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I'm fighting off *rigor mortis* after an exposure to it yesterday. I have been exposed to it before in the same setting; not in a hospital or a morgue or mortuary; or cemetery (however set in cement are those who fall victim to this disease). (cemententary).

That little rotund presence presumes to lecture me on not reacting to things that are meant to provoke a reaction. In other words "become a target for the picadors, stand there bleeding and uncomplaining; a stoic for my barbs." or something to that effect. Not enough of a rapier to bring down the bull, just enough of a dirk to irritate; and the presumption to irritate. The rotund presence needs to be squashed like a bug, forever, for it serves little purpose than to occupy space that could be better occupied by another less rotund, one less given to rigor mortis OF THE BRAIN.

Why not just ignore the sawed-off rotund presence, referred previously as the walrus, the dumpy little doodlelesquat.

Often, my friend, often. But not unlike Raskolnikov (and perhaps Stavrogin) there exists a fascination of doing in a certain kind of evil {malignancy}.

There is no point in turning the other cheek.

Avoidance, FOREVER.

There is very little point in all of this, except to vent that which would strike; the striking intended to silence, not just temporarily.

I make the initial mistake of not flattering the bitch. Next to flattery is that feigned 'glad to see you'. There is little to flatter; besides I'm not a flatterer. The 'glad to see you' could never happen when already I suffer a surfeit of the species; there are many whom I would rather see, of whom there is never such a hope. Why accommodate that which one has already been denied? To the last I would rather suffer the denial; crumbs in lieu of the loaf; why? One should dread such encounters with one's look-a-likes.

If you had mistaken this discussion regarding rigor mortis as pertaining to the mother of a close associate of mine, you may not have been far off the mark.

The world is occupied by creatures that answer a variety of descriptions. Of one's own choosing, employing some extrasensory perception, he would avoid many of the aforementioned creatures, having adduced something not affined.

Some of these creatures become foci for a variety of implacable societal functions. These foci and functions often interfere with individual permutations of creaturehood, that are engaging in the process of living within the aura of their own sensory apparatus, designing their own criteria for the occupation of and movement through space.

Presumption becomes the affected right of certain individuals, presumption to persuade by any means the other to an obedience to their will or an obeisance to their assumed titulardom; nominal

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superoccupants, those who project beyond their skin, as it were; extending beyond what is rightfully theirs. Might is the only circumstance that makes this truly possible. Acquiescence to might causes those who use might to believe that might makes right. Might is never right. However Noise gets to one, human mouth noise!

He had imagined repeopling the landscape with its original inhabitants; perhaps like Saddam wanted to re-peopple Mesopotamia; or like some conservancies want to re-florate the landscape with long lost species ravaged and endangered by the anomalies and vicissitudes of the foraging domesticated animal, homo sap included.

What do you do with those who are already here?

Many of those who are already here suffer the indifference and persecution of their fellow man. How can one possibly imagine man to be any different than he is? Can you imagine HIM to be different than he really is? Then what have we to work with? Or, why hesitate?

Man the Hopeless.

What kind of illusion must we each harbor to get us through the next episode in our ongoing, downgoing saga.

Some will argue that history is a cyclical stasis of risings and fallings in the hopes and fortunes of Man (man, man, Man, MAN, **MAN, MAN !**, if you have missed the point).

Given our knowledge of our own history, how is it possible to remain uncynical about our efforts. An angry bitter satire, instead of a call to the higher purpose, a eulogy to life and the living. One cannot fly in the face of truth. One can only illustrate the struggle, perhaps embellishing the tale with colorful tourniquets.

As the clash is about to begin, those of us with our own involvements can barely envision a seat in the far off bleachers. The noise of the battale will come to us predigested through the rant of the Fourth Estate. Some of those we know will lose their sons and daughters. What does that do? DENIAL is what. What is that?

DENIAL is one of the functions, purposes, operatives and prerogatives of government. Government is not an imposing building; government is people locked into the famous batch of seven deadly sins (count 'em): ignorance, arrogance, pettiness, bigotry, prejudice, egocentricity, insolence (OyG); not to mention the other seven (count 'em): influence peddling, pork-barrelling, gerrymandering, nepotism, patronage, Ex Parte [sub rosa][e.g. The Keating Five] (not to mention all the other Latinizations suggesting illegalities not excluding the myriad expressions that bear upon protecting vested interests, alias the status quo [which only SEEM to be legal]), and bellicosity (war-mongering); if I've left out anything, even though it adds up to eight, don't hesitate (if you happen to like the magic of seven, feel free to substitute). Can there be any doubt in your mind? (Note: to myself: refer: Celebrity (OyG))

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Sound unfair, biased, prejudiced? Take away the building, take away their clothes, take away the dole; then lets talk. Flesh and Blood. and STRAW!

Why the hell do we put up with this nonsense?

