

The Dialogues

Brief preliminary

In the Star Trek chronicles, whenever the outer space encounter involved beings from other spheres, in the script they were named accordingly and/or fittingly, these names being very different from our own; their general shape, however transmogrified, could not escape mirroring the general type, the all too familiar ill-shapen *homo sapiens*. We came to know them by their name and/or their actions as we do in our life on this planet. Doctor Spock, Data, Warf, Captain Picard. Once we know a person by a name and his actions, and form a lasting impression there from, it is usually difficult to disassociate the residual image from any further same naming in another. Every Tom, Dick, Harry and George, carries the potential of coloring the image of any future Tom, Dick, Harry or George, first impressions being what they are. So to spare the author and you this somewhat insignificant bias from the outset, the author feels he must invent names, perhaps names synonymous with their dictum, or perhaps relevant to their actions, and/or names, in passing. All dictums are those of the author, necessarily, although they may not represent the views of the sponsor, who shall forever remain nameless.

For example, the author could name an individual, Jackass, or Quucking Asshole, Non Compos Mentis, or Dubya, whether or not their real name is Tom, Dick, Harry, or George, because we have heard before the expressions: Jackass, Quucking Asshole, Non Compis Mentis, or Dubya. We might unfairly associate one with the other, thereby missing the true import of what is being stated. Tom, Dick,



Harry or George are familiar names whose accumulative namings may

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sufficiently cloud any image of one so named at the outset. Tom, Dick, Harry or George may seem innocuous enough under those circumstances. However when it comes to Jackass, Fucking Asshole, and Non Compos Mentis, albeit Dubya, the author would feel very reluctant to exclude these from his lexicon, simply because we all know many such individuals, however generic they may be of the type. Whereas Tom, Dick, Harry or George may create a lasting impression



because they are a jackass, a Fucking asshole, non compass mentis, or dubyad, there are many others named differently, who may even more aptly fit the description.

On the other hand, to name someone with a new hieroglyphic may not escape the observation of one Laotse, that to name something is to kill it (or deprive it of its essence). Would we better served then if we just got on with any old name which would take its own shape as the dialogues wore on. Conjure Diogenes, if you will; or perhaps Don Quixote.



Every time the author reads a Russian Novel he has an onerous task keeping track of those long names which are mostly unfamiliar from the outset, and Russian Novels are full of many characters. Of course it is not only Russian Novels, but the author's lasting impression that types and colors this association, stemming from reading those novels earlier in his more meaningful reading career. But since the author can not remember the details of their names beyond Ivan, Dimitri, Alyosha, (all brothers, all and Grushenka, or future reference to the naming in real life in his would certainly unfairly with these Russian characters, if they were in his own locale he has encountered an Ivan to familiarly, and of the all. The author has avoided the Hollywood these characters, firmly his own imagination is sacred to their author. Indeed, those characters have become unique symbols in his way of thinking.



Raskolnikov, Smerdyakov, Karamazovs) Stavrogin, any very uncommon own locale, associate them fictional so named. But not personally call him so others, not at purposely rendition of convinced that

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The author billed this a Brief Preliminary, however long it may seem.

Thus, to begin, before the sun rises to its zenith or succumbs to its nadir, still remaining a true Coperincan, as the earth rotates about its axis (of evil) and revolves about its sun, as it too turns upon its axis (of?); and do we know whether our solar mother with her array of dangling beads does or does not revolve about in some more or less fixed orb in some galaxy betwixt the banes? May these forthcoming dialogues also prove a moving experience. In the background the author heard one ask, 'What would happen if the sun exploded?'

Follows, an assortment of names, excluding Tom Dick, Harry, and George, not excluding reference to Jackass, Fucking Ashole, Non Compos Mentis, and Dubya, and most likely the others mentioned, left to wander the planet as orphans in oblivion, excepting of course, Cameo appearances of the more illustrious Diogenes and Don Quixote; for there will be cynics and do-gooders, however so named.

Dauber: It is mine to begin.

One must approach the first strokes with great temeriousness. (*The author used this word because he knew Bill Gates would underline it {Bill is accustomed to writing in code}. Temeriousness is a noun, not a nun, Mother Temerious. Bill would not have underlined audaciousness, foolhardiness, shamelessness, boldness, rashness. To begin this dialogue by submitting to the wisdom of a software manufacturer, the author would have got off to a bad start by conforming to the model*). We do not have the time for the tentative in these matters, although any stroke may prove futile in depicting a futile endeavor. Every stroke is vulnerable to criticism; be warned and be prepared. So metaphorically named, speaking true to my name, I thus refer to strokes as I contemplate the 'Big Picture' (Where do we come from? Why are we here? Where are we going?). Forgive the fatuousness of my claim, as well perhaps, the grandiosity. But I am as convinced as the next man, or woman, to observe political correctness, that my grasp of this brush with which I wield my strokes, is the proper tool for the depiction of the aforementioned Big Picture, and that I wield it with the best of them. But because this is a Dialogue, I will need to translate from the language and art of the brush to that of the word, which may render me utterly useless as a dialoguer. I have been chosen as the first amongst many, being aware that I may be dropped into

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anonymity and oblivion at any moment as soon as another with more skill and perspicacity rises to the fore. However, beneath my beret, or bonnet, there is much stirring. I claim any man (or woman) is as good as any other when it comes to dealing with the impossible. And I can deliver as scathing a judgment upon those who persist in believing they have all the answers. Thus I argue for my general utility in the ensuing dialogue.

Since, by nature and predilection, I am a concoctor, and one who rambles with somewhat manic delusions into free association, I may seem to be wanting in coherence and relevance. For this I may apologize on the one hand for the confusion it causes, but on the other hand let me assure those most concerned there is something that holds it all together. Thus, I argue for my inclusion.

Overhearing the question, 'What would happen if the sun exploded?' conjures in my mind not the 'Big Picture' but the 'Big Bang'. But also calls into question our knowledge with regard to the Universe, and also some of our assumptions with regard to it (hence the revised issue of the banes).

It might be argued by those in the know that it is improbable, or virtually impossible, the sun will explode in the foreseeable future, and that mankind will have done himself in long before such an event becomes probable. I don't know why I feel comforted by that piece of information. If there is indeed a perpetual afterlife into eternity, as some will assert, then what does it matter if it exploded this very minute? Hail Bob!

I happen to be one of those who believes that the spirit cannot be transmogrified into matter of the inanimate kind, as would be the case when we pass as the dearly departed. Once matter in the form of a life ceases to function as a life, the essence or animate part of being has dispersed, never to return. Since I have no proof that the spirit remains or does not remain, any assertion, one way or the other, seems strictly a matter of self-conviction or self-delusion, which ever describes it more aptly.

By saying this last I do not deny certain animate manifestations amongst the living, of what we identify as spirit; that is, beyond the apparent imperatives of the locomotion required to satisfy the alimentary canal and certain motions inherent to the business of reproduction. After these imperatives have been fulfilled, a dance, or a sleep may ensue.

Hail Bob does serve as a reminder of our isolation in the Universe; stuck on planet Earth (Gaea).

Addendum: Is it mine to follow? I feel the compulsion to interrupt the appropriation of ideas, or meat (beef), if you will (observant to the admonition 'one man's meat is another man's poison'). Leave some of the trappings of the discussion to others.

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You have begun with a rant about yourself. You have hinted at the 'Big Picture', transforming that into the 'Big Bane'. In your ramble you have speculated where the spirit goes during and after the transformation of matter from the animate to the inanimate, with further speculations regarding the longevity of said spirit. You have raised the specters of the impossible and the improbable, especially with regard to the durability of our heliocentricity. And you have raised the specter of self-delusion, as some would choose to call faith or belief; or Alas!, Grandiosity!

Cheerleader: Sis Boom Bah!

Chorus: This may not seem important, because you the listener, or reader, whichever thee be, may have already deduced that the author of this rap is unassailable, unsailable, unsaleable, all three. A best Smeller. But, as palliative, it is offered that everyone has a voice; many choose not to use it, others perhaps should not use it. It has been argued that if one cannot improve upon silence, he ought remain silent. Dare say there would be an infinity of empty pages; and nothing to criticize. Our author is fond of paraphrasing I.F. Stone by intimating that if one did not sound his voice, he would not stand any chance whatever of being heard. *Vox audita perit*. Thus it might be added, we must endure this noise. And to what effect?! And what is the purpose of having an effect? Well, Geeeeezzzzzz, anyway, do we need to explain? *Litera Scripta Manet*.

Punchy: (Sounding his voice) Everybody says they believe in God but they don't do God's work. Everybody counteracts what God is really about. If Jesus was here, do you think Jesus would love me ... I think Jesus would have a drink with me and discuss ... why you acting like that?

Now, he would be cool. He would talk to me. No Christian ever did that and said in the name of Jesus even ... They'd throw me in jail and write bad articles about me and then go to church on Sunday and say Jesus was coming back to save us. But they don't understand that when he comes back, that these crazy greedy capitalistic men are gonna kill him again.

Dubya: I thought I told you guys not to talk to those muslims; don't you realize they are the axis.

Rums: It is what it is, W. This guy is harmless; besides he's a little bit off.

Punchy: Who's off? There's no one perfect. We're always gonna do that (enjoy the forbidden fruits). Jimmy Swaggart is lascivious; Jimmy Bakker is lascivious; Punchy is lascivious – but we're not criminally, at least I'm not, criminally lascivious. You know what I mean. I may like to fornicate more than other people – its just who I am. I sacrifice so much of my life, can I at least get laid? I mean I have been robbed of most of my money, can I at least get a blow

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job without people wanting to harass me and wanting to throw me in jail?

That's just who I am. I want to have a nice career for my children. I want them to have a great education. I want to fly my birds. I want to live my life. I want to have a drink every now and then. I want to have a charity event every now and then. And every now and then, I want to fornicate and that's just being a human being.

Chorus: Just like Albert Camus conjectured: All people want to do is fornicate and read newspapers. And the guy's got a point about the greedy capitalists; I mean look at ENRON, the builders of the Pyramids. Do you suppose those Good Christian muthas gave a Gott Damn about their fella Maynnn? Not like, Jesus anyway.

Dubya: Some of those guys fly airplanes into skyscrapers, and some of them bite. They may fornicate, figuring that's human, so am I not human if I don't fornicate? Did I not hear that that was a manifestation of animal behavior? Is it not not natural to be both a fornicator and an animal? I wonder if Joe DiMaggio did not have something to say about that?

Punchy: Furthermore I don't do interviews with women unless I fornicate with them. *In another interview, he said he wished reporters had children so he could kick them in the head or "stomp on their testicles so you could feel my pain because that's the pain I have waking up with every day."*

Cheerleader: Bah!

Punchy: I don't feel love from them (the common fan) because there's no love. They don't know me as an individual, they know me for what I actually do. Because they pay to see me smash anybody. If they're white they pay, (it's) because the only thing they have respect for is my ability as an athlete. But if I was in court and I had to use them to testify against me on my character, they wouldn't testify positively against me and they would think I'm a cad..." "I think the average person thinks I'm a fucking nut and I deserve whatever happens to me. That's what I believe."

Cheerleader: Watch your language!

Punchy: "You have to understand, Franky Brewno would not have been champion if I had not been in prison. Ollie McCrawl would not have been champion if I had not been in prison. A lot of these guys would not have been champion. Micky Moore would not

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have been champion. Those guys would not have been champion if I had been around. They would have had no legacy. None of those guys would have had a legacy.

Huh: My wife drives a Legacy. Speaking of my wife. The other day, at the breakfast table, watching the humming birds slurping sugared water from their enticing red-orificed hanging container, she mused: "I wonder if the hummingbird god is made in the image of a humming bird".

Dubya: That would sure change things, would it not?

Rums: What's that, Dubya?

Dubya: Well, would it not mean that, if God was made in the image of a humming bird, would that not mean our whole life was not based on disinformation?

Dauber: Is this a Yale graduate or a Yale lock speaking? Full of Knots. Nuts, if you ask me.

Chorus: Even the humming birds would be forced to consume peaches and ice cream. Heaven does not allow exceptions.

Addendum: You can clearly see why the world is in such a mess. Humming birds as Gods eating peaches and ice cream, no differently than that other God made in the image of You Know Who; who was never there when you needed him. And a prez who don't know from nuttin. And a punchy orator.

Rums: There's another one of those terrorists.

Cheerleader: Rah Rah! Let's go git 'em!

Zeus: Relevance, relevance.

