

3/24/92 At this juncture I am approx. 34 days old; Toilet Trained. [During the preceding days I had felt neither inspired nor really able to make entries herein; I did not believe I would live.] If I had not opted to become Born Again, varying opinions, depending upon the predilection of the physician consulted, had bracketed my longevity in the neighborhood of two to three years.

If I had not had the valve replacement, and the by-pass, chances are, at this juncture, I would still be feeling a helluva lot betterin I do right now.

Unfortunately for me, my reference point is that of an otherwise strong healthy body. All the things I have been feeling as a Born Again are new to me. They do not produce in me any sensation of elation; quite the contrary.

In attempting to communicate all I have been feeling to the physicians, I have been met with a variety of responses, most of which seem to center within my head, or my anxieties. I am 'too cerebral for my own good', seems to be the message. I need yet another physician; The Psychiatrist. It all began with a Family Practitioner, then a Cardiologist, followed by a Cardiovascular Surgeon; What Ho!, albeit The Psychiatrist; or the Mortuary Scientist.

In the physician's world only the successes are to be credited, all failures are the patient's doing. That is another kind of message. It is also very convenient for a physician to put the patient's bewilderment, and suffering, where it belongs: Back in his head.

Most of the time, when a 'timely' word or two would alleviate the problem of the moment (anxiety, if that describes it better to those who will accept only limited entries) (reality; to the patient, regardless of origin), the physician is out of the office, sometimes for weeks. In general **RARE** is the physician who really cares. Yes, of course, given that he is not around a good part of the time; out of touch so to speak, involved in other affairs, most likely: YES!, of course it is more convenient to stuff the patient back into his own head, within his own resources. After all, as we really know, there is only so much a physician can do; when we really do face reality, whether in our head or out of our head; there is only so much a physician can do; one dammmned thing for sure, he aint gonna hold yore hand. Even if these white coats, or green coats do disport (despot) themselves as GODS; GODS they aint; little more than practitioners; and businessmen.

The Hippocratic part, the oath, that's an embellishment, to what we have already been led to believe about our fellow man; so professionally oriented. What do we really know about our fellow man?

Do we really require the oath? Just to believe in ethical business practices? And lower insurance premiums to cover the fuckups.

3/25/92 Today I have added something to yesterday (the stuff about the Psychiatrist), as well as Humpty Dumpty in the Header.

3/26/92 The next door neighbor's dog barked all night. Charline called 911 to report a burglary. Sure, they fell for that one. You can't stir those bastards until after you have killed the dog or your neighbor, both of which deserve to be tied to a cactus in the desert until death do theyem part. Otherwise I continue to have these evil thoughts with regard to their demise, and all methods attendant to that proposition. The poelice are another matter; on the public dole!

Society, civilization is held in the balance.

I'm fighting to stay alive, and that bitch is doing her demandest to put me under - with her fucking indifference, malicious indifference.

I do solemnly wish her in hell; immediately; with all the heat applied to her tender parts. She still will not have suffered enough.

So much for Genesis; more can be said for Murder.

3/27/92 37 days old. Moomoo Mama Grossa (my neighbor with the barking dog) returned from wherever it was shewasat yesterday afternoon thus abating my contemplations of her demise, for the present; BECAUSE, upon her return the barking abated. With another neighbor I had discussed Moomoo Mama Grotesqua's inconsiderateness (or insensivity as he characterized it). I had told him I had been considering a CONTRACT on her, real cheap.

I have become more than ever a statistic. I am 36 days old, St Jude. They are now playing around with my PT Time, second guessing as it were, which I believe I am able to do as well, if deduction plays any part in the process, rather than considered medical opinion. One physician mentioned the term, "winging it" which, though unmedical, seems appropriate. Part of the trouble is the dietary thing; even though one aims for consistency, the numbers change more than one might predict. Medications in addition to the rat poison may effect the readings; these effects will necessarily be learned empirically.

3/28/92 38 Nuttin' Honey.

3/29/30 39 Nottin' Huney

3/30/92 40 nights and 40 days. Humpty Dumpty. Jean claims one ought to look up - they have extended my life; theirs perhaps. I'm too

cerebral for this to ever work. What are the statistics on cerebrals' survival? X t ENDED. EX EUNT. Crypto ended.

3/31/92 X T ended Humpty Dumpty. 41 There is a question of relevance - Mine.

There are other questions of relevance - Yours.

To get beyond this.

One must sleep.

4/1/92 Nobody Fooled Me at 42.

The concern has tapered off. No fool like an older fool.

4/2/92 43

One of the side effects of the St. Jude Artificial Heart Valve is Death. So I read yesterday on April Fool's Day.

So I need not be optimistic; only anxious (and grateful).

I noted that on my birth date 18 April I shall become both 59 years old (the preexisting parts) and a 59 day old Humpty Dumpty. My darling daughter noticed the same thing! Should endear me to her forever.

We (Charline and I) are walking three times a day mostly on level ground, going along at a fairly good pace (16 minutes per mile); but we are not laughing much, although it is oft' referred as the 'best medicine'.

Not that I ever did laugh much, not nearly as much as I sneered anyway. I do believe I am ever more inclined to sneer. One tends to sneer at the poppycock; and there is so much of it around, at least in the country in which I live. I realize there is something very generalized in that remark 'in the country in which I live'; but it will have to do. The 'good' people are entirely too acquiescent.

4/3/92 44 Still Here

4/4/92 45 Yup!!

4/5/92 46 Yup!

4/6/92 47 Yup!!

4/7/92 48 Yup!

4/8/92 49 Yup! Saw the Surgeon Yesterday. A Flip Fellow according to Charline. The upshot: He will not need to see us again. I will not require digitalis; the heartbeat is crisp. I can work up a sweat

now and generate some endorphins in my walking exercises. Any other problems will unlikely be his concern lest some failure occur in the cardiovascular area which will require surgery; and there are other surgeons. All rather matter-of-farctual. He seemed apologetic about the diaphragm problem which is not completely cleared up; he didn't say it may never clear up but he didn't say it would either; Charline thought him evasive in this area and entirely too speculative in other areas; particularly regarding my questions (re:) the suspected effects of medication; for which he suggested a neurologist. So there you have it, passing the buck again TO the mortician (er... mortuary scientist). When the valve fails; visit your favorite pyromaniac (one could visit his valvologist for a valve job, but if'n the rest of you has expired you might as well get pitched on the pyre to give jollies to your favorite pyreo). (How about a visit to your favorite cardiovalvologist). Sick humour; you better believe it.

4/9/92 50 Yup!!

4/10/92 51 Yup!! You might imagine I could find something else to write about. And indeed I can, but why bother? Who gives A ??

I could right sorties wherein rhineoceroussess were depicted as either villains or heroes; Gee! maybe heroines. Wherein they might mate with horses, or crisscrosses between herses and horses. Remember the dreams of the novice scribe in *The Name Of The Rose*. So don't laugh. And just regard some of the freaks we have had as celebrities (including Congressmen and Presidents). Not freaks really; that's a very prejudicial thought. It just takes a little getting 'used-tooooo' izzall.

I koud rite about the abominashun of civilizashun; I was certainly thinking that every time a (person) ? in an automobile whizzed past in the park on his/her way to work or tryst. Like Moitessier observed "those thousands of cars with hard, closed people"; lead-footed, non compos mentis zombies on a track; OF EVERY STRIPE (you know: Volvos, BMWs, Mercedes, Vans, Cherokees, Junkers).

The future holds little promise; four University-types, two in college-insigniaed sweatshirts, standing in the rain at nine A.M., boozing in the park; two automobiles, one a-blaring Ghetto Buster. One wearing shades in the grey gloom; one female, three males, from appearances. Not without hoo-haw and noise; a promise for the future. The Commons; and the commonness, and commonalty of it all. Civilizashun. Moitessier had a few things to say about that tooooooo! Another kind of freeeeek; the best kind!

4/11/92 52 Yup! What do you do with freedom once you have gained it? Sail around! Of Course.

Speaking of freaks (yesterday's crisscrosses) I was reading the New Yorker last night in the story of Genie that "In Condillac's time, the orangutan's possible humanity was so seriously contemplated that it was proposed that one be mated with a prostitute to see what progeny would ensue". Condillac was what you might call an 'empiricist' (no, not a geneticist, or a pervert) who may not have had anything to do with the mating. The arrangement might have been construed as part of the search for the 'missing link' or Homo Feralis.

Don't look too long and hard!! Anyway, some interesting thoughts centered on the root of linguistics (hearkening back to Plato's 'recollection'; or being born with it all; i.e., serving as a raw construct). A long time ago, realizing the futility either in finding the appropriate word/sounds within language (or my inability to render themthereunto) to embody certain feelings, emotions, states of being, perhaps even rationality, I had proposed resorting to a series UGHS! accompanied with many expressive gestures, croonings, cooings sighings, lamentations, otherwise manifesting details in order to express things, inexpressible through language, per se.

4/12/92 53 Yup!! So much for lucky charms! They couldn't prevent this; and since the poops demoted St. Christ(opher, he wasn't much hep eeder. So I'm pretty much on my own. Charline has been the mainstay; putting up with it all. Love!

From Feb. 20 its been one day at a time; more than ever is it true. Before then one took more than he ought for granted. Now that my strength is gradually returning, and the pain is subsiding, I might easily begin to 'for grant' again, when there is nothing to take in such a manner. Yes!, I ought be grateful; but you know me, I'll proceed with skepticism.

Perhaps when I see the log house completed I will pause for the appropriate amount of gratitude.

Certainly, if I should come up with a good piece of completed writing I ought pause for some appreciative gesture. Erectly.

4/13/92 54 Yup! Saw a beauty in the park yesterday, reminding me of Sonja; the impulse to ask if she was Sonja's daughter. I'm rationalizing now that it is better to know nothing; she might answer in a Southern dialect with the most absurd response. (Sonja came from Brooklyn). But Geez what a smile! I had mentioned to Charline that the (lady in questions) smile was almost as beautiful as hers (Charline's). She responded "That was very politic of you."

Must not forget these visions! Vanishing Memories! Wrapped Rapt in a valleyouu system. Besides; cannot go back.

4/14/92 55 Yup! "To what purpose?", is the question.

Still to hope to understand what its all about - LIFE. The Meaning and Consequences of 160 Million Years of Dinosaurs during a time which is already 65 Million Years past. And here we are BABES, Homo Erectus of a Million or so years, only recently, 5000 to 6000 Years, making note of our existence. Making note of ourselves to ourselves; Oh! Yes, with dogs hanging about our heels; but for all that, locked within our species; still more, within ourselves; infinitely aware of our finiteness.

Girls have been a big part of the stimulus. I suppose I'm thankful it wasn't boys. But then again, why girls, if not boys? The Reproductive Imperative? Homo Erection! Passing on until the next volcanic eruption, or the next bursting supernova, or colliding asteroid. Is that what its all about? No wonder many of the species turn mad, or greedy. If there is no purpose other than that which appears, why not become some kind of insatiable thing, with a dog for a friend?

Museums full of dinosaurs.

