



The Prophet as Stalking Horse



The Prophet as Stalking Horse.

The Stalking Horse.

The Man With A Hole In His Stocking.

The Advance Man.

A Babe In The Woods.

The Crimson Sophist.

Doppler Reverberations.

The Terrible Sameness.

An Evolutionary Hesitation?

Down The Road Apiece.

Our Task Never Ceases.

It Is Within Our Grasp.

Prelude to Immortality.

Immortality.

Upon This Longitude and Latitude.

The Banishment Of The Prophet.

It serves as a very small source of comfort to imagine a Future wherein one will not exist. Yet, the future does exist as the one true possibility of escape, if one would forego taking his own life. Everybody reckons on the future; even us old geezers.

I picture myself as a latter-day Dawn Keyhole, a Babe in the Woods, aboard the imaginary nag, Rousting Aplenty. I have not taken the Vow of Poverty, notwithstanding my socks are possessed of holes. When I am surprised by YOU, I am somewhat embarrassed by the dishabement, but when I am about my business I might be naked or completely overgrown with foliation without feeling burdened ***ad captandum*** *with the desire to attract.*

I am one of little Faith. However, with some Faith predicated and founded in Reason, but without absolute certainty, one may predict differences for the Future; and contained within these differences certain familiarities, peculiar to this day, that will have passed into oblivion, with only minor fatal recurrences.

I pretend to tread in the Future. Today, the Day of ***Rigor Mortis*** (Latin for ***Status Quo***) *Permanent death cannot be construed as eternal life.* and the enlightened Ballyhoo, could be and must be transcended, if we are to fulfill the promise (from the Latin ***promittère*** - *send forth*).

YOU, all the while, look upon me as a troublesome meddler, seeking some dubious kind of retribution, some gratification for



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my petulance. "Where You comin' from, MAN?", you will ask.

Its where I am going that counts; "Why don't you stand and fight?", you will ask again. Fear Of Anarchy!!!!???

Not alone, not alone (Hamlet absconded with all the one-liners). "What makes you think the Future will be any brighter?"; for the third time I am denied.

I know that Now has been sold out; liquidated. Those who have received the cash have left the premises. We haven't any recourse but to live our shabby lives within and surrounded by our shoddy materialism, our very own ***raison d'être***, Middenites, All. Surely, we may abandon our mistakes; we may possess that certain acuity; but do we have the will? We fear the sideways pecker (.357 Magnum), or the little dog that nips at our Achilles tendon, or imagine that is what we fear; it is the 'thing' that enforces 'our' ORDER. We become the least motivated, the most dispirited, the most demoralized. We acquiesce to Fear. Or is it Sloth? Fear Of Anarchy??!!

All about us something exists which needs Reclaiming by us, yet we leave this something in the lurch, or lying as some inanity to be trampled the more; we are as though hypnotized; surely we are weary, ill-disposed, uninspired. We have become the host of our own milieu.

YOU rail at me: "If you intend to continue with your annoyances, your petulant calumny; will you, for Cripes sake, at least make sense. What the hell are you talking about? Gibberish!!".

As I near the Precipice, or the Inevitable, I could elect to focus upon it, asking the 'profound' question that we assume every human has the special privilege to formulate: 'What have I stood for?' I have come all this way, surely, for there is the Edge. I am not living in the eternal part of the dream; the Edge has persuaded me of the 'succinct' reality. 'What am I?' Even more, 'What have I been?' I could inquire 'What have I seen?' My dog has seen as much; what has he been? 'Whose faithful companion have I been?' My canine companion and I cannot discourse upon these matters; I cannot ask of him "Do you see the Edge?" "Do you have doubts about what you are or who you have been?"

I cannot choose the precise moment; still I wonder, 'Will it happen in broad daylight?' I could choose not to wonder; I could choose not to pry into the 'forbidden' areas.

I should follow, bleating softly in compliance; over the Edge with my 'companions', bleating together; something said about 'misery enjoying company'. Not really making room for the next; just following dumbly.



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I could pretend this isn't happening. I could pretend I am in a subway station, a bus depot or an airline terminal waiting for my flight to the beyond. It does not matter what I have done or what I have seen; all I need do is to be there when the flight number is called. If I follow this latter course there will not be any Edge. One simply departs, hoping for the best.

Truly, we have been merely rearranged matter - DUST - that has received a palpitation, a cursory throb (whatever happened to those other eighty million odd squiggles housed in that splendid ejaculation?). The Transmigration of Matter; Matter that has been privileged to put forth this transient consciousness of itself, in this place and in this time.

I become a Book, an Oeuvre, a Don Quixote, the one who has reckoned a tale, setting out to become its protagonist, its hero. Would such happenstance be so different than acting out YOUR fictional conventions? Hopefully Yes!!!!

Who has informed me of the Edge? Who has told me I am Godless matter that must focus on the Edge, probing with questions like 'What have I stood for?'

Does not this quandary make all others irrelevant? Does not our poverty and our wealth all become funneled into these questions? If this is not our last stopping place, how can we insist upon our differences? One must conclude that we are mortal - and finite.