I got side-tracked again. I really wanted to discuss the probabilities of re peopling. Rather the improbabilities of saving the planet and civilization through re peopling. Its a foregone conclusion we are doomed. We are doomed to DENIAL as a means of saving anything. Up until now we have had it pretty good even though we have imagined we have DENIED ourselves much in order to obtain the little we do have. The LITTLE will become even LITTLER, except for those with Might on their side (eventually we'll {we who are subjugated and intimidated by our fellow men; those who feel they have some presumed right over the whole of humanity - the slimy bastards}) [we'll] figure out how to get rid of them [we had better figure].

I'm powerless. I resent the impositions placed upon me. While I could become responsive to reasonable propositions, I cannot be one amongst a very few who are so responsive. My reasonableness is unilaterally DENIED as an operative in the affairs of men, as is the reason of most reasonable men. The apparatus; (for it is an apparatus, or perpetration, if you will) of civilization looms as a rickety affair within which one is reluctant to reside. The alternatives to this apparatus as an abode are few. One may withdraw, or, if he is lucky, he may be placed upon a reservation (out-of-sight-out-of-mind has its blessings). Upon a reservation we would be exposed to more primitive edicts, undemocratic perhaps, but less omnipresent; and pretty much left to our own devices (our private sufferings). Even this may prove a naive assumption. The advantage however is removal from the larger omnipresence. This might also be said of a floating abode (surely some imaginary possessory holder of the water might DENY one access [in which case one would move on until kicked out again]).

I am able to hear the denunciators in the background. Everybody wants an upbeat appraisal; some HOPE. Some people view HOPE as something different than the other EVILS released from Pandora's Box. HOPE Deludes; HOPE results in Inaction. HOPE, appropriately, for all its ineffectualness, resides in the Box.

Anyway, HOPE is the most exploitable of all EVILS. Regard!

There are few persuasions to the contrary. The more convinced I become the less apologetic as well. If this projects the cynicism I suspect, then so it must be. Detractors from the truth (temporizers, namecallers, lip-servicers, hullabalooers, deadly sinners, photo-ops, celebrities) are rife; they represent the noise, or cacophony above which even the bravest, the most informed, the most reasonable, the most in touch with the verities, the sagacious, etc. cannot din a whisper. Faddism, Mob-rule, *argumentum baculinum*, generalized improvisation, 'disinformation', as well as fanaticism, become the 'order' of the day. Not only are the rising and

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fallings cyclical, so are the ruminations of the author (Divagations perhaps [Cioran]).

Such are the lineaments and limitations (to our common enterprise).

I am reluctant to be deceived again, hence this seemingly intractable insistence on badmouthing the species. And GottDamnIt, I have every right to be heard, even if I am not a commodity (er celebrity - is there a difference?). Even the best of the materialistic truth begins to rot before it leaves the showroom or the display case. The only entity that lives in a vacuum, is the human brain, hence it is preserved as it is for the duration, which certainly will not be an eternity (Yes, even the hominid thing will pass). What will ponder our passing, as we have pondered the dinosaur?

The Bubble-Gum Symphony conducted by Sir Thomas Beechnut.

George said, "There wasn't any anti-war movement out there." He sounds like he is rewriting the Federalist Papers wherein a majority FACTION has all the rights, as I'm sure he believes how it is any democracy ought to operate. A majority is a majority after all.

What I wanted to say "The War Cow has pretty sore udders by Now; a Media Cow event."

War Wits.

We shall be hearing about our VICTORY for some time to come.

Bellicosity Again under the guise of the good the true and the beautiful; and such acronyms as It Was Right, It was Just.

It was not Merciful; too many syllables to acronymize. We are placed upon the spot to uphold Emirs and sundry like enthroned; Princes, Kings, etc.; when our speak or doubletalk, rants of democracy in a hoarse whisper, after all the other temporizings and rhetorical outbursts. Resolution 242 awaits our deliverance as does of course, The Oil.

Hypocritical Resolutions art difficult to implement.

DENIAL is natural to the species. Cioran claims we need to maintain our cruder edge if we expect to survive.

The pundits (punttits) are claiming George is a colossus standing astride something (the nation, if you please).

George has said he has nothing against the Iraqui (Iraqey) people; but he aint gonna give 'em a dime of U.S. taxpayers money; but, but he has also said; "Now when we talk about children, I'm not gonna deny children." George has a transparent glow.

George was talking about mismicromanagement; afterwhich he waved and waved and waved and waved and waved the flag; and GAWD BLESS THESE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. That's what he did. He bragged Are ASS Off, until I couldn't stomach it; I mean I began to

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feel uncomfortable. I label it George's Cock-a-doodle-doo speech. When Human roosters begin to crow I get the urge to throw a sack over it.

62191 As always - more notes

The proverbial scales fall away.

Age deprives one of the energy to fabricate, i.e. PRETEND.