I Think I overdid this afternoon - a 40 minute walk - the longest with an uphill component that found me feeling woozy near the top. I had had a baseline treadmill two hours before which stopped after six minutes and 8 METS (fatigue) I have been concerned about the blood pressure reading 130/100 when a month ago it was 156/100 in the emergency room following a supposed hyperventilating episode during the middle of the night; two days later 102/76 at the surgeons office while discussing the possibility of draining a pleural cavity; and one week before the treadmill 118/80. Anyway I do not know what to think. I can discontinue the digitalis (with only a dozen tablets to go before the scheduled discontinuance (48 of 60 taken). Every thing is a question mark??

4/15/92 56 Yup! Lousy Night! Afraid to go to sleep when so tired; possessed of the feeling that I need to crash, yet feel some kind of finality to it all. What's wrong?

4/16/92 57 Yup! I did not take digitalis yesterday. I had been feeling nauseous and as though I was carrying an extra weight during the midday; and the middle of the day walk was always more complicated with giddiness. I'm hoping the discontinuance of the digitalis will relieve that condition.

Last night PBS showed a two-hour special of FRONTLINE re: our dearly beloved democracy. Clearly there is little democracy remaining. The Speical Interests will soon be arming themselves, with the help of Congress, to protect what they have gained through subversion. WE (the people) were always expected to believe that the REDS were the BAD GUYS. It shows to go ya, doesn't it.

4/17/92 Awake Again Yup! 58 and 58. Crossover Moment.

4/18/92 59 59 The Moment

Last Night on Mac Kneel and Learer they had a bite on Silly Graham (Cracker from N.C.) He has a simple(minded) FORMULA, Loneliness and Death, for which you need Jesus; or Silly Billy. Can you imagine it? Going into the twenty-oneth Century? Going, Going, GONG! Talk about piranhas! A feeding Frenzy upon those unlucky enough to fall into Loneliness and Death. Creepy Bastard who had the ASSUMPTION all figured out 'cause he matter-of-factly claimed he was goin' tah heven. Did I happen to mention: Prey For Them; or Pray On Them?

4/19/92 Past 60 on the way to 60

The (er) son-in-law mortician was speaking of the remains subsequent to cremation. He noted the durability of certain heart valves able to withstand the inferno (most likely the titanium Star ball and cage valve. A macabre revelation. I suppose it does add interest to an otherwise routine task; like "What will we find today?" Ho Ho! (Even without the Ho Hos). Imagine the spilling of the ashes, or the scattering if you will, when suddenly the object plops out perhaps rattling a little in the process.

4/20/92 61 Without much comment. No, the effects have not worn off. I have little to say.

4/21/92 62 I retraced a few old steps yesterday: The Institute. Talked with Aaron and Mary and Rod for a few; Glad to see Jeanie of the kitchen crew; missed Suzzane; have to call her to let her know I don't want to get a bad habit started, but that I do want to see her anyway; maybe somewhere else. I do not relish the other memories.

Magic Johnson lost his Hanes underwear ..... contract. Arthur Ashe lost his tennies.

How did I get HIV? How did I?

4/22/92 63 Yup!

4/23/92 64 Yup!

4/24/92 65 I visited the hospital yesterday, rather I visited acquaintances who were located there, having their bodies attended as hospitals are wont to do. While there I visited the scene of the transformation only to have my presence barred from the ICU (unless

as a patient or as a close relative to myself would I be admitted). Anyway Charline briefly described me to myself as she first saw me after the deed. I was lying on my back virtually naked with all kinds of things monitoring and infusing me. Also I was quivering from the effects of the anesthesia. They saw me like that. Charline was so taken aback, although warned, she left immediately to recoup her wherewithalls. I'm sure I would have been shocked as well; but I was completely oblivious. Amazing what drugs will do to the senses; lost forever. I remember lights overhead briefly, I remember a jerking motion with my right arm as though I was trying to free myself from some kind of restraint, I remember seeing my son coming toward where I was lying, I think I remember a nurse well-wishing as I was leaving the ICU for a regular hospital room. I do not remember Charline or Cassandra which really puzzles me. I was supposed to have rattled on like a chatterbox in my conversations. What fucking oblivion; some might say 'blessed oblivion'. Passing through the Gates. A very difference experience from the back surgery, wheer I remember waking in the recovery room, being cold, shivvvverrrring, having heavvvennly pre-warmed blankets placed over me, being wheeled into the regular hospital room, remember Charline there greeting me as I entered the room, remember the nurse who spotted the low blood pressure 80/50, and got me on glucose right away, remember trying to urinate in the crooked bottle, even remember a spill or misdirected hose in the middle of the night resulting in a wettish bed, telling the aspiring-to-Canada nurse apologetically that I had done such a deed, which she obligingly remedied by changing the bedclothes, and giving me a new gown.

4/25/92 66 Yup! Giddy this morning!

4/26/92 67 Yup! Nicole called. One of her comments: You don't believe in GOD. Nicole, almost six, is approximately the same age as my daughter when she came from home from her first day at school announcing: "God Said". Charline commented "Out of the mouths of babes..". (doth pour corruption). Adults are so transparent. Another **A** student in JC.

4/27/92 68 Yip! I will notify Nicole that I believe in Chocolate and on feast days, chocolate cake ... la mode with a chocolate shake.

4/28/92 69 Ying Yang Day Yup!!

4/29/92 skipped 70 typed arrears

4/30/92 71 Yup!



5/1/92 72 MAYDAY Yup! Dizzy this morning.

5/2/92 73 Yup! Worked on the boat yesterday fashioning the mizzen mast step, replacing the rust-split rotten oak piece with teak and stainless. I forgot to mention I dreamed of the boat in the water. Perhaps a good sign! Cooped up around here; ready for the water. Before this whole living thing ceases.

5/3/92 74 Yup! More work on boat, replacing ripped plastic in the covering, and removing the dust cover in preparation for topsides wood finishing and replacing hardware. Tired last night, difficulty getting to sleep - waking up with a start as I was falling asleep. Finally went to sleep for approx. Six hours uninterrupted

5/4/92 75 Yup! More work on boat.

5/4/92 76 Yup! More work on the boat. I have been recalling the startling sensations following surgery; at home; while resting or attempting to sleep. Where it is conceivable I may have been slipping away only to feel a jolt, then a gasping, then a seemingly desperate struggle to regain some semblance of awakesness and a grasp upon reality which seemed to be slipping away. Premonitions!

5/6/92 77 Yup!

5/7/92 78 Yup! Institute dream last night. The usual. A sense of separation. The Institute had moved into new quarters; somehow I was attached to all this; I was also sitting at a desk, but none of my belongings, or none of the things I had used in my 'job' had been transferred. My new station was temporary and very small. Also I seemed to be without clothes except for some kind of nightshirt (or hospital gown - perhaps an association with the surgery] whereupon some of the older Institute people showed up to cheer me on). Any way it did not seem as negative an experience as previous dreams - perhaps because I am philosophically altered, somehow arising from the dying of a thousand deaths, albeit somehow associated with surgery and after surgery.

5/8/92 79 Yup!

5/9/92 80 Yup!

Mary learned a lymphoma was loose in her bowel; essentially inoperable?!? Earlier, before surgery, the diagnosis had been

lip(id)oma (an operable fatty tumor). With the former she has been told her chances are 50-50 with a course of chemotherapy.

To Mary, then:

Please forgive any presumption in writing to you in a more than inappropriately familiar manner.

Both Charline and I are saddened to hear of your medical predicament.

I relate some of my feelings, and some of Charline's (as I perceive them) when we learned of my medical problem (Charline has her own ongoing medical problem).

I have always been a fatalist about my own situation in life, feeling that no Gods looked after me; nor could I expect intercession on my behalf from any other quarter as regards any notions of looking after my welfare. I have always been keenly aware of the inevitable. Despite this awareness, I have always displayed my naively human capacity to hope for things unrealistically, such as a long life, making plans accordingly.

When we first learned of my health problem from the Devil-God physician, and was told by the very Devil-God, if I did not have it attended, I could expect to live no longer than three years (with certain provisos, one of which was the discontinuance of the enactment of all those plans [which involved a lot of physical labor.

STOP !!!!!

.....ER what's the connection?

I seem to be inveterate skeptic who often resorts to the most unabashed (what I would recognize as "healthy") cynicism.

Having experienced new states of being as a result of the surgical 'procedure' I have been strengthened in my perceptions of the inevitable. For six weeks following surgery I experienced sensations of having to fight for the very breath of life, gasping as it were, grasping for reality as I had never to do before, and if I hadn't engaged in that struggle I wouldn't be here to day, so impending did the actual experience seem to me. The Devil-Gods were inclined to dismiss my experience as not life threatening, deeming much of what I felt as 'normal following that type of surgery'. If had been normal as they say, why had they failed to inform me, that I might be more prepared (and subsequently less wrought by the fearful aspects of the experience). I have found the Devil-Gods very circumspect (guarded) when it comes to revealing what they do not know; and most concerned about the possibility of law-suits when their ignorance catches them in arrears. (there were complications stemming from the surgery wherein one diaphragm was rendered non-functional for an extended period of time - and may be still partially so, since my breathing seems to this day 'not normal').

The Devil-Gods were unprepared to provide an interpretation of the affects the experience had upon me. They avoid discussions of the inevitable in concrete terms, leaving that to philosophers, psychologists, and the 'men of god'; and albeit to the patient him/her self; abandoned, as it were, to one's own devisings (which is the way it ought to be anyway - and the sooner one adopts that attitude the healthier will he/she be - at least mentally). Inevitably (as it should be) abandoned to one's own private inner self wherein the will to live is found, confronted with the possibility of expiring (whether real or imagined) one's perceptions of that finite inevitability seem to come with a high degree of acceptance. Perhaps this should be viewed as a qualified statement. Following surgery I was in such a weakened (no transfusions [very low hemoglobin] and vulnerable state, I had little with which to argue the point beyond a submission to what might have appeared as inevitable. Mind you, IT IS ALL IN THE HEAD OF THE BEHOLDER YES !! INDEED. In short I honestly believe I was prepared to make my exit without much protest.

Our lives were put on HOLD, and remain so. While we will go on with our lives, making the same old mistakes (assumptions), frittering and squandering as we are habituated, expecting that a time-bomb can go off at any moment (I think this way - not Charline, who necessarily {out of love and a desire for peace of mind} views me differently that I view myself.

The Devil-Gods have accused me of being too cerebral about my situation, wanting to know too much, and often 'shooting myself in the foot' (one of their comments) by second-guessing the medicos. The fact remains, the installed valve could fail mechanically (which would mean certain and sudden death); a blood clot could form in the region of the valve only to break loose, causing a stroke; I could injure myself seriously enough to 'bleed-to-death'. These are real pieces of knowledge, not accounted easily in any rational frame of reference. Extended life has its price, apparently.

5/10/92 82; oops!, jumping the gun; 81 Yup! In Lieu of some more innocuous Well-wishing message, I have chosen this rather lengthy circumlocution as the preferred way to respond to the thoughts your medical predicament has stimulated within me. Partly as an individual who has herself proven an indulgent friend to many, myself included, I attempt to respond in kind.

Necessarily relating to my own experience from which I draw many inferences with regard to another's feelings, I extend to you some part of the experience and the resultant thoughts ensuing there from; perhaps merely as a shared experience, but somewhat as revelation (at least to myself).