Dubya: Is this muslin not Un American?

Punchy: I'm just like you. I enjoy the forbidden fruits in life too. I think its UnAmerican not to go out with a woman, not to be with a beautiful woman, not to get my clock strucked". Its just what I said before, everybody in this country is a big fucking liar. The media tells people that this person did this and this person did that and then we find out that we're just human and we find out a Celebrity Basketball Star cheats on his wife just like everybody else and that we all cheat on our fucking wife in one way or another either emotionally, physically or sexually or one way.

Cheerleaders: Watch your fffing language, Punchy.

Dubya: Just like me!!!!???? When I become prez, I'll make it unimpossible for one of those assholes to say such things. I'll have the fucking asshole incasterated for the rest of his natural born days. If he thinks he's not UnAmerican now, just wait. Because is it not now known worldwide that Americans have balls?

Chorus: You're telling me.

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Dauber: If that guy becomes prez, I am going to become Un American. Now, is there any possibility we can get away from this frivolity? I have as much appreciation of the common man as the next guy, and feel everybody has something to say, but do we really have to focus on this unrefined brute? I believe Punchy and Dubya were made for each other; one's a slugger, the other is a patsy.

Addendum: I do agree with the implication that we should change our focus. None of us has any real desire to live on the commons, but here our discussion has fallen into the gutter.

Dauber: All I can say is we sure gravitated real early in this discussion. But while we are on the subject, what is the difference between a chased woman and a chaste woman?

Punchy: Probably a little bit of waist. Ha Ha HAA!

Cheerleaders: That's Enuf! That's Enuf! That's Enuf, Nuf! Nuf! Nuf!

Punchy: (*Ex Eunt*)

Dubya: I'm for free elections (campaign contributions included), free speech (that is not treasonable), free press (that broadcasts our democratic values), free religion (that does not involve terrorism) and for free enterprise (that guarantees us the right to make something out of nothing), free embargoes (that export our way of thinking), and the free death penalty (not to burden our society with the cost of executions); and whatever else that works that is free (including a free trip to the beyond for those who desire it).

Rums: But Dubya, you must remind them there ain't no free lunch; or free defense either (Defending our freedoms).

Chorus: Whatcha gonna do, bad boys, bad boys, whatcha gonna do? Don't forget Free Universal Health Care.

Cheerleaders; Let's hear it for our team! Rah! Rah! Rah! Who are we fah? America! America! America! Rah! Rah! Rah! Sis **Boom** Bah!!!

Addendum: Now that everybody has had their say, can we get on with the dialogue? I wish to raise the issues of 'gravity' and 'atmosphere'. Although the scientists are not willing to take on the tobacco industry, they have provided us with information regarding those forces which confine us to this planet earth; that has been variously described, both as a heavenly abode, and a rotten hell. But which ever description fits, we are told that we are irremediably bound there upon, both by 'gravity' and the 'atmospheric' requirements of our bodies. (Fortunately we have been provided with places to worship, and mental institutions as places for further reflection for those who do not wish recognize or

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abide the dictum of the scientists.) We have been able to do very little concerning gravity (with the exception of booster rockets and ICBMs); and we have done our very best to fuck-up the atmosphere (and evolution).

Cheerleaders: Watch your language! Watch your language!

Addendum: What! 'Evolution' a bad word? I can't see any possibility that even the humming bird god would have done as bad a job of 'creating' *homo sapiens* as has that mirrored fop, god. We can arrive at only one conclusion regarding such a 'creation'; that it has indeed evolved, or was dropped on this planet as an unfinished model, either by the humming bird god or that other one. Its possible that humming birds did not evolve; they always seem to arrive as though they had materialized from thin air, so miraculously do they come and go. But *homo sapiens*, despite all his Gold Medals for various categories of speed, is rather slow, which always permits us ample opportunity to study him at length. And from what we are able to observe, even evolution is called into question as a means to arrive at a decent model, notwithstanding deignoids, and intelligent design.

Our task, it would seem, is to make the best of a bad job. There have been many setbacks, and from what we have witnessed, it would seem both prudent and logical to deduce, and assume, there will be many more setbacks ahead. The drug companies are doing their level best to develop substances that will better enable us, and our Prez. to cope with our shortcomings. The financial markets are doing their level best to develop ways for mankind to make something out of nothing. The health insurance industry is doing its level best, even with moral hazards, to enable us to lead healthy lives by stressing preventives, and weeding out pre-existing conditions that favor the maintenance of poor stock. Our pathetic government is suggesting we develop Health Savings Accounts. Our educational institutions are doing their level best to provide us with the information we will require in order to survive in an indifferent and inhospitable world, and to provide a basis for doubting the existence of both a creator, and evolution. Our medical industry is doing its level best to accommodate all the permutations of a failed human apparatus, from acupuncture, osteopathy, naturopathy, alternative medicine, patent medicine, regular medical school medicine (in alliance with pharmaceutical intervention), psychiatric analysis (in alliance with pharmaceutical intervention), profiling, to faith healing. But not for everybody; so far these services, provided by the drug companies, the financial markets, educational institutions, and the medical profession, are available only to those who able to afford the tithe. For the balance of humanity there are opportunities to strike it rich through

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Jeopardy, Power Ball, gambling casinos, (a few less since Hurricane Sandy), and the service of the bar with its assortment of ambulance chasers and liability torts. And we have the fourth estate constantly at the microphone or behind the camera (sometimes appearing in trench coats, but never in hip-hop attire) providing us with daily inspirations regarding the accomplishments (and failures) of the species. Often we are provided with first hand, with replays, (no delays, no editing) *homo sapiens*, in action.

Seedy: Wrong species for study. Very disquieting. Should be eradicated. Of course, if that was to happen, I would have to leave my garden. ‘Just so much dirt’ some would say; or Weeds! Or ‘Costs more to grow the stuff than it would cost to get it at the market’. ‘Yeah! The flowers are O.K. But the birds and the coons get the berries and the apples, and all the seedlings; and what the birds and coons don’t get the slugs and bugs get’. ‘Weed and water, weed and water, weed and water’. ‘And if you win the war against all the pests and forces that conspire to get your produce before you do, there is always too little or too much, some you gotta give away, or let it rot, or go to seed’. I say “What else is there to do?”

Agribusiness and slaughter houses might be alright for keeping the city dwellers alive, but Geezzzzz, Why? Food for the masses. Speaking of “too much”. And redundant, occupiers and consumers, converting the planet into a standard of living. Multiplying and subduing. The place reeks of some kind of animal. ‘Toward what objective?’, I ask. (Seedy is a close personal friend of the author).

Every day I look forward to the walk into the garden, and to what I might find there. Always I will find a kind of peace I can find no place else. I cannot explain what it is that happens. From the beginning, the seed, to the final fruiting is a process that shows change each day, perhaps reminiscent of and reflecting our own lives, but without strife. Labor, yes! Labor of love? Perhaps.

Hands in the dirt, in the soil, in the earth, Mother Earth. Why give this over to agribusiness? Frees my time to do other things? What other things? Building empires? Wrecking the planet in order to make a fortune? Sure, there’s boating, cruising, and sailing which are joyful as well. Perhaps just as joyful, because each day can become an adventure. So Yes! The sea is place to find peace too, and perhaps involving a lot less drudging labor. If I was not doing the one I would be doing the other. Both keep me in touch with elemental things.

Urban: You use fertilizers, herbicides and pesticides, Seedy?

Seedy: I use them sparingly.

Urban: Like I consume sparingly, you mean? I try to buy organic stuff, even though it costs more, but there is hardly any of

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it available in the super markets. The problem with the super market thing is you never know what has been used, and no matter what has been used, and what kinds of assurances having been given by the manufacturer (Monsanto, Dupont, Union Carbide; don't forget Kerr-McGee); you never know the whole story, any more than the manufacturer knows the whole story (not even found in their confidential proprietary information). We're talking about chemistry, something added to the food chain that we might not be able to get rid of because something has been transformed, linked and incorporated into what we eventually consume.

Seedy: I sympathize entirely with what you are saying; I am also sensitive to the unknowns of chemistry, per se, about which, those in the know, make educated guesses, presumptuously. I must admit, my gardening efforts do rely upon aids, whose harmful effects are clouded by propaganda. By that I mean we are assured that many tests have been conducted, but all the information is not released, because it is proprietary, they say; competitors may use the information to their advantage. While I use manures and decayed vegetation as supplements to the garden, I also use certain compounds to alter the acidity or alkalinity of the soil, and other compounds such as nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium, which encourage growth. I do not view the latter practice as harmful. Using 'pesticides' (like BT) to control certain egg laying insects, cabbage moths, slugs, and, are done stringently, not recklessly. But I also use screening materials to accomplish some of those tasks. Dormant oils and fungicides certainly are beneficial to crop production, and in my opinion relatively harmless. I do not use herbicides. I have not experimented with all the 'new' somewhat faddish, what I call, 'lady bugging', balance of nature prey/predator stuff. Although I do use BT for larval control, being aware that it harms other insects that are not harmful to the garden, again, it is not used recklessly.

Hmn: You people sure do split hairs. Saints and Sinners, who be they? Purists, Ethicists, crudely honed rhetoricians. Quite a writhing heap in my opinion. A locomoting presence in service to visceral urges (somehow construed as capital sins rather than capital virtues). Lots of bloody collisions and gratifying vengeance, not to mention conquest, ravaging, and laying waste. The purpose of it all forever puzzles me. Life and Death coexist as equal partners in a futile purposeless endeavor. Life burgeons with anticipation and hope only to bludgeon itself quite willingly in pursuit of things ill-defined; honor, righteous indignation, holy crusade, eye for an eye, justice, all pursued somewhat grandiosely. Preeminence. Who will be on top and who will be first? As the famous bard conjectured: 'Who's in, who's out, who wins, who

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loses?’ Thus abandoned are thee to a dubious and cruel fate. To not know why, but to be driven thus, nevertheless.

Seedy: Time to pull some weeds; to make room for what is desirable.

Addendum: Gravity, the gravity of our predicament. Doubtlessly a very heavy burden. “Do unto others (as one would be done by)” the larger print taken literally, the smaller forgotten as a matter of convenience; amended sufficiently for gain or profit to assume its own kind of preeminence; and for obligations to be ignored.

Dubya: John, can you not take care of these malcontents; I mean, does their attitude not suggest possible treasonable anarchy?

Ashes: We won’t let it get out of hand Dubya. Gotta throw the American Civil Liberties people a bone. Orrin and I were discussing this only yesterday. We’ve done pretty well. We’ve got the aborts on the run, we’ve got the faggots and the dykes on the run, we’ve getting closer on the prayer front, we’ve got wire-tapping in place if we need it; we’re making things better for the NRA, we’ve figured out how to solve our racist image, and we got those flag-burners off the commons; and we’ve gotten rid of a few of those lefty federal judges. And from the looks of it we’ll be getting a couple of Supremes. We’re on the way.

Cheerleaders: Go TEAM! Go TEAM! Go TEAM! Give Them Hell! Give Them Hell! Give Them Hell! Yayyyyyy!!!!

Ashes: We’re on the Wayyyy!

Addendum: You can easily see what we are up against. Rigor Mortis. Control Freaks. Armageddonites. After Rapturists. People with diminished capacity making the world over in their own image (they tell us its making the world safe for democracy). It gives me a gut ache. And they have the audacity to demand fealty and loyalty to their backward agenda. The degree of presumption and arrogance is actually frightening.

Hmn: The lessons of the past are never transmuted into the flesh; a quantum drawback to the design. Without remedy or relief.

Huh: It’s no different for any other species. We (my wife and I) have often assessed the intent of mother nature, whether she has designed aggression and defensiveness as equal partners, and why either one or the other. In a crude sort of way, evolution has taken us down the predatory path. The animal kingdom becomes both prey and predator, not excluding You Know Who. Gotta Eat; and not all creatures are vegetarians, including You Know Who. Omnivorous. Some of You Know Who have developed scruples with regard to the consumption of flesh. Vegetables feel no pain. But in the larger sense once again, what is the intent of mother nature?

Hmn: There is no intent. You get what you get; it’s a crap shoot.

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Huh: What I wanted to get at is the observation that the animal kingdom, perhaps stupidly, has not developed what we identify as weaponry. Evolution has equipped each life form (each species) with some means of sustaining itself; perhaps qualitatively identified as a series of adaptations. There seems to be little presumption associated with animal behavior. There is a phenomenon that we label as dominance, perhaps both by certain species and within a species. That is, some large predators establish their dominance in a certain territorial way, and individuals within a species (notably males) establish a dominance over others within the species. One might say mother nature has devised the weaponry to accomplish this dominance through size, fleet-footedness, fangs, claws, horns, poisonous secretions, etc.