In SCHOOL, when a question was asked, an answer was always expected. Sometimes one was free to answer anything he liked, but generally, one was asked specific questions that required specific answers, or answers to which one might have been provided an answer having its origin in some TEXT or other; "Who was the father of our country?"; "What is the First Amendment to the Constitution?"; "Why do you want to go to college?"; or "What is Juvenile Delinquency?" If one provided no answer or answered with an untruth (falsely, precluding the promulgated fact or prevailing opinion) one was 'failed' and one's competency was judged; graded, as it were; relegated to the 'retards', the insane, the scrap pile. Or one was passed; one gained entry to a higher order of promulgation. If one did not answer the question, one was not granted a place amongst the others.

If I had been able to formulate the questions, I would have received few "I don't know's", or some Hahvud-trained promulgator would have uttered "jerk" in response (The Importance of Being Earnest) But, now I have graduated; my life has been an answer to an unformulated question, one I neither asked nor had asked of me in the beginning. Plato might deduce some predetermined and



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preprogrammed 'unconscious recollection'.

Now, it is I who ask the questions, not of pupils all arranged, wide-eyed in little rows within the edifice, the church of learning; the little rubber-stamp factory, the little mirror factory, where the waters of the message runneth thicker than blood, under the mandate and yoke of truancy.

I ask then, "If I have answered all the questions correctly, do I then earn and possess the right to answer the larger questions? Must I be the one who formulates them as well? Have I taken one step closer to the truth? Am I prouder then as I approach the Edge? Do I leave everything in good hands?"

I was one who always tended to ask dumb questions, questions that would have been answered if I had only held my place (I guess a dumb question consisted of one in context that tended to anticipate what would come next), or questions that were so apparent, even a 'jerk' would have perceived their response (probably following some infantile logic while not paying attention); or questions that were not relevant, that is, ones that belonged in another discussion. Often I would make the mistake of asking the question of one who was passed off as the archetypal promulgator, from the world of the highborn, the world of the infatuated intellect, the man from Hahvud. These Sophists would not answer questions unless they were timely and properly phrased, and in context; no 'what ifs?'. These eminences were not placed upon this earth to answer mundane queries in some journalistic manner, as some matter-of-factness. Ordinariness was considered chaff. One must ask questions that afforded the opportunity for the Crimson Sophist to display his genius, his erudition, his pedigree, his almighty haughtiness, his meaner wit.

Needless to say, useful answers provided by these sources were seldom forthcoming. More often than not, one received a disdainful chuckle as his reply; when one desperately needed answers.

If the highest order of question askers and answerers would not condescend or could not formulate; then one must return to the streets.

The Crimson Sophist began, "In the beginning, the Father of our country...."

Question, from a pupil: "Who was the Father of our country?"
Answer: JERK! Pupil: "Well its just that some people have been questioning who was the Father...." Sophist: "How the hell did you get into this class?.." "You are here purposely to disrupt this class".. "I'm ordering you to leave immediately or I shall have you forcibly removed".

Pupil: "Who was Jerk?"



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It is true I had no right to be in the class because I had not accepted the premise of 'getting an education'. I never was able to obtain an answer to the kind of question I had asked. I was there to disrupt the class; I am here now to disrupt other patterns of thought, to provoke hesitation in YOU, to cause YOU to retract your vows to Alma Mater, to cause YOU to unscrew your head and to shake the contents out upon the table where YOU may examine them.

Don't look at me so strangely.

You look at me as though I Don't know what I am talking about; you find no verification for my words.

"Don, they just don't take me seriously; do you really suppose they think I am posing when I am so close to the Edge? Do you suppose they will erase me from the ledger, not even to be accorded a footnote?"

"Don, 'tis a wonder how well you have weathered and withstood the usage of time. Oh, I know the modern generation looks upon you as a picaresque buffoon, a fop, if they even bother to remember you from within their own tight-pants mythology. Don, you are a superior testament, one that cannot be suppressed by the State or by the Institution. It is with reluctance that I nod recognition to the Institutions for including you in their curriculum; in their search for material you have consistently occupied one of the prominent places. Yet, it is amongst the Bookstalls, and in the Libraries, and the few hearts of men that I find you.

"And, Don, you and Rosinante came to us at such little cost; all you needed was a Library containing tales of high-minded deeds and the disposition of your great soul to complete the task; your spirit and those of Miguel are invincible. Today we spend trillions for horse and armor; still we do not accomplish the task. You didn't know that each year we redesign the horse? Oh!, you didn't; well, allow me to apprise you of the inner workings of FEAR.

"They bred the horse for speed, only, as it evolved and eventuated, his legs proved fragile and vulnerable to the Achilles Ground-to-Horse Missile. It was found that speed was necessary only for fleeing the scene of battle. Subsequently they bred the horse for size and strength, but alas!, it required more to feed him; he was harder to mount; he bogged down in the battlefield more easily; he was most assuredly slower; and as a final discouragement, the enemy imitated the tactic, producing twofold the number of our silos, and we reciprocated by achieving parity



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until there was no advantage; just huge piles of Acronym MAD.

"Finally, they crossed a horse with a rhinoceros, producing a tank; the shield was replaced with armor plate, and the lance with armor-piercing Missiles, until hell won't have it, and still they can't get the job done. Pegasus now carries a Neutron Bomb on the High Frontier (Acronym SDI); chivalry has been dispensed, and we still bleed."

"You know, Don, I feel really uncomfortable in this role; I realize I am too grandiosely self-conscious. But alas!, this unavoidable situation confronts me.