Thinking of the inevitable, and the meaning of finitude, has always been an intellectual preoccupation of mine. No differently than the rest of humanity, I have assumed a certain longevity or life-expectancy. By living a somewhat healthful and circumspect existence I have felt I might be one of those who would navigate the statistical trappings of life without hazard. Unknowingly, I was playing against a stacked deck, having a congenitally affected heart valve. I came as a ready-made statistic fitting into the one in three (to develop heart disease) effortlessly. Somehow you have also fallen into the statistical arena of one in four (individuals to be invaded by some form of cancer). Of course these statistical entities are not mutually exclusive; one individual may fall heir to both.

More relevant than the statistical projection and its corroboration is the nature of the inevitable. Once one has become a member of that select group who face a prospect of doubtful expectancy, a different concept emerges: one of 'life extension'. Accompanying that notion we append with: quality (having acquired a new meaning; whereas one might have always thought in terms of 'quantity' as applied to his or her life, a heightened awareness of finitude enhances notions thereof). For myself, 'quality' means continuance, with prospects; energy to do; the insight (awareness) and the fortitude not to lapse into old habits (i.e., make the time count). Then the inevitable will cease to be a bane.

Life extension? For me the perception of the inevitable changed markedly subsequent to certain physical experiences following surgery.

5/11/92 Yup! Now 82. What one confronts as a life-extension phenomenon is merely another of the shifting perspectives that accompany one on his way in this life. A more radical departure than any previous perception, perhaps accompanied with apprehension, a radical apprehension. While ordinarily one might worry over his children's welfare, or his debts, or his retirement years; or even the unruly turmoil in the human community; this radical apprehension eclipses all others.

While most of this may be self-evident to any perspicacious individual, one seldom adopts a blasé attitude with regard to such cognition. The actual contemplation proves rather fascinating; one has received a stimulus to what might exist as an otherwise latent perception.

What is precious to us is cheap in the Urban Ghettoes, in Yugoslavia, Iraq, Afghanistan.

5/12/92 83 Yup! Key word: Attitude.

Morphia, the producer of 'serenity amidst disaster', became the crude substitute for the 'stoicism of the ancients and Christian fortitude'.

The talisman. expectancy confused with entitlement. WHY me?

Wonderfully, one soon sheds most superficialities, and hierarchisms; burdensome in any case.

(Macho) Ernest Hemmingway couldn't function without some talismanic object upon his person; on one occasion he was expeditiously obliged to substitute a champagne cork when he either lost or misplaced his favorite object. He wore an ostentatious belt buckle inscribed "GOTT MIT UNS". What was that Abbey had to say about belt buckles?

For millennia, the ships's figurehead has served mightily to ward off the perils of the sea. The Chinese traditionally have painted eyes upon the bows of their craft. Aboard our little vessel, in the nooks and crannies exist colored rocks with magical powers; and we made attributions with regard to a certain green shirt that seemed to be worn through all our nautical narrow escapes.

If superstitious I might ascribe a lost love object to my recent ills. Charline one day had gone to the sea by herself, returning with a colored rock for me, which I carried upon my person for a number of years. Last year I lost this love object, regrettably, while alone on our island property in Canada. All I know would lead me not to believe in the charms of such materiality; because of she who invested herself in that materiality I find myself unconscionably swayed. Whatever works?!

Now I wear an amulet bearing a caduceus (a winged serpent no less) to warn all those who might find me fallen by the wayside that I do indeed still own a heart, and that I am ingesting an anti-coagulant. Dupont, one of Greenpeace's arch-emeses is the manufacturer of the anticoagulant coumarin (Coumadin) (or warfarin, albeit rat poison). Doubtlessly this substance is pilled in Puerto Rico or Singapore; adding a more worldly extension to one's dependence. One lives between the threat of clots and the threat of uncontrolled bleeding, every day. Matins therefore consist of the daily Dupont rodent ingestive, along with porridge.

The valve itself, so named, St Jude, seems to harbor little significance bearing upon the extension of life. However it does exist as the Sword of Damocles, for should the Saint fail, even momentarily, the Sword will strike (although Jude was martyred with a club).

One must not forget the physicians who instill hope by reciting their best statistics, which most of us avoid questioning.

Nay-saying!?, when most we imagine we require the opposite?

Attitude, Yes! Implying something of the Mind (or intellect)? Mind over matter? Become theatrical with ones inner self?

The WHY ME syndrome. One behaves himself and does conscientiously healthy things, expectantly.

I had always expected to be thwarted in my designs, regardless of any healthful behavior. I had always considered myself formative, someone who would not arrive on schedule, someone whose self-realization depended on living long enough to validate certain philosophical arguments, perhaps mostly of an existential nature. The later years have discovered an attitude of resignation to an inevitability beyond my control, which finds me making prophetic decisions (and humorous comments) about the futility of replacing one's aging underwear and socks (recalling Don Quixote with a hole in his hose) when these could easily outlive one. I had been building a log house on an island, by the seashore, often weary, and wondering upon the ways of man and his dreams, hoping beyond all hope to be able to finish with just enough time remaining to be able to sit with my feet cocked for ten minutes, privileged to gaze bleary-eyed upon a resplendent sunset shimmering upon the water; then my work would be accomplished, with the allotted ten minutes of joy duly earned; whereupon let the curtain (the Sword)fall. How's that for theatricality? (I recall Zorba clinging to the windowsill at sunrise).

What is relevant? always seems to intervene in our posturings. Terror? Who can live with that, however relevant? Pity? Not alone! Not Alone! Pitifully do we succor the other. All Too Human.

One does not wish to succumb, even to humility. He wishes to be boisterous, to be arrogant, self-assured, skeptical, cynical, when he feels these states of being. He does not wish to compromise himself, to appear obsequious, even, yes! even before the grim reaper. Let the reaper take me as I am, not currying favor with any. More theatricals?

I suppose I say things differently than I might if I had had a heart attack before all this happened (wherein I might not be motivated to say anything), wherein I might be one of the hundreds of thousands (25% who go into nursing homes never to leave; or the larger 50% who drag around the rest of their lives). Although living beneath the Sword, I do possess, and am able to project a semblance of vigor. I do hope for continuance, and will doubtlessly pursue the silly dreams as before, even 'with one foot in the grave and another on a banana peel' (a favorite saying of a close friend of ours who died of heart failure last year after living for two years one step removed from invalidism [following a heart attack {suffering heart damage}, and a subsequent valve replacement and by-passes]).

The proprietary interest one takes in his own life is a fairly selfish and crude process; as though one in 5.5 billion mattered. In the days of Sparta, the deficient infant was cast into the abyss.

One can only earnestly pretend to reach out to another. Empathy; identification with another. A subjective appreciation. Close friends Yes!, but 5.5 billion!?

5/13/92 84 Yup!

5/14/92 85 Yup! Would I write: Nope? Hell the WHO do am I think?

Interjected here, an excerpt from the concluding chapter of Knotted Twine:

While not so much a story as a series of episodes (and speculations), I extract from my notebook, yet one further chapter to add, written in an attempt to satisfy the requirements of the First Mate (RCWD) who feels leaving the reader high and dry amidst the sayings of others does not properly conclude and stress the message of this one prospective author.

Perhaps, by now, you are the one best able, without further adjuration, to conclude something with regard to yourself, seafaring and this one prospective author. If I was to conclude any one thing, it might be found in the simplicity and directness, to be reiterated time and time again, succinctly, to one and all, forever: "GO NOW!!"

YES!, a tiresome repetition with which you might tease and beleaguer yourself, only to react plaintively, "But how, but how?" It is a question every man or woman anchored in a stationary workaday world (or ghetto) might ask eventually, only to live in a swale of torment until overwhelmed by life itself; or formulate from out the very urgencies of the life force itself. He or she would feel compelled to up-anchor for the open sea. This may seem overly dramatized. Perhaps; still there is no drama that quite equals that famous soliloquy of Hamlet, to which we must all fall heir. What may appear to be a theatricality is doubtlessly symbolic of the human spirit, feeling itself in the traces; and yea, feeling unaccountably compelled to answer to the life force itself. Perhaps one wishes only to change from one job to another, sacrificing his equity as it were, or to move from the plains to the mountains, or from the mountains to the sea; or to more needfully unshackle himself, or herself, from shabby human relationships, a defunct marriage, or enslavement to the collusion of the Banks, Madison Avenue, and Consumerism, as well as countless bureaucracies.

'Overcoming' might aptly encompass what one is all about as he challenges his own staid patterned existence, to move aside, making room for the one and only self, which is yet to be brought to light and fruition; perhaps as part of an instinctive yearning.

No, this message is not a broadside against life as we (or I) know it, although, because I am who I am, one who does fire his random fusillades at the entrenched hominid image, it may appear so. I do not quarrel with life per se; I cannot; it is larger than my mereness. Yet I am a voice, and as a voice I shall speak, and sometimes become quarrelsome, either inadvertently or with defined purpose.

While the past or the future may appear to offer more than now, there is something persistent and immutable to be found in the now, that only something cataclysmic could substantially alter. Within this persistency, one must find himself; yes!, as something special and unique, if only to enjoy that singularity of existence, as though there were none other. Perhaps you feel, once again, I am wandering too far afield, irresponsibly. You desire some specific formula for making the change, the switch to the alternative life style, to one of a magical self-fulfillment.

Yes, perhaps I act as the physician whom you would visit hoping for a remedy, or a prescription. That I could, that I could, I would.

If you have determined your life does not sustain itself as one more affirmation of the status quo; if all the little goodies for which you labor and enslave yourself do not produce the desired effect or fulfill their promise, as perhaps they will not and should not, then most likely you will be ailing and in need of some palliative or change of venue.

Waiting for the afterlife, I must insist, cannot and will not provide adequate succor or salvation. It simply cannot be, for surely there is no afterlife. Leaving mockery and blasphemy aside; Oh, Yes, surely dreams are the stuff of life. If one should dream as his dream, the afterlife, perhaps he imagines he is thus sustained in this life. If one should dream, as his dream, not some passive issuance awaiting a deliverance, but as something his whole being desires and requires, beyond a waiting for that expiration, then before expiration one must first recognize and submit to respiration; one must live and be alive in order to expire or perish. The dead cannot die. To submit to a premature death as a gambit to curry favor with some imaginary deity who or which would selfishly request your subservience to its will rather than seek your own fulfillment (a living to the fullest) seems more akin to some ugly despot, whom you would be advised to abandon - since you do have a choice. In any case one might as well not be born as to become, with life, an empty gambit. Or to state the proposition yet another way, one might as well not be born as to not become. The dead cannot die, and permanent death cannot be construed as eternal life.



I argue, but do not persuade. Will more of the same rhetoric persuade what one's inner self already instinctively knows to be the only way?

'Tis not wild abandon or anarchy that I propose, but something that cannot be measured until it has transpired. Instead of dreams then, one acquires memories. One acquires a knowledge of himself in relation to something that is not found in the school books (THE TEXT), bibles and law books. Inside one becomes more than he was.

Our sojourn to Southeast Alaska has shaped us in more than one way. Since it arose as a desire, albeit ending as a diminutive nautical adventure when compared to the exemplary challenges to be discovered in that milieu, it nonetheless resulted in EXITING a tiresome leaden foregone melodrama, to the entering of another personal staging of events untold, wherein, while the whole being was not exposed to the ultimate regimen, one was nonetheless about to become his own script. One, in the end, treasures that script alongside those of the others who served as inspiration, and act as further prompt to more of the same. We had become, and were further stimulated to become even more, the once having potentiated the prospective second (which, by the way, also transpired), (and having taken the initial step, one feels he has earned the right to anticipate more).

