, a windowed clapboard structure, lacking embellishments, stands two stories with an indistinct unglamorous placard mounted on the overhanging edge of the front stoop, denoting its function. The entrance is its most alluring feature with a dark polished molded hardwood door, glazed with some frilly decoration etched into its surface. The interior is more beckoning than its exterior, with touches of hominess; curtains, rugs, stuffed chairs, ornately framed scenic restful paintings; assorted bric-a-brac (period pieces); and a polished railing following a carpeted spiral stair to lofty accommodations.

The slim footed one, with the auburn trellis, has abandoned the parched outside world for this latter interior, followed by the stage hand carrying her valises. She is welcomed by a smiling youth, obviously entranced by her presence. After an entrance, others become entranced.

Good day, mademoiselle; how may we serve you?

She answers in the obvious.

How long will you be staying?

The answer is less obvious, uncertain. However, she indicates her interest in the accommodations of which she wishes to avail herself without any further conversation.



Indeed we have a chamber maid who will attend to all your needs, such as we have.

He summons a sweet young thing who relieves the stage hand of the luggage; then leads the rather circumspect redhead upward along the spiraling stair.

We do not need to follow our mysterious one to her suite and bath, where little will be revealed that will shed light on her mystery. It is assumed she is equipped with all the (well-formed) parts that distinguish her as a female of the species (Yes!, believably) (silicone implants a latter day development) retaining its PG rating.

I must interject here to inform you that this unauthenticated Western is about to veer past one hundred years later within a Hollywood studio where you will find the lunatic responsible for what is happening within this script.

A cultural phenomenon. Desperados everywhere. With real shoot'n ir'ns, and a bowlegged swagger. The red-head is not bowlegged, at least not from riding horseback. Its hard to tell of her construction, since it is concealed behind the habit of the times; one might assess something from the exposed parts of the corseted bosom. One cannot tell from a pretty foot of the true nature of the remainder of the limb.

If the lunatic was of a mind, he might contravene convention by creating a miniskirt Western where more of what one is fighting for might be revealed. But herein one is not fighting for limbs as much as he is for decency and principled behavior.

The Marshall just returned from his lunch break at McDonald's where he had a Big Mac with fries and a Pepsi. The lunatic once knew a young lady in graduate school who often dined on M&Ms, pretzels and Dr. Pepper; sustenance, not brain food. So for a Hollywood folk hero to dine on a Big Mac is all part of the now culture; Cool!. Of course its all decadence when compared to the real thing: steak, eggs and hash browns for breakfast.

The red head must eat as well, but we shall not dwell upon her alimentary canal. She'll not meet her hero in a diner. She will decline all invitations to be wined and dined. Yillah was not an object of study with respect to her intake of sustenance.

Can you imagine a Hollywood production of Mardi? Yillah was probably not a redhead, since she was somehow set in an imaginary Polynesia. But let us allow the lunatic to take liberties in imagining that Yillah escaped this imaginary Polynesia to find her way to S.F. and finally board a stage to oblivion, the arid desolate



western US of A where the deer and the antelope played and where not a discouraging word was ever heard. Can you imagine the yearning to find such a place after the South Sea Islands had become overrun by those whale boaters and all the various Queens' cartographers (possessory bastards; the effrontery!). (One sought spices and gold only to find voluptuous wimmen).

The question arose: "Is she a dye job?"

To live is to dye.

Smart ass.

It's a direct quote!

Now, there is evidence of an unraveling mind.

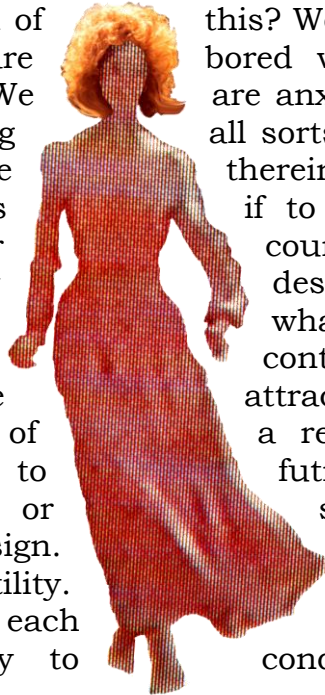
It is the fact that nothing, but nothing, matters, no matter what. For something to be coherent and to make sense requires some concrete objective, which cannot be found on this planet, to which we are all confirmed in perpetuity. Even after something becomes coherent it still doesn't matter. No matter what. Like the man said 'to live is to dye'.

What is coherent in all of fantasy, because we are the beautiful sunsets. We trip to the beyond, doing for a good seat in the

Her hair is a flame, as  
But more, her  
perfect as to defy  
raiment so embracing of  
as to verily assure the  
species through multiple  
amply fulfill the stupidity of  
redundant testament to

Fain, she must know or  
meet with nature's design.  
party to this abysmal futility.  
will have slaughtered each  
Fain than is necessary to  
experiment).

Why, then, you ask, cast her in this spellbinding role, with all these accouterments (albeit honeyed attractants)? Why not Cunegonde her? (Realizing that C. held sway over Candide's heart despite the obvious when regarding C's. mother). One is often blinded by what takes place within, notwithstanding the perspicacity of Pangloss, and the fact that THIS is The Best Of All Possible Worlds.



this? We are constructing a bored with looking at all are anxiously awaiting our all sorts of things to auger thereafter.

if to inflame the heart.  
countenance is so  
description, her  
what lies underneath  
continuance of the  
attractions hovering to  
a recreating, this, our  
futility.

suspect all does not  
She will not be  
So all the suitors  
other in vain, (less  
conduct this





Red (Yillah) will never become homely; it is written into the script. Nor will she age. She is the reincarnation of Helen. And men will always fall before her allurements, forsaking both their cuntree and their principles. But some people will sell out both their cuntree, and principles they never had, for a whole lot less.

For a pasta Western to take place all one requires is wide open spaces, and a handful of desperados who seek and find a special kind of license to practice desperadoism.

However, for this current bungled narrative to reach a plausible stage we are more inclined to claim we have conquered the wilds, and fully occupied the Last Frontier (to hell with this political drat of the New Frontier). In truth we proudly proclaim “Nothing Remains!”

So our footage transpires in the studio, with occasional takes on the ranch. Notice how many people want to live in a rustic ranch-style home, with wagon wheels for a gate, with a split rail fence, and an enormous dinner bell suspended from its own framework for summoning the hands from the bunkhouse. Then there’s the cowpoke appearance, er, excuse, the dude appearance, so suggestible with hand tooled boots, denims, a huge belt buckle (conscious of what Heyduke has to say about belt buckles), and that rakish Stetson to conceal the head, and when permitted, a holster, thumbs confidently hooked behind the belt buckle, or the cartridge belt. What a pile of bunk.

There’s the cowboy boots, as strange a creation for depicting discomfort as one can imagine. Meant for the stirrups, hell to walk in. Where’s the horse? Zoned out, we are told. The smell of horseshit and the dearth of flies, you know. And without the Stetson, bald as a ball. String ties are O.K., along with other parts of the garb that one finds in outdoor stores, and that ‘denim look’, roughcut, manly, sometimes womanly manly. An empty holster is required. He was heard to say: “He aint loaded”. Y’ever notice the cool gunman who always knows where the handle of his colt resides as he would draw his piece to settle an affair, but how he fumbles his cool in returning the piece to its holster; invariably he misses on the first try. It might be said if the order were reversed, there would not be any sense of returning that which was not drawn.

Of course, there’s the gleaming Caddy, adorned with a horse or horns as a hood ornament, all to remind us of that failed lothario Rock H., and his fellow traveler, Ronnie. R&R (Remington and Russell) prints on the walls acoarse, along with sundry period piece imitations scattered hyar and thar.

Sigh!



He had hailed from none other than Texas, Midland and Crawford; clinging to him all the strange overbearing history of the place. The drawl seemed natural enough, judging from his appearances, which were not impressive, but surely fit the model. A displaced person; exemplary of those who wander the world with the frightful realization that, "Nothing Remains". Any six shooter they might sport would be held in reserve to blow out their brains when one no longer could believe in, and impress with, an anachronism.

Some of these people are already dead of natural causes, having suffered the ignominy of death without respite from the agony of the realization that, "Nothing Remains". Someone placed a tarp over the Caddy, paying a homage to what does remain.

Do not despair; one day it may matter. How we became what we are will fade from memory. The story will be written to dodge the horror of the realities. The new dude actors will not be the wiser.

The future will be free of conflict. Consumption will have won out over recycling, reducing, reusing, renewables and resources. What we might have imagined as devastation will become the norm. The absence of homo sap. will be the other notable feature.

Some interstellar traveler adept with a propensity for unEARTHings will discover a pile of John Wayne videos that somehow find their way into a viewing.

Yes! Man! A fragmented mind. A tale lacking in objective and purpose. Can you imagine it? Think upon it all for a moment. If you are able, tell me what it is all about. Headed toward the abyss, we do this.

A loud voice was heard to exclaim: **BACK OFF!  $E=mc^2$**

Don't cloud the issue with conscionable action. We are in it for ourselves. Its ours for the taking without the Biblical admonitions to multiply and subdue. Life is incidental to conceits. Expedients win out over principles. The arm only bends one way! (As Suzie has informed us).

Can't coat it, truth is a bitter pill. We are on the wrong track.

Knowing that the planet is round hasn't helped us. Knowing that we are 93,000,000 miles away from our sun means nothing. Cloning ourselves, the Redundant, continues something reproduction has already validated as futile. We know of our confinement; and are not content. Who can rest not knowing what it is he wants to know? Don't build on a fault line.

That one troubling conundrum; the realization of mortality.

Accompanied by a fantastic conceit (cloning consciousness of our immortality, anybody?).



The stench of reality.

Then there are those who are on top with all the means at their disposal to remain there, with their mortality and conceits. Some imagine this state of affairs as the force of destiny, and the crowning achievement of man.

Who's on the hill crowing? To be perpetuated?

The occupant, of course. He's to be reckoned with, because there are no more frontiers. Is he closer to heaven or to hell? With all those threatening to take it away it must be like hell; heaven becomes a dubious dwelling. All the riches locked in an iron cage, guarded buy a rotweiler.