"I'm like a caged animal in the Zoo, that, like Rilke's Panther, walks the perimeter of his enclosure or confinement, whether it be a fence, a pit, a moat or at the end of a chain secured to a tether. He treads, wearing a path along the edge of his confinement; we observe pastured animals ambulating in a similar manner as they sense something beyond their limited world. Perhaps I am thus like a cow. In the real world I have trod in this manner, hemmed in by the sideways pecker, by brute force, by unreason, by the vile apprehension of the herd.

"This caged animal regards the world as his rightful place; his notion of privilege is not the concrete bunker we construct for him, nor does he perceive it as a 'home away from home'. We are improving our techniques for breeding in captivity; soon wildness, seeming recalcitrance, and that faraway look, will disappear. In a manner similar to those urbanized hominids, who become another kind of artificial creature, so will these resemble him." We are doomed, as the arrow of passivity lethally cleaves the breast.

What I have had to say to the Don regarding animals is beside the point, except to say it does provide a somewhat analogous example to our own situation. However, not only have we been caged; we appear to have submitted to and fatally acquiesced to this encapturement.

This discourse would continue where it attempts to elicit a decision regarding the employment of my time in that narrow space between the Edge and the sound of the Onrushing Presence whose Doppler reverberations assure me that I'm on the guest list.

I could rush in HIS direction in a panic. I am made to feel selfishly cruel, for Alas!, I observe my spouse wincing. I am thus confronted with only this narrow space. Yet, it is only because of its very narrowness, and seeming barrenness, that I feel the more desperate urge to fill it - as the caged, enmoated animal - with his



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pacing. He lies down, weary of transporting his Vision. I too must yield my weariness and yield still another day as well. As I hear the pitch of the approaching whirlwind (the man on horseback swissssshing his honed edge), I am reminded that I have already tarried too long.

Yes!, the questions arise again and again: What have I stood for? What do I represent? Have I been the Stalking Horse, sounding out the possibilities for continuing into the future? Have I progressed down this long road at your urging just to provide you with more laughter, more opportunities for derision. I do not want your pity. Perhaps your laughter is tolerable, particularly if I have merely unquestioningly repeated what has already been accomplished by my predecessors, the 'passing on' of the innocuous torch! - without showing remorse.

Long ago, the way back had been barred. Seldom does one pace outside the gate begging to be allowed to return. Yet something draws one; the fondness for certain human companionship, which had become all the more illusory, the longer one stayed away. Perhaps I had been deceived; perhaps I had forgotten; we never cease to yearn. I had felt similarly with father; how much nicer he seemed in the distance. However, I was not permitted to return; the way was barred, as father had barred me with his hostility, with his Victorian repressions that seethed volcanically, erupting into Oedipal preoccupations. Daddy, that strange dichotomy, the little man, the little old man, who resented and envied the handsome youth, and the skills of his progeny. Alas!, Father too had felt unaccomplished, as the pitch of the Onrushing Presence grew more and more intense, so much so that his very own posed a threat to him. In those days I had heard not the sound he was hearing; I could not comprehend the animosity. Father wanted not to be Footnote. Like Father - Like Son. A Recollection; a Recurring Dream? Some Torch!

The way was barred.

But now, I have departed; I have made my way here; I am now pacing along the Edge, somewhat atrophied, somewhat disfigured, somewhat blinded, not yet balded, but graying and manifesting all the other signs. Perhaps I am ready to seek some kind of bargain with a Mephistopheles, even though I am not of the nobility who has everything but his youth to bargain away, as had a certain Wiemar gentleman. Such grandiose foppishness! And they regard me; MAD!

The remembrance of the feeling, that imaginary fondness for human companionship, illusory though it is, recurs again and again, never having been destroyed within, some carryover or



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inexorable bondage. Although I have many bitter experiences to enter in the ledger challenging the wisdom of trusting in the proximity of Him, one does not seem to learn.

I suppose I would always return as an advocate of Humanitarianism (**WHAT!**), although His derisive mockery was intended to unhorse me.

Father has disappeared over the Edge; it is uncertain whether he was pushed or leaped; it remains to be seen whether he rates a Footnote. This self-conscious world of ours clamors for a place in the Bibliography, to become a Celebrity! Immortality beckons; Faceless Anonymity; Oh! Gud NO!! World Class Anonymity.

Perhaps it would all have been a better circumstance if it had all ended when I was twelve lying in the open fields upon her warm 'loving' bosom. Lightning should have struck me blind and dumb and scoured my cranium, then I would not have spoken amongst You or heard You in your language. I might now stand upon the Edge grunting, helplessly, wanting, even as the most pathetic example of humanity, to continue with More.

What has this advocacy earned for me? Me, A Stalking Horse? I am the Sermon From The Trenches.

A Trench is a deep trough worn into the Earth through the incessant pacing along the confining Edges of this life.

A Stalking Horse is a creature, nominally hominid in appearance and description, who has ventured on to the frontiers of life in order to determine the feasibility of erecting the future thereupon.

Louis William Stalking Horse. I have applied for the position of Stalking Horse, Extraodinaire. This creature never becomes more sharply defined than something vague, for it is always becoming; one does not apply superlatives to such as I. Louis William, a bold warrior, who wears the Helmet of Resolution; a Loud Warrior; a famous warrior who received notoriety through his loudness, a warrior with his mouth; a resolute fellow who needed a helmet to weather the brickbats incurred as he belched forth from the trenches. Not a charitable fellow either.