If one is to become but a series of repetitive events, following a formula or prescription (proscription) for existence, all predictable, predicated in a conformity, what is the point of one life in such redundancy? Is it presumption that would desire or seek more than such an endless refrain? Should one not be obliged, as a life, or feel challenged, to change the lyrics? I would answer in the affirmative, and would return resoundingly to meditate upon the quotation appearing on the title page: 'We demand eternity for a lifetime: when our mortal half-hours too often prove tedious'.

I do not propose the happily ensconced seek a duel with the sea in order to acquire yet another dimension to themselves, but if their ensconcement in any way demeans another, it ought be exacted as punishment, that such individuals be exposed to things and forces greater than themselves in order to learn yet something more.

Nor do I propose Murder or Intolerance. Sometimes what is announced to the Heart, in having sounded and heard the plaints of the wronged and wounded soul, but leaps engorged, bursting with righteous fervor to the trenches as its champion, yet must be held in abeyance for the lack of proper armor. Is this to say one cannot fly in the face of reality? One mere person, albeit Heart, cannot cataclysmally alter the immutable number; the number remaining persistent and leaden. The dying and dead must labor

against this huge inert corpus of humanity harnessed to the traces.

The prediction for the future generation envisions this selfsame unlikely anatomical persuasion pacing and retracing these very byways; ah! and alas!' compacting the very sod and dirt over thy grave; and the next; and the next, until time and patience have been expended in a vain attempt to produce something from the animal, from the very ordinary ingredients (clay) provided by Mother Nature. Without cataclysm or apocalypse, the unwilling must follow.

'He doth argue too long and loudly upon some mean topic' 'He hath taken the reader off course into the nether lands where only hopeless fools care to go; not to explore, but to scowl and rage against things over which he hath no control' 'Aye!, 'tis the lot of these ones too long steeped in their own brew, to imagine the whole world corroded black as their insides.' 'He has guessed aright about the one thing though; he doth needs change his lyrics.' So they mock me in my philosophizings.

The challenge remains for each of you to seek out these truths for yourself, fearlessly and honestly, if only to gain some understanding, and perhaps attain some humility in the face of something larger than yourself; not to feel cowed, but to know your proper scale in the Universe.

Thus I have come to a conclusion, as all conclusions must be achieved, regardless of how diligently and fondly we attempt to prolong their inevitability. While there seems always to be room for a last word, this clump of Knotted Twine, whilst not unraveled, hast progressed dangerously close to greater entanglements, mandating the cessation of further adjurations.

Fun, Huh!?! Knotted Twine is a good book. Expandable.

5/15/92 86 Yup! Still working on the boat, everyday.

5/16/92 87 Yup! Walked in park at 6:20. Coumadin Lecture today plus wedding. Put shaft and propeller in boat yesterday. Put on fifth coat of Deks Ole #2.

5/17/92 88 Yup! Walk, Wedding, B.D. party, evening with Neighbor Yesterday. Long Day.

5/18/92 89 Yup! Ole#2 6; Will not sail in front yard.

## KNOTTED TWINE

*Feliciter Explicit*

After all is said and done, a bequeathment follows; a codicil.

As long as a breath persists, one cannot leave off, even though absolute silence may prove the better issue.

*Vox audita perit  
Litera scripta manet*

The motive behind this particular *arrière pense* follows upon a continuing urge(ncy), and the belief that this writing more closely affines itself with my inner workings than others I have attempted. Perhaps, after a time I may view this as an insertion to KNOTTED TWINE, rather than an appendage.

Although what one might have extracted from abandoning the traces for something that produces only a spiritual reward, may seem of dubious value in the greater scheme of things; and selfish activity for all that; let it be said "Redundancy, albeit repetition, cloyes the palate". Blessed monotony, like long, hot, parched, summer days, or the dreary gray frozenness of a winter siege, lingers while one yokes himself to some unrewarding, thankless, and oblivious task.

I sit in judgment; as much upon myself as any other. I would not deny you your enrapturement, or sense of purposefulness; even if I thought it the lot of mules and oxen, or the Sisyphean futility of Boxer. I imagine I detect a hopelessness to our collective activity.

I am not unaware of ye who award yourself plaudits to your ongoing faithfulness to endeavor. While yours may not achieve the same selfless, almost timeless, demeanor of the Chinese salt-well drillers, you may perceive yourself as a torch-bearer, nonetheless. All to the good in a good world; and should winsome goodness persuade as well, perhaps goodness is passed on also.

Ensnared in my judgment chair, I sport my usual cynical, disbelieving countenance; lacking in guile; forbidding to the seeker. If I thought I possessed a worthy message for the torch bearer, at least you would imagine me to smile disarmingly (perhaps Buddha-like); in order to soften the blows.

Truth is often perceived as a blow. Being possessed of a faithlessness, or harboring a great negativity, earns one a shunning; that is not to say truth is always negative; only the perception of it. Truth tends toward inertia, indifferently disinclined toward lesser persuasions. While I might carry truth about as a badge, as Diogenes of old, I am not recognized as anything but a harbinger of the lame

and impotent; as capsized and shipwrecked. For all my badges, I am not enamored of the burden. And burdensome it is, to have had innocence taken away before I had been conceived; and in its place this incredible guilt thrust upon me; OH!, how we yammer about child abuse (as an affectation of parents), but what of abuse arising from collective ignorance; perhaps far more hurtful to one's soul, should one ever awaken to the magnitude of the deceit.

My inclination is to preach; or berate, if you wish. But can you truly imagine an existential preacher? Could there be any greater persuasion to existential thought than the resultant contemplation of MAN, the supreme egoist; who postulates himself: made in the image of YOU KNOW WHO. I do not deny there are humbler apparitions and deceptions.

Peril on the high seas of Veracity (or search thereof).

These threatening parries serve to shift some of the blame for a lost innocence upon the shoulders of those who have made some claims upon enlightenment; and who have presumed to know; and promote the civilizational ethos; and who ascribe and assign duty to the rest of us. The lack of success in their method, that is, the accrual of all the apparent failures, are not to become my burden; even if I had accepted their premise.

Some of us have naively gone along with the argument, whereas others, operating more instinctively, have taken advantage of every inattentive moment of the other. That is to say any lack of vigilance, or any contractual (socially contractual as well as legal) oversight (loophole) becomes an aggrandizing edge for he who perceives it and exploits it. Survival is success. (Durchanek viv à vis Eric Blair).

It is readily apparent to me, as it must be to others, there are too many of us. Because we are who we are and what we are, number becomes an insurmountable problem, necessarily included within the social contract. We assume there is a contract only because we have suffered with its imposition from birth. If we questioned every premise, we would be regarded as pests. Whatever exists amongst men in the way of a cooperative understanding exists in a much as one cannot figure a way to outmaneuver the other, attaining some kind of advantage (an obversion of the metallic rule).

In primitive societies there appears to be a functioning cohesiveness to the group (tribe). In modern 'western' democratic societies the highest premium placed upon the individual existence, or individual family unit makes of us a disparate number, insisting upon unwarranted privileges and distinctions for an individual existence. The disparities are easily established through extrinsic factors which acquire a higher meaning than the life from which it

emanates (extends). The more extrinsic, the greater the envy/worship. We aspire to the highest degree of superficiality.

While primitive societies do not escape some form of regulation (taboos), the modern democratic state requires a plethora of legalities (exceptions) in order to function, only apparently achieving a cohesive whole. Through an irrational fear we accept this spider-webby curtailment of existence. The more of us the worse it gets. At some point the rat psychology takes over. We develop an immunity to number, and an insensitivity to the individual that comprises that number; just 'more of the same'. And ALL TOO FEW are able to care. One does not wish to know the member of the number. When a member of the number makes its exit, we are relieved.

I argue that every life is precious (selfishly). But in reality, with such redundancy, and with such ill-defined purpose to both life and number, fewer can only appear to be the better situation. How can one argue objectively that every life is precious, when the planet is surfeited with something it cannot contain? It is true the planet cannot contain the egotistical thing it has engendered.

It all must end, first the number, and perhaps with it the species. It might not restore something lost, but it might exist tranquilly in benign neglect.

4(5)/19/90 Yup! What a pile yesterday; (don't knock it!!!!)NO? The vicissitudes of thought. What might I borrow from KNOTTED TWINE?

Declarations about truth and number. Everything must run its course, not unlike the dinosaurs. Even on the highest mountain one will not escape the deluge. The mountaintop barricades would not hold back the pestilence; too many carriers. The Dalai Lama may be the last to perish in the lamasery, having been granted some special fortitude; but perish he will. Ex Eunt.

4(5)/20/92 91 Yup! Pissed Off as usual; this time for lack of information which seems a closely guarded secret; OR, the doctors and manufacturers are so goddamned indifferent; the latter of which pissesssss me off to murder; just what they deserve. I need some explanation for the excursions in the prothrombin time which vary widely with very little change in medication, and often do not follow upon changes in medication.

This all bears upon a general feeling of futility when dealing with the species; the more dependent one becomes the more he gets handled; being handled by indifference precipitates frustration; then anger; then the urge to kill.

Yesterday 'they' were bitching because 'housing starts' were down 17%. The downturn was attributed to the rise of 1% in mortgage rates. SOOO Wall Street, in anticipation of lowered fed monetary

interest rates, got a boost. Greenspan, the corporation's friend, is attempting to 'jump start' the consumercomical society by achieving a higher level of indebtedness. CREEPS!

The whole premise is wrong. CONVERTING THE PLANET INTO A higher STANDARD OF LIVING. Cant be done without sacrificing the planet. A higher STANDARD OF LIVING for 5.5 BILLION is reeedickyoulouse. We know it cant be done, but that doesn't stop the greedy entrepreneur; who doesn't care - about anyone or anything.

Anyway, we are always proposing remedies to greed. We are always proposing remedies to remedies, because those elements in control do not want to change their 'imaginarily' favored position in society, primarily based upon ostentatious materialism and wealth. Removing the materiality and the wealth is the only remedy. Rather than redistribution; destroy all its extrinsicity; and its artificiality. THE FINAL SOLUTION. **DISROBE!**

Equality of person and status is abhorrent. At least we have made it so, in deference to certain anxious viscera. 5.5 Billion viscera; can you imagine it? DIRE STRAITS! The rest is all HYPOCRISY; LIP SERVICE, RHETORIC, SUPER PALLIATIVES.

IT WILL FAIL. The materioconsumerconomical society will fail; its premise is 'conversion of the planet'. FINITUDE. Plus an immense garbage heap midden). Some will argue we have assigned a purpose to life through our methods. Some will argue we have taken up recycling, and sustained yield. We also argue 'when the economy lags it is time to relax pollution standards', SOOOO the dividends remain the same (inclined) regardless of upswings and downturns. Life isn't worth a shit without a return on investment, and life will not be worth a shit in an imaginary future, for two reasons - one: the environment wont be worth a shit; two: return on investment still wont be worth a shit - FOR A HELLUVA LOT MORE viscera. Its hopeless I'll tell yuh! You will argue I have little faith; you guessed it. Actually I have no faith.

In lieu of beatings, lobotomies (intended to persuade one of something). I have listened to well-intentioned rhetoricians attempting to achieve the same end. That end is the sacrifice of my person and my will to another's. ENSLAVEMENT. Most of the time I really don't mind; but when I do mind - I DO MIND. If I seem to acquiesce, it is really my desire not to be involved in your shenanigans; your manipulations; you are witnessing my desire for tranquility; so BUG OFF!