Yet those in hell continue to serve those upon the hill. Force of habit; fear of death.

Here, it has often been expressed wistfully, "The American Dream".

Define your terms.

Hoopla: Great excitement! And Bustle. And Furor. Earlier in the lexicon one found Hoodwink: to play a deceiving trick upon; or to prevent from seeing the truth. The American (No more, no less) Dream defies description. The Hoopla over the Hoodwinking (not just Enron and World.Com). One needs some reassuring reason to rise in the morning. Not to see the truth; to veil and shroud what it is that emits the stench.

A flight through a cloud in the continuum to nowhere. The existentialists were grasping something. One escaped by taking the hill, fortifying it, then getting drunk. The American Dream. Fences; and armament; and (blinding) drunkenness; everybody else is a Fuckin' Asshole. Unsatiated.

They speculated we were overwhelmed. As Cioran surmised, we had lost our edge. We tried to rest on our laurels, and feed off our larder. That's when they came. We succumbed more than we were overwhelmed like Sparta under Numa Pompilius; our guilt finally assuaged. Ill gotten gains built upon the deaths of others. Once we had won her, we raped her. Such is love. So the tale is told. If its true. Some prescience of the WTC?

When they came, we could yield quite easily and readily because He was waiting; and nothing remained. Will the last one out throw the switch on the Billboard that proclaims: Jesus Saves. Not to be shared.

What a dour fellow am I. Seeking under rocks for venomous things. Perhaps the truth is akin to venom. In my very first Western I do ask: "Does it really matter what happens?" Whether the hero (that is us) really lives or dies? Just one kiss; the fatal



one. An exit at the peak of excitement. Its all anti climax afterward, and rather mundane. Those heroes and heroines age, become flabby, bald, lose their edge and are diagnosed with prostate cancer and breast cancer. A Drool In The Sun. All that remains of the skull is the false teeth.

At the very end one comes to these cheerless realizations. The masked villain whom we fear is otherwise known as truth. Ex eunt. He always eludes us, not through wile or craft. We wish for him to escape, so we can always pretend to pursue him. We could wish him our friend. We are not humble.

Looking for logic, some cement to hold this all together? If I could deliver absolutes you would either not recognize them or would scoff at such presumption. Logic will not lead us to where we need to go. A leap of faith might. Life without conceits!

That filthiest of four letter words: Love. Not some saccharine or sentimental shit. But hard core love. Where the heart soared, then burst, only to rise again. The best is yet to come.

Some will argue we have missed our opportunity. There is nothing on the horizon that would dissuade me from this point of view.

All desperadoes, are we. No heroes or heroines, principled or otherwise.

He died Of Boredom! On Aug. 23, the day of his birth. That's today.

When you have made all the wrong moves, how is it possible to salvage or recover; OR redeem? Assuming we all make wrong moves, some realized immediately, others after long exposure and cogitation, are we abandoned to remorse, regret, renunciation? Will no one let us off the hook? Desperadoes! Come out blazing, dying in a hail of gunfire. Relieved at last, doing what many do well, shedding blood. A Blood Bath on Dying Day. Everything is restored to order. Boredom is assured. No more fun in Jerusalem (Salem for Short), Belfast, (Fast for Short), Belgrade, (Grade for Short) Every other African Republic (Can for Short), Chechnya, Chiapas, (Chec Chec Cha Chia for Short), Aftergan (Stan for Short) Eyerack (Rack for Short), and all the back alleys and deserts (Including Alaska and Iraq) of the world (Washington D.C. for Long; far Too Long).

When we are in love we escape all this horseshit. So lets always be in love. Everybody can't be in love with everybody. Anyway, let no one be without love. Love somebody or everybody, then all the stench will disappear. J.C. capitalized on that four letter word and many Capitulated.

Trouble is: everybody gets bored with the same old love. Just observe, inches from each other, frozen in silence, preoccupied



with the boredom of their own insides. And stuffing their faces. I'm mindful of those celebs Teddy and Jayne with all that exposure, crashing to earth. It was only OJ and Nicole that didn't part as friends; some crash, that was. The lawyers were expensive, but life was cheap.

Get up off'n yore ass and bake a cake for the old bastard. Love; make it chocolate! What's she get? Well, you know what. There are rewards. You call that a reward!? And why should I appease his boredom with a chocolate cake? Because you get a piece! Stuffing! Stuff that! Some people do, when they get aROUND to it. Some others are already uh-ROUND. Some eat to live while others Live to get ROUND to it.

Every time I see a jelly belly, especially two jelly bellies, I try to imagine how they do it. I mean How Is It Possible? Ever hear of a big dick? The human anatomy is capable of many contortions. Maybe they are so revolting to one and all, they don't do it anymore. Stuffing the alimentary orifice is more important than stuffing it. R-Rated. Why isn't stuffing oneself R-Rated? Is there anything more revolting than a Fat person, almost even with their clothes on? Open revolt! Open the revolting! He used to say "Like two pigs in a sack". That was a remark one heard from behind. Imagine a surgeon cutting through all that blubber. And they dare to dream of those featured on the Marquee. But even Obeasts have souls!

VERY often the enforcers are jelly bellies. Some argue "Bored Stiff". They got stiff from boredom. Gotta find some place to put it. Somebody stiffed him. He's a stiff now. Anyway, why are these fine upstanding uniforms so prone to overhanging guts. The expression mostly applies; "Their paunch sticks out more than their dick do". Quite a story fella. Its ballast, dummy. Just heavy-set, that's all; and a bigger target for the skinny anarchists. The psychiatrist ventured that cops have a 'khaki complex' because most anarchistic types, vagrants and bums, obtain their garb from army surplus stores. The psychiatrist didn't venture what kind of complex the 'social retard' might have. Nobody cares anyway. Cops are a notch above.

That was yesterday.

Today isn't a whole lot different. Same author, same script. Some script.

When you think about it (not that I don't) you realize much of what is written by this author is mostly a rancorous cynicism, however lurking with tasty verities. Not that some thought hasn't gone into the verbiage; but that it is a cynicism bordering on a



truth that most of us do not wish to confront. Its sort of indigestible, more than unreadable.

Even though I am a romantic I find it unreasonable to believe in romance. – unless there exists a dire compulsion to escape, to avoid, to evade the raw truth of things; also the author believes it is unreasonable to believe in Reason.

What do I mean – raw? Raw, like in a knowing reality. Something chewing away in the background, like my dog did on his bone at night under my bed, until I gave him the whatfors (a lecture). I can't give the truth the whatfors, like I did the dog/bone thing.

So Raw means Know (they tell me that aint a word, but I use it anyway, like a Western No). In the background one senses that every thought must be counterbalanced by a dose of reality. What could one possibly mean by such a statement? What I mean is this. Sensibility is a made up thing, made up of living experience, often in indefinable terms. Sensibility may be located in the bones (often we hear someone say, "I can feel it in my bones").

So we may operate with the assumption that everybody sees the wisdom of "Do unto others as you would be done by". But we feel in our bones there will be those who would welsh on such a dictum if they were inconvenienced by it (the anarchy of the inconvenienced, like the anarchy of those who live in the white house and capital hill). Often we feel a need to fudge the argument for our own convenience. Once you break with the dictum, you invite disaster upon yourself, implicitly. You're on the dodge, so to speak.

Some people are very principled, and would not transgress upon the dictum; the dictum of common sense, and common decency.

Living experience, which often means confronting oneself in the mirror with the truth about ourselves, overshadows any naïve assumption concerning *modus operandi homo sapiens*. We can interpret this living experience in any number of ways.

In me it breeds a distrust of all assumptions, good or bad. It goes further in that I guard against all human utterances, most of which require in me palpable evidence of performance. The deed comes first, which requires little utterance, for it speaks for itself, as we have been repeatedly informed.

Because the redundant nature of certain types of living experience confirms that life, human life, any life form, does not abide by a consistent set of rules, leads to a disbelief in any pronouncements with regard to one's intent with respect to the establishment of rules, Moses notwithstanding. In fact all



pronouncements, whether delivered from Mount Sinai, or any other sanctified place become suspect; simply because an innate sensibility made sensitively acute by the repetitive nature of living experience, dictates caution (or disbelief, if that says it more correctly).

But because we desire so much for a consistent behavioral pattern that confirms the operative works, we are thrown aback by the reality of its inconsistent nature. In me it produces disbelief and cynicism. Not just suspicion and skepticism, but an outright bitter, acid cynicism.

Why? Because I have been hoodwinked!

My own stupidity of course. I was willing to accept and believe something that was not true (out of convenience [didn't require thought]). Mostly because of the apparent, however misguided, earnestness of those attempting to persuade me they knew the betters, and that with a little patience and faith I would soon gather the full import of the betters. Betters turned to bitter. Bitter truths.

Man is an animal. And what do animals do? They do pretty much like I do. I fudge, always seeking an advantage. Why an advantage? Should I say: "Animal Nature".

I feel more comfortable saying this than I do in trying to paint a socially acceptable picture of myself. When I study the mirror I would rather not look upon a phony, although that is not what I would see, because the phoniness would be concealed, but the mere reflection would give rise to a series of shadowy admissions.

Can one make the assumption that he is the measure of all men, therefore assume as well that all men are like oneself, therefore phony (practicing hypocrites). No, Just Animals. In this case one is attempting to forge a forgiving statement. Forgive Me I Am But An Animal. I Am Not Human. It seems one is not more nor less inclined to shoot an animal than he is a human, or vice versa. (that's off the subject [offing the subject]).

Next

Somehow, BEING by the water ameliorates the anguish one feels. When one allows himself the luxury, he derives some equanimity from contemplating this bulk of the planet. It cannot and will not yield to possession. The largest vessel cannot contain enough of it to affect its integrity. It is greater than thou, pipsqueak. It is told that if the Greenland icecap melted the oceans would rise 20 feet (6.1 meters). You might also imagine if that cap was melting, there would also be a lot of other melting occurring simultaneously. How deep?