Addendum: So underneath what you are saying is that in ‘making the world safe for democracy’, we are making the world safe for dominance. Only a special kind of dominance.

Huh: Can it be any other way? To me any other claim is only a diversionary thing. The Christian thing for example. Love one’s brother, turn the other cheek, is a kind of hypocritical maneuver to ward off frontal attack. Imagine, “the meek shall inherit the earth” as *modus operandi*. Mother nature would not and will not tolerate such obfuscation. Although we do not know the ultimate aims of mother nature, or the purpose of life, there is nothing we can observe that validates the Christian presumption. Even in a Christian nation; mostly throughout Christian nations, the weaponry, the arsenals, are replete with mutually assured destruction (admittedly in fear of the lions which only exist in zoos and wildlife safaris). Life seems to be a treacherous undertaking (stay away from zoos and nature compounds). That is not to say that other belief systems have not tuned into the advantages of equalizers.

Addendum: I like that, ‘the meek shall inherit the earth’. Its so contrary to what we are able to observe. And some of those other believers, blowing themselves to bits. 69 virgins instead of peaches and ice cream. The all-male presumption, complete with horns. Take off your veils !!!! All 69 !!!

Ho Hum: What! Stew Again ?? You people ought to advertise for a new chef.

Huh: You know anybody?

Ho Hum: All the chefs I have known have sought a different occupation. Most of them complain that you can’t make a decent meal from the available ingredients; and that nearly everybody has a gourmet appetite. All of those who would be less particular about what they eat, can’t afford the fare.

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Hmn: Just the shortcomings of common Utopias. Feeding the masses for what purpose?

Addendum: Somebody ought to put this guy on a Serotonin Uptake Inhibitor or just give him an emina.

Zit: Everybody has a right to speak in a democracy; even outsiders; even ugly people. Even people who are crazy. Just like in a democracy anybody can run for public office. Besides his question is perfectly valid, however unanswerable.

Addendum: Not you again. Look asshole, not just anybody can run. Even Gawt or J.C. couldn't run if they didn't have the wherewithal.

Zit: You're just a malcontent; and a Quucking cynic. Like Clint said: 'everybody's got an opinion like everybody's got an asshole'.

Huh: Cool it you guys. We must not forget that this is the Best Of All Possible Worlds. It isn't going to get any better. And remember, better people than we have tried to make Bedlam a better place; one of the most famous, Don Quixote, ended up bruised, and on his ass, with little thanks. And that other delusional grandiosity ended up splayed upon a cross and hung out to drie.

Hmn: It seems we cannot escape a certain fate. Wherein our awareness of this fact lies a tragedy. There does not seem to be the least bit of advantage to be gained with the knowledge that we know of our own death. Oh Yes!, we can create a last will and testament. And we can try to immortalize ourselves by running faster, or by hitting more home runs, scoring more goals, or by becoming some kind of celebrity or notoriety, even negatively like OJ. And some even make donations to their local sperm bank.

Cheerleaders: Go Team!

Huh: We need cheerleaders in the afterlife.

Dauber: Don't forget us artists.

Punchy: If I do it; I'll get 69 virgins. How many cheerleaders are virgins?

Dubya: I'll go down in history no matter what I do; do I not only need to stay out of the cookie jar (the thong closet); an' keep the embargo on Cuber.

Rums: You gotta do the Missile Defense thing.

Ashes: And you gotta beef up the NRA (an AK-47 in Every Patriotic NRA household), castrate the abortionists, and same-sexers, burn the atheists (restoring God to his rightful place [out of the Vatican]), continue Billy Graham's crusade; get Dixie fixed up again, Bring back Rush and Phyllis, get rid of PBS and the National Endowment for the Arts, increase the National Endowment from God, water down the Constitution, install the Scriptures for personal guidance for every citizen, retrieve our

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nation's lands from the Sierra Club, National Wildlife Federation, Nature Conservancy, The Green Party, The Ozones: imprison the flag burners; execute the non-patriots; and thank the terrorists for bringing us all together in a common purpose; and finally teach abstinence in lieu of sex education.

Hmn: Sounds like he's running for the highest office in the land.

Cheerleaders: He's our man! He's Our Man!! **He's Our MAN !!!**

Addendum: We're in for it again. How many times must we suffer these mean sunzabitches? These scoundrels hide their malice behind Gawt, flag, token political correctness, and righteous motherhood, and Fidel bashing. You happy about that Zit?

Zit: It doesn't matter.

Addendum: It does matter. I wish I could tell you how much it matters. It's the real human values that are neglected. Sometimes I believe those people who seek public office actually hate themselves. In order to get your vote they pay homage to just about every thing that moves, but when they are enthroned, they turn to stone, they exhibit no compassion for anything that moves. This latter I cannot understand. There is something missing. Indifference replaces compassion, and if you challenge this state of affairs, the indifference turns into denial. And there are the apologists on the sidelines, those who parrot 'its government policy', "God helps those who help themselves". People who are on welfare are 'social retards'. Or 'welfare takes away incentive'. Things like basic health care for every citizen becomes a political football. Incredible billions go into the military aspects of life, into foreign aid influence peddling (in the disguise of 'humanitarian aid'), (or "a little bit of repression is better than a lot of repression"), while Joe Citizen often goes wanting because his government doesn't give a damn. His government simply writes him off as unmotivated (and worthless).

We're just not all in this together; this is not the best of all possible worlds. There is something sinister, almost evil in the way we conduct our affairs. Its all put on the level of survival, survival of the meanest and fittest. Those on top stay on top and those on the bottom stay on the bottom. And every citizen (or defenseless country) is taxed or robbed to keep it that way. I wish I could say it was not cynical, but it sure seems so. And if you rail against the status quo, the dogs are unleashed upon you. All the while the lip-service and the temporizing, propaganda (Goebelization) drones on and on, almost like a sadistic refrain.

One wonders what has happened to his representatives in government; politicians all, who have put compassion on the back shelf, out of sight, out of mind. A lot of petty squabbles over extraneous issues like flag burning, pro choice/right-to-life,

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sexual proclivities, abstinence (from what?); prayer in schools, the NRA's right to bear arms; unfair trading practices of other nations (about which we have written the book, as testament to free enterprise); political infighting over appointees and party ideologies (who's in, who's out, who wins, who loses); inflated issues like 'terrorism' where the populace is terrorized, more by his government as a device to control him through intimidation, than any outside threat to him. Then there are the unmentionables within, the currying of bedfellows with deep pockets, the practically undisguised racism, and ethnic slurring. Tell me again it doesn't matter.

Chorus: He's beginning to sound like us. A bad echo. We had better get back in the show before he steals all the applause.

Cheerleaders: Shoot The Bastid! Shoot The Bastid! Shoot The Bastid! Raw! Raw! Raw!

Punchy: How about me? I'm a human being just like everybody else, even though I'm colored. I need a job; a real banger. And I don't need to be badmouthed. I know who would be on top if those capitalists didn't have any weapons. I'd get some respect and lots of girls. That's what matters!

Hmn: I think we need to be more tolerant of biological diversity. He's a bit of a genetic anomaly; his gray **matter** is not located in the usual place.

Punchy: I heard that; that's a racial slur. Take that back or I'll mangle ya.

Dauber: He's didn't mean anything like that. He just meant that your brains were located in another member of your anatomy. It has nothing to do with race.

Punchy: Like hell he didn't. Us colored people have always been accused of being bigger than the less colored. Every time we look at a less colored girl, the less colored men get all bent out of shape thinking about us colored folk fornicating with their wimmen. They feel inferior and inadequate. After all, the dark mother has been thought to be the primal mother, which means we have been around longer, are more developed, and have better technique and better rhythm than the latter day honkies.

Hmn: I didn't mean to imply that because you are colored that your brains were located in your colored member, even though it might be true metaphorically, it cannot be true physically. I'm sure there are a few honkies with their brains redistributed. I was not implying that because what you assume to be true, that dark members, because of their size, are the more natural place for brains. And I do know what you are saying about the conflict of color in fornication; my own brother having developed a bitter lasting hatred of the colored, for that very reason.

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Dauber: In a painting, black and white form a good contrast. Although it may have something to do with fornication, that being one of the more universal applications of human anatomy to a specific task, it has nothing to do with who does a better job of satisfying the reproductive member of the species. Nicole is dead, so she cannot enlighten us on the subject. There might be some philosophical differences involved which are not apparent, and cannot be deduced from what is depicted. Its all in the eyes of the beholder. We artists might try to depict pleasure, because it is pleasure that drives us toward fornication more than reproduction drives us to fornicate. But it is assured that because of pleasure, that the job of reproduction gets done. But is also true that pleasure being what it is, we often engage in activities and in behavior that has nothing to do with its original design. The pleasure derived from fornication is very hard to depict; one has to imagine what is happening; and there is no substitute for the real thing; that is, pleasure, whether it is colored or not colored; and whether it is derived in manner not associated with reproduction. One might depict gluttony, for example, by depicting a 400 pound morph of flesh, using several different colors.

Addendum: Dauber's five cent tour. Quite a mouthful.

Chorus: We are beginning to suspect the author's father might have been right about where his brains are located. Always gravitating.

Author: The humming birds have spoken. It is true there is no plan to the script. If you little suckers don't like where its at, you might find yourself conveniently soaped out of existence.

Dubya: Is it not like Ashes has said, as true Patriots do we not need to fornicate for the homeland. And do we not need not to waste a single abortion? And is it not better for the colored to maintain their own racial purity? Is it not so the colored wimmen can be satisfied, Anita Hill, not with standing? And isn't it better to be one of us, for is not this country and this land the only true civilization worth preserving, full of democracy, and is it not tolerant of every body. Personally I can not see why it is better to be a muslin than a member of a full bodied Christian land of the Lord. Somehow, is that not being unpatriotic?

Huh: Listen to this guy! His brother wouldn't let some of the colored vote in Ponce De Leon land, and in other parts of Dixie land the colored's vote was disenfranchised. And the illiterate, and those of another tongue were not properly counseled in how to use the voting machines. In the land of free elections, unlike Cuber, we are not afraid of the results of free elections, is that not so? Oh! Well, you cant win them all. Or can you?

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Addendum: Its all a kind of joke anyway. We speak of a land where the majority of the voters vote for one candidate; so that candidate gets the popular vote, but because it wasn't the right kind of vote in the right place, it is possible for another candidate to be elected. Something wrong with free elections. Even more ironical, not every eligible voter votes; in fact very often its only half of those eligible. So that means if candidate A receives one more of the right kind of vote, it means that he (hey, or she) receives 50.00000001% of the eligible vote. But, effectively, his constituency is much less than 20% of the total population. Which might consist of A Right Wing Christian Fundamentalist Minority. Or God help those who are underrepresented when you get a bunch of free thinkers. Who Wins, Who Loses, Whose In, Whose Out!

Dubya: Bunch of malcontents.

Ashes: We got them on the run, Dubya. Its patriotic not to vote.

Rums: With a little bit of terrorism, we might convert our minority into a patriotic majority.

Dick: Best Scenario.

Condo: Handed to us on a silver platter. We must write a thank you letter to Osama.

Colon: Don't take anything for granted.

Cheerleaders: Osama! Osama! Osama! 911!, 911!, 911!, Twin Towers! Twin Towers! Twin Towers! What A Blast! Way To Go! Victory At Last!

Chorus: Not a very humble bunch. Headed for disaster. Will pegged it right. A dung heap of winners and losers. Is there any other purpose to their existence? A vast repetition of redundant purposelessness.

Old Man: One waits all his life, believing the hopeful sign will arrive. Then one grows weary. It all seems so futile. Perhaps a heap of winners and losers describes it best. Where furtiveness, deviousness, unscrupulousness, and cunning triumph over probity, and subversion nullifies the Golden rule. Oh, most will adamantly deny these imputations, and will laud their good will. And because we would rather hear their professions of sympathetic intention, than suspect or believe the worst, we become inherently vulnerable to their true disposition. It is not only the bard who bitterly recognizes the truth of things. We all despair over the other who seems not to care. Certainly, as a species, we have had the time to reprove our past, given that we are the sentient creation we believe ourselves to be. Knowledge of our ways is not lacking; in fact our consciousness of lessons, per se, is embedded into our institutions. But true knowledge, and by that, I mean everything knowledge is imputed to bear as lesson, guide, revelation, example, has even

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less consequence than that which functions without any such awareness. It is the flesh, and its inherent motives that propel the beast. Survival, gain, advantage; these hold sway over the civilizational refinements of sharing, we-are-all-in-this-together, brotherhood; the latter of these, which are propagandized as precedent and justification for nearly every action. It is to say we are duplicitous and untrustworthy. That forces are at work which are beyond our control. That we are blindly, that is, without consciousness of purpose or direction, foraging, occupying, consuming; and all the apparent good seems as accidental, because it is easily ignored, and trashed.