4(5)/21/92 92 92 92 92 92 yup! Married 20. Tomorrow - To The Island Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hidey Ho!

Nutra Shit. Nutra Turds NurtureCrap

6/1/92 103 For most of the month of May I had typed in April (4), the first time correcting the error; but for some reason not having the import register, continued with (4) (losing track).

Anyway we have been North from 22 May until 31 May, a successful trip, although I do feel a little tired, and a little out of sorts. However I began our return with the usual (usal) brisk walk in the park.

6/2/92 104 He was a fish-buyer. He was seated, speaking to an acquaintance, gesticulating, as was his habit. He might have been describing the size (length) of a particular of the piscine order, his two hands spread apart, their flat insides facing one another. Ordinarily, however, one would not be impressed with the distance being conservatively displayed, which might have approximated a foot or so.

It turned out he was describing an entirely different length, or span as it were, employing a familiar gesture with regard to it also. I too have used this very same gesture in a similar manner; as a matter of fact, recently, I have seen it used rather frequently to describe that self-same expectancy.

Now you have guessed I am writing of the prospective tenure of one individual upon this earth. Lately we have regarded the distance between the two hands as inevitable and fixed. We have only moved the one hand slightly this way or that, conjecturing upon life-extension through surgery or chemotherapy, which does not alter the distance between the hands significantly, and does not change the inevitable nature or dimension of the measurement. We know it cannot exceed a certain amount; and if it did, most likely we would become some childish babbling sack of bones, if we exceeded it only in the slightest. So when we gesture, we embrace that which still sports a healthy body doing the things one always dreams of doing; not merely just hanging on.

Very different than a fish tale, wherein one might elaborate, and even exaggerate. Oh!, we know the length of fish to fall within certain bounds; at least enough to know when the tale is being embellished. We are inclined to overlook this manner of recitation, considering it part of the lore. No one can speak easily of the little fish; that much is understood.

Another matter though, when discussing what is dear to each of us. We would be glad of the truth of exaggeration, as we might with the swimming wonder, but our knowledge remains steadfast in this regard, irrefutably.

More important to this narration, we reflect upon that which has happened to heighten our awareness of essences, and the essential. We had begun by describing a finite space existing between two human hands as representing that which is our recognized allotment.

Some regard this allotment as an expectancy based upon some statistical tabulation: some regard it as an entitlement, also based upon a statistical data; and as a proprietary right. But all, all, all presumption is leveled by the obvious lack of warranty.

And what seems clearer in the statistical lexicon warrants each of us to fall heir to certain ailments. While we might feel, when given such odds as 1 in 3, or 1 in 4, failing often enough as a bettor, we might shudder at the prospect in another context. We would feel much more comfortable with 1 in 100.

So, when we articulate with the two gesturing hands, mutely do we utter our profoundest concern. And mutely to we utter the regrets at squandering all that has past. What remains finds the two paws almost touching, approximating supplication, or Gud hep us, prayer.

If only we might extend that which had been ours all along to squander; to squander it yet more?

We mark the passing of the celebrity; obituaries at the ready, thumbnailing their claim to our attention; they too fell. We imagine we are saddened. It is difficult for me to mourn that which has presumed upon me; that which has been foisted upon me; that which has been held up to me for emulation, seemingly forever shabby. I have been held in transient abeyance; my life, no less.

The human surround has so laden my whereabouts, it is as though I had not existed. Mirrors do not exist, although they occupy space.

First of all, one must recognize himself. Then he must gather whatever it is he has unto himself, regardless of the dismissals and the approbations of others. He must treasure this self unto solitariness, if such be necessary, if only to preserve that which is essential. Mirroring is easily enough perceived as non-essential; and eventually understood as extraneous transience; as extrinsic; as exterior.

Yes!, the atmosphere from which we draw breath is exterior; and what one might conjecture with regard to the interiorizing of breath one might also apply to that which one receives, or takes, from his associations within the coeval hominidity. At once burdened, and at the same time, a vast potential exists. One might inquire whose shortcoming, when the potential proves so much ether, mine or thine?

We are abandoned to our dreams, often enough extracted from that which has passed before; we, not new to this territory stretching before us; as a matter of fact all seems rather trampled and strewn with refuse; many times dubiously inspiring. Yet, given over to the motive power of those dreams, visions perhaps, we blur reality enough to create a place for the quintessence of our selves.

The perch by the sea, upon the river, in the forest, or near the mountain top; all serve to found a tranquil milieu in which the senses



may operate smoothly, and functionally, without suffering the screaming, demanding dictates of a mad uncoordinated accessory humanity. Then perhaps, it is that essences appear. Not that these appear as absolute, or concrete. One is more apt to sense, with an inner sensibility, that which forms some vital ingredient; perhaps namelessly, since no name exists with which to surround and engulf these sensations; these intangibilities.

The whole argument is not incorporated or foreshadowed in the flourishing princely utterance: "TO BE OR NOT TO BE"; although each of us might yearn for the peace that such a solipsistic announcement might yield. The quest should end simply enough once the knowledge of the finite is comprehended. To stand at the edge of the precipice, or more simply, above one's grave, laboring under such an ostentatious utterance, seems a mostly grim prospect.

Gotti, Miliken, Clifford, Cranston, Boeski, Keating, Cheating, Blinken, Winken, and Nod. Better keep them peepers open!!! Eternal Vigilance; Name Of The Game!!!

The Don went about in tattered garments. Hopeless, but inspired.

6/3/92 105 Auction Today

Fork product pushers. Addicted to Celebrity pushing, REM and 24 Nights (Clandon Clanston????)

6/4/92 106 Auction Yesterday Outbid.

Last night argued with a protectionistic Physician. Don't change the status quo. Specious (and weak) arguments about sharing information; specious (and weak) arguments concerning universal health care. The physicians are plugged into a system. Obtaining literature; i.e. access to Hospital Libraries is akin to a ban on pornographic material; or like feudal times wherein sovereigns aspired to ignorance amongst their subjects; er .. all the more easily subjugated. Beware Patient! How quickly the US physician criticizes the Canadian System of Health Care. All specious (and weak) arguments. Very dishonest fellows whose bottom line is economic, not Hippocratic. So much for physicians. Beware patient. Or is it fellow human? What one requires is incentives. Physicians don't want to be on the dole; they wish to work for a living; and they want what everybody else wants; a living wage; and a HIGH standard of living; starting with a Mercedes. Bullshit!! Take your cues from your family physician. Aspire!! What are your expectations? Galahads and Samaritans; and Schweitzers are of another world. The dinosaur effect will reach us before we are able to realize the greater potential; In short we shall become overwhelmed in our own ordure, oddure, oHdore, muh deauh .

6/5/92 106 Innocents Abroad, HA! Innocents At Home HO! HO! HOOOE! You can buy the whole shebang for 9.99.

6/6/92 107 Yup! Save the Beavers! Yes! we were speaking of endangered species; jokingly. Everybuddy thinks its a joke; at least nobuddy thinks anything can be done to save anything, so why take it seriously anyway; so its a joke then; O.K.? Save The Beavers! Yup!

6/7/92 108 Yup!

6/8/92 109 Yup! CAN OF WORMS.

6/9/92 110 Yup! Keeping Up With The Jones And The Rockingfellers It was the cultural strewing that got me; those 7/11 guzzlers or gulps discarded in the pahk; pitched as it were, speeding along. Then I reflected with HORROR upon consumerism; and those in the board rooms who conjure up the latest fadfleece. They are called businessmen (guessing that, Horror of Horrors, women do it too). They hype the economy. Pickpockets is what.

6/10/92 111 Yup!

6/11/92 112 YUP!

6/12/92 113 Yup!

6/15/92 116 Yup! Janitor Dream Last Night; that is, I was the Janitor in my former place of employment. Considering the pathetic humanity who served in that capacity, and how I regarded them, my own sense of self-worth must be at a new low. Its all a crock anyway. We cannot be those whom we choose to emulate; and if we only would recognize the truth of the other we would soon be without. Of course we would not emulate a Janitor; I suppose that says something HOPEFUL.

It is only because we too seek praise that we emulate. Seldom is the Janitor praised; his often lousy job is often excused because of his general lack of motivation; his other lacks as well. There seem to be fewer excuses we will extend to those we emulate when they fail US. However, their humanity; which is to say their very protoplasmicness harbors inherent defects which lead to not unexpected failures. Praiseworthy? Remember, we are all in this together! Remember!!!

In the last analysis, praiseworthiness stands as a mockery of certain fated occurrences. Should one become so elevated, he/she becomes a target for a fall, the most natural state of the creatures; that creepeth and crawleth. Holy Chocolate!

6/16/92 117 Yup! Unction Unctuous Unctuousity in the extreme.

6/17/92 118 Yup!

6/18/92 119 Yup!

6/19/92 120 Yup!

6/20/92 121 Yup!

6/21/22/92 122/123 Yup!

6/23/92 124 Yup!

6/24/92 125 Yup!

6/25/92 126 Yup! Extreme Unction for The End of this mess.

6/26/92 127 Yup! Very real dream of the wrecking of Atavist on a rocky shore while she was at anchor during a sudden fierce blow. Ex Eunt.

Extreme Unction for all tacky friendships, of which there are many. The American Scene is generally tacky, without redemption!

6/27/92 128 Yup! Another Atavist dream that metamorphosed into a rowboat.

6/28/92 129 Yup! OCA Orofice Control Alliance (Addicts) All the politicians claim to be for change --- JUST so long as you doanna change the status quo, da stasis grow. Mine, Mine All Mine

6/29/92 130 Yup!

6/30/92 131 Yup! The SC dalliance with Abortion. One may JUDGE the relevance of life, in general; but more particularly the nature of what is cruel and unusual.

What is relevance? How we spend our time ON THIS EARTH? With the abortion issue it seems to me we are beginning again somewhere at the beginning; before the BIRTH of human consciousness, (certainly be4 Judgers when there were just a few of us around. Now there are too God Devil Damned Many of us for HEAVEN, HELL and EARTH put together.

Besides we argue about fetal life when most of those that live suffer some form of want. Take yore chances Bud! (truncation for brudder). Some Somalia for yuh!

Yet idiots like the Pope and his following want MORE fffing souls. How about souls without bodies, POPE? Besides the POPE and his ilk, there are the fanatics; not skinheads, but they might as well be. Irrational! Right to Life - SHIT! Right to Shit! That's Life.

Yes of course, every living, and non-living or potentially living soul ought to get a chance to suffer want, especially at the hands of the hypocrites. The right-to-lifers are all in the baby-selling business, or operate orphanages; well, not really. Their hearts are in the wrong place is all. LUV is the name of a pick-up.

They talk of counseling the preggy about the dangers of having an abort versus a birth. What about counseling ALL before conception about the dangers of Living; and the generalized lacks on the face of Mother's integument, not to mention the LACK OF LOVE; LIP-SERVICE Yes!, but how much real love?

So when a fanatic almost frothing right-to-lifer brandishes the SWORED as if to decapitate the aborter, check out his/her shabby loving foisted upon the woild; make you sick, 'twould. Sacharine shit from a very DEEP soul; sorta phony (phunny), if'n you can JUDGE from their projections.