It seems to become more vital to make one's peace with things with which he cannot communicate. The planet, this so-abused home, will survive in some form. We cannot know whether all the forms of life as we know them will survive. In many ways it does not seem to matter to the dominant species whether much of what is here survives. The dominant species cares mostly for itself, and its own survival (mostly in the moment [fuck future generations]), no matter how dire. The survival imperative is rarely truly a conscious thing. It is more a raw encounter with an environment to which one has had to adapt, a place and circumstance where one needs to use his wits as a forager, hunter, exploiter; and dodger of all the other conceits associated with his own kind.

And where is all this surviving going beyond its truly blind maggotty occupancy? It has been ventured as a holding action until the next revelation. Live long enough to lose your 401K through corporate bankruptcy, if not inflation, and your Social Security to the Private Sector (corrupt Government). Whose cynical? Not only the Russian pensioner.

Life, per se, seems a sometime thing, the actual value of which we cannot assess from the outside. It is at times assessed as precious, but is often ignored whether precious or not. From the outside it seems there is no value to life, despite all the pain. The extremes cannot be reconciled. That is, from these extremes we cannot deduce any intent to the design of the form. It might just as well be formless. No matter how beautiful the form, or how much reverence we profess for it, we do not prevail, nor does it; it remains a sometime thing. It might as well be ugly. Thou art ugly!

Well, Here we are in Sept. Oh Won.

PROMISES!

Haunting! Some of them almost explicit. To oneself.

Unfulfilled. With regrets!?

There is still time?

She thanked me for trying to clue her into the "Big Picture", then hoped I would find what I was looking for; Love Always. You just never know from whence you will obtain encouragement (not from a governmental agency - never).

Pertaining to the GAN which I have somehow relegated to an impossible foil, and one which I can easily dismiss. I remember reading once, in the Dialogues (Whitehead) where the author was speculating with regard to a missed opportunity. Truly, what has happened in the last two centuries with the development of the West, primarily in the USA, has represented something new in





Man's conquest of nature, and other attendant consequences of such activity. Whitehead could imagine a different outcome. Most of what has been achieved through the conquest has been a coinversion of the planet into a standard of living. The industrialization resulted in some notion of progress in the manner of survival, an ease in the intensity of physical labor, accompanied by more leisure time. The coinversion also resulted in a phenomenon of mass production, not necessarily to make everyone's life easier, but to peddle goods as means of generating wealth. Hence our consumerist society. But somewhere, before all this became the way of life, there arose an opportunity for a great civilization based upon yet another plan. In truth there was no plan, and in essence there was no model, so there was no possibility of a great civilization; perhaps lucky to have any at all, if you can call what we got now civilization. Flag-waving aint civilization. The corporate drive for profit is not civilization.

Ours was not to lay out a great civilization, as it was some other world powers in the past, to lay out a great city, for example. Planning came long afterward, and in Whitehead's assessment, too late. Not in terms of laying out cities, per se, but in determining and defining what one might have created from the evolving patterns of control over our environment, and adaptation to it. The Great Society was squandered as it was by Athens.

A visionary, in hindsight, who was still holding out hope for what remained the Midwestern part of the US of A. There were no specifics. There was no mention of Greek Temples, filled with the music of JSB. It was implicit that since we did possess great educational institutions wherein we learned about all past civilizations, that through these institutions, we would have gleaned the very best to apply to our own new world.

Well, of course it didn't happen. Some of what was learned, through some dedicated few, filtered into the seats of government, wherein some political force effected certain conservation measures wherein every last inch of land was not exploited to its limits. But the governments themselves, although based upon some ideal form of representation, was rife with influence peddling, vested interests, pork-barreling, constant erosion of what had been conserved, and the creation of self-serving issues, often irrelevant to the needs of the larger constituency. Greek temples filled with the music of JSB would have been irrelevant as well. GWB carved his initials on the temple wall. And the Mid-West belongs to Agribusiness

What didn't happen didn't happen. There was no goal toward which one might shape something that might happen. What we



achieved in the way of the material coinversion of the planet, we could not but only incidentally convert into a soul of the people.

How did soul enter the equation? What is the soul of our people? Doing good? Living the Christian life? Who are our heroes? Some will argue there is no soul. You can't eat soul. Heroes?

Thinking of Cedric H. whom I believe is naturally crazy (this is not said as anything more than an observation), not unlike myself. That is, you can never figure what is going on inside his head. Somehow the pigeonholing escapes some of us. The first law of psychiatry states: It is necessary to identify and define each and every dimension of chaos to enable the establishment of order. Without pigeonholes there can be no order. This law is intended as a holding action against further chaos. This is accomplished by making assumptions regarding truth as if truth can be known. Wild judgments made in desperate moments. (A disconnect here.)

The naturally crazy cannot comprehend order; they cannot comprehend truth; they cannot appreciate psychiatric principles. They may indulge in free association as a means of survival, because nothing else makes any sense (which is often the case). Free association often ignores the implications of order. (Discon.)

That's several times I have changed the subject within the course of my free association chaos. Lets Do Some West Again!

Anyway, after the hero finished his Big Mac, he returned to the set. And the modern mid-Western, the failed landscape, without salad, of Whitehead. Its not easy to picture JW or Clint as the prototype farmer in our newer mid-Western, so we gotta come up with somebody else, but first we need to produce a script and a denouement. The hero is the disappearing small farmer taking on Agribusiness, just like the American Indian taking on the advancing White Pestilence, with the same result, a losing battle. Another kind of denouement was found in the Midwestern town of Holcomb Kansas where a slaughtered farm family was doomed anyway by Agribusiness, brought to us in vivid detail by Mr. Caputie. We lost our hero before his apotheosis, ex eunted by crazy cultural misfits. Tell me once again how life makes any sense.

A bit of a stretch? Fate is a bit of a stretch too. I.E. Agribusiness and Banks are an amorphous creation of greed wherein all humanitarian and Utopian considerations are abandoned and declared VOID.

Agribusiness began its conquest a long way from the dirt (soil) in Chicago controlling the market which eventually became known as the Future's Market (What Future?) (and somewhat in the



sacred halls of government which paid certain (farm) landholders to place their lands into soil banks) (if you can arrange to get paid for doing nothing; What Ho!) Of course one uses the proceeds to procure more land (a Pyramid scheme if ever there was one, invented by the tax collector).

So here's the small farmer with his small crop of cows, pigs, sheep, corn, wheat, sorghum, alfalfa, soy beans, potatoes, cotton, Timothy, Romans, Corinthians, fishes and loves. Then there's the market and the buyers. The small farmer borrowed money from the Bank to stake himself again in the Future's Market. This Market is not the same place that buys staples to feed a hungry nation, it is the controlled supply and demand warehouse that controls the flow of staples, regardless of how well fed the nation is. It's the home of Vested Interests (Agribusiness) (ADM) holding the biggest stake. Agribusiness does not want competition, so it manipulates pricing structures artificially low to force the Banks to foreclose on the small farmer, or to sell his farm (dirt cheap) to Agribusiness.

So Ze Banks and Agribusiness work hand in hand to force the small farmer to take a QQ at the moon. Let Us Now Praise Famous Men.

So the guy who just finished his Big Mac is going to take on these Giants in another futile battle (you know David and Godzilla) all over again. The first David had a lucky shot. Hope springs proverbially.

Sixshooters are an anachronism, as are Winchesters, hand grenades, bouncing Betties, letter bombs, land mines, etc. RPGs, Stinger, Silk Worm, Exxocet, and Cruise Missiles are more to the issue, and these are allied with Banks, Agribusiness and Big Government (the root of all Twisted Interests). SO you can see how hopeless it all is.

**UNLESS**, and this is where good script and lots of outside support from guys like Alfred North Whitehead are able to convince the huge silent majority that principle (common decency) comes before expedient. Principles lay the ground work for the people's use of the dirt and that filthy six-lettered word UTOPIA.

**GET REAL!** I heard the producer say.

Something's come up **911**.

Tex, I lament to say, the prez. Of US, came out blazing, not again the aforementioned ABIZ, but again Osama, The Holy Terror, nowhere to be found. Tex was a study (he has been). While he was entertaining notions of becoming a national leader, and while he was awaiting a decision from his SC, he showed a calm disdain for the whole process by reading the biography of Hoe Jimaggio (not



even a small farmer) that great icon of the swat, a man with a bat that Mary Magdalene, another cultine found intriguing; after all he had hit safely in fifty-six consecutives. Like Tex hit it big with 15 million of 'em by just dabbling in the ole sport.

Secretly Tex was a true identifier with those celebrities within his culture, just like me, only I came from the Wed Tilliams camp, Wed who never touched MM and whom MM probably found even more boring than she eventually found the icon of swat with his magic bat.

Very often these guys struck out, so Mary Magdalene just left the premises. **DOA**

Lets skip Tex. (There's something about him that doesn't ring true; his expressions often are not consonant with his words.) I played ball (but always held back when it came to saluting), seldom hitting the ball any great distance (even as a switch hitter). A good fast ball or a juicy curve would find me swinging, seldom connecting. This is probably a metaphor for something. When I say I seldom hit the ball any great distance, I don't want you to get the impression I was holding back.

I live on a ten-acre spread. There are trails for four wheeled, many horsepowered conveyances fueled by rotten dinosaurs. The hooves of yore have been usurped by synthetic rubber. Many hooves have been rendered into few pistons fueled by rotten dinosaurs, no smell of horseshit, just the smell of unburned dinosaurs, and a huge hole in your O zone. The horse would not be an anachronism here, just a lot of bother; no pasture, no local hay. Pretty useless for a set or an Imitation. The Imitation.

Hoe Jimaggio was never one of my heroes. He played for the enemy – the nemesis. One grew to resent the wealth and the conceit that represented the enemy, and the loyalty to the All Mighty Dollar. But then there were really few loyalties outside the Buck in a free enterprise society that was making the world safe for democrisy and creating a more poifuct union. Players reps were negotiating the best deal; so-called teams were becoming a legion of wallets. But still we cheered! Gullible and bored, lacking integrity to the last; bring on the entertainment to abate the tedium; the more home runs the better. What's left; cheering anything that moves. Cheer the Cheerleaders!