Dauber: What you say old man seems too bitter. It would seem for all of your understanding of what you see, you still quite clearly are missing something. Your expectations. Where do they come from? And what have you done to enhance or promote or fulfill these expectations?

Old Man: You are quite right about the expectations. As a child, or incubus, if you will, my mother and father heaped persuasions upon me, and later they sent me off every morning to yammering brick buildings that were established to inculcate me, all of us, in the persuasions of mankind, with the advent of 'civilization'. Amongst these were many ideals, and some talk of Utopian notions. As this unknowing naïve formative being, I somehow gleaned the importance or lack thereof of the message from the earnestness or intensity of the inculcator. Many of these sort of droned on, without enthusiasm. So, in a way there was always doubt and skepticism. But Yes! Expectations did emerge from this so called education and learning period. But as real life unfolded, the doubts and skepticism were reinforced. We all do too little to enhance, promote or fulfill those early idealistic notions. Life experience teaches us about bad faith, betrayal, duplicity in our dealings with our look-a-likes. But because we are what we are and who we are, we go on wishing for that something which eludes us.

Dauber: Can you not see the humor in it all? Can you not perceive your own Quixotic nature being unhorsed by wildly fantastic notions?

Old Man: The real humor of it escapes me. To me, it is a tragedy that the true good, of which there is so little, must be humiliated. At this point I make no distinction amongst the sources of good. If you want to change the emphasis to ridiculous, perhaps there is merit in that. It is ridiculous to have expectations. Its just there are so many of us; we cannot live in isolation as a testament to our own thesis. If we had been raised in isolation without peroration, allowed to mimic other forms of life than our look-a-likes, what might we be? I can see no qualitative difference

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between such a hypothetical situation than I can from what actually happened to me. Mirroring the gist of mankind might be considered a futile endeavor. If there is humor it might be of the sardonic kind, bordering on cynicism. Perhaps, one viewing himself as something very stupid for having had any expectations, and in believing in anything, is candidate for mirth. But it would seem, regardless of how assessed or judged, we are saddled with these expectations as part of our upbringing; they haunt us the remainder of our lives. I cannot see the humor in that.

Dauber: Grist for the mill is how I view it. And I do not need to whack off an ear to prove my grip or lack of grip on reality. I speak of mutilation, or self-laceration as a self-inflicted punishment for failures that are not of our own making. To me that is truly laughable, however unhumorous. You might argue that we are culpable for our own mistakes or failures. As though you or we knew what constituted a failure. There are some critics out there who will argue there is no such thing as error. We merely move along, locomote as the spirit moves us. I suppose letting oneself get eaten by a tiger might be considered an error, if one's real intent was to stay alive long enough to see what would happen next. My deepest regret is that I will not live long enough to see how it all turns out. I am curious.

Old Man: I sense you are not telling the truth. You did not grow up in a vacuum, as we wont to say.

Dauber: I am telling the truth as much as I can know it to be so. Philosophically I have denied my upbringing as being thoroughly questionable, hypocritical, misleading, controlling, laden with faulty premises, and unfulfilled promises, which no one had the right to make. That famous line "Forgive them for they know not what they do." has little appeal to me. Forgiveness is reminiscent of the expectation that kindness is ever the begetter of kindness. But neither do I believe the opposite, that punishment (Calvin, notwithstanding) is the way to truth. Not knowing has the quality of innocence as much as it does ignorance.

I step back from life, that is, I choose not to be a participant, only an observer. I am a presence with an eye. I do not wish to affiliate, to become part of, or identified with, some ideology or particular persuasion. Even though I do wield a brush, so to speak, it is mostly for my own amusement. I am egotistical enough to want to leave something behind; its one of my inescapable conceits. Is there a message that I wish to promulgate? Believing there is no 'good word' I do not pretend to proselytize.

Old Man: So how would you depict me?

Dauber: Perhaps as one who tilts at windmills. One who has feelings for all of life, however conflicting and frustrated these

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feelings. I would not deny your “humanity”; but I would construe as folly what you pretend to do.

Old Man: I assume you have feelings.

Dauber: I do not deny them, I try as best as I can to accommodate them, not always successfully. But feelings remain largely a mystery to me, sort of like woman remains a mystery. I can view woman as a necessary part of something natural, but which I cannot fully understand. In that regard I am easily smitten, sometimes gloriously, but am always relieved when the feeling passes, because when under its spell, I am somewhat less in command of my self. Sometimes the companionship of a woman is thoroughly enjoyable, even if joy seems somewhat inconsistent with detachment. I guess you would have to say it is an attempt to enjoy the best of all possible worlds.

I do not deny your feelings either, however misguided I view them. Feelings however assume a dangerous aspect when it comes to hatreds, envies, jealousies, greed; therein lies the tiger. So I make qualitative estimates of feelings. Your feelings lack the passion of the man-eating kind. They are based on compassion; even as a self-proclaimed non-participant, I do sense compassion, and value it. But I do reserve judgment for those who become righters of wrongs in the manner of Quixote; or martyrs to causes, or belief systems. I believe the expression is “Way Out, Man!”. And not “Way To Go, Man!”.

Cheerleaders: What A Crock! What A Crock! What A Crock!

Chorus: Didn’t Plato recommend the poet be given the Heave Ho? Even though this guy isn’t a poet, he sets himself apart. Remember what the insurgents did to Lorca.

Dauber: See what I mean about man-eating tigers. They want you to take sides. They want to use you for their own purposes.

Cheerleaders: Love It Or Leave It! Love It Or Leave It!

Dauber: Why is it that cheerleaders*** dress up provocatively, and somewhat skimpily; and taunt us with various near-exposures to excite us? One of the elusive mysteries, no doubt.

Hmn: You speak of the distaff cheerleader. To which I am not opposed, mainly because they do things that boys do not do. And they have parts that boys do not have. Perhaps it’s a bit excessive. But what isn’t these days. Excessive cheering for excessive behavior. It fits.

©**Dauber:** I would not want to exclude them from the Big Picture. After all those Greek ladies sculpted to hold up the temple of Athena might easily be construed as upholding more than the roof. Maybe they are raising the roof.

Addendum: Always off the wall, Mr. Slick.

Hmn: Oh Addie, what do you know?

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Dauber: Perhaps one examines too closely.

Punchy: Not closely enough.

Cheerleaders: Take A good look Asshole!

Dubya: Way to go.

Rums: Our secret weapon.

Author: Somebody is messing with the script.

Dauber: See, old man, why it is impossible to take anything seriously.

Old Man: When I was a teenager I took cheerleaders seriously. They were girls, and I thought some of them pretty and shapely, and desirable. But because I was who I was and they were who they were, we seemed miles apart, although I could smell their perfume. Symbolic of something. The author is a friend of mine; his experience was the same as mine; as a matter of fact cheerleaders were chosen as his first subject matter when he acquired his first computer, and for each subsequent new computer he has experimented with all the computer improvements using his cheerleader manuscript. So for them to appear in these Dialogues is not a surprise to me. He is using them here in a rather obnoxious manner which bothers me. They seem cold and hard; maybe that's the way they seemed when we were young. Pay back time maybe; really exposing them for what they are.

Dauber: Come on old man, nobody is that awful. The girls just were not interested in you or the author. It probably wasn't personal; maybe if it had been like a personal disgust they felt toward you, you might feel like returning the favor. Instead because they ignored you, you felt disgust for yourself. You wanted something from them fate had decreed you would not receive. But because they were such a big part of the social complex, you could not ignore them. You were an outsider; they made you feel even more like an outsider.

Hmn: Being an outsider made it easy for him to gravitate toward radical thought. Although he imagined he wanted to become an insider so he could sit along side the girls, he mostly detested the values of that inside world.

Old Man: Some of that is true. It was easy to make a case against the status quo. All their righteous claims of do-gooding seemed hypocritical. There was so much that was left wanting, it belied that basic presumption. One easily became suspicious of hidden agendas as the motive for all their actions; good or bad. Many would be considered bad of the proclaimed good. When I was young I fed on the bad, so much so that I became biased to a

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radical degree. I would lump all the terrible things my government and the prevailing status quo did, just to build up a hatred of them, even though there were real things to hate. To a certain extent I still do, although time has tempered the bias. I am more keenly interested in the truth, because I am made to feel very uncomfortable when real outsiders are saying the same things I was saying when I was younger. I do not feel defensive, as much as I feel my own bias, which I have to recognize as unbalanced. Because, to be truthful, there is good, and there is good intent. While not wanting to sound defensive or righteous, there are reasons for doing some things that can be perceived as necessary, even by our government, although to me it seems high-handed, and to others as Orwellian. Our government changes from time to time; and good humanitarian people come along, who somehow correct some of the evils of the bad guys, and breath a sense of renewed idealism into our national priorities. I wish the outsiders could see these positive signs. Perhaps the outsider has a truer perspective; they sense the deeper significance of what we are, something which they can only resent, while I might tend to unwisely hope for things that will never be.

Dauber: Like I say, it is better to be an observer. All is transience in any case. There is both hope and doom ahead. All those who declaim today will eventually have the opportunity to show the way some day. What will they do with that opportunity? Can we predict, given the record of our past performance; and now, I am asking this of the species as a whole?

Hmn: What assumptions can we make? Is there any evidence that validates the assumption that we are evolving, toward a more civilized entity, let's say? Mankind is often described in two different ways; by the religionists, as whole and complete, as the creation of some deity; and by the anthropologists, as an ascending species (however descended from the apes); and perhaps by the biologists, as an adapting (surviving), though not necessarily an ascending or improving species.

Huh: Interesting discussion here. On a higher plane. One does wonder though how it is that life, not just human life, becomes trashed, irrelevant, executed wholesale; removed as hateful and redundant, inconsequential (Yeah!, the conversion of the planet into a standard of living). Which by the way renders any discussion rather meaningless. We have so much blood on our hands, can we ever escape perdition, even with avowals to desist, now that we might have found the way.

Radical #1: Since that is the way things are, we might as well go for it.

Dauber: Go for what?

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Radical #1: We the people could easily rise up. Instead of being passive pistol-whipped, anxiety-ridden little myrmidons, we could rise up and take it all away from them, the 5% who own 90% of the wealth. Its not just because they are wealthy; its because of what they do with their wealth.

Radical #2: That's been tried before. Like everything connected to the wealthy, they have the concentration of power as well; they have the armies, militias and police under their control. The wealthy will not yield anything, even if it means saving their own skins. They certainly would never tolerate living like the ordinary palooka. So if you think you can overthrow anything, be prepared to take it on the chin. You hafta understand, they would destroy everything to save it. We gotta have a better plan.

Radical #1: But there is no other way. In the land of the free, America, nearly every citizen has some kind of firearm, with plenty of ammunition, for when comes the revolution of the survivalists. We know our enemy, the Corporate Mafia, the 'Illuminati', and their stooges. What better opportunity will we ever have?

Dauber: You guys are no better than them. You sound like Timothy McVeigh.

Radical #1: I've heard the arguments before. We, the downtrodden are supposed to provide the alternative. Its upon us to make the world a better place without the means or the opportunity. Many of us cannot even grow our own food because we cannot have access to the land. All doors leading to a quiet exemplary life are closed. We are where they want us, which is nowhere. Being a slave to some stupid idea, pledging allegiance to consumerism, to waste, to pollution, to outright conversion (wholesale destruction) of the planet to a standard of living, just so some fat cats can rake it in. God Damn It, there are no words to describe the crassness, and the short-sightedness of it all.

Dauber: But the admonition is To Create! You can't win in a frontal assault upon the Status Quo! Even if a large part of the status quo was in sympathy with you, they are so leaden and unaccustomed to any kind of action, their very acquiescence, and tacit approval of order (for fear of mayhem), no matter how rotten their lives, would not stir a finger. Yes! While it is true enough one is abandoned to the commons, where nothing grows, where begging is endemic, where spit, household pet's crap, and social retards and refuse accumulate, where curfews and vagrancy ordinances keep one on the move, where empty tear gas and expired mace canisters linger, where hope and human decency expire, you still gotta reach for the stars. Create! After all, you still got your life; as they say: Get A Life!