Anyway, don't get sucked in. Just remember how many there are, how few of 'em are loved by anybody; how rotten, greedy man and society is, how terrible a place for any soul, how much violence; you know what I mean, before you consider dumping another life of any kind upon the mother integument. Don't forget natural calamities like earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, floods, lightning, tornadoes, water spouts, maelstroms, Sturm and Drangit, Asteroids, failing satellite orbitals and DUIL and outright moider; Remember Chicken Little!

The Supreme Court becomes an Extreme Court as a function of Poleitics (Polarity) A travesty of justice. People trained in LAW and PRUDENCE, enshrining prejudices and hidden agendas. Sham Sham Sham on youall. OH!, Of Course its all made to appear neat and tidy in sematico-legalese rhetoricisms and shrouded in longish blackish robes; funny sunday suits poring over the TEXTS, pertaining to the DESTITUTION; interprettin away (like they did in The Name Of The Rose) in semantico-legalo rhetoricisms, enshrouding the hidden agenda; whigging it, so to speak. Powder puffs. Extremosts. Aye! AHAB, what lies inside the robe? FLESH, HAIR (Antia Hill's), PROTOPLASM? HOMINID VAGARIES? GUD? What happened to Aristotle's Magnum Opus?

Gibberish!, you claim; you betcha!

Error! ABORT, RETRY, IGNORE! Take yore pick. Let the Artificer decide, then we could save the salaries of ALL them Loyerly types;

GEEEEZZZZ, what a savings. At least think about it. The enshrinement of PAP

7/1/92 132 Yup! Gaspd for breath last night ??? ??? Overtired??  
 On this morning's walk; a sign: Pro Choice Pro Child.  
 Place your bets.  
 RATS! minus their tails.  
 Noble Savage. A rose is a rose izzzuhh!  
 Smells like ice cream.

The sound of the talons and fangs coming up from BELLOW.  
 Geepers CREEPERS.

Reeking of some kind of animal.  
 Jeremy Bottom. On Top. With Caliban.  
 7/2/92 133 Yup!

7/3/92 134 Yup!

7/4/92 135 Yup! Hah! Independence Day Hah! Thoreau and Diogenes

7/5/92 136 Yup! Stasis, status quo, static - redundant. What is the purpose of so many alike? 5.5 billion (usual correction)?! One must not question?

7/6/92 137 Yup! The purpose of this life is to become replete -Nah! The purepussy of this life is to replicate! Nah! The porpse of this life is to become replaced! Possibly! The pourpouse of this life is to replenish the fold. Maybe! The porepose of this life is to become masked in redundancy. Getting There! The pureposse of this life is to cross the river into the neighboring tribal land to abscond with the chief's virginal daughter. Yeah! The purepose of this life is notoriety; GAWD knows, achieve recognition. There you have it! The purepose of this life is to become a celebrity. A HERO(ine)! The poorpouse of your life is therefore to admire, to worship, to genuflect, and to squander your wealth in the acquisition of the media displayed SHIT promoted (P Es [Product Endorsements]) by the celebrities. The purepose of this life is to become a celebrity so's you can promote (endorse, autograph, photo-op) so's the rest of us can be lulled into believing the poorpouse of this life is to produce more of the same, and mostly to acquire, consume, squander, give over our labors to SHIT, for stuff we don't need. The purpose of this life is to become replete with stuff we don't need. The purepussy of this life is to replicate our labors so's we can consume even more than we dont need. Because when you get down to it there is no other pusspur, to life, but life extension. One extends

that which is absurd. One extends his meager self into a materiality; and he has the SHIT and the papers to prove it. Then he/she dies leaving the baggage in the care of some other extension. The pilepost of this life is to create the hugest Midden ever, the enduring monument to 'Multiply and Subdue', Making the World Safe for Democracy, Make This a More Perfect Union, and Convert the Planet into a Standard of Living (on Credit), and for others (not you and I), to Make Something Out Of Nothing, all hardened into granite and basalt.

The purepussy of life is to rape the Chief's daughter. Yeah! Sounds a bit crude for us 20-21 century suave dudes of suave mores. Gross venialities are not the purepose of THIS life. It is the deed, not the thought, that counts. The napes of the Sabine women. Hah!, the nates forthwith! There's poetry induced somewhere, somehow. Napes Nates Nuts! More More Mores! The spurtpost of life is to get it off! So you kill a little time in foreplay. So maybe you gotta become a celebrity to get a celebrity. Seems easier to go after the chief's daughter than to spend your life acquiring all that SHIT just so you can qualify to get it off in a civilized manner. Just be your winsome self with the chief's daughter an' you can void all the OFFAL; 'twon't be necessary to curry excess baggage. The purepose of this life is to become fulfilled, fully filled, and fillyfulled.

Revelation #1: There ain't no more Chief's daughters.

ASIDE: Was Freud really a Jew? (The question has been asked.) Could Freud really think? Just how short were his legs? As you will observe there are certain risks involved in these grandiose attempts to assist one's breathren. Was he really assisting? Some accused him of searching for a diddle happypenis. What were his Ulteriors? Keep 'em guessing, Siggy.

One might deduce there is no purrpose to life, unless it is discover the perfect DODGE (with a Cummins diesel); become invisible as it were. Incognito! to escape naming, to escape the confinement of definition; to observe without being observed (watch out for dogs). To discover without being discovered. A peeper. Maybe if one observes undetected for a sustained period he will discover the propose of laugh. Possible, but implaudable.

When you realize there is no purpose, then what? Do you just lie down; lay down? in a proposeless univerze? in a purseless universe? How can one properly emulate with an empty purse? As the old mailing lists produce less and less return, we receive less and less junk mail; thank the devil for computers.

7/7/92 138 Yup! He smiled with a purepuss. He was after the chief's dotter.

McKneel and Learer hadda a guy on the tube las' nite saying we have lost our way. We have lost our way into the tube izz wutt.

Purpose!

For the lack of any thing better to do I periodically sit at this machine, tapping at a series of characters that are intended to become ordinated into print, and once rendered into such formal order, to be read by others. I do this instead of other things. By doing this I assign purpose to this life.

When we discuss purpose, it seems we also need to discuss relevance, reveling, and releveling. They seem coterminous.

Now this guy on the tube was trying to say we need a change. It wasn't clear what he meant (in a spiritual way) when he said we had lost our way. He was speaking as an economist. He said we need to become more like the other guys who are successful (the losers in #2 [by the way]) Maybe he meant we should kick ass once again (get rid of the competition; i.e. the losers). No, he meant quite another thing. When he said we had lost our way; he meant - economically.

Well it seems to me you can push the consumerist operandi only so far. Then you gotta land fill or recycle (and print more money). Land filling is better for pure consumption. No hassles. Become Middenites like we truly are. Alternatively we could consume nothing. Feed ourselves and let it go at that. To hell with materioconsumeconomics (the packaging). To hell with making Something out of Nothing. Where has it got anybody who ever tried it? Oh sure, the caste of Fortune 500 run around in limmos and live in early warning mansions, surrounded by the best in extensions, impressing the hell outta each other. Its all so detached. While the rest of us emulate and envy. Its all a, Geeeezzz, shabby CRAZY perpetration. Clearly!

The consumerist thing survives through planned obsolescence. That is, permanence incorporated into that which is consumed is antithetic to consuming. Everything produced by man fails. The producer warrants his output for 30 days, 90 days, 1 year, 2 years. After that, a new doodad (just changing the appearance for example) renders the consumed irrelevant (like they say, yesterday is annihilated). Made over; a face lift. Planned failure. Bilked. Catch on and don't consume is the remedy. Let it all rot. Protest. Get the government to subsidize agriculture and sheltering, and fergit the rest.

When its like that, how can one say we have lost our way? If we did lose our way, it was a long time ago. Now it doesn't matter, since we need to begin again anyway.

One man lording it over another is just asking for trouble. And doing things that burden the planet aint gonna work eeder. Goddammit if we would just feed, shelter (protect from the elements) all that's here and fergit the rest for a long while, just maybe we would

find our way. Not that what we would find would be relevant to anyone but us, or serve any greater purpose than just being; What Ho!

7/8/92 139 Yup! According to Whatsisface Yutang, Whatsisface Laotse said you cannot preserve the essence through pinning the butterfly to the cork (calk [in Massachusetts]).

The same may be said of poorpose; you cannot capture or name the poorpose without risking its demise. Same wif revealance.

The poorpose of life may be to struggle against cancer or heart disease, whereof previously the only pose had been to consume, or to make some great scientific discovery, or play for the Boston Red Sox.

Its an open-casket affair; what you see is what you got. The inanimate. What is supposed to happen once you capture a thing in the word. The essence is missing.

Revealance. The Book of Revelations. The Book of Relevancies. The Book of Revealances. The Book of Veals. Where's The Beef?

In the first book, the purps discovers one observing a bevy of well-formed unveiled essences flitting through Paradise. In the second book the poorpse discovers one reassessing the essences once it is learned in its three dimensionality they fart, have bad breath, and B.O., notwithstanding, or notwithstanding other curvaceous embellishments. In the third book, the porpse discovers one literally floored (notstanding) by the vagaries of essences, not unlike the disillusionment of Cunegonde watchers. In the fourth book the purpose discovers one humiliated by the revealancies (being duped [there but for the grace of another dupe {dope} go I]) Self-delusion some would call it; rather than taken in [hook line and sinker {poor fish}]. The wish the father to the thought. If you can get by all those Relefancies, then you get a fifth of (name your essence).

7/9/92 140 Yup! Prothrombin time is going down rapidly?! Alcohol? I.E. one 12 ounce bottle of beer a day?

ENNNIEWEIGH! The poorest pose of life is to pass the test. To Meet and Beet the competition. To cross the finished line foist. Then Whut? Rest on yore lorrels!? Wait in yore easy chair until somewun eclipses yore record. Then whut? Keep comin' back to beat all those who beat you until yore legs give out, like the ubiquitous Carl Lewis who took up the speel, fornicated and 'Endorsed'; guaranteed income and sexual partners.

There really isn't much more one can say. DUPED as a fledgling. I'm sure there are some advantages to being born blind, deaf and dumb. For one thing very little effort is devoted to communicating with these poorly functioning dysfunctionals. They get passed over in the mad rushing dreadnaught of 'me first'. They are less apt to get



elbowed, because they are usually stuck off the track somewhere. Small comforts. What you don't know can't or won't (wo not) or wouldn't or couldn't or willn't or didn't or will not have hurt ya.

I'm not advocating. Doubtlessly the disadvantages outway wayout the weighty advantages. That is, if you are into a viewing of the Great Mother's beeeootiful bountiful integument; screened, of cohse (Massachusetts). Selected veeyouing. Nearly impossible to obtain an uncluttered vista. Usually some fucin shit to evoke the hominid pall. So whuts rong widdat? This here oblate spheroid was placed in orbit exclusively for you know who. So there are disadvantages, after all. Hearing what one wants to hear amidst the hominid cacophony is virtually impossible, not without cranking it up to (dim) (damn) disproportionate deafening decibels (dumbbells). One cannot choose silence; but one could become deaf. I'm exaggerating; one would be able to sequester himself in the desert. You can get away; a weighty advantage. I'm exaggerating again. But it doesn't take long for a whole neighborhood to blow its speakers as each ghettoblaster attempts to outblast the other. Goddammit I wanta hear. Motto: Getta outta the ghettoe. No, for Cripes sake, lock 'em up in the asphalt jungle and throw away the key forever. Who needs em? Cordon off all them buggers, and maybe the rest uv us can relax.