The Stalking Horse is obliged to recite the Sacred Incantations in recognition of the Almighty Force that controls his destiny.

"Our Father and Mother, who are no where to be found, neither from whence I came, nor where I now reside; hollow is thy



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promise, thy kingdom is but clay; dirt to some; thy will is a chill wind. Some beg their bread, and ask to be relieved of their debts, and others not to be enticed, and to be allowed passage without being fleeced, and much more, because you sure got it made" And he said unto them, "So Sigh Us, Omen" (In the manner of Joyce Finnegan).

"Hail Equestrian, Full of Gleam, Blessaid art thou amongst trespassers, Blessaid is the fruit of thy pursuit, Oh Stalking Horse. Oh one!, Larger than an Ass, Tote our baggage, Now and at the hour of our demise, Hay Men". "You, who perceive all things, however jaded thy view; in the name of Big Daddy, The Little Brat and a Mote in the Eye; So Be It; A Lass A Lah!".

"You allahs been pretty good to me; I've been narry much sickened, lest 'twas by the scandalous sight of them other critters looks like me". Alas!, the futility of ALL supplications.

The Stalking Horse would propose to deliver a Sermon From The Trenches. He would presume to appear before that August Body that sits Above in the elevated and curved rostrum (upon the mount where bureaucracy doth Flaunt Flout) while, as supplicant, he peers upward from the Plain Plane below in hope of having Knighthood conferred upon him, and being Confirmed as the Harbinger of the Future.

"I am most suited to fill the post of that particular sacrificial entity. I have found that being a lone sentinel wears well with me. I have not been bothered by walking close to the Edge. I have inadvertently been crowded into that position; it has become familiar to me; almost second nature.

"In answer to the questions regarding the possibility of my being enticed by another's blandishments, I can only assure you that I have been enticed by my fellow creatures, but even more, I have been enticed within myself to seek out their company, yet have remained at my post. While in their company I have never felt more lonely, for in their company I had learned my expectations far exceeded their capacities. I learned the value of well constructed illusions fashioned from their cloying words, laced with hollow promises. There are many ways to reject another; the sum of rejection is always the same. We have rejected each other. I cannot mirror you or them. I had been turned loose upon the desert; the desert is a place without love. One searches for love, but finds it not. Yet, one is forever drawn to the congregation at the edge of the desert, seeking that elusive something from his look-a-likes.

I had come to the congregation, shrouded and protected within unreflecting surfaces; they could not see themselves in me; I was



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regarded as ODD. Even so, one sweet smile, and Her gentle touchings caused me to swoon, forgetting the desert. Still I was unable to reflect the congregation, nor could I find myself amongst them. Her love did not suffice to offset the estrangement I had felt amongst the people. The enticement had failed.

She accompanied me into the desert. Yes!, there is love now, in the desert. She loves, but longs for the others too. Some have inquired if she will follow me to the Edge? Initially she will. Will she remain there? I do not know precisely; but I imagine I shall not return."

"What is my perception of the Edge?

"It is an area that reaches beyond the trajectory of the hypothesis where predictions are fated to fall back to their origins. This implies that brains, or computers as it were, in configuring the Universe in terms of a sequential relevance, are merely trudging the old pathways, whereas one needs to simulate a transition to irrelevance, our truest relationship to the Universe. To use another metaphor would consist in saying that whatever information I transmit to you from The Edge, or The Frontiers of the Future, cannot be encoded, the data is too scant and indecipherable; the more symbols we create, the more confusion worse confounded (mere noise resounding within the vacant crypt). The extrapolations become shapeless and meaningless for we haven't any goal. There is a terrible sameness, akin to the sameness of the desert; there is an enervating heat by day, a deathlike chill at night; a parchedness. Storms, though frightening and overwhelming, are welcome because they displace the monotony, the utter stillness that echoes through one's head, and the uncompromising pervasiveness of quiescence.

"In the vicinity of The Edge, while reflecting upon the Human Condition, as I had remembered it and still supposed it to be, I had seen that Hope will not relieve the mass of mankind from this yoke of sameness. I have seen his dawdling and loitering evolution hesitate before the void. Only the surface changes; the substance remains the same. I am attempting not to allow my pessimism to influence my selection of data; I have no right to infer anything.

"I do, nonetheless perceive the erosion of Hope, but I cannot see the shape of its downward curve. Whereas we have maintained the illusion of a holding action against Despair, its increase will burst through the cordons designed to hold it at bay. I cannot describe the significance of the breakthrough. The trajectory of the hypothesis yields scant prediction. What is left to the imagination, the relevant part, must cause concern for some, if not



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all.

"Overwhelming Despair may be as near as tomorrow. The bureaucracies that regulate Despair are encumbered with an insane dilemma. While it is the Despairing who hold the power through their sheer mass, it is the Bureaucracy whose *raison d'être* exists in the fact of Misery and, who are given the power of official denial of the Despairing; the Bureaucracy will be the very last to go. The Bureaucracies are empowered to exact a toll from the masses to sustain themselves, and, perhaps only incidentally, to serve the needs of the mass. To force its right of passage the Bureaucracy must remain separated from the mass. Whereas one may view the Bureaucracy as a center, a nerve of the hive, so to speak, and while it is ostensibly established to be impartial in its administrations, it cannot remain neutral to its own self-interest. Those served by the Bureaucracy, acting upon their perception of it, which contains an affront to their very dignity, and their "humanity", which includes their very intelligence, which in turn contains the perception of the masquerade and the fraudulence, as it truly exists, will eventually, biding their time, tip the scales, throwing the whole edifice into a shambles (only to return to the beginning once again).