Addendum: What a cheeky bastard you are.

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Dauber: Sticks and Stones has spoken.

Addendum: Always yammering out of both sides; bunch of garbled Bullshit. You are not as detached as you project. Its guys like you that Plato wanted to OFF. Fucking know it all. Sexual Intellectual. Smart Ass.

Hmn: Lay off Addie. I think Dauber has a point. Its not doubletalk.

Old Man: For whatever my two cents is worth, after a lifetime of following the ups and downs of human travail, and not gleaning any purpose or direction to our activity, I am inclined to agree with Dauber. And I am never quite sure where Addie is coming from. On the one hand he reminds us of Will's famous couplet, which seems to aptly summarize the human condition, which reflects a certain philosophical acceptance of a limited, preprogrammed and inescapable activity, and on the other, he declaims at great length all the shortcomings of what he finds in the human community, as though we ought to be doing something about these lacks.

Hmn: It is human to err.

Addendum: I don't need anyone to defend me against the Smart Ass. I'm not about to apologize for the way I think. Nobody has a monopoly on what is perceived as truth.

Huh: Yeah I remember the telling answers of the three baseball umpires when asked how they viewed their calling of strikes as the pitcher threw the ball across the plate. The first umpire answered: "I calls them the way I sees them." The second umpire answered: I calls them the way they are." And the third answered: They ain't nuthin' 'til I calls 'em."

Dauber: Since we are prone to quoting famous men, from Will to baseball umpires, lest we forget: *D'ou Venona Nous? Que Sommes Nous? Ou Allons Nous?* Perhaps a question we might ask of the baseball umpire as he approaches the moment of judgment.

Dawn: All is repetition.

Hera: With infinite variation.

Dusk: We must rest.

Slave: We must eat.

Punchy: We must fornicate.

Chorus: The brawler's back. Wisdom abounds.

Rums: Don't get your knickers in a twist; we are stalking all those muslins.

Dauber: I cannot believe how quickly every attempt to engage in a meaningful discussion so readily becomes degraded by the author's purposeful incoherence.

Author: You want answers which no one, not even the All Mighty, can provide.

Chorus: Conjugate the epithet.

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Walk On: Bugger All, Dick All, and Quack All; GAWD said.

True Believer: You can't talk like that. Its offensive.

Walk On: I wasn't finished. The only good tree is a dead tree, especially those pecker poles over there. As useless as tits on boar.

Cheerleaders: Watch Your Tongue!.

Dubya: Do we not now have two of them on the set?

Dauber: How boring. Dance for me.

Slave: Remember me.

Addendum: Absurd! Totally absurd! How can you expect that anyone, even a madman, would listen to, and try to follow this harangue? *Ad Captandum Vulgus!*

Dauber: *Quot Homines, Tot Sententiae.*

Addendum: *Horresco Referens!*

Rums: *Si Vis Pacem, Para Bellum!*

Chorus: *Si Vis Vitae, Para Mortem!*

True Believer: *Sic Itur Ad Astra!*

Dubya: *Nemo Me Impune Lacessit!*

Ashes: *Faute De Mieux!*

Chorus: *A Verbis Ad Verbera!*

Addendum: *Ultima Ratio Regum!*

Ashes: *Carpe Diem!*

Seedy: *Questo Vento Non Cibra La Biada!*

Orwell: Foreign words and expressions are used to give an air of culture and elegance. Never use a foreign phrase if you can think of an everyday English equivalent.

Author: Butt Out!

Orwell: Word of caution there, Author: Political language is designed to make lies sound truthful and murder respectable, AND to give an appearance of solidity to pure wind.

Cheerleaders: *E Pluribus Unum! E Pluribus Unum! E Pluribus Unum!*

Orwell:or other lump of verbal refuse – into the dustbin where it belongs!

Chorus: A different George. Or is it Eric? No! Not Eric The Red. No!, not George Washington. In the name of the Father, The Son and What Follows!

Author: *Louie Gammed near Rome*

Orwell: Footprints in the sand.

Author: Dying metaphor, George.

Hmn: Truer words were never spoken.

Huh: Which Ones?

Dubya: Would it not seem an opportune time to not consider a Cabinet Position for Abuse Of Language? Combined with our

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Homeland Security Position, could we not incarcerate anyone who did not use patriotic language, including the Civil Liberties Union?

Cheerleaders: Love It Or Leave It! Love It Or leave It! Love It Or Leave It!

Dubya: Hot damn, Just like the Dallas Cowgurls!

The Father: While we are at it I believe we need a Cabinet Position to address the need to dampen market fluctuations.

Dubya: How would that work Dad?

The Father: When things slowed down, we could order the public to Jump Start the economy, making it treasonable not to consume.

Dubya: Yeah, would it not be not totally unrewarding to spend for A More Perfect Union, and would that not make the World Safer For Democracy? You know Dad I was thinking ought we not move the Baseball Commissioner up to Cabinet Level so we could get some control over those autocratic umpires. Could we not make it a federal offense to call a strike when it was clearly a ball or to call a player out when he was clearly safe; and would not *vice versa* qualify as well for an undemocratic offense? Could we not scoop the Green Party candidate's platform to clean up basketball referees?

The Father: Well Son, I can see everything is in good hands. I know Dick would approve. And I think I can now go to Kennebunkport with Schultzie and Casper for some good `old fashioned American Fishing. Sorry you're not feeling up to it Dick. Wish Bonzo was feeling better; I'd take him along; he was such a true patriot. I think I'll leave Hank, the windbag, out of it this time.

Dubya: Yeah!, I know how you feel about him. But is it not so that even though he got the Nobel Prize for Peace, did he not obtain an Honorable Peace for all of us Americans?

Dick: I wouldn't say that out loud outside these Chambers; after all, they gave that Palestinian desert terrorist rat the Peace Prize; but they wouldn't give it to me for Desert Storm. So what's it worth?

Ashes: If Jimmy hadn't granted all those draft dodgers, and other treasonable individuals amnesty, I would sure like to go after all those Quickers who made it impossible for us to win. I'll agree that Kent State was an embarrassing mistake; I mean some of those kids were innocent. It's The Jayne Fondos we should have gone after.

Condo: I often wondered about her. I still think she was looking after her portfolio. Once a celebrity, always a celebrity. I mean switching from Tom to Ted, Come On! From a Red to a Redneck.

Chorus. Who knows what goes on between celebrities'?

Walk On: Between celebrities' what?

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Rums: We need to get back to important matters. Dubya, when you were at the Point giving them their commencement address, a follow-up to your State Of The Union 'axis of evil' speech, you introduced 'preemptive' and 'defensive intervention' as part of the National Security Council's National Security Strategy.

Dick: Give credit where credit is due.

Rattlebrain: A senior administration official has proposed the 'The Nobel Prize for A Doctrinal Statement' .

Rums: Damn It! This is serious. We need more nuanced options and choices. Even though this runs counter to our previously stated position of deterrence and containment we must gear ourselves for the inevitable.

Condo: Donny, the Joint Stealth Task Force has everything under control. And you don't have to defend our new position. We can no longer afford to wait for absolute proof that somebody is after our ass.

Dick: Just like I've been saying. New Game, New Strategy.

Dubya: I know I am the low man on the totem pole, but do you not think John Q: is gonna balk at all this aggressive talk? With those fucking assholes at the Times, the Post, and Sixty Minutes always spinning Pentagon sources, Wikileaks, and senior administration officials, do I not face a hard sell? And that motherfucker asking about Lay and Enron.

Dick: The Press can be silenced under our Homeland Security Office.

Ashes: Gonzie and I are working on it at this very moment.

Rums: It's a new ball game, and with or without a Cabinet Position for the Baseball Commissioner, we need preemptive strikes. We gotta keep the enemy off base. No hits allowed. We win every time.

Dubya: Is that not a pretty nifty game, y'all? Would not John Q. go with a winner? Do they not have to get over the old idea of sneak attacks being a dishonorable thing? Is it not so now that the first sneak will stay ahead in the game?

Cheerleaders: Preempt! Preempt! Preempt!

Dick: It's coming together; its coming together.

Orwell: Word of caution there, Author: Political language is designed to make lies sound truthful and murder respectable, AND to give an appearance of solidity to pure wind.

Huh: Glad to hear someone speak for the truth. I ain't too bright, but I can see they are after Saddy, and furthermore his oilfields. Texas has all but dried up; the environmentalists are sitting on Alaska, so the pressure is on. Wouldn't it be easier to take Mexico or Canada, and their oilfields?

Addendum. Not enough oil, stupid.

Huh: Oh!, you again. There's Venezuela.

Hmn: Where's Colon in all of this?

Dauber: He's in the Appendix. Ho Ho Ho!

Addendum: What a bunch of lunatics.

Ashes: Right On! These are serious times. Us in government carry a heavy responsibility. The public hasn't the faintest notion of all the threats that our intelligence gathering has discovered. From bombs in shoes to dirty bombs, plots to get us abound. It's a new world we live in, there are no limits, no scruples.

Rums: Yeah! So we might as well go for it.

Colon: I categorically do not agree. If we give into that mentality, we will be contributing to an endless cycle of barbarism. We must show the way toward more civilized behavior. We cannot allow our standards of fair play and decency to be corrupted by a bunch of half-baked terrorists.

Archie: I don't know what is half-baked about them. They seem to be more effective in getting our attention than all your fine speeches. Has it ever occurred to anyone that a little self-examination is in order? Righteousness makes for headlines, but what if we are wrong?

Rums: How did he get in here?

Archie: I'm the evil conscience whether you like it or not; the devil's advocate, if you will.

Condo: He's a real security risk.

Ashes: Not for long.

Ridgeback: In a few weeks all these anarchists will be off the streets. This terrorist thing has given us an opportunity to rid ourselves once and for all, this kind of dissent. This unmitigated gutter tripe is headed for its justly deserved end.

Ashes: And its been long in coming. In a free country, even the lowest form of humanity gets to abuse the system. No more!

Archie: You guys are all trying to write history, or to rewrite history, whichever describes it best. You want your

How Political Lying Became the New Normal

Adapted from an article by Rick Perstein

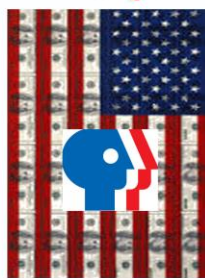
Back in the days when network news was the only game in town, grave-faced, gravely voiced commentators like David Brinkley and Eric Sevareid—and on extraordinary occasions anchors like Walter Cronkite—told people what to think about the passing events of the day. Much of the time, these privileged men unquestioningly passed on the government's distortions. At their best, however, they used their moral authority to call out lies with a kind of Old Testament authority.

On November 3, 1969, Richard Nixon gave a speech claiming he had a plan to wind down the war. The commentators went on the air immediately afterward and told the truth as they saw it: that he had said nothing new. Ten days later, the White House announced that Vice President Spiro Agnew was about to give a speech that it expected all three networks to cover—live.

The speech was an exhortation of those very networks and their Stern White Men—"this little group of men who not only enjoy a right of instant rebuttal to every presidential address, but more importantly, wield a free hand in selecting, presenting, and interpreting the great issues of our nation." Those in the habit of exposing the sins of the powerful were no longer independent arbiters—they were *liberals*.

Foreshadowing Reagan's framing of reform-minded truth-telling as a brand of elitist meddling, Agnew argued that

Mother Jones



TV reporting had done "what no other medium could have done in terms of dramatizing the horrors of war"—and that, too, was evidence of liberal bias.

Agnew's remarks reinforced a mood that had been building since at least the 1968 Democratic National Convention, when many viewers complained about the media images of police beating protesters. By the 1980s the trend was fully apparent: News became fluffier,

hosts became airier—less assured of their own moral authority.

There evolved a new media definition of civility that privileged "balance" over truth-telling—even when one side was lying. It's a real and profound change, one stunningly obvious when you review a 1973 PBS news panel hosted by Bill Moyers and featuring *National Review* editor George Will, both excoriating the administration's "Watergate morality." Such a panel today on, say, global warming would not be complete without a complement of conservatives, one of them probably George Will, lambasting the "liberal" contention that scientific facts are facts.