One cannot pretend he knows the truth.

One will never receive the Pullitzer Prize - For Truth.

One may receive the Bullitzer Prize for Bull.

Why even mention these things?

Why expend ones last reserves upon a pointless speculation?

I cannot recall how I got into this; perhaps thinking of how I might end The Island.

The Island is nearly dead now. Dead within me. For all its reposefulness and its seeming beauty, it is after all only a state of mind; practically an idee fixe. A ROCK with vegetation; and a view of the water and other rocks strewn with vegetation. The Earth is a rock strewn with vegetation and water. HOME for a palpitation. Palpable? Palbabbable? "Attempting to place roots in a rocky Paradise", is how I phrased it to an Island neighbor.

The Island exists as a pretext for 'writing'.

It is also a Beforedeath compromise between heaven and earth.

The Island has not lain supine since modern man set foot upon it. Modern man may have sought a HOME there, i.e. a sole extraction may have sought something there, led on by some need to survive in another place, escaping any one of a number of possibilities, or he may have expected to make his fortune therefrom. Why else forsake the conviviality and confraternity of one's look-a-likes for this otherwise bleak abandonment? (I should mention THIS Island was devoid of 'striking' [Gauguinish] natives; more recent inhabitants go about in gumboots, braless, soiled clothing (or rags), matted hair, and whatever else flunts a hippie's notion of a civilized appearance. The thought just occurred to me - 'What would have of this Van Gogh made - a leided paint brush?' Scintillating!!). Even the Indians (as we are wont to call them) found better places to encamp. These ones were not suitable for a canvas; lest it be of a documentary nature. Beauty is in the eyes of something proverbial.

Often I am 'processing' these notes in the earlier morning when I am also preparing Oatmeal for our break-fast. Occasionally, when I am aware of the outside I will get up to stir the stuff. Occasionally I will forget, and by the time I remember, the stuff is all stuck to the bottom of the pan. So much for The Island; Stuck To The Bottom!!

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'Radical Solitude' is Gasset's' encapsulation of a state of mind. 'A place to lick one's wounds' has been my thought.

What really happens in these isolated places is cause for apprehension. Those others; the look-a-likes, with whom one must share all the cookies and ice cream, suffer from m(I)opia. The visionary scheme takes upon a gradual narrowing; or contraction, if you will; a shrinking; something shrunken. And Exclusionary (if there is such a way of spelling the aftereffects).

One knows everything about his neighbors; everything. One's neighbors often divulge, as though in a confessional; this awful compulsion to speak. Whereas this place where I now utilize 'hydro' to run the processor, I know nothing of my neighbors except they are too close, they make too much noise and there are too many of them; frequently theirs is FOR SALE; I know nothing of their relative impermanence (I get off speaking this way since I have homed here for 28 years; my impermanence has lasted 58 years to date.)

Before I go on too long; I must recall my obviation by one Susie Snotrag, a something-or-other-at-large roaming around the dusthole. She is easily singled out for her obviates. There are other dustholes wherein reside other entities deriving profit from the spake; mostly bull - but these at least dropped the hint in other ways, enclosing something in the SASEs to indicate the world does not redound to just any old word processor.

I go on all the same, as though the S.S.s do not exist. I do believe in some part of this activity as I do believe in some part of The Island, however little is tangible.

I began 62191 with a reference to pretense; in reality aiming for the truth. The truth is that the compulsion to do good works seems to take a less important place in my mind, probably because, at 58, I am living on reserves. Good Works have little proven value; akin to Speaking the Truth. The best of neighbors, Truth and Good Works. Er... "By how much more pains ye take to please the world, by how much the more shall ye ever go thankless". Cheers!

Tangibility; the feel of things. The 'far-distant shore'.

I know one fellow got kicked off Tahiti for a lack of funds.

For a lack of *fundus*; lack of bottom, although ample in other ways; like big-hearted, for example. A bag of dirt, or a dirt-bag do not go very far in this life, although we are each of us composed of less as dust; mere dust. Kicking people off'n Tahiti for the lack of bottom is the French Solution. You don't want to get caught up in Gaugin; if you are a male anyway. Not to lay it all on the French; Funds are important to the exclusivity principle. Fences cost money.

There have been complaints of late, that The Island is becoming 'too civilized', 'not necessarily for the better' is the implication; definitely not for the better, if one accounts the balance of the civilized world as

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measure of what he's in for (do not end a sentence with). One amenity leads to the next, until its all the same. The latest attempt at civilizing involves 'free range', i.e., the domesticated animals will no longer be allowed to range freely; They Must Be Fenced so that they will not range on Government Land (for which one must acquire a non-existent permit [the permit may as well be non-existent since none are being issued]) (this is the government's way of settling a dispute between two 'cattle ranchers' [a few head, really] accusing each other of rustling the other's animals; full of appropriate recriminations and threats; "you and whose army?" : "Get yore cows and yore drunken ass off the Island", and all that). Cioran thought we were becoming too civilized. So SCREAM yore bloody 'ead off!