"Thus will the desert undergo a maelstrom of blood. While this may seem a dooms-day message, and 'tragic' to those of us who will be thus exposed and who will undoubtedly perish in the wake; the tragedy will exist mostly amongst those who did nothing to abide their conscience, living in the agony of the knowledge they might have done something, anything! Once again, despite all the fervidity, clamor, furor, this upheaval would only be momentary, however devastating, for all too soon would the desert return to its terrible pervasive sameness, indifferent to our whereabouts. We are given this one chance, as terrible as such odds may seem, this our life, is all there is.

"I know you do not wish to hear my opinions as part of my employment; I realize I am obliged only to report what exists on The Edge; on the Frontier of the Future.

"I have observed this evolutionary hesitation before the void; a shrinking back. I have seen the existential self, the Godless self; the self turned out of Eden straining its Vision into the beyond, paralyzed through the numbing apprehension of its own dumbness".

"Yes!, I have witnessed your (UN)Holy Progress cease as the forces of Despair threaten. I have seen the Bureaucracy tremble, but not yield; they will be the last to go.

"I have seen the whole dissemble.

"I have searched for others. I have watched for the forces of



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Hope; they have been scattered as a endangered species. They speak of mirages. They claim to have seen the Emanation of Mankind as foretold in the First Afflatus. As their narration unfolded their eyes suffused with moisture as though focusing on some distant succoring image.

"Another reported the fabulation of Sancho Panza implementing the Doctrine of the Least, while his sidekick, the Most Noble Illustrious Quixote, prevailed in ending the Dominion of One Man Over The Other.

"Still another claims to have viewed HIM seated after the Second Advent, ready, once again, to lead Man from out the Morass of his Sameness.

"Still others, the most hopeless of the hopeful speak of what they envision beyond what they are able to see. One has called these the Realists, The Factualists, the Dealers in Hard Goods. They perceive the Convulsion that our hypotheses aim to forecast.

"However, the forces of Despair could be seen marshaled at the border, bulging the cordons; they were restive. They had heard the reading of the Afflatus; they distrusted this Emanation as a chance medley. (Bruges Madonna?) They had detected the superfluity of Sancho Panza and the great Don; while the pair provided levity, if one could perceive himself in that lighter vein, they lacked in substance.

"The Despairing viewed the Second Advent as nearly the most hopeless, as merely an embittered Christ who had been both forsaken and exploited in his sacrifice; His was a Wrathful Countenance".

"The Despairing seemed to find more in common with the most hopeless of the hopeful, in that the hypothesis described the arc towards the origin, a sapien labyrinth whose fortifications in sameness must undergo the Convulsion. They too looked beyond, without any Hope. The evils of the unalterable sameness (the awful repetition and subservience to past errors), though slain or disavowed, would only be supplanted by the 'evil' of stark indifference and one's total and final irrelevance. Have we shown that we deserved more?" Deserve??!! How are we relevant?"

I now live in someone else's imaginary Future. I wonder if I now fulfill some 'vain ambition' or whether I forego and betray some earnest wish of one neglected life. Some voice from out the preceding eons before still echoes herein. "My 'fondest wish' is to entrust this torch unto thee. Carry On!, for the task will never cease; yet, YET it is within our grasp".

One thinks many things, or is possessed of many thoughts.



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One may become too conservative in his thinking, too solicitous of himself, telling himself it is 'dangerous' to think in a certain way; not in terms of the politically dangerous, but in terms of losing touch with reality. Political Institutions are transitory inconveniences created to define boundaries and protect the huge middens. Whereas they comprise a part of our 'reality', they do not remain fixed, being subject to various influences and opportunities.

Because of political pressures one tends to arrange his thoughts to accommodate this 'other voice' in his reality. This produces a dichotomy in one's thought, wherein one is aware of its transient nature and yet, within its presence, contains this ability to subvert simultaneously what one is and what one thinks, as though depriving one of the right to an awareness of self.

One thinks, then, in terms of 'relevance-of-the-transient' in his life, taking it into account, as it were; sometimes being forced to do so, when suddenly one finds himself incarcerated, accused of trespassing, or sedition and treason.

While such realities would appear to enforce a conservative accounting, it would seem ultimately too conservative to ignore the consequences of this transient reality. Tritely, one may utter 'The only thing to fear is fear itself'. One must risk his vulnerability in order to transcend the moment.

I'll raise the 'Old Refrains' once again: "Liberty, Equality and Justice for all". Freedoms, Human Rights, a system of Equities. Yes, of course. It is assumed. Do we still manage to discuss these matters in broad daylight, in the public square? You wish me to believe it is still necessary? Questions, always questions.