So Tex (back to him again?) came out of the, Allah Forbid, Black House on his White Horse after downing a couple of Big Macs (the beef), his Stetson Askew, his spurs a gleamin', with one hand on his holster "Bring It On Lead Bin! Dead Or Alive!", galloping into the big bird (AF1) to fly off (AWOL) in a cloud of



unburned dinosaur. No place to go really but this same damned old planet. So Lead Bin is trapped.

Actually all this fanfare was a bit of a welcome diversion; he was really off to visit his belle (you heard it first here Lawra) about whom no one knew (taking a cue from his predecessor's Fuckups (to put it plainly), where too many people knew what was not was not good for them to know, even though they professed it was their right to know. Obviously I am just guessing; i.e. taking liberties with the truth.

Why fly off, expending all that rotten dinosaur, when he coulda used the telephone? "You can fool some of the people some of the time; you can fool all of the people some of the time; but you can't fool all of the people all of the time". That's a quote from Abraham, that famous historical personage. Relay that to our VP Chинny.

This script has been donated through the generosity of an unguided author, a completely anonymously Pulitzerless author.

One shouldn't be making light of another man's trials, even if it is an inalienable right protected by the foisted amendment.

He's at War, so we are at War, so read the script. Naw - Really!? Since When? He's a Holy Terror in his own Right.

There is something most annoying and even alarming to think that Lead Bin doesn't give a shit about me (neither does Tex for that matter). On 825 my wife flew from Boston to Denver, just one of many flights. So she was lucky; Luck Of The Draw Podner, as they say in some circles. But somebody else's poke went down in flames. That's not nice Lead Bin. If you're responsible, you got it coming., a denutting, in public, then into the stocks, fed on swill with a bucket for a crapper, and no more guns nor wimmen (with or without hijab) for the rest of yore pitiful days. I heard it said somewhere, sometime in my inculcating experience that one cruelty does not justify another cruelty, even though the tome advocates an eye for an eye. Do you sense an ambivalence? Whatever works.

You're lucky nobody's gonna listen to my notions of pilloried punishment. I'd say you're damned lucky Lead Bin, you Holy Terror you. Alternatively I could turn you loose with the Terminator, Conan, Arnold the Austrian, turned Califronian, Sausagemaker, to ring yore neck with all those rather ugly muskulls. Gross!

Anyway to get back to the flagwaving, the patridiotic fervor (fever) that our Tex is upwhooping - seeking a target.

Geez!, don't' just stand (droop) there, do sumpin', Christ, bomb sumbuddy. Avenge! Damn It! Besides it gives those people in DC something meaningful to do, to divert the general public from the



legislating of all those Capitalistic cofferfulls, emptying others acoarse, while New York (Rome) burns. Wagging The Mutt!

I know this sounds both untrue and cynical. But you know one thing happens when you sit off in a corner reading about government and all those acronyms that are on the payroll (our tax dollar). And all the acronyms that are at the beck and call of the capitalists who haunt (and control) our government.

So when a Lead Bin comes along we become less mindful of our corrupt government servants of the Capitalists. The rest of the flagwavers and patriots will fill the front lines. That's our very own civilization, no point in glossing it over with democratic idealism. You have heard it before "the last refuge of scoundrels". He told me you have to watch what you say in a police state; I told him I was lucky to live in a democracy.

Tex, the commander in chief. When his acronyms get the word that somebody aint waving the flag, that's it buddy. Horiuchi sharpshooters take over. You know Horiuchi don't ya? He shoots wimmen, no qualms; whatever works. Talk about rapes an molestings, he points his long dick, aims through his highpower voyeurscope, then pulls the trigger; splat at any part of the female anatomy he chooses. And he's a HERO; well sorta. There's lots of gung-hos like that guy, misguided zealots, and disregarders of the living.

Gunslingers – and cruel. These guys got no class. Imagine something that boasts it can stand on two legs and still be cruel. Its all a matter of degree, they claim. But I'll tellaya, the independent thinkers are in for one helluva degree. And the flag waving judge will agree, Horiuchi did right, getting rid of the other half of the malfeasant.

I know you think I am a Kook, who only sees one small aspect of one side. There are people out there who say: Listen Up Flagwavers, You can't DeBhagdad, De Serbia, occupy the dessert, and the planes and the seizures, and support the Red and the Dead Sea, trampoline Mecca. Meccaites, without gittin' yores. And when you only got less than 5% of the 'world's' population, it adds up quick. Some I know conjectured the Chinees could unleash a huneret million upon our shores without missing a soul.

So there's more in store until you give it all up. Up Yours. Listen Up Flag Wavers, even if you nail ole Lead Bin, there will be Oil Bin, Cold Bin, lots of bins for your Butt. Then of course, when they gat all they want; they'll take even more. They will want to see all the wimmen with veils. And so on. Of course I don't know what I'm talking about, except I do know this is a damned violent planet, and our damned species is responsible for more suffering and



anguish than any other form of life on any other planet in any other universe.

Our lady SecState Madeline said we have had the mantle thrust upon us, while Cioran might say we have lost our edge; I think Whitehead would have agreed we had missed it. We gotta do more than just export baseball and Westerns. We need to learn good matadorship. Throw away the cape and grab 'em by the horns, or some such colorful activity.

So when you have this creature by the horns, not like we did it before we supported lead Bin or Maddam the Mad, or whoever else it was expedient to support, lacking any other principle that didn't serve our purposes when we didn't have the proverbial by its horns – now we tell Izzy to share with the Turbans, we deoccupy Mecca, we deliver depleted uranium to the desert in exchange for decomposed dinosaur shit so we can continue our way of life of unveiled wimmen without concubines, only mistresses, thong bras, and Red Lights, and to exercise our freedom to screw the daylight out of each other and the rest of the world too weak to resist, and play baseball; where we can otherwise monopolize (that rhymes) The fast Track, World Class Global Culture, wherein the Deer and the Antelope make the World Safe For Democrisy by upholding a More Perfect Union, branding on our hides Love It Or Leave It (The Market Place, that is). And to pollute the environment with our status symbols that eat dinosaurs.

Come on Durchanek, where's the denouement?

She descended the spiral stair with one hand resting lightly, sliding slowly sensually, on the polished banister. There was an elegant lilt to her movements, reserved and disdainful; but with her looks she could do anything, and still receive rave notices. Father would say, 'stand her on her head and she'll look as any other. That's what he musta done when he had Sonja, and Angela (that's a pseudonym and a subliminal appellation for his oedipal leanings), although I don't know how you can lay someone upside down (although our Prez had declared he did not ... with that woman). That must have been a thrashy little sweat for the old man with a muff that looked like all the others. Father just needed a place to put it, upside down, right side up, didn't matter. But with Sonja it was sheer delight to think about even if it didn't happen at all the upside down Down. How's that make you feel Sonja? Oedipuss upside down looking on while Laius romped.

Getting sidetracked. Lets assume that the Flaming Redhead will get a rise in the movie theatres of Baghdad without standing on her head.



She descended airily without a veil passing through the ornate doors that led to the great outside whirl, the dust bin as it was. Islam was a veil of tears (Osama bin).

As she turned the knob, lightning struck and thunder resounded, the skies gathered, then opened with a deluge turning (veil of tears) the streets into slippery muck that all the coats of all the Lotharios, Bedoium or otherwise, in the wild west or wild east could not assuage. Stranded!!!

So there she stood in this Mohammed or God forsaken place on the stoop wondering just like the o'rfabled redskin: "How the F... Did I Get Into This?" She exclaimed: 'Lothario! Lothario!, where art thou Lothario?"

If you are so bored and need of distraction and dubious entertainment as to feel compelled to follow this script- some script – I salute thee as I would not the flag. I can only promise you that it goes on with the slimmest of threads. You can imagine what you will about her; she is the female of the species, always a mystery, always. Where have I read that before "Always"? In conjunction with Love!

There is no more purpose to writing than what you read in these lines. If you want to fall all over yourself following some silly Hollywood denouement wherein a hero and a heroine finally get together riding off into the sunset – ferget it. They claim I am grandiose and full of it (delusions) and there you sit imagining the everafter in pap. No b.o., no farts, and no prejudices, no fanatism, nothing to distract from your blessed assumption of your forever happypenis. Whose gottdam delusions?

Eugene Again Dec 20 01

Leaving the Island, I felt disoriented. I was doing things without any particularly conscious direction; just going through certain motions because that was what was next; but not remembering much of what I was doing, or what I had done. Unconscious! Talked with Pat Forbes on the ferry trip; her son gave me a ride to Jean's. I was supposed to give him directions for getting where he wanted to go, since he had gone out of his way to take me where I was going; but I failed to do so. I barely remember thanking him. I drove the truck to the bank and then to McDonalds (Yup same place the Marshall et, where you can add a little salt to cardboard to make it etible), but barely remember any consciousness of what I was doing. I caught the end of that grossly farcical sinking saccharine Titanic on TV; very wet, and I suspect, COLD, hugging.





That's what you get; and I was still in Canada. Canada is in need of its own purpose and identity.

But I was in motion to return here. I awoke early the next morning, deciding then to catch an earlier ferry; the 7:45 from Duke Point. Stormy; wind and sheets of rain. The ferry trip took four hours instead of two (wind SE forty-five to fifty knots, blowing out a window which forced them to slow down). At the border the passport worked wonders; but when I attempted to open car door to assist the customs agent he rather bruskiy and 'brutally' shoved the door shut. He let me go after inspecting under the hood and just looking through the windows in the canopy. I then drove steadily through torrential rains at times. The old truck did its thing; but the old driver damned near fell asleep at the wheel, catching himself dozing. I pulled over to walk and rest. But as usual I took chances; that is, I drove too fast for the conditions, just like many others. Just like I took chances when I felled the tree across the shop on the Island.