62391 Having been visited during my slumber by ghosts of the past, I am wont to ponder. These particular ghosts found me riding the school bus up the hill past Mary McEnroe's farm house. These nightly visitations have a way of lingering, and begging many free and irreverent, irrelevant associations in a continued half-asleep and half-awake state. Eventually I recalled the school, and, as the sociologists are wont to say - the school complex; most notably my outsidersness in that marooned environment. Forced into the convention by some extant covenants created by those who had preceded me (and all the others) therein I was positioned in that set-piece, even though I did not belong there. Where I did belong (and where I do belong) remains an open question today.

Mary was a Senior while I was a Junior. Mary to me was mostly a cheerleader, with a shapely athletic body, good looking, in a farm-fresh sort of way. Her cousin, Dorothy, was a classmate of mine, also a cheerleader, of whom I have written before. Of the two Dorothy was taller and more statuesque; but more reserved, with less projection of athleticism. Mary was brown haired, Dorothy blond. Did I fail to mention they were 'girls' I believe I was a boy (once).

These scant depictions mean little except to convey them as real through my sense of vision and other protoplasmic extensions of matter.

The relevant part of this spake of the moment is recalling my feeling as I view myself now in that environment, perhaps superimposing the now upon the then, wherein I do not belong. It was their world, the whole complex belonged to them. They were those to whom the torch had been passed, the torch of continuity, the continuity of the human condition, which may acquire the epiphenomenon of - inhuman. One sits in judgment over innocence; perhaps shrugging one's shoulders. However, at the time, I craved some touch from these ones, some recognition. But as it has eventuated in many cases, most all cases, one has felt those others were made to feel uncomfortable by their peers if they were seen associating with such chaff. One easily

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misinterprets indifference, and lack of awareness, to mean rejection or persecution; paranoia functions in that manner. Its possible I was as dull as an old rusty scythe. But if one were to obtain a more objective appraisal; that is, if one could approach these others with the appropriate question; "Why do you pass by me as though I do not exist?", or "Why is it I feel compelled to kneel before you?", would one feel any better, if he forced them to confess their prejudices?

But, you know, it was my state of mind, not theirs. What right did I have to expect anything from anyone? Where did that notion come from? Yes, as simple a thing as a touch would have made such an immeasurable difference. While I could steal other things from them, touching them as it were, I could not arrange the theft of a touch.

'Peer Pressure' is crushing. I believe my children felt it also, even though there were many more available to them from whom they might discover affinities.

We are all guilty. While there was Mary and Dorothy, and Marie of whom I have spoken before, there was also Jane; not a McEnroe, but a Hoose, the banker's daughter. Jane was the A student, the class brain. I sensed in Jane a sympathetic indulgence. I believe 'plain Jane' would have occurred to me, although I could not ignore her other qualities. Because she was the brain, and because she was the banker's daughter, she achieved place without being a cheerleader, or some other extension of the more obvious status quo. If she and her kind were in control, were the pace setters, the whole human environment would have appeared less inhuman. Jane would chide me in my lackluster performance. I did not take this amiss, for, after all, she did recognize my existence; perhaps in her own need to be recognized; perhaps some of those other qualities; genuineness amongst them, went unnoticed by me. Jane touched me in her own way.

In reflecting upon Jane, and the societal presumptions with regard to schooling, and what the environment of the school engendered, now imposing hindsight upon these reflections, the school might have been the place where the young might hear of 'prejudice', although in a very limited context which was only beginning to be discussed when I was young. One spoke of racial prejudice, because it was glaringly obvious. One did not expand the notion of 'prejudice' to include the myriad long-standing societal constructs (tribal ways). They tended always to exclude and reject those who did not measure up (a notion that has become highly developed in "The Right Stuff").

NOW, down this long road which may only be a step away, in that imaginary great leap of our vaporous time, I am known as the 'old geezer'. Of Mary I know nothing except I saw her one day in 1967 or 1977 with another cheerleading school chum, another Mary, the pretty Mary Ellen (Mahoney, rings?). These two seemed older and wider, Mary plainer, M.E. still retaining some of the prettiness, although disfigured in a

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crashing four-wheeled contraption. Of Dorothy, only sad rumors which I have written before; Marie, more rumors; and of Jane rumors that she attended college, and married into the Ministry.

But THEN, as NOW, never to have belonged to the status quo, yet having to remain on the edge of that huge corpus in order to survive; otherwise forfeit one's existence. There you have it.

In "Saturday", and a few other places I touch upon this epiphenomenon of inhumanity traveling under an assumed name.