I would rather not engage in all this trying dialectic (or diatribe, if that characterizes more aptly and adroitly these thoughts). I do not know what is apparent to others, or if all the apparent things are indeed apparent, to how many others. I'm now conjecturing upon the organization of human society as though we had moved down the road apiece after we had finished painting the 'Big Picture', perhaps to a time where the 'totalitarian' aspiration had become a reality, wherein we had a completely regulated society (a little less harshly than what is behind us in 1984), ostensibly organized as a 'functional' unit. Or we could move down the road apiece wherein we had achieved the same condition, while also observing the tenets contained in the 'old refrains', that same basic objective having been attained; that is to say we have produced an organized society comprised of realities to which we nowadays only pay lip service, having selected the best of what was available to produce that 'functional' unit



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(founded in Concordance and Conviviality) as opposed to a dysfunctional unit (founded as it is today in national, ideological, religious and racial factiousness).

Quite obviously, 'Liberty, Equality, and Justice for all' becomes a rather involved precept. 'Liberty' must necessarily occupy its rightful place, while not becoming an encroachment (upon another's Liberty). Does this mean any containment would nullify the precept? I would answer with a 'cautious' "No, of course not". To set the limits upon an 'old refrain', do we press the argument to the extremes of the totalitarian prospectus? However a decision is reached, it must be made in concert, not unilaterally.

Let's say we have moved down the road apiece, and somehow fortune has permitted us to escape the totalitarian yoke. Instead we have been permitted the luxury, through trial and error, to have arrived as the inevitable synthesis, wherein 'Reason' has triumphed.

"You don't mean to inform me that Reason has demolished all the engines of war, that reasoning erased the little fences that criss-crossed the globe, bisecting the mountains, rivers, lakes and oceans; that Reason revealed all our common goals to the exclusion of our selfish ones; that Reasoning led us to build this Temple of and to the Great Mother; that Reasoning taught us to carry Love into our sepulcher."

No, Reason alone was not enough. The Acts of Dedication played their part, Dedication to a principle; an order of Dedication with which we are unfamiliar during these days, but which had become commonplace down the road apiece, in the 'Big Picture'. Dedication to a system of implemented and practiced equities, observing the Doctrine of the Least, and Dedicated to the principle that One Man Shall Not have Dominion Over Another.

Reason and Dedication by themselves were not enough. Belief was essential; Belief in Reason as the tool that would produce the the true and reliable synthesis required to yea-say the principle; Belief that the principles were valid, Belief that in our Latency we had found the wellspring of the 'human glue'; Belief that all our striving during the 'long march' tended towards this common goal, the collective goal, rather than the selfish goal, and Belief, not in an outside interloper, but Belief, most of all, in our ability to design a fair social contract, and that the 'Big Picture' was real.

One might ask if individual 'liberty' had become subsumed in the mass, in the commonalty. I think not. Even 'liberties' in the so-called free societies had been liberties that existed within fenced areas. In those free societies one was at liberty to remain awake all day and all night. While one was at liberty to run about naked upon



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the ice, or upon the desert, what had been gained? One was even at liberty to destroy his crops, his swine, his dairy cattle, while on the other side of the fence others had hungered. What is liberty? Liberty exists for one man to deny another for his color, another for his poverty, and still another for his misfortune.

Down the road apiece, as depicted in the 'Big Picture', one possessed the Liberty to walk across the mountain, to ford the river, to cross the ocean or the desert without encountering the broad unnatural stripe he had encountered upon the old maps. Instead one was understood and hailed as a traveler-upon-two-legs. Down the road apiece one was allowed the liberty to think without fear of persecution, or being labeled seditious or treasonable. One was what one was, having not violated the precepts of liberty in having been born a creature of nature regardless of the hue of one's body; one was to be regarded as a marvel in the world, not as a piece of shit, inferior, a gook, a nigger, a honkey, gringo or wetback, wap, chink, or jap, or nigger of the orient; prole, deadbeat, vagrant, hobo, bum.

Yes, down the road apiece you'll not find you are granted the liberty to abuse your fellow man, or exploit him. You'll possess the liberty to reason with him, assist him in observing the principles, and revitalize his Dedication, his Beliefs, and help him carry his Love to the sepulcher.

But most of all, with or without Liberty, you will have synthesized a society that has removed all the fences (the maps will all be one drab color by then) that serves All because we will have realized that is what was intended in our Latency; that, as humans, (*homo sapiens*), we have indeed forged an IDEA that validates the whole evolutionary promise. Man does not transcend his nature, but imbues it with his own purpose; he accomplishes this synthesis because he is capable of doing so; it is within his power; it is within the grasp of his Reason, his Dedication, his Belief, and his Love.

You may wonder how it is possible for me to speak so hopefully one day, and the next day to perceive us as a bunch of 'no-good Quucking bastards'.

While it has been stated by nearly everyone, at one time or another, that he or she is a man or a woman of 'good' intentions, the factor of violence and bloodshed caused at the hand of man does not substantiate the assertion. Perhaps in that dormant, latent self the germ does exist; that vital germ for the future, for the day down the road where one's longing and yearning incorporated in those 'good' intentions, will have been passed on, adding a motive force to the Grand Synthesis (where violence and bloodshed will have



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become an anachronism), and man will have achieved, at long last, the Concordant and Convivial Society.