The protective bubble of the "civility" mandate also seems to extend to the propagandists whose absurdly doctored stories and videos continue to fool the mainstream media. Right-wing ideologues "lie without consequence," as a desperate Vincent Foster put it in his suicide note two decades ago. But they only succeed because they are amplified by "balanced" outlets that frame each smear as just another he-said-she-said "controversy."

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names to appear in bold print along with George, Abe, Woodrow, Franklin and Jack. You want to do what Dick, Ronnie, and George II couldn't do. You want to redefine our national priorities. You use the onus of terrorism to terrorize the nation, just so you can gain control and implement your hidden agenda. George III will go down in history as the tool of Dick; or Dick's tool, which in unpolite company is averred as Dick's Dick.

Walk On: Hey! I like that!

Dubya: Do I not sense this Quacking bastard is mocking me? Is it not unconstitutional to mock the leader? Does Dick not have good ideas on how to preserve and promote the status quo?

Orwell: Foreign words and expressions are used to give an air of culture and elegance. Never use a foreign phrase if you can think of an everyday English equivalent.

Dauber: Think! Think?

Dubya: Am I not the leader? Do I not deserve the respect that comes with my office?

Archie: Neither the man nor the office are worthy of respect when it is dishonored by schemers and perverts. Its 'You The People' instead of 'We The People'. A bunch of fat cats that bought an election. A bunch of fat cats that.....charge too much for a candy bar. When my father was attending high school in the late forties, he had a job as a soda jerk in a neighborhood drug store. He told me that he was dismayed when the price of a candy bar escalated from 5 cents to 6 cents. That was just the beginning. He didn't keep that job very long; and didn't respect the owner, whom he thought was a bad example of an ethnic minority that had lost six million in the last big war. But he was just a middle man getting his 33 1/3rd%. My father described him as short, squat and suffering from incipient rotundity; almost repulsive, kind of like repulsive greed. And my father was not one naturally inclined to prejudice. But the candy story got worse. As time went on, the candy bar got smaller and smaller, while the price increased as well. Now candy bars are a little bigger than they were when my father was pushing them in the drug store, but now they cost 99 cents. Which represents about a 15 fold to 20 fold increase in the cost of candy in fifty years. The taste and the ingredients have not changed; its not a better product or a worse product. Its the same with the cost of living; life has not improved; it might even be said to have worsened. More bucks for less bang. Less permanence seems to be the goal; promoting shitty goods in place of substantial goods at bargain prices (sucker!). That's the kind of life style our terrorist government officials are wanting to preserve, because they have made their fortunes promoting and pushing obsolescing consumables; and you can measure the quality of our lives thereby.

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And they don't want to share one penny in their espoused togetherness gig. Ayn Rand has given them the green light to be themselves. They have tried very hard for Ayn to be awarded the Nobel Prize for shiterature, but it smells so bad the Awarders can't get it past their defecate detectors. Of course, in Texas she is a heroine. Texas has its own standard of achievement. I guess that is all that matters.

Dauber: Survival is Success!

Orwell: I'm sorry I overlooked that one when I was coining obversions.

Dauber: That's alright George; you'll forgive me for calling you George; but you covered most of it in 1984. Its now 2002; and they have found the secret weapon; well, its not really a secret; all truly successful governments have used it throughout the ages; Terrorism!

The Son: Do I not wish I could get them to read my lips the way they did dad's? Would that not solve all our problems?

Dick: Dubya, you're too self-conscious. Its always a tough act to follow a successful father. But take it from me, you will succeed too. We have a good team. I know at times it seems Colon is prez; but its part of the price we have to pay for a necessary ingredient. He's conscious of his image too. He wants to show his independence, that he ain't no Uncle Tom. But it would be worse for him if we kicked him off the team. After all it's a great opportunity for a military man to play the statesman; and a moderate voice doesn't really hurt us.

Dubya: Is not governing this great country a tricky business?

Dick: Its in our interest to be tricky. Remember, when Madeline was Secretary, even she said we gotta seize (crappy days) the moment, we have to wear the mantle whether we like it or not. After Ronnie and George II knocked down that wall, and the whole edifice fell, there was a big void in the world that needed to be filled; it was not only an opportunity, it was a necessity. So, we get terrorism for seizing the initiative.

Dubya: Whose idea was it not to go after Saddam?

Dick: That was a real slip-up that came from our old policies of deterrence and containment; what got us into big trouble in Vietnam; and Korea, for that matter. What has all this concern for fair play and decency ever earned us? No matter what we do they resent us. So, we are the modern day Conquerors, by fiat. If we had it to do over again, given where we are now, Saddam would have become toast. All we did was give him another opportunity to wreak havoc; Yes! A big mistake. Being honorable and decent has cost us dearly; I wish I could get Colon to see that. He is even willing to concede that Osama represents something out there that

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we need to question. He has always felt uncomfortable about our use of the term 'collateral damage', because he tries to see how the guy on the receiving end perceives it. He is even willing to consider the destruction of the WTC as part of the 'collateral damage' scenario. I just don't happen to think he is right about that. There is a big difference between kinds of intent. It has always been our intent to execute surgical strikes against evil forces. As we discovered with the spaceship Challenger, major malfunctions do occur through no fault of our intent. Those guys who did in the WTC have the intentions of cold-blooded murderers.

Dubya: Have they not played into our hands?

Dick: Indeed they have.

Dubya: Would I not like to get that Ω ucking bastard.

Dick: Every clandestine, every surreptitious, every dirty tricks, every mealy mouthed underhanded organization we have is working on it, even the FIB.

Dubya: Is he not the worst thing out there; even worse than Adolph? Would not mankind regard his demise with relief? Why can we not just take him out? What is it we are not waiting for?

Dick: I'm with you Dubya. But it must not be overt. It must be in the Osama tradition, for two reasons; one, world opinion still favors the rule of law, and we must appear to support that point of view (which we do for the most part); two, we need to show those who would take the low road that we can do the same, with even deadlier results. Its like the man said, "Just don't tell me about it." I think world opinion is like that at this time; nothing overt, but just do it, and don't tell me how it got done.

Ridgeback: When we get finished with him, we can clean up our own mess.

Cheerleaders: Up My Alley! Up My Alley! Up My Alley!

Dauber: Now that that is settled, can we get on with the real business of living, instead of all this blood and guts? Who's gonna be cock of the rock or king of the dungheap?

Addendum: You can't get off that easy. This guy Ridgeback will silence everyone of us. The First Amendment will be doomed. And Ashes will negate the Fourth Amendment.

Dauber: Worry wart!

Addendum: What a bunch of designoids!

Hmn: Now there is a not so curious expression. It has been said there ain't no such thing as an accident, that it has all been planned. Others will say it is not planned at all, and that everything is random, or accidental.

Huh: Incidental is more like it.

Hmn: Then there are those who will argue that evolution and natural selection have a purpose, that there is no such thing as

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random, that by selecting favorable mutations, there exists positive proof of purpose.

Izzatso: Just a holding action. Its simple mechanics. If the environment changes, you gotta adapt. It doesn't offer proof of purpose. You might argue that the mere fact of continuance; not giving up in the face of a disintegrating or radically altered environment, is proof of something. The word 'stupidity' comes to mind.

Hmn: Don't discount the life force.

Dubya: Was not it an alteration of the environment, like the thong bra, that forced my predecessor to lose it in the broom closet?

Hmn: Just an example of the life force.

Punchy: Yeah!, all I wanted to do was fornicate and have my sock cucked, and look what happened, they threw me into prison and took all my money away, and made it impossible for me to fornicate and to make a living.

Nathan Inhale: Yeah! And they wanted to impeach me because I did what any other philanderer and awkwardly embarrassed person would do. After all, it was harmless foreplay really. Its just the appearances of things. They want to make it sound like sexual gratification is a legal thing. Everybody has their own spin on things. They want to make my embarrassment into a legal thing. Part of my embarrassment is not being able to tell it like it was because it looks bad, and because I was trying to protect my family.

Addendum: Yeah, and besides everybody does it, especially in Congress. All those temptations, or adaptations involved in the life force. Its only the guys that are getting caught that are getting caught. When a guy gets caught, his first impulse is to do the natural thing, the designoid thing, to shit and run. But the press avidly follows the stench. So the spin begins. What would happen if Nathan had said: "So I got my sock cucked. I didn't give away any state secrets. As a matter of fact there wasn't much talk at all, just some sexual gratification."?

Dauber: Paints a different picture, eh what? Kind of puts the girl down (without being a play on words).

Addendum: She got her gratification too. But she couldn't keep it to herself. As smart as she was, she was really a dumb broad. She got her gratification, but she wasn't satisfied.

Walk On: Don't be too sure of the gratification.

Hmn: Natural selection thwarted by scruples. Not too much privacy in the White House. What they really needed to do was meet somewhere out in the country, and give 'er a go, the whole nine yards, genitals, anus, groin, breasts, inner thighs, buttocks, arousing and gratifying all the other sexual permutations and imperatives of desire. Then maybe they would have had something

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to defend. But, Holy Christ, the stand up comedy in the broom closet.

Walk On: Innovative! Whatever works.

Child: Mommie, is there something wrong with oral sex?

Prudent Mother: You can't make babies with oral sex.

Prudent Father: Which has its advantages.

Prudent Mother: Which, No babies, or oral sex?

Prudent Father: Please, not in front of the child.

Child: It says in the Catcher In The Rye that we will learn the truth one way or the other, that you can't keep us from finding out.

True Believer: I told you that kind of literature would corrupt the young mind.

Chorus: Out Of The Mouths Of Babes!

Orwell: Dying Metaphor.

Huh: Yeah! Besides, I thought we had given up making babies in favor of sexual gratification.

Cheerleaders: Kick 'Em High! Kick 'Em High! Kick 'Em High!

Louie Damednear Nomore: I'm sure getting a kick out of this dialogue. Just like the prurient prosecutor; a misspelled Star was born, mouthing a misspelled Trip; a little political chicanery, and we got all the makings at our disposal. A ready to order script. Entertainment for the masses; just like OJ and Nicole.

Author: Are we not one and the same person? Are we not both delighted with this script? We need a shredder though, just in case this has any chance of becoming public; we need to ditch it. And make sure there are no tapes or videos, and destroy those questionable pictures. All of my grandchildren, for whom this was intended, will not begin to understand the multifariousness of their grandfather.

True Believer: Multinefariousness, if you ask me.

Son Of The Author: Fucking Asshole!

Daughter Of Author: You aren't getting near my child!

Ex. Of Daughter: No way man!

Granddaughter: Dahhhh. Jesus Saves.

Louie Damednear Nomore: Appearances! Appearances! We can't possibly get the Nobel Prize! So it doesn't matter. It's the pure fun of lasciviousness that matters. Remember Old Aristophunny in Lysistrata: 'To blurt it out in a word – we want laying!'

Walk On: Who gives dick all anyway?

Walk On Two: Besides, a stiff prick has no conscience.

Wise Man: Did Jesus, atop a mound of hay,
In the manger, Mary Magdalene, lay?

True Believer: Utter Blasphemy! If you guys don't clean up your language, I'm leaving this dialogue.

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Dauber: No you won't, everybody needs a soapbox; especially you. Besides, if Jesus didn't lay Mary Magdalene, it sure proves he wasn't human.

Wise Man: How will we ever know?

Dauber: I would guess we have to assume some things in this life. As true designoids, we mimic the behavior of the birds and the bees. Of course, there are always exceptions. But I would rather assume that He got it on with M.M. than with any of his disciples. One might assume he was either a chauvinist, culturally imprisoned, or had a predilection for males in his selection of disciples. I really do not want to suggest that he preferred the boys, as many of his priestly followers do, but It would certainly challenge all those righteous right-wing fundamentalist Christians if it ever got out that he; well, you know what I mean; somebody like Vidal taking old JC the way he did Abe; Abe the bisexual.

Walk On: Is a fag an example of a designoid, or just a happy accident?

Chorus: Ordinarily, we do not interlope, but we feel a need to clear up the record.

Chorus 1 It most likely true that homosexuals look for prominent people to whom they may aver as bisexual; they do so through innuendo, and other sundry rhetorically suggestive nuances.

Chorus 2 The author of that bestsmelling work, "The Intimate World Of Abraham Lincoln" C A Tripp, was a homosexual, as was his epiphany's promoter, Gory Vidal.

Chorus 3 Herman, alias Henry, and Hiram (sic New York Times Obituary, and reference article after his death) Melville was imputed to be a same-sexer by one Edwin Miller. Miller's work became a bibliographical reference work in libraries.