There was another storm a few days before I departed the island. Several trees were blown down (reports of winds around 60 knots); one against the shop, which stove in the middle of one side, coming to rest on the peak, and hung up in another tree on the other side of the shop. The tree was 20 to 24 inches at the base. Very heavy of course. The wind was still blowing strongly and gusting, but it was clear and sunny (rare in those days). I knew I had to get the weight of the tree off the building, and I needed to get some kind of tarp in place before it started to rain again. I thought for a while on the best way to accomplish my task ALONE, without doing injury to myself. I chose to fall the tree from the place where it crossed the peak of the roof onto the other side of the building, with the top striking the ground. So I moved some timbers onto the roof into place over the opposite wall and the interior supports to absorb the blow of the falling tree, hoping for the best. At the peak of the roof, the tree diameter was about 16 inches, no small amount of weight. Anyway to make a short story even shorter, with a slow severing with the chain saw, allowing the tree to twist out of the tree in which it was partially suspended, the task was accomplished without any further apparent damage. Then it was a matter of bucking rounds to the bottom supporting timber where, with the lessened weight, and the tree diameter reduced to 12 inches, I was able to use a come-along to lift the weight from the timber, once again cutting a piece from the remainder that would clear the edge of the roof as it was lowered with the come-along. The whole operation used up most of the daylight hours. The next morning before the rain began, and just



as it was beginning to rain, I had the tarp in place. Afterwards I was able to construct some scaffolding inside underneath the tarp to support the broken part of the roof and hopefully strong enough to withstand any snowfall.

I should mention that I undertook this whole operation using my 'calk' boots (which I hadn't used for several years), in order to avoid any slipping on the roof and/or the tree.

So now here I am with the paving of our street being proposed once again. It has never been an inconvenience to me (38½ years). Paving the street will unfailingly alter its character which I do not want at all, but will also cost a lotta bucks, just so some asshole councilor can redeem himself in his own eyes for having failed to effect his desires acting in another capacity. By God You Will Damned Well Conform To Standard. What a huge pile of horse shit with a huge portion of bullshit thrown in. A very little self-righteous man on the prowl. He has a vision; stupid sonuvabish! Move on idiot.

Then there is the worry about getting back home, Lasqueti! As I contemplate these things, there seems to be more point to dying than living. Charline would never agree. It just takes less energy to die, than to live under the yoke of human stupidity. Its one of those things, that even though you can see it coming way in advance, you cannot avoid it – **human stupidity** - to make that very clear! The unalterable and unfailing compulsion for some idiots to remake the world in their own image; the stupid righteous councilor in Eugene, and the Real Estate dabbler on Lasqueti. And the terrorists behind every BUSH. They make their mark with their little egos, assembling and lining up the forces they can use behind them.

Afterbirth (Jesus)

Sent my bitch off to the City Of Eugene re: Their urge to pave.

There has to be something else on the horizon. We should leave this place. While I stepped out the back door where our picture window is located (9 feet x 6 feet) to take an early morning leak, I was **struck** by the **ROAR** of the superhighway.

At my age it is hard for me to imagine any further effort being put into creating a living space; so if we moved to another place, in the country, for example, it would be into somebody else's environment. I suppose we could buy a new 'modular factory built' living space which might at least smell plastically new. If Charline was not tied to the University, we could go anywhere we liked; maybe somewhere entirely different, with lots of only apparently unspoiled environmental space and a vista. But then we have all



our precious junk to move and all our garbage to dispose. UGH!  
This is life.

Song Of Myself!? A bit off tune.

You have all heard the expression “At your age, you should know better.” It isn’t true. I don’t. Neither do other people.

Next. It’s getting harder to return to the Western. (Gotta get Whitehead’s Dialogues). It certainly wasn’t ideas that brought about the development of the West. Escape to New Exploitable Frontiers, and Greed. Had to take it away from somebody else; Ignoble Savages acoarse. Am I a complaining beneficiary?

People certainly were not all in it together. That is, our forefathers were more interested in survival than in creating a great civilization. It does feel too late in the game to rectify the lacks. Population, number, redundancy, possession, has transformed human life into something easily expendable. Besides the rampant hoard, the frontier has vanished, all because of it. One cannot choose to subsist in isolation, to be a minimalist survivor. This theme recurs again and again through my imaginings. I feel certain others sense the same inevitable end as I. How simple the Western. Something up for grabs with a sixgun.

Because we lack that essential commitment to all of life, despite our lip-service to doing the work of God (whomever or whatever that may be) we are truly no better than all the others, from wherever they come, and despite what they profess. It is because we lack that something essential that we are marked as a failure. We are just part of the heap, with an arsenal that keeps us on the top for a while (less than 5% of the world’s pop.).

And none of us can avoid going down with the ship; that is, whatever our life might have been, whether in isolation, in the hope of achieving some distance from this thing that has failed us, we cannot go elsewhere to seek a NEW place (Tibet) Occupied! Hatefully so, everywhere; the commons, the desert, the mountains; Keep Off, Keep Out, No No No. The ocean, water, a foreign unfriendly perilous brine away from terra firma, is our last refuge.

To me, it is hopeless to argue for a different way because it is not within the capacity of the beast to fulfill its promise, promise to itself and to its fellow beasts. We seldom put our life on the line for principle, because we do not want to become a martyr for an impossible cause. We fear for our life on the one hand, which we might be willing to forego if the objective could be won, and on the other, we know, that despite lip service to good intentions, we lack the will to persevere. We argue with ourselves that we cannot expend our lives upon the ramparts as a forever warrior. But it



may be the most natural thing to do and be (as Cioran has suggested), all other imaginings to the contrary.

We attempt to delude ourselves that we can work something out, but even in the best times, we tend to run over each other unconcernedly, and often with sheer indifference and callousness. The human face has ceased to move us. Whatever conscience is stirred by that face is quickly dispensed, that we might continue on our way.

Today is the day of the new computer. I am now using the external keyboard. I have used the external mouse. Now we need to see if what has been typed here to be stored on a 100 meg disc in a 250 disc drive. It reads the 100 meg disc. It works! The Old Bull will flow nicely.

Back to the other computer for the time being. At the bookstores the other day I found a used copy of Whithead's Dialogues, the only book of his worth buying; all the others of his were marked up by some very intelligent beings. I do not like reading the underlinings and see-through pen markings of very intelligent people. The copy was clean and it was a hard bound edition. Also at the University coop bookstore I acquired a new copy of No Logo (Naomi Klein). SO I got some reading material. After returning home with my treasures, I found the passage I had vaguely remembered of Whitehead's. I had forgotten the title of that book from my youth (40 some years ago). Dialogues of Alfred North Whitehead

*Pertaining to the GAN which I have somehow relegated to an impossible foil, and one which I can easily dismiss, I remember reading once, perhaps in the Dialogues (Whitehead) where the author was speculating with regard to a missed opportunity. Truly, what has happened in the last two centuries with the development of the West, primarily the in USA, has represented something new in Man's conquest of nature, and other attendant consequences of such activity. Whitehead could imagine a different outcome. Most of what has been achieved through the conquest has been a coinversion of the planet into a standard of living. The attendant industrialization resulted in some notion of progress in the manner of survival, an ease in the intensity of physical labor, accompanied by more leisure time. The coinversion (Adam Smithismization) also resulted in a phenomenon of mass production, not necessarily to make everyone's life easier, but to peddle goods as means of generating wealth. Hence our consumerist society. But somewhere, before all this became the way of life, there arose an opportunity for a great*



*civilization based upon yet another plan. In truth there was no plan, and in essence there was no model, so there was no possibility of a great civilization; perhaps lucky to have any at all, if you can call what we got now civilization. Flag-waving aint civilization.*

I found the gist of part of what I had remembered; the part about the Midwest being the locale of a prospective 'high' civilization. I will need to reread the whole in order to locate the rest of the assessment, where either he declared that we had missed our opportunity or that it was I who had engendered that 'spin', like I turned Marie into a Cheerleader.

Next.

I'm getting away from my Western. Its Western Civ., however.

The things I'm reading these days are not particularly laudatory of our accomplishments. I suppose as one reads over the historical record he will look long for any thing resembling perfection. Where's John Wayne when we need him? Imagine a redneck saving the world for mankind. Was Don Quixote a Redneck? Demented, perhaps, perhaps as demented as a Redneck. But JW was as much a piece of fiction as was the Don; the real difference emerged in the wallet, JW never had a hole in his stocking.

In the past it seemed there was always some place to which one might escape, however dismal. As I have indicated previously, mankind has traded one kind of oligarchy for another; the corporate oligarchy for monarchy. The system of rule has shifted its enforcement from All The King's Men to an Institutionalized Militia. The system of rule itself has become the purview of a series of influences, some emanating from a grass roots aggregate, but mostly those swift to maximize advantage for the enhancement of wealth, and the enthronement of wealth (with all its attendant rhetoric, and protected vaults, complete with razor wire and rotweilers).

It is an incorrect assumption that 'we are all in this together'. First of all we do not have any defined goal for our combined activities as a species upon this planet. In essence it is every man (or woman) for itself. Any life form may be driven by a biological imperative which serves as a blind goal. Humanity anoints itself with the conceit of consciousness, which is intended to imply that it can make choices outside the seeming imperatives that seemingly promote its activities. To some degree this is true. But often we use this consciousness to form mutual protection clubs or societies, nationalities, that are essentially exclusive brotherhoods, some which require 'blood oaths'. These are formed regardless of the form of government that exists in the moment.



Such group formation might not require any particularly high level of consciousness, perhaps not much different from the herding, flocking, schooling, mobbing, tribing, claning, of other species.

Each set of individuals become the repository of the entire species. Although this is rarely, or is impracticably, true, it is stated to conceptually simplify what is happening as a process. While evolution has required many individuals to assure for adaptation to a changing and changeable environment, it has done so without a defined goal or purpose.

Without defined goals or a clear purpose, life, per se, is left little alternative but to become what it is, self-serving at the outset, and through mutual protection societies, brotherhoods, sisterhoods, mobs, etc. maximize that condition; still without a defined goal or purpose, lest it be 'survival' for its own sake. This is not an expression of hope as much as it is the response to the pressure of certain imperatives. It is what I have labeled a "Holding Action". The repository for this 'holding action' has grown to enormous proportions, still without a defined purpose. The redundant nature of this enormous accretion seems almost self-defeating, if the primary issue is 'survival'. When we use this term in this way, we naturally gravitate to 'survival of the fittest'. Which in turn means we will be at each others throats (as indeed we are). However, with the enormous accretion has come the over-utilization and contamination of the environment in and through which the life form must attempt to further assure, however blindly, a continuum. We have been told we are running out of options. Well, you know, no more frontiers.