To preclude or eclipse reality through the illusion and ruse of Hope is to allow one's thinking to penetrate the gray areas, the dangerous areas, where risk becomes involved. One must risk his vulnerability; one must leave the safe shores of his play pen, venturing into the unknown, upon the sometimes hazardous seas. The hazards are not unknown to us; one leaves the shore behind, risking one's being to the element of human trust, to gain the common shore where his latency emerges as the product of our common yearnings; yearnings which do not transcend this Earth, but which are founded upon and within Her, yearnings which embody our 'good' intentions, becoming factualized in observance of a 'Reason' as opposed to an 'Unreason'; yearnings which engage our Dedication to the principle, and transform Despair and lack of trust into Belief, that, within us, lie the tools to achieve the substance of these yearnings; and, to be able, in the end, to know, as one approached the sepulcher that one's life was of avail because it had found fruition to its yearnings; and finally that one had left everything in good hands.

Beyond this hopefulness (this fantasizing), where lie the practicalities? Without fences, our thought becomes less constrained. The basic juxtaposition remains: man as life confined within certain limits, confronted with a less and less hostile environment, less so, because he is better able to cope and share; and truly, he has been better able to cope individually as a matter of pride and self-sufficiency. In terms of efficiency, both in accomplishing the task and in reducing waste, the collective man emerges as the expression of the practical aspect of achieving the common goal. The factions at work on the Tower Of Babel, in their competitive self-interest only contributed to the accelerated rate of dismemberment and wasting of the planet.

In his coping, man has developed the practical tools which will facilitate the journey down the road; these tools are the modern artifacts (a conversion of the planet into a tool); they will aid in the affirmations rather than emphasize the denials and negations. It would be just as easy to propagandize our common goals as to perpetually engage in our common practice of factiousness which results in the tendency to the violent resolution of, what in the end, must be recognized as our **COMMON** problems.

We do not need to develop the mechanics of production; we have already done so; we are replete in this area. We do not need to develop the means of distribution; we have already done so.

We do need to tear down our fences; we need to observe the



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Doctrine of the Least, and the system of Equities. We need to liquidate the bureaucracies that promote and preserve the Dominion Of The One Over The Other.

While it is realized that the flow of goods and services requires organization in order to fully observe the Doctrine of the Least and the system of Equities, we are very capable of achieving these ends without bureaucracies. We have developed the tools that preclude this cumbersome and dangerous anomaly. While individuals will indeed be required to facilitate and effectuate our ends; to program, as it were, our tools, to make some decisions regarding production quotas, to meet the vagaries of supply and demand, checks and balances, predicting a variety of levels of interaction, involving populations (numbers) etcetera, we will be a society well-schooled in the tools and their uses and potentials, and in the principles inherent to the operation of OUR Social Order. We will not be permitted to be ignorant, or to lapse into ignorance; we will have awakened the dormant aspiration, and have given direction to our latency. Vigilance will be required to maintain our precious emanation, our enlightened awareness becoming the vital key to its preservation.

Well, have I not begun to soar as my thoughts view the scene down the road apiece as I ponder the Big Picture.? I might have continued my previously depressing observations involving totalitarianism and free enterprise wherein contentious bureaucrats strew human bodies about the landscape as if they were the cheapest commodity, made of cardboard, instead of the miracle and marvel of evolution (dare I say creation?) to still cause wonder in the beholder.

If I continue in this sublime vein I might even begin to value myself as a marvel, not in terms of these writings, but as a creature who is still able to appreciate gazing at the clouds in order to see in them great ships sailing upon an endless sea.

One must persist always in thinking beyond what one is; for as does the sun shine on the other side while we are in darkness, so does our thought illuminate beyond our immediate horizons; our vigil, and our task never ceases, making us kin to the sun.

Where do we go from here?

I am confronted with the paucity of certain aspects of the language, or my ineptness in the use of it, or in the lack of Universal appeal of my subject matter, or my tendency to rhapsodize in the obscure and absurd, the far-reaching, invoking the impractical scheme. It is not that I do not understand human nature; it is that I



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wish to defy human nature in order to escape something that only appears destined to be or is manifested in our construction. Oh surely, I could strive to become more articulate, more literate in this, our acquired means of communication; I could strive to become a 'something more' than I am with regard to the language and with regard to the basic components of my humanity whose intrinsic nature must become revealed (and hopefully elevated) through these worded utterances.

I wish to address you in a manner to which you cannot fail to respond; not to me, but to the issue contained in the words and sounds.

I have blamed my 'aphasia' for this inability to effect something in you. Whereas I have failed in my mastery of the language, perhaps you also are possessed of an aphasic condition that prevents you from deciphering the sounds or symbols, or perhaps you have not bothered to invest your humanity in them, or perhaps you have not wished to do more than yap and behave like a dog. I do not believe that either you or both of us is stupid. In my stupidity I might think you were stupid, and vice versa.

I would like to believe you capable of everything; you see, when I was a child I was told you were capable of everything. I could choose to regard this assertion in a most positive and hopeful manner; if I looked upon the assertion in the most negative and in the most despairing manner... well, I just cannot (although I may appear to do so); the thought is just too depressing, even to a slow dim-witted person such as myself.

My only hope is to appeal to your latent humanity. In another place, upon another occasion, in another writing (Sermon From The Midden Top) I have made much of this latency; as previously in *Apropos Of Nothing*, William speaking, in the *Bruges Madonna*, as he alludes to the *Emanation of the Future*.