There can be no way that my kind will ever crash the gate, or 'crash the party' as it were. Surfeited with 5,000,000,000 (adjusted for time) obviates the possibility. Mary, Dorothy, Mary Ellen, Jane, perhaps even Marie, eventually, not to mention Ann who had to leave school because she had already, Sally of Reader's Digest, Mary Lou, Franny, Betty, Joan, who left school for other reasons, and Janis, must not forget Janis, have provided ovarian host to the seminal inference. It has been said that drugs (including alcohol) affect a fetus. I wonder if prejudice affects a fetus. I wonder if the fornication of the status quo insinuates its amorphous shape (breathes [its rank breath]) upon the myriad inoculations that produce its vast repository. Mine own private conjunctions produced yet others who seem stranded on the edge, Cassandra yearning desperately, mindlessly, for inclusion; Ulysses constructing fortresses outside. Can one suppose a human environment without any awareness?

The Mary McEnroe Club for ex-cheerleaders.

There are the stars (heroes); and there are the cheerers, and the Cheerleaders. A Cheerleader nominally arises from the fairer contingent, somehow inclined to a lithe coordinated athleticism, ordinarily chosen for the relative (relative to what's available) exquisiteness of her shape and relative (relative to what's available) beauteousness of visage.

Since I have previously noted the existence of these creatures in this series of Notes, and in The Yell, I have returned to the theme whereof Cheerleaders. Perhaps this indicates my more nostalgic reversion to that earlier time in my life when things (the order of the Universe) seemed more cut and dried, or simpler (than?).

I cannot imagine Susan Sontag as a cheerleader although she seems to do a lot of that in the field of literature. However, she would easily qualify to fit in a category of individuals who have ignored me, or have made me metamorphose into that Kafkaesk insect. Mary McEnroe and Susan share in that same responsibility. I suppose you could identify a literary critic as a cheerleader of sorts; and when a literary critic ignores a writer, what can you say? Are they really responsible for my metainsectmorph? Question is: "Who is responsible for them?". I am who I am regardless of the morphing. Mary had her body and Susan her mind; cheerless, all the same.

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Even though I was a member of a basketball team at our local school; I feel certain Mary McEnroe would not be a cheerleader if the team had been made of individuals like me; instead she might have taken up knitting. I wonder if Susan knits.

Walt and I had alluded to the 'art' of procrastination; i.e., the self-delusional tendency to produce great notions just before one goes on a trip (or to sleep), whereupon there is little one can do until he returns, whereupon, subsequently one discovers the great notion (inspiration) has vaporized. Well, hopefully it will return. One hopes! We cheer each other on in some kind of vacuum. A Cheerleaderless vacuum.

Neo-Hippie: I saw them with their long haired shirtlessness, baggy drawers; and distaffly long-skirted. Barefooted on the filthy sidewalk I presume, walking in all that jogger's spittle. He protesteth too much.

John said he would never write using a computer. He would never mix cement with a cement mixer, even though there were cost overruns in his most favored architectural project. Bullshit attracts flies.

Knowledge is dangerous when it goes to ones head! (figure the connection if you can).

Stupidly watching a televised tennis match yesterday; perhaps the worst ever wherein one of the old timers Connors was insulting the umpire, controlling the action through a series of antics, as well as playing to the media and the gallery, to such an extent that mob hysteria overwhelmed both the umpire and his opponent - strictly Americana - LOW CLASS, somehow barbaric; and we presume to hold discussions re: the Noble Savage. That particular boorbarian will be pushing underarm deodorants until hell reeks of his stench.

I got sucked into watching this depressing human activity; that is even more depressing; hopefully such whiling will never be repeated. Indeed there are better ways. Are we all bored spectators; that bored, in fact?

Now, onward to pleasanter things. Really!?

More stuff for the Mary McEnroe Club.

How appropriate is The YELL.

Jean : You cheer for certain types only

The General Public doesn't want to admit that it is being played for a sucker; that is, when it rises above the level of mob psychology; they would also need to admit their level of boredom--UNTO DEATH!!!!

The general response to this calumny-raising would find me accused of 'envy', one of those deadlies. In actuality, what one desires from his fellow man is that 'giving-a-shit' feeling. That alone reflects CLASS. Finesse!

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Because the spectator, that ineffectual Dimwitt (THE YELL) has been placed and accepts the position in which he finds himself, rather reluctantly (I would guess), his ambivalence is expressed as some kind of taunting thrust at convention, taste, good manners, class, what have you. Rather than demanding the best performance, he jumps on the easier bandwagon of hostility, aggression and destructiveness. Incapable of more than a meager performance in himself the spectator encourages the downfall of the celebrity by making him the exponent (projection) of his own imagined failure. He does not seize upon his opportunity to demand the very best; rather he vents his own lowest common denominator self, which the 'low class' celebrity easily manipulates, egomaniacly; sort of like the Hitlers. The Pied Piper.