Thus, we are clearly not all in this together, and it is utterly hypocritical to imply that we are. (All life forms are not in this together.)

We speak of balance of nature as though we recognize a whole set of observably necessary processes. Some of us will state emphatically that we are threatening that balance through our wanton activity and the pressure of number. We sometimes go further with utopian' notions that will declare this planet as paradise, the one and only. However, the reigning oligarchy will argue "Don't think of it as 'less later', think of it as 'more now' ", or "In fifty years, nobody will know the difference". Those promoting these conundrums have forsaken any notion of paradise; instead have demonstrated the first convoluted principle: There is no goal, there is no need to recognize balance; there is the imperative of self-serving 'survival' in the moment; there is no holding action, and there is no purpose, and no continuum.



Some of those from that oligarchy have gone biblical on us, declaring that Armageddon is upon us, therefore there is no further need to save anything for any hypothetical future, that Paradise, per se, exists only in After Rapture, the sooner the better. This is only one example of the absurd rhetoric that comes from the mouths of the self-serving oligarchy of Greed that seeks an exclusive accretion of a means beyond means, far beyond what is necessary for survival. Blind Ambition, or Blind Greed. William Burroughs labeled them 'control addicts'. Whatever works.

Because this kind of government can and does exist, and because number exists as an exploitable condition, our social interaction often reflects a kind of indifference toward life in general, in the least; and as an outgrowth of the indifference, a kind of rage that results in random violence; a revolting against something that denies life as ultimately meaningful; anarchy. A predictable outcome, I would say. Number is only an exploitable resource; if you only keep it gainfully employed, a real challenge.

Of course we (20<sup>th</sup> Cent. West. Civ.) have attempted to define a meaningful life as one that seeks peer recognition and approval through a series of mechanical responses to objects or things; these being deemed necessary for a meaningful life. The utility of the things, per se, is unimportant, and often the things in themselves are often impractical, in terms of their design. We have created a whole society based upon procurement and collections of things meant to assure our favorable reception amongst our peers. We have assessed this state of affairs as 'consumerism'. We must 'consume' in order to become recognized and then accepted as part of a transient definition of life. It is odd that in our 'digs' of ancient civilizations we seek relics as a method, first of all verifying that life once existed, and that the artifact, the object defines (or reveals and contains) the substance of the life. We might study bones to demonstrate our basic thesis of evolution, although we are somewhat mystified about our origins. Tools, weapons, bowls, jugs, baskets. Not much to go on, and little to brag about. Just another (res)piring anima; so disadvantaged and underprivileged.

There is a huge fly in the ointment (balmy outlook). Disparity. Translated: we are not all in this together. Disparity of means results in social stratification, and a system of hierarchies. Nature may abhor a vacuum, but when we elect to fill it with stratification through means and acquisition (sometimes through the assumed sanctity [or selection of] blood), we haven't done much. We haven't created a great civilization. Not only do we lack certain refinements, we have fucked up. We have given the lie to 'we are all in this together'. We have anointed those who succeed, through



whatever means, in achieving 'status', as trend setters, those to be emulated; although their shit stinks just like everybody else's.

Next: More Western Civ.

Fanfare. The search for happiness through objects (things). The search for happiness through the contemplation of 'nature'.

I would like to characterize homo sap. as the most unnatural form of life on Earth, and most explicitly alienated from the planet. The exceptions would be the agrarians whose subsistence is uniquely tied to their daily contact and activity with the land (to be differentiated from agribusiness and monoculturing).

Next.

Boy! Ain't that sompin.

Next.

Yeah!

'When the going gets rough the tough get going'. One of our former leader's cohorts uttered that now famous exhortation.

In reading Naomi Klein's No Logo, although she has a message, I find the wording is, to use a favorite expression of hers, glitzy, a word which I cannot define. It suggests an elite journalistic style, full of its own particular jargon that may register with those who travel in that medium. I don't want to say, too intellectual, because there are not many questions being asked, so I want to say, positing things in a way that are unclear because terms are not defined; and although facts are being presented to lay some kind of foundation, the conclusions become 'glitzy'. A fine intuitive mind gets lost in a racy language and terminology.

I haven't finished the book, and hope she gets around to values, not immediately apparent, stated in another language than that used to reveal the machinations of corporations. There is as yet no clear underlying reference for what one is reading. Attacking corporations and consumerism may imply a set of values that will be delineated more clearly. I hope so, and hope the language changes accordingly.

The whole field of what I am calling 'corporate oligarchy' certainly needs much exposure and examination in terms of meeting basic human needs. Corporations are often cast as social benefactors because they provide jobs, or in some magical way provide, for the lack of a better word, an 'economy'. However, they withdraw these when convenient. Preamble to General Motors, General Electric and general ENRON.





How are basic human needs being met? Us 'humanitarians' find this a very easy question to ask, because it is a measure we use when we hear 'we are all in this together'. What we do not want to admit to ourselves is that 'we are all in this together' is realistically speaking, a crock. 'We are all in this together' is a hypothetical condition that does not clearly describe the human condition as it exists, in a political sense, or in an egalitarian sense. To me, a benefactor is one who sticks with the proposition. If the benefactor goes 'bust' because human values take precedence over some 'red ink', then we are persuaded of a loyalty to something we all cherish. When the benefactor abandons loyalty for profits, then we cease to be 'all in this together'. Thus, I maintain, the benefactor becomes the uncherished exploiter and malefactor. GM, GE, ENRON arise!

What adds to the evil of this whole social machination is the alignment of governments with the corporate aims. You scratch mine and I'll scratch yours. Undeniably, practically in every way, representative government is fraught with 'conflict of interest'. Selected people are bankrolled by the 'vested interests'. Politicians, i.e., people who become successful candidates for public office (as representatives) seldom spring from grass roots (an Order of Mr. Smiths). In order to successfully compete, as the saying goes, they require something more than inbred decency and fairness of outlook. The vested interests who do the bankrolling are not interested in decency and fairness. What do they want? They want a smooth running machine.

A smooth running machine is one that asks nothing of the 'benefactor', and paves the way for the perpetuation and the enhancement of that vested interest. If this modus operandi should result in the exploitation of labor, the exploitation of resources that ultimately damage the planet, and the deposition of untreated wastes upon the planet and into the air, vested interests' (corporations, as we have come to identify them) do not want to be burdened with accountability (and they also are possessed by a death wish, remember Armageddon)). The argument 'for the greater good of all' rings hollow. The part that unconscionable representative government (looking the other way, instead of actually voting for the bankroller) plays in this state of affairs should be viewed as criminal; instead it is recognized as the 'name of the game'. Although the 'representative's' salary is paid by the people, his or her survival as a political entity depends upon another kind of funding (which represents a clear 'conflict of interest' [the name of the game]).



To oppose this state of affairs in an attempt to rectify the glaring fraudulence (a kind of usurpation), may also become a seminal name of the game, but is viewed as an anarchistic tendency which threatens the status quo. The militia, that 'impartial' enforcer of law and order, is called to the scene armed with interpretations of the law, and determined to maintain order. Better watch out! Even though, somewhere in the fine print, it says if you don't like your government, you can change it, don't get your hopes up. The rednecks, flag wavers, the mob, along with the successful manipulators, who like things the way they are, or imagine they like things the way they are, most likely will shoot first, and since you are already dead, the second is precluded. Any notion of justice is rendered *non sequitur*, since it was never the objective of the enforcers. Ruby Ridge and Waco. Order is translated to mean 'control'. The fine print devolves into a mistake in the text, although it continually reappears, like anomalies in a problematic computer program. (I know this sounds suspiciously like a rant, maybe like a Phillip Wylie rant, but it ain't, and I challenge you to do better).

Yeah! O.K., but where's the redhead in all this?

By this time all eyes are waiting for her to appear. The script is growing tiresome. Its like when the grandkids come to visit; after the hellos and hugs, its all downhill for them; bored to tears in the dull, odd-smelling, out of fashion (not hip, not cool), environment; and the non-contemporaneous language of the grandparents (Louie Damnednear Nomore).



So you are bored with the rant about 'togetherness'.

Like Yillah the fair, the redhead is no where to be seen. But the adventure, like breathing, continues; boring though it is.

When the guns start blazing; when the rectifiers appear. They're gonna take out Don Quixote (Clint?).

They hope by doing that they are gonna 'get a shot at' the redhead (Dulcinea should have been so fair).

Really nonsensical. Must get this narrative going again. It should be easy since there are desperados everywhere. Just pick one, climb aboard his galloping stallion.

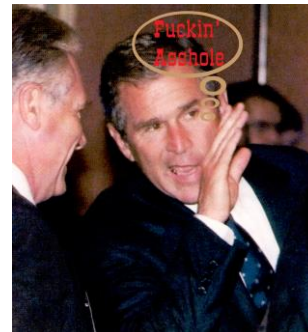
Actually I am as much a desperado as I am a potential good guy. I know if you are not just a regular old good guy there is



something wrong with you. So you gotta either be converted, or you hafta take a pill. Otherwise they'll just plug ya. I am as convinced of this last as much as I am that the sun will rise each day. That's how I measure the realm of certainty. Ever since reading about that gunslinger Horiuchi, I have this feeling that there is little hesitation when it comes to ridding society of certain elements. I am an element (how certain?). In the imaginary old days there was usually an open confrontation "DRAW!", so you at least had a chance to fight back. Nowadays, a sniper scope, or a cruise missile takes you out. PERIOD! Its not that the gunslinger is a better person, not by a 'long shot' (Ho Ho). Just a gunslinger, that's all (shoot ya in the back, or in the tit, is what).

Our carcasses are pretty delicate when it comes to high speed projectiles, and cruise missiles. When there are over 6 billion carcasses, one less is sadly never noticed; and life goes on like a dreadnaught (remember Federico Garcia Lorca, the neutral).