Chorus 4 The work was quoted as the source for homosexuals who were trying to influence anti-gay ballot measure in Oregon, imputing that many gays were great men etc.

Chorus 5 Miller was also part of a literary survey class at Harvard taught by one Porte. From whence a student (Rocky [Hot]), therefrom, proffered with embellishments that Herman (alias Henry and Hiram) was a homosexual.

Chorus 6 This was not intended as a favorable circumstance for H.M. Porte disclaimed any liability by indicating that some students just do not listen (to inferences without basis).

Chorus 7 So it goes with the world.

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Dauber: Don't you go misquoting me. Its just that there is some question as to what purpose is served by; well, you know what I mean, by being gay.

Walk On: Yeah! Sexual gratification.

True Believer: Jesus was a Holy Man. He wasn't into sexual gratification.

Walk On: Maybe a eunuch? A Harem Scarem! It doesn't help to claim him a priest, or a man of Gawd. Carpenter's usually know where its at.

Lucifeu: Remember Father Zosima, the Holy Man, 'stinking to High Heaven' (as the saying goes).

Huh: Do you suppose there is such a thing as a designoid drug?

Hmn: What is this designoid stuff I have been hearing?

Addendum: You have people who rewrite the Bible, you have people who rewrite the Constitution, you have people who rewrite Freud, you have people who rewrite Darwin. It goes to show you that 'nothing is written in stone', as the saying goes. Even the Tablet with the Big Ten has become an anachronism. Even the Golden Rule is subverted as a matter of convenience; its all depends on who gets there first. Having made that moderately discomforting assessment, we should always leave ourselves open to a deeper understanding. But often, instead of a deeper understanding, we achieve a 'confusion worse confounded'. Take the word Gay for example. During the eighteen hundreds nearly every body associated with the upper classes and the elite classes was often described as gay. Many children's books (even Mother Goose) used the word 'gay' to describe a happy occasion. Nowadays one needs to define his terms like, what is a gay Gay?

Nurd: I attended an evening lecture at the University where a Physics professor was giving a talk supposedly for the layman.

Walk On: Is that a guy who lays men or women?

Nurd: Always one in the crowd. Before the prurient interruption I was about to say that this professor opened his talk with a grand bowing gesture sweeping his arm from one side to the other, near the floor, saying as he did so "In the beginning there was gas." Somehow that expression summed up for me much of which science has made book. The book of assertions concerning the Universe. Evolution, Big Bangs, Relative Relativity, Expanding Universe, Contracting Universe, Expanding and Contracting Universe, Banes, Black Holes, White Holes, Designoids; and Human Sexuality.

Dauber: Somehow the scientist fails as a credible entity. He or she remonstrates the consequences of smoking, drinking, and cussing; the danger of same sex fucking, and other dirty reproductive habits, the danger of air pollution and greenhouse

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gasses, the dangers of water pollution and destroying the aquifers, the dangers of obesity, of anorexia, of contagion; a myriad host of corruptions and pollutions, and the defluxions of Rabelais; and bad habits, like the consumption of junk food (eating outside of the pyramid) all construed as not conducive to our good health; and after a while they begin to sound like preachers, confidence men, and circus barkers, and Madison Avenue; and very often they retract, reverse or equivocate their prognostications (depending on who is paying them). The plausible truth purveyors.

Addendum: Once a mouthful, always a mouthful. Designoid is one of those plausible terms, like mutation, revertent, anomaly, variation, natural selection, hypothesis. Our real knowledge is never absolute, it is a series of stop gaps, and what I have heard described as a 'holding action' against the darkness that surrounds us. Which often unwisely imperils us, like the blind leading the blind over the precipice into, intolerance, prejudice, bigotry, and armies upon armies of those who enforce a miserable status quo of ignorance.

Dauber: The scientist is another one of those who brandishes his conceits, like the rest of us. He sees himself as the harbinger of truth, no differently than any other inspired evangelist. Perhaps His half-truths summon us into an awareness of things happening beneath the surface. But where is the relevance to our truer need to learn how to live in peace and harmony with the environment and with each other? Babble On in Babylon. Watson, Dawkins, Hawking, and Crick; Darwin, Linnaeus, Pliny, Aristotle; Kepler, Copernicus, Galileo, Newton. Kirk, Nemo, Picard, Dataton. McAuliffe, Resnick, Onizuka, McNair; All flew off into rarefied air. Donner, Blixen, Bambi, Rudolph, flew down the flue, came up smelling of the residue, of boined Adolph.

Concerned Grandparent: What's happening in Rosebud?

Second Concerned: It's a safe haven for red-necks and fundamentalists.

Unconcerned: Isn't that where they have the Wildlife Safari?

Second Unconcerned: For the study of animal behavior?

Unconcerned: No stupid, its an out-of-jungle experience for specious life forms that are doomed in their native habitat.

Second Unconcerned: You mean in Afucka where they have all that Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome, and all those return-to-black movements? Maybe they oughta have a few of them in the Wildlife Safari.

Unconcerned: Rosebud would be up in arms over that suggestion. Rosebud is even whiter than Yougene, which is considered one of the ten foremostest whitest communities in America. Its former Mayor, Koney, visiting his sister city on

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Johoburg SA returned to his constituents with “Apartheid Works”; the headline in the local ragged guardian.

Second Unconcerned: But isn’t that where the University has all those black athletes that are always in the sports pages in the local red-necked newspaper, touted as local heroes?

Unconcerned: Well, what can you say? Nothing is perfect; they are not invited to live next door to anybody, or invited to stay. You know, property values. Got to keep the tax base up there. And messing with good clean white girls, Whoa!

Second Unconcerned: Besides, I suppose they are happier with their own kind; but I’ll betcha they sure wouldn’t go back to Afucka.

Unconcerned: Nobody would want them there either. Orphaned by the slave trade. But even so, they have had a taste of the good life, and of democracy; which is more than they woulda got under colonial rule, and now under back-to-black which is a free-for-all. Besides they like the white woman; that is constantly paraded and pushed by Madison Avenue. A pair of pale thighs emerging from every set of wheels. Oh! Yeah, there is token political correctness of a darker hue which is mostly of interest to the darker women. Even Barbie has got the word.

Johnnie Cockrun: See, I told you, Racist is what. See. Blacks Offing white wimmen and jews is racist, but you gotta be able to prove it. Plants don’t cut it.

Interloper: How do you know that?

Second Unconcerned: Geeezz, life sure is complicated.

Concerned Grandparent: I suppose the grandkids are choking on Gawd, and they have no idea what is ailing them.

Second Concerned: Don’t be so critical; they are better off with Jesus than as a member of a gang in some other setting, or doing drugs. They are learning good values about Gawd and Cuntree.

Concerned Grandparent: Yeah!, but we know that is a bunch of crap. Values!! They are being lobotomized. They are being trained to alienate those who do not think like they do. So in a very certain way they are being trained to disown their own. Remember what the other father said when they got married, “At least he is a Christian”. Now that that is over, its back to incest.

Second Concerned: That’s unfair. They are good people.

Concerned Grandparent: Good at doling out poison. Afraid of free thought. Premature *Rigor Mortis*.

Orwell: There they go with the foreign phrase again.

Hmn: I suppose you imagine Napoleon the Pig is culturally elegant. Or Big Brother is not a lump of verbal refuse. Besides, 1984 never happened.

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Huh: Yeah! Bonzo and Read My Lips tore down the wall, making this a more perfect union, and the world safe for democracy. *Ex eunt* the antagonist. Very appropriate phrase even though it represents a failure of glasnost and perestroika. Nobody ever thanked Gorbachev for the part he played, but Read My Lips crowed because he saw it as a great triumph for our way of life. You know, the pillaging of the planet, converting it to a standard of living. Whose Big Brother now? Mr. Jump Start!

Hmn: But you know it's a Jump Start world we live in. We just got lucky in our ability to be first to exploit the world's natural resources. If the Soviets had got there first, we would all be making the world safe for another bureaucracy. And the Germans, and Japs were on their way, and if the English had been luckier, we would all have been singing a different tune. And the jury is still out on whether we can continue to control the flow of our modern-day panacea. I aint talking about toilet paper. More like ticker tape; rough on a lot of folks asses, and I don't mean donkies.

Concerned Grandparent: Besides all this Jesus crap, and patriotic crap, they are being trained as consumers. Their very rotundity is a testament to the strength of their beliefs. Gobble it up because its UnAmerican not to. "We Want You" as a consumer. Bunch of Ding Donged flag wavers. Got a SUV because it's the only thing will take the weight. Sure, they'd fodderize their children on the front lines to defend their way of life, no different than the Muslim suicide bombers; and they would commend them to Gawd, the Savorer. Peaches and Ice Cream (and Ding Dongs) instead of 69 Virgins. Its enough to make you take the name of the Lawd in vain.

Second Concerned: This kind of thinking is not good for your blood pressure. You always take things to extremes.

Concerned Grandparent: No!, driven to extremes. *Ipsa Fuckto!*

Archie: I'll tell ya sumthin', those Jesus freaks wouldn't strap no suicide bomb to themselves. No Siree, Jesus doesn't know it, but he has become a convenience store for Ding Dongs.

Orwell: *Ipsa Fuckto!* That is foreign!

Hmn: In truth we have exhausted our vocabularies in attempting to explain these issues, and express their impact upon us.

Dauber: In *The Future Of An Illusion*, Sigmund speculated that much of mankind needed a temporary crutch to tide him over until his reason kicked in. Until then you (we) behave like a bunch of scared rabbits, or jittery monkeys, or shit and run animals (i.e. neurotics, neurasthenics). With Gawd, you have time to flush. Sigmund gave us credit for being human, and perceived each of us as unique individuals, which is more than the Great Shepherd has

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done with his flock. Sigmund had hope, but not necessarily, expectations. He could appreciate the potential. He was a far greater man than Jesus; he was more experienced, he was more learned, and he had more faith in man. Jesus was an itinerant parabolist who suffered from delusions. Jesus was one of many seeking an outlet for disenfranchisement and persecution. Not happy with the gratuitous behavior of his fellow man, by grandiose fiat he proclaimed himself the Son Of You Know Who, and took to the Soap Box, the first hippie anarchist. Perhaps, we cannot fault his good intentions, and in some ways we cannot fault his moralizing. But in place of the ignorance which is as natural to us as the hair on our heads, he construed himself as a medium between himself and an imaginary, visionary schemata, whereupon he also presumptuously installed himself as the source. Today they give people like him anti-psychotic drugs, or lock them in the luni bins; and lately they have jailed them as anarchists. If indeed mankind suffers from certain neuroses, as Sigmund has speculated, perceiving value in a shared experience through some agent outside of himself seems somehow logical. Perhaps it would be wise to invent a more contemporary construct, something more consonant with what we have learned over the millennia. The Gawd thing made in the image of man is, without question, a preposterous narcissistic conceit. If there is such an entity as a 'creator', for which we cannot present any concrete proof, investing that entity with the shape and appearance of You Know Who, is an attempt to control You Know Who. Since we do not know, the creator, per se, must be allowed its own amorphous insinuations, regardless of our needs. Of course, that smacks of indifference, which our pathetic, easily frightened, and intimidated, little souls cannot tolerate. We panic in the face of indifference, which is to say we panic in the face of truth, which we cannot know. In place of truth, we substitute a phantasmagoria. We want to personalize and possess truth, transforming it into a security blanket.

Addendum: Truth! Truth! Truth!

Cheerleaders: Get Off It! Get Off It! Get Off It!

Addendum: Stuff It! You seem to have a proprietary interest in the truth. Getting away from your palette and canvas; painting the world with a horse's tail. Noting the tendency to grandeur, why is it all these arty types feel they have some special right to expound? A Gawd given license? Or stolen from the flea market? Donning the beret because he lost his dunce's cap.

Dauber: A Rottweiler, or is it a rot wielder? A Doberman, or a Dauber man? Pit Bull or Full of Pit? Rankling on in darkness as an extra, an afterthought.

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Amelia: Lay off Addie; he's basically on our side. He's not one of them. You have your brush, he isn't as gifted and fortunate. You're wise enough to cut him a little slack. Tolerance of idiosyncrasies by the idiosyncratic is the way to go.

Addendum: Don't patronize me.

Dauber: O.K., we'll just tolerate you.