These rationalizations may seem self-serving, but in fact they are an attempt to elicit what it is one feels when he senses the world is getting out of control. True, the stage is the place where all our facets become acted out. There are facets we forever struggle to keep under control - to maintain an appearance of civilized behavior. It is reassuring to see in those ON TOP some extra manifestation of EXCELLENCE in all aspects of personality. Taunting convention pushes us in the direction of anarchy, wherein no one is safe, including the celebrity, who with his egomaniacal behavior, may unleash more than he wishes, such that his own child may be trampled in the surge (if not he himself). EXCELLENCE was chosen to reflect WHOLENESS (Completeness). Because one man or woman is able to jump higher than any other man or woman, as anachronistic as this activity is in fact, we (collectively) rather than examining the implications, we enshrine the individual who accomplishes this dubious achievement, REGARDLESS!

The marketplace (creating relevance) has interjected its reason-to-be into this whole scenario, completely reflecting its crass motivation - the COIN -that entity which denies all feeling except for the thing itself, for those possessed of Greed with respect to it. Also the easiest barrier to all feeling between individuals, obviating all interaction between them (on any meaningful level - GAINING A LIVELYHOOD, BE DAMNED.) The reward for being able to jump higher than any other is to become an endorser of irrelevance. And because we subscribe to the shoddy goods (irrelevance) promoted by this kind of activity we give it reason-to-be; a thing in itself - which is totally irrelevant to life and our reason-to-be. Instead of creating a relevance of our own we allow it to be created - to fill the void of tedium of before death on the way to after life..

Father often exclaimed "AIM HIGH", perhaps conscious of his own tendency to wallow.

What are the rewards (implications) for having Aimed High and FAILED?

What is the significance of having Aimed High? Is it necessary to succeed?

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What is the significance of Failure?

In the (imaginary) jungle where the 'notion of survival' is an ever present reality (a series of responses quickening the pulse, as it were, [albeit - startle response]), failure would be measured in terms of the possibility of not surviving if one did not respond with his 'best effort'. (surviving in this case would not be construed as a conscious effort, however dubious).

In the (imaginary) civilized state the notion of survival acquires an entirely different character. Survival is virtually assured if one listens to and believes his inculcators; regardless of a particular system of government some generalized notion of assuredness accompanies ones acquiescence to the dictates of that system.

Systems abound, as do dictates, and individuals (5 Billion -enough to test [and strain] any thesis).

How far removed is the one from the other? To reiterate for purposes of illustration: "Is civilization a thing distinct, or merely an advanced stage of barbarism?"

Putting forth one's 'best effort' in the jungle sense may have proven too barbaric and anachronistic for the civilized state. Reversions to the former raise havoc with the presumption of the latter.

Aim High acquires significance if we seek to define by actions the significance and relevance of the civilized state. 'Civilized' implies some cooperative joint venture, more than a self-serving survival. One for all, all for one.

Judging from all that goes on in the world of man, I would conclude we are still new at this invention (relevance) of civilization. There are too many questionable individuals gaining preeminence within the mass. These individuals through a variety of means climatize these others in their reason-to-be. Perhaps fear serves as the primary operative; that is, to do things contrary to that which seems in control looms as a threat to ones survival implicitly (as well as in many cases - explicitly). In states where tolerance to preeminent individuals, regardless of their 'CLASS', we have not set explicit standards for their behavior as public figures. The assumption is made that one emulates the preeminent; that is the assumption made when the 'product endorsement' people utilize this preeminent phenomenon. It is only the factor of preeminence that is being utilized; the jumping higher than anyone else. If that same individual was also a best thief and an a best murderer; only then would a significant alteration occur with regard to his status. Being a boor does not detract from preeminence. However, other taints do diminish ones achievement (of preeminence); if one uses steroids; if one does drugs; if one has acquired AIDS (as examples). (Explicit) Exemplary behavior is not an explicit requirement of preeminent individuals. We must so judge the achievements (requirements) of 'our collective civilization'. Relevance? Transience! Aim High?

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We are all sensitive to our individual rights, so-called 'civil rights'. One civil right ought to allow us to behave like assholes if such is our proclivity in the moment, or at all times. We are not held accountable for how we exercise our civil rights. Necessarily these 'rights' are contrasted to the Tough Stuff of Moses, and other explicit legal requirements. Ought ones proclivity to assholiness be restricted in any way. If assholiness is not rewarded in ANY way, or implicitly not tolerated, BOOED as it were, then it might not be enhanced amongst the preeminent.