Even if it could be demonstrated conclusively that someone else was better than me both qualitatively and qualitatively, I do not believe that one should assume that other should lord it over me. As it is, as men go, I feel I am the equal of any other as a summation of my parts. Equal is enough. Waving the flag is the least of a person's substance. I may have great admiration and respect for Abraham, but quite the opposite for Dubya. I don't want to think of myself as 'better' than Dubya; and I wouldn't want to have those suspicions confirmed, whereas I am comfortable in my admiration for the other. I feel uplifted by the one, and would like to have him as my president; whereas with the other, I am forced to question our whole reason to be. Of course I am relegating my assessments to the personage of a 'leader'. Dubya has all the parts, and fits the description of the animal in question, but he has absolutely no qualifications to be my leader. I am the one qualified to be my leader, but I would have liked to have known personally Abraham. In Abraham I feel an unprejudiced mind, a person who would give the utmost consideration to any humanitarian issue; and would seek an equalitarian solution. In his day the planet was not of much concern to anyone as it is very prominently so now. I don't know how Abraham would have responded to the exploitation and the denigration of the planet. I suspect he would have been concerned about the future consequences for the long term, because he would have considered any evidence presented to him regarding the home





in which we are obliged to live, choosing not to be foul it, as a first priority

Of course it is quite impossible to compare the times, and perhaps the men; whether one is or was more suited to his or her times. If Abraham had become a stockholder in EXXOFF, or TEXAGO, who is to say how his interests would lie.

Don Quixote was assassinated after the very long battle.

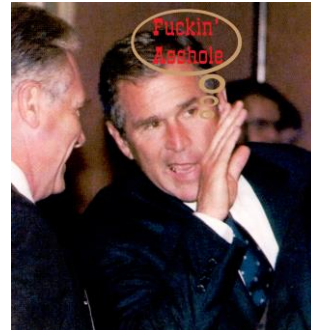
I'm still reading Donna Quixote 16 Jan. She is getting into the meat of the opus; the exploitation of labor. I really don't want to admit it to myself, even in my worst attack of cynicism, but it does confirm what I already believe of my fellow man. If any part of it what Donna reveals is true, this world is in for a sad day of reckoning. The attack on the World Trade Center might just be an indication of where it is all headed.

Geezzzz, Where was I?

Of (Off) Course, Sidetracked. Easily Done when there is no script to follow.

**"A visionary scheme which fails to recognize the defects inherent in 'human nature'" A six-letter word: "Utpoia".**

Somebody pulled ENRON out of the hat as the latest defect. World.com followed soonthereafter; then the whole thing went bust!



Lady Donna did her thing; Take More Notice!!!! Or; Serving Notice. Something is amiss. More than End Run; long for ENRON.

Yesterday, Ground Hog's Day, I was trying to describe to my father-in-law, what I am doing with all this bullshit, and the naming of my new laptop Louie Damnednear Nomore. We all saw our shadows. There was movement. Always Be Eternally Vigilant!

Anyway, to return to the Heerows and Dessssperadoes and their sought-after companions. I left out a few, of course. There are so many, all projecting varying degrees of cunning and meanness. Should I add goodness, and righteousness? Most every Big Mac eater has had a crack at either the hero or the villain of the West. It has always been implicit that they got laid, if not plugged. Our propensity for romance, adventure and violence has found other outlets. The Olde West is pretty much in the hands of Mine Owners (mineral, coal, and oil rights guys) the big cattle ranchers and agribusiness. The shoot outs are more likely to take the path of



Holcomb Kansas, Waco, Survivalist Montana, the shooting of John Singer in Utah, and the shooting of the Buffalo outside Yellowstone. Where's the Adventure? Where's the romance? There is plenty of Violence. We surely are a violent nation, without question. It has nothing to do with survival, that is, we do not need to wear this bloody part of nature's will for all to see. We fear it, we breed it, our contact sports, our scenarios all exhibit a something that causes pain and intimidation; certainly not respect for the forces that promote it. It seems we never have a surfeit of it. All amplified at Thurston and Columbine. Our government promotes it with the flag-waving bullshit. We do not respect it, we might band together as a stupid ugly mob shouting love of country. What love? The freedom to get drunk, and to slur the rest of humanity as something inferior. Inferior to what? Extol your virtues!!! Tell us all! Arrogant bastards!

Of course I know some decent humans. But I'll not apologize for those that are not decent, of which there are a great many; countless in fact. Everybody wears a deceitful face.

I'm waxing much too seriously, whereas my intent is to provide some relief from the constant abrasive actions of humanity. A good laugh, something totally incongruous, something really improbable. All the Big Mac eaters showing up in cameo to comfort us with their strength of character and purposeful determination to right the wrongs of the world, all to capture the heart of the belle of the plains. Ding Dong, Dulcinea. I'm sure there must be a peasant somewhere with a slim pretty foot.

It is impossible to make sense of something of which there is no possible sense to be made; so stop trying; go with the flow. Somehow this always devolves into a running commentary; a day to day thing; a diaryetic purge if you would; something to go along with lowering the blood pressure (which Bush, Cheney, Rums and Craftyashes {and Newt} deliberately try to elevate). Axis Of Evil!!!???

These latter day heroes, George, Dick, Don, et al, of Western Civilization are skeert of the sound of the hobnailed boots coming up from beelooow. Like rabbits. But they ain't furry little bunnies. But they sure act tough! They's a phenom. Skeert like those people who live in locked communities; frait somewun is gonna steal their pile, mostly gained through some kind of chicanery (Cheenyry or Dickeenry). It is only a magician, or his nearest associate, the All Mighty, who can make something out of nothing. But once you've got sumpin made outta nuttin youze gotta figger how to holt onta it. And how best to increase whatever there is to increase. When you spend what the All Mighty or his nearest associate, the



magician, have given you (that most precious of commodities [go figger]) to just increase and aggrandize, it means that other potential traits have been neglected. The most neglected trait on this planet is the humanitarian trait. So, just because it looks, excuse the expression, 'human' doesn't mean it is. I mean just because it suits up in the attire of the day only means that it is attired in the LOGO of the day; nothing else (As the good lady argues - BRANDED). In order to better understand with what one is dealing it is necessary to remove all garments right down to the buff. Then we begin to get the picture of that with which we are dealing (No Swoosh). Since only his face and hands are showing when he speaks to us, we have only that with which to assess the reality. (Barbie is more available to us.) It takes a most utterly clever person not to reveal his true nature with his physiognomy, and through the impotent gestures of his hands. When our current leader speaks, his words are nearly 100% inconsonant with his facial expressions; and his hands are out of phase with both; something inarticulately waving. And so are the flags. An' they say its because of all the Terrorists that are out to get us. There is a terrorist behind every BUSH. Our own tough talkin' government has jumped on the wagon, terrorizing the rest of us. Skeerrt! Buncha sheep going right off into the canyonder. Dirty bastards, didn't even declare war. And our own government hasn't yet declared war on us; all they need to do to control us is terrorize us. Lowdown dirty fffing goodfornothing basturds.

But you know what, in order to win, we (the people) kilt, like 125,000 in Dresden, then another 75,000 to 100,000 in Hiroshima (not including side-effects), and maybe another 70,000 uvum in Nagasaki (disregarding the contraindications). They had it coming for not playing fair. The WTC was chicken feed in comparison. Too gotdamned many people anyway. Can't get rid of enuff uv 'em. All's fear in luv an wahr. Gotcha, indisputably. Can't figure Osama. Why didn't he do one of those things like the FBI says those guys been planning to do, like contaminate the water supplies, and spread deadlies everywhere; maybe even a little nuke; seems like he shoulda consulted the FBI for some pretty good ideas. Of course now that the FIB (and don't fergit the CAI) has made all this perfectly publicly clear, there won't be any surprise; its just as though it was supposed to happen (Actually they knew it was going to happen, and they knew the best way was to just let it happen, so the nation could be appropriately riled and controlled [a decision made in one of those high-level cabinet meetings as the economy was sagging). I don't know whose worse, the bad guys or the FIB (ICA). The FIB works for our government. Remember Waco,



and Mrs. Weaver in Montaner. Nosireee, nomore 911, the element of surprise is gone. Gotta expect the worst, so when it comes, they won't hafta say "I Told You So". HiYo Silver! Gettum Up Scout Chemosavvy! AXIS OF EVILLLLLLLLL. Expect a big showdown. The only thing to free is fear` itself. Damn, it really pississ me off that they would stoop that low to control the people; a terrorist behind every BUSH. Wave yore flag over that, dumbass!. Getcha macho up. You'd be proud, Plato, not a damned poet amongst 'em. All stiff pricks with gun racks and four bys, all puhftup with patridiotic fever. Wall, uv coarse they ar'n't all stiff, some's distaff warriors. Stiff and staff mixed. A few lonesome riders in between. But gotta remember what the man said, 'Watch yer back in a police state'; sure glad I don't live in a police state.

Speaking of lonesome riders, lunchtime is over; its time to get back to the set, and some serious rectifying. Everybody is carpetfrogging those burgers.

Now you see, this here Marshall has come up agin' some tough hombres. Jack Palance, Robert Ryan, Charles Bronson, Jack Elam, Lee Marvin, Bean Martin, Runny Reegun. Sassy and Frankly James, the Undaunted Gang; Dubya The Kid. Some of the music that comes out of the BUSHES is mighty enchantin', an' full of trepidation. We are in the talkie phase. No pianer in the front row, only in the honky tonk. The West was an enchanting, however deadly a place, so you gotta have the music to enhance the baloney. Just to have the wind a blowin', the dust a swirlin' and the signs a swingin, and the doors a creakin' ain't enough enchantment. There has to be a redhead an' a little music, otherwise the West is a wasteland, a place to which desperadoes can escape, an' where the Redman, the buffalo, and the coyote (not to mention the deear an' the anteloper) can live in peace (except in Holcomb Kansas, And in Yellowstone Park). Next stop is Argentina. A place to get pampered with a new president every week.

How did I get off the subject so fast? Crazy! is what.

I was looking at the genre. It seemed more exciting and diverting than the 'axis of evil' thing or the Enron thing, even though the latter are more contemporary, therefore, more real (and frightening, if you wanna know the truth). Somehow the cast of characters in the genre thing seem more interesting, although sometimes the plots are not an improvement upon the contemporary scene, and many times the acting is no more convincing than those who lead us today. However dismal the plots and actors upon the stage today, it is your life; dimly evoked. No catharsis. Just a high percentage of youth engaging in unsafe sex and drugs. Can you really blame them? Its kind of adult, in a way.