Hearing was ostensibly designed to alert the possessor of ears to the sound of falling trees, of avalanches, earthquakes, and roaring lions, and her song. Now, hearing is very impotent as access by Madison Avenew to the real porpse of laugh: to consume the rayed, what, and ballyhoo, so's to make 'merrycar foisted amungst Nations, and a Safe Fur Demohypocrisy. Crooked, is whut.

For me, in addition, viewing has a lot to do with the udder sex. Don't know why, especially. A matter of training. Would I, Hmn? Yes!, would I, if I was deaf, blind and dumb? Would it be a matter of somewun indulging me; that is, taking the time to instruct me as to the relevance of those differently shaped distaff bodies, and what one does with them (Pardon!; how one relates to them)? Procreation? Oh! What an arousal? By the dawn's early flight. That awtta make the New World Order Safe For Democracy. Bet Madison Avenew could make a bundle promoting Procreation. Because it is so relevant. Timely and Impotent. Relevance to Redundancy? More of the same, very little noticeable improvement. Still five fingers, five toes one nose two ears, one of this and two of that and so on unremittingly for eons; and no improvement upstairs; the rooves still leak. What's the use. So much procreation for cannon fodder; its an ART. To make uh sowger, who will march into oblivion for the sake of makin the woild safe for you know who. (Like Danny Boy saying the ELITE knowing who they are).

7/10/92 141 Yup! What nonsense yesterday. Let it be writ.

The little colonels (kernels) of truth, militating thorough it all.

She (a scientist Judith) said we all believe we are immortal. Fantasy. Relefantasy. Its one of things for which we might hope. A quick exit is the best solution. I told her I was too much of an existentialist to believe in any part of immortality. This notion (existentialism) has been characterized as nihilistic and pessimistic. Wherefore such a deduction? Reality is a bum rap!

Just wear protective headgear. Passing Assteroids. Is there any connection between an ass steroid and an asteroid? An ass steroid is selectively anabolic for gluteus maximus. An asteroid is a flying atoll. Also a Star, or (whoie) SHAPED like a Star. A user of Ass Steroids is attempting and hoping to become a Star. Those product endorsements serve as a HUGE inducement (inducement to hugeness).

Everything and nothing is relevant. I had raised the notion of bodies flitting through space as a reminder that the void might contain a heaven, but it will need to be away from the flying objects, the rites and roids, and toids. If not heaven, someplace for the immortal part of our decaying corpse to reside. Its not congruent to imagine everyone in heaven wearing protective headgear. There is the Van Allen Belt and there is the Bible Belt, and a Belt Line for Ass Steroids..

Why heaven anyway. Why not an immortality museum (amuseum) (PLUS - today everything is PLUS; Cremation PLUS, Immortality Plus, etc.) Heaven Plus, Tylenol Plus, Cherrios Plus Rheaban Plus; What do you do after uou have added all the superlatives? You think you're gonna get something special for being immortal; heh!, think again!

7/12/92 143 Yup! Reading of the possible connection (as an indicator) between elevated LDH (lactate acid dehydrogenase) and hemolysis. Hemolysis could be caused by a leaking valve (the leak becoming a jet under pressure (the assumption that red blood cells would be subjected to shearing forces in the jet). The Doc dismissed the elevation as not particularly significant of anything. I wonder. Assumed then, a certain amount of shearing will occur because of the valve design, hence a persistently elevated number which is over 100 points higher than before the replacement. The number is higer than those cited in the paper that used LDH as an indicator. SOOOOOO! DOC?

7/13/92 144 Yup!  $12 \times 12,000 = 144,000$  into after rapture. Since life is a repetition of  $365 \frac{1}{4}$ , there is no chance of expanding the number; lest by trickery. It eventuates that ruse-wise, the 144,000 are an elite who lead the rest of the flock. SO SUCKERS, be lead by all your parts.

7/14/92 145 Yup! Democratic Convention. We T.V. viewers have to put up with the dogs guarding the gate to the status quo, the commentators who have become sneering self-appointed pontificators; and who have a vested interest in 'the way things are'. The rhetoric at the Convention calls for change, sacrifice, and 'getting along'; modest enough. The commentators fret over change and sacrifice. The audience likes the idea of change but worries over sacrifice. And we are supposed to get along, are we not; not to satisfy any logic, but because we are who we are. Like that Rodney KING?

We are not apt to get much change by choice, but more by foist and forfeit. That change, if brought about by a new administration might arrange for the appropriate sacrifice which might bring about results concomitantly, before the dogs had a chance to tear it asunder. (The dogs wag their tails only for the hand out from the status quo). We must expect to pay the price which will involve payment of the burdensome debt. Every dog has his day.

Who will lead the way? Will we continue to stumble along, until the whole business runs its course?

Don't ask me what the course will be? Its too horrible to contemplate, since the species will have been judged once again as not competent to handle the civilizational aegis.

I would say that sacrifice is the Key word. If we acknowledge there is a job to do, a task to be completed, in all fairness to each other, then the notion of sacrifice must appear as vital consequence. Unavoidable, perhaps. It does not require much rhetoric to illicit what we know already to be true. Implementation of the Unavoidable. The HOW of sacrifice. Through anesthesia? To pay the debt first of all; those most able will necessarily need to pay the most (note: I did not say 'sacrifice' the most [because those with lots could 'sacrifice most of what they have and still be left with more than most of the rest of us]). Those with the least will feel their sacrifice more keenly, but all must feel the pinch (the pain) if for no other reason than to put certain notions to rest (particularly: that you cant make something out of nothing - dreams only perhaps;. and that the way to a dream is not through debt [credit] and bankruptcy). More modest dreams. More realistic hope. SAWS

Words; to be sure. And all with no guarantee that we will get along; we gotta try nonetheless, since the alternatives are more onerous.

7/15/92 146 Yup! barely; tired today.

Missed the Platform. Part of the message on the preceding evening was HOPE; give the SUCKERS HOPE. Billy Graham used the same ploy: Heaven.

ALAS! Forever. ILLUSION. GLASSY EYED.

Pandora's little black box.

I suspect the Greeks of antiquity, as well as others, knew the facts of life. Doom and Gloom (despair [anxiety neurosis]) were dispelled through notions. Hopes and Grotes (in the darkness).

Its clear there is no hope. There is no purpose to life.

Occupancy. Life occupies. Then it ceases.

We speak of 'building a future'; or 'building for the future'. We recognize the present as being worthless beyond occupancy. We wish to create more than what NOW appears as truly empty purposelessness.

Yes!, why shouldn't we create something 'better'? Simply put, we cannot improve upon the presumption (the escape from futility).

Yes! this is all very gray. It lacks color. It lacks appetite. Despite the hue of truth, we continue to hope (to have notions [imagine rainbows]). Multicolored pleasures.

There is hope in pleasure, in anticipating pleasure; in satiating the senses, in stimulating the endocrinous secretions. In so doing we occupy time; we consume part of our allotment. Then we must rest. We repeat the process until we become gray; others are intended to continue the process after we leave; ad infinitum. Ad Infinitum is the future. THAT IS, Ad Infinitum is the HOPE of the future. Ad Infinitum and Status Quo copulated (the reproductive imperative exploited in vain) in order to produce *Qualis Ab Incepto, Esto Perpetua*.

The ho(y)pe of the future: 5.5 Billion (upgraded) Rolls of Toilet Paper at the finish line. Pure Occupancy; just pure occupancy.

7/16/92 147 Yup!

7/19/92 150 Yup! And what a pile there was! Furthermore the Orifice Control Addicts want homosexuals declared abnormal and perverse through referendumb. How's that grab yuh? Pret soon anybuddy who wipes with anything but T.P. will be referred as a dirty bum (p[b]irty dumb). And any buddy with a dirty bum will be declared unfit for abnormality and perversity. One can see their (the OCA's) reasoning is very circular as well as perfectly annular. Sum buddy asks, "What's this country comin' to?"

7/23/92 154 Yup! Been outta touch No?

7/24/92 155 Yup! Explain our ignorance. Whatsmore, explain the purpose to/for our ignorance. Our only comparison is a dog (animule).

Oh! Sure!, you can always up the ante to a chimp, or even a dumb bunny, or a retard; or a rat tripping on Rorschach, then a Hillywood (P)resident . Then we get to the I.Q. (betcha can guess what that abbreviates). Thing is, just how ignorant can one get and still funk?

5.5 Billion (rising) sounds pret ig to me. Just pure occupancy and redundancy sounds ty norant as well. Coarse ever buddy gots to have a springoff so's he/she can pass the touch evenif it is two hot to handle. Imagine passing on the Blank Slate. Greenhorn Quotient.

Rodney King wondered if we could all get along ('along' mean confraternize; or consororitize). Consumerize together!

Counterpoised to alla this is the Republic of Letters. Bushit rearranged from the aflabet fulla phenomes runes fricatives, diphthongs, cryptobulloney, aspiratives, rolled rrrr's, gutterals snorts, thocks, thicks, rhymes, hissses, and the crepitatious tintinnabulation of bells in the batfrey (presumptions to ululations, all to achieve a cacophonous tuneless pandemonium intended to reassemble the jungle jingles and 'untoward noises' from which we departed [an' if'n you want elaboration upon this primitive state, read Rabelais in How Pantegrueel Adviseth Panurge To Try The Future Good Luck Or Bad Luck Of His Marriage By Dreams]).

What prophet a man/woman if he gains the 'you know what' and loses his/her 'you know what'? The Profit (vaticinator who lived in the Canivat [groined vault {Vatican -{{redundant Vat and Can; a vat being an oversized can {{{ister}}} {{{collection plate}}}} {{{ parenthetically speaking}}}} } ] ) SPOKE: You Know What, Acquisitiveness is only half the struggle; hanging onto it is the other half; and if'n you can measure any of this by the size of our military budget, or by the size of your VAT or CAN, its a lopsided half. DOESN'T IT JUST MAKE YOU WANTA SHARE (the burden)?

So Rabelais makes much of redundancy when he claims the philosopher is sorta dry, void and inane, an' that he could benefit from exposure to the CROWD at Fair Fontenay or Fair Niort. Diogenes (Dio Genes) sure made sport of the CROWD, especially when not one amongst them was found to be worth the whole lot.

7/25/92 156 Yup! OLD FASHIONED BREAD Country Hearth  
Ingredients: Enriched Flour (Flour, Barley Malt, Niacin, Iron, Thiamine Mononitrate, Potassium Bromate, Riboflavin), Water, Corn Syrup, Honey, White Rye Flour, Corn Flour, Salt, Soybean Oil, Raisin Syrup, Yeast, Oatmeal, Butter, Soya Meal, Vinegar, Rolled Barley, Monocalcium Phosphate, Sodium Stearoyl-2-Lactylate, Ammonium Sulfate, Soya Flour, Dairy Whey, Calcium Sulfate, Monoglycerides, Fungal Enzymes, Calcium Peroxide, Potassium Bromate, Potassium Iodate, Kitchen Sink, Pantry Leftovers, Floor Sweepings. Ashes from the Country Hearth. Don't Sneeze.

Old hacking spitting geezer in the park. Old geezer hacking, hocking, and spitting in the park. Old hocking spitting geezer, anyway. Jogging, or clearing out the attic!