Amelia: Just like the Israelies and the Palestinians, the Serbs and the Croats, the Protestants and the Catholics, the Shias and the Sunnis, Tutsis and Hutus, Nigerians and the Biafrans (Igbos) Texans Vs. Wetbacks, Black and White, Japanese and Korean, Tribe versus Tribe. Perhaps there are honest differences of opinion amongst them, but more often its some ridiculous conceit founded in prejudice. You two have more in common than not; one taking the other too lightly and the other taking the other too seriously.

Addendum: As the saying goes, 'The twain shall never meet'. There are some matters in this life that require all the seriousness of which we as a species are capable. Even though the effort proves futile. Yes!, his persistent mockery of everything irritates me.

Dauber: Twain! Let's hope the twains don't meet; somebody is apt to get derailed.

Amelia: As much as I admire your artistic skills, Dobbie, I find other skills severely lacking. We don't need personality cults; we need human beings who are aware and care about how they impact and affect others.

Dauber: I am anything but an exemplary man. I choose not to moralize in any strict sense, simply because I do not have any basis in fact.



To me, most of mankind's doings do not follow a course that makes much sense to me. I like the analogy of the three baseball umpires, I like Gauguin's three questions. They are more relevant to me and what I observe of life than the whole kit and caboodle of moralistic thinking. To me, in truth, to invoke that word again, there are no answers. There are only temporary way stations in a transient continuum.

Addendum: Garble! Garble! Garble!

Chorus: A bit of a familiar rhapsody.

Dubya: Gawdamned Democrats; are they not trying to poise themselves for the next election? At the expense of our Homeland Security? And those frickin postal workers; see if I don't can their asses like Ronnie did the Air Traffic Controllers. I'll learn 'em who runs this show, will I not?

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Ashes: A bit of a setback, but we will rig an incident, maybe blow up a dam. That will whet somebody's appetite for Security; and the Dems will just fall into line under the flag.

Ridgeback: It's the American Civil Liberties people we gotta fix. They just don't get it. These are very different times; all liberties must be curtailed.

Author: Before the dialogue returns to matters odious to my real sensibilities, I want to say that living in an armed camp invites as much disaster as it pretends to prevent. To expect everyone to spy on his neighbor does not prevent anything. It only breeds suspicion and paranoia. It does not make better citizens, and does not make for a safer society. If our civilization has gotten off track because we have lost our focus on real values, it cannot be restored by government intervention. It requires the grass roots demand for fairness and equity in all things; and an expression of concern for life as the most precious and overriding precondition in all our doings. There is no other way.

Anonymous Belligerent: On condition of anonymity, I say these few words: "That bushy eye browed antagonist is an asshole."

Resident of Kenebunckooport: Are they not trying to make fun of me? Is not our Democratic Senate supporting me? Is not Saddam a clear and present danger? Is it not possible that we need to end all disunity on this issue? Is it not possible that by calling me an asshole that Saddam is not all the more emboldened?

Dick: Dubya, you can't let these little nuances bother you. As your friend and advisor, along with the rest of our cabinet and advisors, also friends, we are behind you one hundred percent. You have to expect the uninformed and lily livered to protest. They just don't understand your instincts, your prescience; they don't understand we are living in a different world now where pre-emptive comes from the gut.

Occupant of Air Force One: Am I not lucky to have people around me that understand?

Cheerleaders: He's Our Man! He's Our Man! He's Our Man!

Old Geezur: Again, I had pondered upon the purpose of life. As you perhaps remember, my last conclusion was rather succinct; that there wasn't any purpose whatever. At least, a purpose we may determine from observing the behavior of our look-a-likes. In the early days it was opined by dubious Babelical sources that the purpose of life was to 'multiply and subdue the earth'. This has been accomplished. And as you have been able to observe, even though that purpose has been served, the earth and the life it has engendered isn't any better off than it was in the beginning; qualitatively, for the great mass of people it amounts to a lesser life.

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Science has put a peculiar twist to the imaginary purpose in that it intuits an evolutionary process toward the development of 'higher' forms of life; this is to be contrasted to forms only engendered haphazardly, in the adaptive, vegetative sense.

Of course, most observations lead us to conclude that conquest, domination, possession, totalitarianism, pillage and rape, not to mention cruelty, torture, banishment, and execution are the purpose of life. These are judgmentally more severely applied to the highest evolutionary prospect upon the planet; but does not crassly exclude all other forms of life that obstruct or clutter, or are exploitable in the processes described above.

Where does that leave us? Perhaps in search for another 'prospective' purpose; one less visceral; one more of the encephalon. Without the requirement of much awareness, it is apparent that the 'highest' evolutionary prospect has little claim to exemplary status. Herman had wondered wisely whether or not what we observe might constitute a more advanced stage of barbarism, a conclusion easily reached, even with minimal observation, if one measures the success plotted against the expectations.

It is not just one life that is left by the wayside, or abandoned to the anomalies and vicissitudes, but whole populations. We have deduced, perhaps facetiously, that rat psychology applies in the case of the 'too many'. Evolutionary redundancy serves no purpose. Cannibalism, any body? Mad cannibal disease?

My advocacy for something different should naturally follow from any thinking person. I mean, it is so easy to ask, "Wouldn't it be better de dah de dah dah etc.?" Wouldn't it be better if there were fewer? Would we love the fewer more? Didn't happen when there were fewer. I should mention that, at this juncture, I would shy away from the imputation of utopianism. There are practical questions that ensue from even primitive logic regarding 'too many'. But more importantly, a question regarding 'attitude' seems in order. Attitude toward 'life' in general. Life, as a 'miracle' counterpoised to life as chaff, or consumer, or as obstacle; perhaps this latter consideration smacks of utopianism.

As I speak in generalities, I do not consciously overlook the 'good'. By 'good' I mean those more highly evolved forms of life that demonstrate an awareness and compassion toward all other forms of life. Those who revere life as a first property of matter, some property full of wonder, movement, color, warmth, grace and beauty, so marvelous a property, even in its simplest form, so much more able than the whole of the inanimate universe, notwithstanding the 'major malfunctions' of Challenger and Columbia.

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Ego, presumption, conceit, avidly pursued with arrogance, intolerance, pride, prejudice, abetted through lust, envy and greed; and a litany of plausible deceptions.

Yet, after all is said and done, what can we extract from the observable universe, but an indifference to life. Does the sun that shines upon life actually choose to shine upon life? And does the polar front actually choose to end life? And does the volcano, the earthquake, the tornado, the hurricane, the maelstrom, aim to frighten, to abuse life?

Condo: If we take this cranky bastard at his word, going to War over Oil seems a piece of cake. Oil is purpose. War is a means to purpose. Purpose is mobility; Oil facilitates mobility. Without Oil a SUV cannot move. If a SUV cannot move, life is without purpose, and consumerism is dead. Without mobility one cannot escape to the highest mountain; one cannot escape mankind, one cannot alter his perspective. Walking is out of the question; try to consume walking. You can't get rich selling shoes. Integral and intimately linked with mobility and the means toward mobility is the economy based on escapism. Higher on the evolutionary scale signifies scaling the mountaintop, where one may feel conquest and feel lordly. Oil is the key to the mountaintop. War is the means.

Resident of Crawford: Have you not got that right?

Devil's Antidote: I wish to put in a word for the guys with Good Oil intentions. If'n the UN decided that the Good Oil intention people were a threat to **woild** peace, would it not be possible and logical to suggest removal and/or exile for them? Both the kettle and the pot have been in the fire long enough. One has a monopoly on grease and the other on demogreasy; wouldn't one benefit from grease while the other benefited from demogreasy? But of course we are not discussing things like logic or compromise. We are contemplating out of school notions where the real woild is located. In the school, where they claim 'it is all academic', one sometimes hears it professed that we are all in this together; possibly a very appealing notion, one which we very often yea say. But when we step out into the real woild we discover the impracticality of applying appealing notions gripped by grim, gross, greedy, grabby, grasping, greasy grubby grungy grunting grinding groins. He was heard to say, "Get a grip". He was the one handing out the diplomas. Ideals are the stuff of classrooms where it has been determined that even though education is useless, uselessness is preferred over an informed electorate that questions everything. One is taught that when the Commander-In-Chief waves the flag, it is time to March! No questions asked (allowed). So you fucking inculcates, March! The greasy basturd is an abortion; living

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abortions are a stain upon good clean Christian Fundamentalist Morealls.

Handmaiden: Teeny Weany Miney Oh!, Catch A Swigger By The Dough!, If'n He Hollers Let 'Im Go; Out Pops Y O **Wya**.

Aloorah: Its not true what they say about Gorge. Yes! In his youth he was a **Wastrel**, but ever since he got realengine and has been made into are CO, he's doin' much better; for example, he is no longer a swigger, or a druggie, 'cept for Prozac. In addition Gorge is an average weany, and besides, don't all of the male persuasion grunt and grind? I look upon Gorge as a real asset to are communittee. So; he's more into sports than poetry; an MBA realist, there's more dough in the former than in the latter. As much as I like poetry, I have no objection to dough. And sports are embalmatic of are wry of lahfe.

Ashes: I've heard enough of this. It's time to get serious about Minimization Of Rights. People have had it too good for too long. They don't understand the need for invasion of privacy. Besides, any good patriot would open his doors to show that there isn't anything unsuspectingly suspiciously suspect.

Mole: That sounds suspiciously like Lieutenant Flagg of CID. Do we know that Ashes is for real? Is not someone impersonating him out of context?

Respondent: No, its him alright, he's a specialist in minimization. Besides he's a true believer in the concept 'anyone who's not for us is against us' which means the FISA Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act applies to anyone who is not 'for us'. By the time an 'aggrieved person' gets to appeal the AG's actions in a court of law, even heaven has begun to freeze over. A court of law has nothing to do with law, or justice.

Ashes: We got the power. We got the power. We got the power.

Cheerleaders: They won't let us cheer no more, even though we would bare every part as true patriots.

Paunchy: A knockout blow for civil libertarians. Finally.

Mole: Did you ever notice how much slimmer a fat person appears in camouflage gear? **UUHhN**Gg.....

Respondent: Geeeezzzzz, you killed him!!!!

Paunchy: I still got the moves.

Dubya: Was that not a patriotic act?

Ashes: Don't get your hopes up; he's too old for the draft.

Paunchy: Yeah, and my buddy Colon is going to make sure only honkies is qualified for that duty. Haw Haw Haw!!!

Ashes: We'll see about that.

Mole: (Recovering) You'll regret that.

Paunchy: Yeah, like I regret being who I am.

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Mole: You'll regret who you are alright. All that time for rape will seem like a day after school by the time I fix your ass.

Paunchy: By the time you fix my ass, I'll be in heaven with my other victims, lovin' it up with peaches and ice cream. And I'll be after your daughter's spoon.

Mole: (Pulling a gun) Fires at Paunchy **Bang!**

Paunchy: Laughs, and drives a fist into Mole's skull. Mole falls as though bludgeoned. Good shot, wrong place. Got my vest on for the crazies. (Picks up and pockets the gun).

Dubya: Would not a few more like him make a good anti-terrorist squad?

Ashes: I'll have Colon talk to him.

Paunchy: You'll what? That Honkie!

Secret Service Agent: (With gun drawn, pointing at Paunchy's head) I'll take that pistol. Now, move along!!!!

Dubya: Would it not be better we leave? Now?

Paunchy: Don't get your knickers in a twist.

Secret Service Agent: (With added urgency) Move along!!!
(Paunchy moves off.)

Dubya: Are not these guys great to have around?

Secret Service Agent: (Looking at Mole) Better call an ambulance for this guy.

Respondent: Right!

President: Yes We Can

Hope In The Face Of Difficulty

Hope In The Face Of Uncertainty

American Exceptionalism

We Can Steer Ourselves Out of This Crisis

Meet These Challenges

Litmus Test

Pin Prick (unbelievably small)

Draw A Line

Grow Forward

Send Our Economy Into A Tail Spin

Syria Red Line

Chemical weapons "off limits", a crime against humanity and a violation of the laws of war.

Slippery Slope

Fair Shot

Cornerstone

Growing The Economy

Let Me Be Clear

Win The Future

We can't Wait

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We wont quit
Lost their grip
An America Built To last
American Exceptionalism
Greater together
Change we can believe in
Let me be clear we cant wait to fundamentally change America
and have change we can believe in and win the future we have to be
greater together in making America built to last.
We've come too far.
I say what I Mean and mean what I say
Al Qaeda is on the run
So we are all playing by the rules
Let me be clear, we can change, make no mistake, all of the
above strategy.
Sea Change
Road Map