I'm one who pretends to 'sit on the high road, mocking all the passers-by'. I am however a beneficiary of the 'limited' order that prevails amongst the human contingent. That is, I am able to do as I do, in the shadows of the colossus. Marginal though the civilizational apparatus (never over-civilized, as Cioran laments; far from it) may be, given there is no identifiable purpose to existence, we may count ourselves lucky to have what we have. Remembering always "It is Ours to do with", we may place behavioral restraints on any amongst us with resounding boos. Laudations springing from some visceral need are hard to control. To want to see the monster that lives within us projected outwardly may be the better situation than the monster that lives within us springing to life in an uncontrolled way such as to give vent to something destructive at an inopportune time. Is this last condoning something odious as a pragmatic operative?

Is this some kind of condemnation, to admit the 'monster' within us. As you are about to inquire: "Whose monster; yours, not mine?" "I have no monsters in me!" Perhaps 'monsters' is a poor choice of terms identifying those unconscious elements within ourselves; harkening, harkening unto that disproportionate time of evolutionary unconsciousness; millions of years versus some historical 3000 (to a few hundred or less (wherein attributions are acknowledged to some area of controlled conscious activity - based on what we deem as recognition between 'right and wrong' (lets say as contrasted to a system of edicts or taboos). Somewhere in time, perhaps only recently, with any confidence, we have attributed much to our intellect as an effective agent in controlling our actions, based on the intellect's ability to recognize anxiety and put it to rest through some architecture of rationality. Inherent to the plausibility of intellectual persuasions is a belief in the innate goodness of our self (as a reference point). I'm reluctant to credit the phenomenon of Goodness to something innate; i.e. the giving of self as gesture of sacrifice (of self ego) in order to enlist allies in order to enhance one's survival chances (increasing our mass, so to speak). Ambivalences and Ambiguities.

Sound practical?

Question is, 'Should we question motivation found in goodness? Or Blindly accept what grows in the orchard as a happy circumstance?

Notes 6

We are admonished to Practice Eternal Vigilance while at the same time courting a notion of Trust. Ambivalence and Insecurity.

The whole topic of Goodness leaves me in a quandary. I have experimentally drawn an outline of the notion, pondering upon its reality, its effectiveness, its utility, its viability, its attributions, its purpose, its potential; all with little substance; mostly speculative musings; more or less groping for some unexploited facet of human life that has been intended (designed/evolved) to assure that we will eventually all get along without fear or apprehension, mistrust etc.. Blowing smoke in the dark. In the end it is easier to define cynicism and its probable origins, and predict its everlastingness rather than place any hope in 'goodness', for example. While I might engage in good deeds, I am more comfortable with cynicism. Cynicism is not a legitimate response to knowledge. One ought understand, then tolerate; yes, even the worst; because that is part, an inescapable part.

One's desire to forever escape hurt at the hands of his fellow MAN leads him to the rash architectonics of Utopian notions. One might ask "What else is there to do?" 5,000,000,000 is a frightening integer, an impossible number to contemplate. An absurdity. It creates enormous pressure upon every facet of human society, leaving little or no room for planning, or any hope that planning will achieve anything more than a staving-off (holding action).

Would the ultimate goodness consist in genocide? Only one question remains; "Would I include myself amongst the exterminated?". One more cynic cannot matter in the last. Anyway, how many? Perhaps genocide terrifies. How about selective lodging? On Ice Bergs!

The other morning I experienced one of those memory lapses characteristic of older people; a recurrent theme that discourages, and enrages. The memory lapse is enough in itself; but when it involves something one would ordinarily not choose, if a choice was all that clear an option, then one becomes doubly enraged.

I had forgotten where I had placed my 'check-book' which contained money, a driver's license, and a key. Each of these items when closely examined for their implications is an indicator of the amount of free will is involved in one's daily existence. Forgetting these things seems natural, i.e., on the face of it. Why? any one of them??

You may chuckle at what seems so simple a concern. This particular concern is multiplied many times over by the unending pile of paper that passes our doors, and the unending supply of things that form our lives, most of which are not chosen consciously, but are thrust upon one, or impulsively gathered unto one; each for its own peculiar reasons.

Notes 6

We are accessible through the mails, and the telephone, inventions intended to serve us, but organs through which we are proselytized, and conned. Bastards!! OOPS!!

Money was supposedly invented to facilitate, as were vouchers, checks etc. Money has become a thing in itself, more valuable than the thing which possesses it. A driver's license may assure all that a person steering a vehicle is in full possession of his steering faculties, but without a driver's license, one cannot assure a recipient of a voucher or check that he is who he says he is or what he is. So even if you don't drive, you gotta get yourself certified as a steerer before you are vouchsafed; or carry lotsa moola on yore poison. We know that whats in yore pocket is worth more than you, so carrying anything on yore poison can be dangerous; especially if anyone knows you don't have driver's license (we already know that there's little that's private these days).

The key is self-explanatory, is it not? What can one say about keys? Without keys your insurance policy aint worth a damn; neither are your valuables or invaluable.

So there was I; enraged. Now I have recovered momentarily, wherein I am able to mock this whole damned perpetration called civilized life.