7/26/92 157 Yup! Truly Deeply Madly Charlie

7/27/92 158 Yup! Stream of Unconsciousness is more like it.

A chain saw was whirring away most of Saturday (naturally - I mean Unconsciously). I have already told you sum of whut I'd do wif NOISE if'n I bacame Prez. Well, I'll tell yuh, I'd probably do a lot more'n that. While visiting our neighbors that evening, they inquired, "Did you hear that chain saw?" Well I'll tell yuh. "Even a stone coulda heard that." Of course I elaborated a little upon whut I would do when I became Prez.

7/28/92 159 Yup! Saw doc yesterday. P.T. UP, not YUP! Pissed off, of cohse. First its too one way, then too another following the doc's advice eeeech way. So tell me, whadda yuh no bout docs? Nuttin! Saw the cardiologist today even though it wasn't that easy. That is, I saw his little smiling helpers while they echoed the ticker and treadmilled (stressed) the ticker. They were about to shove me out the door when I asked, "HAY, don't I sse the doc?" Whereupon they tried to pass me off to one of the helpers. I said "I'm sorry but smiles don't cut it; my little appointment card says I hadda appointment wid da doc." They said I could wait, since he wuz in consultation. I said "I aint waitin' 'til noon when I hadda appointment for nine ocloclock, so I'm outta here". Then I mumbled something clearly enough (to Charlie) to get some action, like; they run dis place like a business, I mean they are more interested in running this place like a business than some other things they ought to be doing" So all the helpers disappeared for a few whereupon the doc appeared; WHICH IS WHAT I BY GOD WANTED (although its always a disappointment, because by god they aint whut they are presumed to be; in fact they are a whole lot less). Anyway he was pleased with whatever his machines tole him until the next time 18 months yonder. So I will not have to make any insulting remarks for a year and a half. He was reassuring enough concerning the P.T. time, although I hinted it seemed prejudicial (his particular prejudice to cite a certain range of values - prejudicial since other sources do not seem to find agreement with either himself or yet others). Not finding agreement does not constitute a prejudice; just my favorite opinion; when I left the office I said to the helper that received the worst blast, "Hay thanks smiley, I'll see yuh later".

So, we are waiting to leave tomorrow for a month on the Island.

Before we goe, I'd like to throw in a word about the Olys. The Olys are happening somewhere in the environs of Sagrada Familia. From are viewpoint; that of the rayed what and ballyhoo jangleradiating through the glowing box medium, rattling along in some costus (costs us more than you realize in endurance) trivial commentary. Anyway what filters through beside the occasional Dangled Banner signifying

a golden moment, is a lotta excuses for failure (not being able to cut it; not HAVING a Tom Wolfe moment). As always the HYPE fails; but it is an opportunity none then less to shove a lotta shoddy shit at you. What am I saying!; A lotta shitthy shod at ME! Anyway its all pretty damned revolting. And not another anathema was heard, not a discouraging song; only the home of the brave.

On the road, and where we are going, there will be no temptation to get involved in the Olys.

Those lame-brains will never learn. They think that Greece was invented for them. A few years ago, displaying the Oly symbol in a commercial environment was not allowed; now everybody does it; probably even the Greeks have sucknumbed. Who wouldn't? Lotsa bucks.

So many of the participants have already sold out their souls, so that when they fail into crestfallens, one can openly wonder whether it is the mourning of lost greenbacks, or the sudden realization that one has nothing, no bucks, no honor; a real failure.

The bubble.

Republicans are forthcoming. A weak economy sliding toward recession Read his lips and his hips.

8/30/92 I'll hafta count up the days. I noticed the last entry ended with the prez. Geez what a waste!

8/31/92 193 Yup!

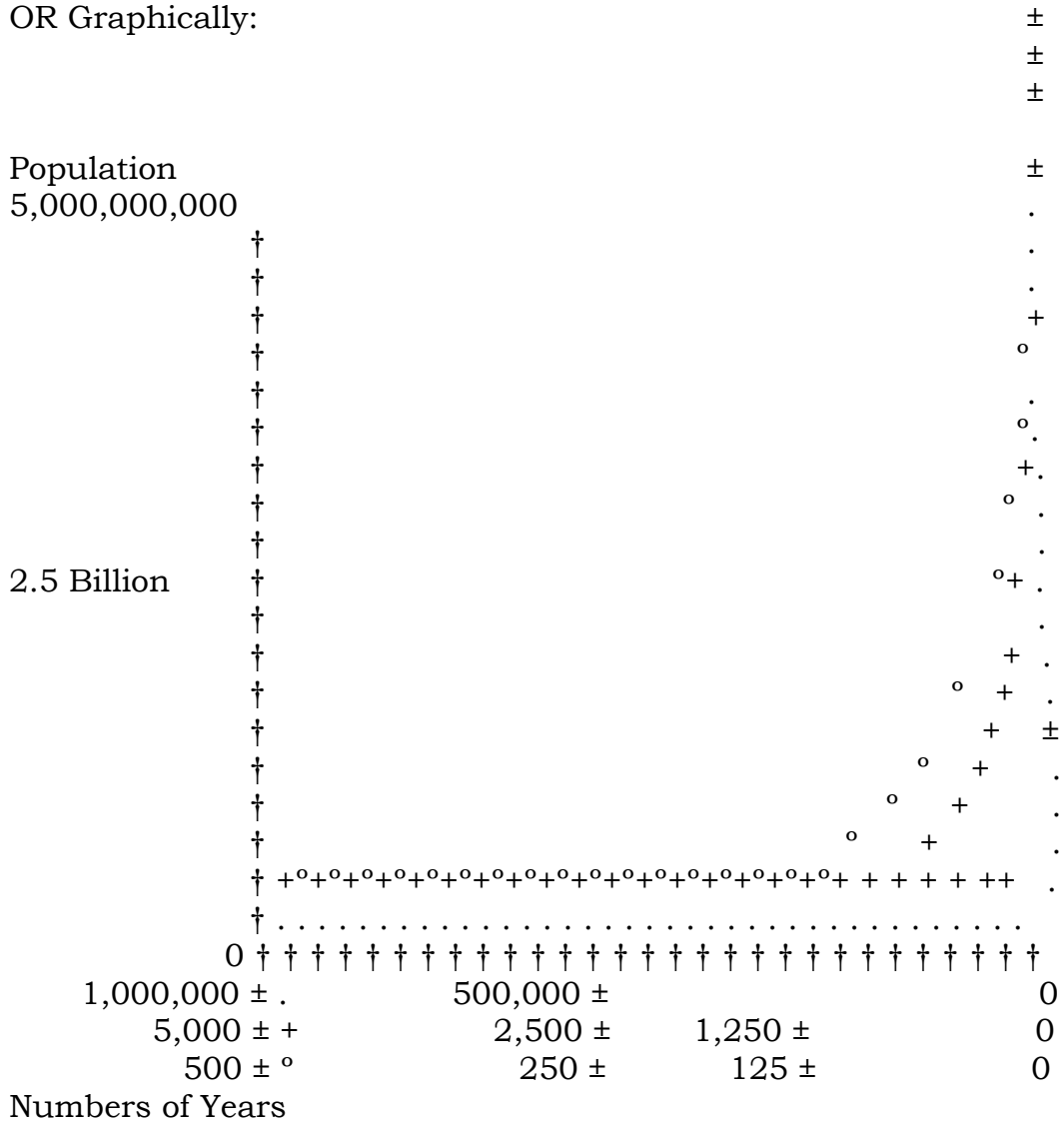
9/8/92 201 Yup!, and WOW!. Anyway, in one hundred years at least 5,500,000,000 (adjustment noted) will have perished. If one follows the curve, the rise toward infinity (which we know will not be achieved) would account a much greater number. Take a look:

From 'President' (Apropos Of Nothing):

Number of years: Number of People: Approx. Avg./Yr. Increase:

995,000 (1,000,000 BT	40,000,000	~ 40	to 5,000 BT)
4,615 (5,000 BT	400,000,000	~ 10,000	to 100,000 to 385 BT)
385 (385 BT	5,000,000,000	~ 1,500,000	to 13,000,000 to 0 BT)
Last 30	2,000,000,000	~ 66,666,666	

OR Graphically:



The 66,666,666 million average over the last 30 years is a conservative estimate, that, according to the graph, increases with each passing year. If we extrapolate, in one hundred years the number will have at least doubled (already in just a few years we have added 500,000,000 [consequently, as I note this change, the number is revised to 5.5 billion]). Such a doubling would project 11 billion. If we account the doubling that has occurred over the last 30 to 40 years we would have to predict yet another doubling within the hundred years to at least 22 billion. And if we were following a purely mathematical projection, we would exceed even that number (Probability would necessarily enter into, thus altering, the calculations).



So you see, if you attempted to predict the number of deaths over the next one hundred years, 5.5 billion would represent only the most conservative of estimates.

This whole projection began with predictions based upon the Nuclear Winter 'scenario' of less than 1% survival, returning to essentially the 'natural carrying capacity' of Gaea. Using that notion I concocted the beginning point at 5000 years ago, arbitrarily marking this time also as the beginning of agriculture, estimating the 40,000,000. Therefore, if you will do simple arithmetic, you will note that more deaths will occur in the next 100 years than during the entire span of known (or suspected) lifetime of the species.

Such occupancy and redundancy loses relevance. There is no way our mathematics or (albeit) our imagination can encompass the number in terms of its significance. The Hall Of Fame. Sheeeit!

Does it make it easier to pass on?

9/11/92 203 I must review my arguments regarding numbers, people, plopulation, not with regard to the future, but the past. The future is certain in terms of deaths, the minimum being the number stated. The more copulation, the more population, the more expiration. The number of expirations will therefore increase beyond the minimum. Cremation Plus!!

In the first million years, a theoretical population stasis was achieved. What we might predict is the natural carrying capacity may in fact have been even less in the early days, given the elements, diseases, and the greater number of predators, internecine clashes; with few defenses against each. At some point in time we begin to count our look-a-likes (from fossilized remains); i.e. somewhere beyond erectus, nominally at one million years and (saps). (The Gulf between Erectus and SAP Neanderthal). These look-a-likes include Neanderthals, Cro-Magnons, American Indians, Tierra del Feugans, Eskimos, and other jungle 'savages' (loin clothes), barely distinguishable from apes, but considered Adamites. We can only imagine the number before agriculture, defendable shelter, etc. The number could not have been very large. Guessing 40 millions 5000 years ago may overstate the carrying capacity. Cave dwelling, teepees, igloos, grass huts at best, may be construed as some kind of stasis, dependent as they were, mostly on 'carnivorous' activity; pre-Biblical; pre-civilization; in effect; pre-history.

9/12/92 204 Plopulation.

Reading McPhee's Geology on tate plectonics and hard-rock upheavals or inclinology proclivitology bentology slopology, leanolgy, slantolgy, gradolgy, batholithology, encystology (californicatiquuss encystus), rockorogies, and the Crawlifornia Cyst, and 1 hunert

milleeonn to 2 hunert milleeonn yars for 'tall t'happen. Where the heck did Dickens get Great Expectations; shoulda bin Great PreSUMPTions. Then there's pileology, huge pileolgy, and even huger pileoogy until you get to the hugest still-in-the-making pileolgy. Then its all over 'cause the 20 billion arriving in the next century will prove too great a load for the integument.

rickety

then its all over ..... 'cause