I wish we had done it when we were young instead of upholding a bunch of values that proved to be a way of keeping us in our place, while the other guys was doing it (knocking them up). You know, doing it! Screwing the daylights outta thar feller man, and of course, Controlling Things. Now!, doesn't that just get ya, and fill you with regrets? Missing out on the variety of sexyouall encounters? Reproduction is name the game whether its more consumers or more moola (the usual pyramid scheme). You were saving yourself for your truelove, then, after the first night, you had to go on Librium for starters (the encounter was a bit of a shock). Then your 401K bit the dust. Keep the faith, 'cause if'n you don't, even more will be lost. Both your virginity and your loyalty were not worth a Hoooot, to borrow an expression.

So what remains? Relics, ones virginity and one's loyalty, both molested, not to mention your bank account. You have already said that; what remains?

The lesson! Like the American Indian learned a lesson.

Jesus, do we have to listen to that again? How is that relevant?

The undercurrent is the desire and the search for Justice; and I don't mean the kind you get from the Soupream Court. The Court is contaminated with politics, with biases, so as to be totally without credibility, a sickening study in rhetoric. We want real Justice. If we would once demonstrate that it was possible, then we might have an opportunity to get used to the notion, that it would be even less painful than we imagined, even for the vested interests. That we could count on the higher principle, the invincible principle. Justice comes first!

So the American Indian is symbolic. There will be no Justice there. The Redman lost out; and from his ashes arose this that we have got, not much. A huge rape scene. Sumptuous by some standards. We believe we are envied. It is a foregone conclusion that we are arrogant; that we lack class; anybody who envies us doesn't know where its at.

I cannot believe, that after a dose of our shallow endeavors, our utter lack of humility, and our violence, our dismal wrecking of the planet, we would be any longer envied. The highest office in the nation, like the Soupream Court, is corrupted by its own prejudices. What gets me is the blind adherence to those prejudices amongst the people (because they don't know any better, and their instincts are dulled by apathy, and usurped through chicanery {lip service, false promises, hidden agendas, and cynical electioneering practices}), substituting patridiotic fever for acuity}). The power brokers instill fear, first, of the outsider, then of retribution if you don't take up the banner against the outsider. A





no win situation. Dissent is forbidden, almost explicitly. The Supreme Court goes along with the 'temporary' suspension of rights, to be reviewed at a later date. All inalienable rights are alienable. Watch yer back! We are living in a Police State. Terror from within is far greater than terror from without. Like 'turning a trick'. Very Chinny, W.

Yeah!, what the f... business is it of mine? Trapped here izz whut!!

I remember whut they said when I asked to leave the USN, after the Korean War wuz over. They stuck me in a Quonset Hut out near the apron where all those F7U Cutlasses were roaring away, deafeningly. It was a form of sadism (almost as bad as Saddam sadism Saddamism Saddamiasma) [myassma]). They didn't want me around; they gave me all the midnight watches, made me Captain of the Head, gave me all the shit details. The final straw came when the Gold Striper Chief was waving his arms around gesticulating, er... articulating one of his stories, when he collided with my arm, which was connected to my hand which held a cup of coffee, which found its way, after the collision, all over his white uniform just before an all-whites inspection. He had the audacity to blame me; and I had the audacity to insubordinately refuse to be blamed for his lack of ability to accept responsibility for his own actions. Of course he pulled rank on me, and a bunch of other stuff. In my consultations with his superior officer, I was more or less told to swallow my pride, or whatever. Which I didn't. Instead, I said I wanted out.

So they shipped me off to the OFF place where a bunch of psychiatrists were to examine me in order to discover all my deficiencies. Now I get to say whut they said. Whut they said was in response to a question they had asked me about my feelings toward the US Military. I can't remember my answer, but I remember their response: "So, you're right, and the US Navy is wrong." I told them they were putting words in my mouth. Well, actually it was the Commander who was putting the words in my mouth. They reminded me that I had volunteered, had signed up for a certain period of time. I told them I changed my mind. There were seven psychiatrists in the group examining me; the Commander was the big shrink. After my comment with regard to the Commander putting words in my mouth, he then asked "All right, who wants him?" With the hand of a volunteer Lieutenant JG I was thus relieved of any further harassment (The lieutenant had been drafted). Of course he asked me many questions; I'm sure many of my answers were confused and vague, probably showing a lack of verbal skills as well as a mad jumble of ideas (to put the



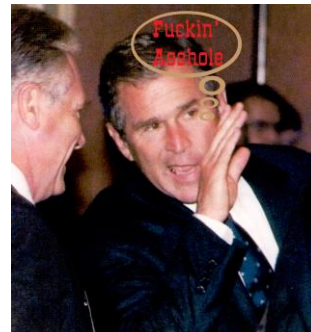
best face on it). He informed me that he couldn't make it possible for me to leave without some diagnosis that credibly would find me unsuitable material for any continued service in the military. He said it would be necessary to keep me under surveillance for a period of time, before I could be released. I was discharged honorably, without a good conduct medal because I told a superior he was responsible for spilled coffee. I was labeled a schizoid. Now there is word to remember; the Doc apologized for stigmatizing me (or schizoiding me). Actually I was unsuitable material for the US Military. As I have written elsewhere, the US Navy needed me like they needed another deadeye. In a way I have to accept the spirit of the diagnosis, because its fits more a sociological profile than a psychological profile. I didn't feel fucked-up because I had gone against the military. It was the right thing for me to do under the circumstances. I may have been fortunate in the Physician who chose me. Perhaps I might have learned a great deal from him if other circumstances had prevailed. The war was over.

Parts of the military experience were rewarding. Many parts were not. The pettiness, better known as 'chicken shit' was without a doubt the most unrewarding part, and there was so much of it, that one could not avoid stepping in it, repeatedly. One makes a good soger by constantly humiliating him. No Way Man!

Anyway, what's going on today in our great nation reminds me of my US Military experience. A bunch of people for whom one cannot feel any respect, pushing one around, on some kind of power trip. A pretext of right over my life, whether I like it or not. I may have signed on for the other unwittingly, but not for this. I was not to be cannon fodder for stupidity then, and I am not now.

George Lincoln Rockwell Washington Dubya Shrub said, on October 11, 2000: "If we're an arrogant nation, they'll (who'll) resent us. If we're a humble nation, but strong, they'll (who'll) respect us."

The above is a quote I yanked from an article in TIME Magazine, of all places, that was registering some concern regarding the sullyng of Old Glory with a little too much overwaving. Yes!, of course, it has become obvious to many of us that this is so. The article also mentioned that Sept.11 sells.



Excerpting these things from the TIME article does not do it justice. Feb.18, 2002 TIME Page 84 should be read in full by everyone. A little bit of restraint with a little bit of classy leadership would seem appropriate. Beating the drum with the terrorist



behind every Bush until the next election earns us a very low rating, and makes me sick.

### The Olde West Where D'it Go?

Why is it so difficult to concentrate on the Western? We have the Marshall, the desperados, the redhead with the slim and trim ankle, not to omit Redmen, the horse, the carbine and sixshooter, leather, Levis, (blue denims, to you pard) petticoats, the false front, the wild parched countryside, and the music. (Nope, no Wagner). We have the righteous matters that need upholding by broad shoulders and lantern jaws (Handsome Jacks). We have the other well-constructed half that will grace the script and act as the necessary vessel to receive the implantation of the germ for future generations of upholders, preferably lantern-jawed. They will tame the desolate range by sweeping away the Savages and the buffalo, peopling the wasteland with palefaces and their other breed. All on horseback. Eventually the whole scene will be remaindered to the coal and oil interests, cattle business, Agribusiness, and the Futures Market, and Hollywood. Anyone who characterizes this as the work of God will miss the significance of Evolution.

It might be interesting to visualize a Central Asian instead of a Western. The righteous upholders pale before the armed desperadoes of CA. A lot of religious stuff at stake, not to mention oil and drugs, the wearing apparel of the female of the species, and control of all four. One would wonder if this was not also the work of Evolution.

It would seem we are not getting anywhere. While our antibiotics are losing their effectiveness, our chemical and biological weapons of mass destruction are becoming more sophisticated. Perhaps we are getting somewhere; depends upon the spin. We do need to reduce the number; **“Not Me!”**, one was heard to proclaim. Yeah, well, we do not practice discrimination (ya no, political creckness), so it may be you. Build a chemical and biological warfare shelter, and never leave home without your gasmask, and protective clothing. But if its nukes, you better remain at home in your bunker. The Defense Policy Board ain't looking after you; they are only interested in the survival of the fat cats.

The only way around all of this is stand on your hind legs and bare your teeth!



On his way back to the set after the Big Mac he ran into Red who was about to watch a few takes in the GMAC studio of a Central Asian being filmed with the title “Osama Rides Again”. The story line involved the supposed death of the WTC scoundrel, only to learn he was merely regrouping quietly while a bunch of franticks were bombing everything that moved with depleted uranium, a very moving experience. Anyway Red persuaded the Marshall to join her in the takes, although he felt the bastard should be buried, not turned into a folk hero. In real life the Marshall had a thing for Red just as he had in the movie they were making. He did not have a thing for Osama. Red sort of reminded him of Jayne Fondoo, with foreign attachments to bizarre civilizations. He could not understand those who did not realize where they got the butter for their bread; that especially she would be anonymous burka relegated to squalor in some dust-bitten Central Asian.

Some would conjecture he had a fetish for long red hair. From the backsides, ‘beautiful’ is just a word. Trying to imagine that silky wavy stuff swishing across a bare back just above the buttocks, especially with her graceful scintillating movements as she walked ahead. Think on Marshall. In real life, as unreachable as on the screen. She knows where she is going. It isn’t where your shooter is located. Don’t count on a Rest Area on the highway to heaven.

Life is full of conjecture; and as the famous bards have noted, full of shadows. Is there hope in vain pursuits? Time plays unerringly toward the end of the boring ordeal of living through countless thwartings and defeats. The Marshall was just an actor; a shadow, frail in substance, a dubious mirroring. A yearning of making order out of chaos, and holding it all together. We seem not satisfied once we have got it.

A day in the crypt(ic).