9/17/91

A question for Mr. Gates, the Nominee; When will China retake Mongolia?

The New prospective Supreme Court Justice managed to evade most of the pertinent questions; nobody really pressed him; then there was that two-legged presence from UTAH hatching one stinking perfume after another (toilet water). Uncle Tom without a cabin got an offer from the White House to sit in another Greek Colonnade (just about as appropriate as any other thing you might care to mention). We heard a lot about Natural Law; one therefore deduces there must such a condition as UNnatural Law. We have knowed that for a spell. Anyway there was a lot of raving about how good was our CONSTITUTION and how it was worth preserving even if it did require constant reinterpretation in order to figure out what the foundling father's intentions were or were not. They have added a few since. A woman's right to procreate was under discussion; perhaps some concession was made to the woman that it was a private matter that a woman did not need to think of the CONSTITUTION as she procreated. But once she stuck herself out there whether by accident or intent; the men of this world (of the S.C.) have more than inserted themselves (droit de seigneurs at heart) into the after conception business feeling it necessary to interpret the foundling father's intent with regard to a prospective new citizen taking shape in the wound. In this absurd world of ours, it is appropriate that men should decide for woman (Shit Sandra, speak up for women).

Notes 6

Later: Big Fiasco! Anita Hill! I pledge allegiance to a big penis! Public Figures are in for it. They become instant celebrities with all kinds of foibles and petty human weakness.

More Notes in the margins.

See Vers 1 re: page 2 ???

Self cleaning oven; self cleaning New Yorker.

Drugs; the homeopathic solution to civilizational conflicts.

The People's History of the You Knighted States.

Equates Equation

Constitutes Constitution

Democratic Democratization

Hah! Hah!

The audacity of these apes in trousers usurping my entitlements in their embroilments (entertainments?).

A touching insipid dream, but a dream nonetheless, related without comment: AN auditorium, or large lecture hall wherein the Institute Notables (Institute of Molecular Biology) were about to deliver a Sermon from the Mount. Although an individual without whom "the place could not function", I was hard pressed to find a seat, even in the rear; all vacancies apparently reserved; until at last in the rearest row, an unassuming (female) indicated a seat in front of her was not taken. I had recognized her from somewhere, she appeared shrouded in shyness, a long dress, long dark hair obscuring her face. We spoke briefly. I had assumed the seated position as those rowed angl() oblige one to do; whereupon the lady warmly embraced me from the rear, her hair falling about my head and face. I reciprocated such as I could, awkwardly reaching behind me and over my head. We exchanged warmest greetings and words. I thought it odd she was there – not projecting a great involvement in the hullabaloo, more reflecting some disenchantment with the status quo. In fact what was I doing there. We found each other?????!!!!

More margins. Another Dream: Carmella, Carmel, Carnal, Caramel Candy, hence Carmella. I had a dream, I shall not attempt to deny or refute my dream. I stand naked before it. Simple. I shall make every effort not to judge or to moralize. The sense of reality came afterwards, after awakening. I struggled against the intrusion of the senses; the consciousness.

In the dream we had together become engaged in a prank, like a rubber snake on the floor of an employer of hers. I had observed her beauty, her liveness, youth, spirit – aliveness; her apprehensiveness as she anticipates the reaction.

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Before this moment we had been friends, whose actual hour of acquaintanceship (in reality) had occurred before the dream began. But upon this occasion I spoke my feelings about her to her as I became aware of them. The words seemed to pass by her as she needed to hide somewhere to observe the reaction. We had huddled together in a corner. The dream does not record the reaction to the rubber snake, or our feelings huddled together in the corner.

The next scene finds me alone on the Island, with Carmella seeking me out. The words had not passed her unnoticed – ever alert.

Last margin on the Kilmer's:

Joyce Kilmer waddled around the Amenia High School grounds bragging she could spell the longest word in the Dictionary, something vaguely sounding like: eeleemossisinary; however the word doesn't seem all that long, even if it meant something as well. Vince Kilmer left school to join the Navy; I got him around the neck with my famous to be feared scissors grip. Dick Kilmer tied a string to his penis attaching a horse shoe to the other end of the string to be pitched out a window. He didn't have any trouble knocking up Faye Haskins, or spreadeagling Ruthie Chester on her bed above the tavern. Don't know what he did with her. I boxed him once with a hole in my boxing glove, catching him on the nose with my exposed thumb. I had cheated, as he did when on the fire department, he got into setting fires, for which he earned a year in the pokey when they found out. The feed store got going a good blaze that pretty much wiped it out, even though the fire department was the next block. Joan Kilmer quit school to go into nursing and to make some money.

Unrelated: the kid (Maury Card) with the Highest IQ quit school. How's that grab yuh? Tell you something?! He outweighed me by 40 pounds, but I gottim with my famus scissors grip. IQ didn't help none.