During these times we have become a self-conscious lot. Some of the (Past) Enlightenment has rubbed off onto us whether we like it or not; we have thrown off certain 'chains' within our minds, if not from our beings, and our daily lives. Everyone who shares in the general enlightenment perceives a possibility for himself; he is aware of past achievements and their accompanying notoriety; and his ability to comprehend, to imitate and duplicate them, encouraging him to become something as well. The Enlightenment ushered out the Old; no longer could the light be shut out by the shadow of the Oligarch or the 'Priest', no longer could the Oligarchs and the Priests manipulate the light.

This 'Newfoundlandness' elevated and heightened our



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entrenched species (as suggested by Ortega Y Gasset in *The Revolt of the Masses*), but it did not particularly improve his character. By turning the tables on the Oligarchs and Priests, it may be said, in the last analysis, this something needed doing, benign dictators, notwithstanding.. The memory of its importance and significance is shortlived; others have been swift to fill the void left by these overthrown intimidators of mankind.

New authorities arose, new 'oligarchs': the oligarchs of Industry, of Capitalism, (and Wealth), of Ideologies, of The Rhetoric and Bullshit that has been necessary to sustain these Latter Day Oligarchs in their new forms of oppression and slavery.

While enlightenment abounds, it has frightened these new Oligarchs as it had those of old. What is this thing in us that rises to the top, or rises to the surface? What is this exclusive ascension; are these impurities to be skimmed away? Is there not some monstrous **SELF** always emerging? The first cell wriggling its way to the surface, fearful of becoming engulfed and subsumed in the vast anonymity of the sea.

I have read of the Chinese of old, in the digging or drilling of salt wells, that they would begin a task requiring many years of human effort, human labor, that might in fact eclipse several lifetimes; a task begun by one generation would not be completed for several generations down the road. A rather remarkable unself-consciousness (bending to Man's Fate). I wonder if this is still true of the Chinese character, or has this been some gross misstatement of the truth. One wonders if it has been transformed in the new China, into a self-consciousness wherein each generation must receive its laurels, must bear witness to itself, wherein a generation cannot merely begin a task, but must finish it in a glory of banners, as the western civilization's attempt to do (Their sheer numbers, and subsequent absolute Social Order, must surely preclude any appreciable degree of egocentricity).

Is it a matter of perception or is it a matter of longevity? Are we in the West, still too young, too immature, still too close to that violent annihilating, grasping, raping impulse?

Do you suppose the Chinese, in their long presage through time, in their evolving awareness contemplated the simplicity of the tree, that entity that had been established long before one's birth and would continue, if left alone, to live long after one's passing. It is conceivable the Tree is the mystical foundation for their perception of continuity. The tree is without voice, yet it is perceived; it stands unselfconsciously; its utterances, a plainspoken muteness, but audible to accustomed ears. Undoubtedly Nature and her progeny serve as the Model, lest the Model exist amorphous



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and solitary in our Gray Matter. In my speculations upon the Chinese, have I endowed them beyond what they really are? Aye!, my mystical Chinaman, I invest ye beyond your base protoplasm. Note: The thing interesting about the Chinese is their Chineseness; when they become plain Ole Joe of the Western World - something **FAade**_{zs}.

I had wanted to arrive at a discussion of our modern-day self-consciousness, somehow brought about and heightened through the exegesis of the Enlightenment and its accompanying disruption of the ossified Old, the overthrow of centralized power (the Oligarchs) and the release from a baroque rationale towards life. In concept, it might be said man was freed and uplifted, as suggested by Ortega. Obviously one's circumstances did not change overnight; perhaps they never really changed or perhaps they worsened even; quite often the promise one perceives as having evolved is only something that exists in his imagination. Even though this last is generally true, there was an unmistakable shift in the power base throughout society. Certain controls over the individual had been lost. He was not likely to be sold into bondage, unless he had chosen it for himself. Such was the semblance and appearance of his Status. Each individual was on his own; the ordinary man was now not only free, but obliged to earn his access to notoriety, to fame, and to wealth on his own merits. The Arts and Sciences were no longer only the province of the privileged. More hands and minds became the expression of the species. "Mankind" virtually burst upon the world. They poured forth.

The possibility of a 'full' life for everyone waited in the wings, and along with a full life, recognition, and even fame; with a chance at the finish line; and a place in the sacred halls of posterity, the immortal entombment; "The Hall of Fame"; a neat Minister West Abbey previously reserved only for the Gentry and Royalty.

But somebody is always attempting to steal our immortality; we are powerless to defend it when we are dead and gone. Roger Bannister was the first to charge through the four-minute barrier. Since then, of course, a host, soon to become a legion, have charged through the barrier; who can remember their names?

We have seen a photograph of Roger breaking the tape; we do not need to rely on somebody's recollection of the event, or upon some artistic rendering of the great occasion.

Now we start early, very early. The little boy down the street who isn't much older than ten is already imbued with the principle;



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he runs; he runs everyday; he is in training; the running machine of the future. On January First, in the year Two Thousand (A.D.?) he will break the three and one half minute barrier, if it should still stand. All he has to do is run a 55, 54, 53, and a kicking 49; that's all. Would it be too much to ask for him to deliver us an enlightened civilization bedded in Concord and Conviviality?

Of course, he is running against several clocks and all other kinds of competing record holders. There's the biggest and fastest submarine with the greatest killing power; there's the biggest bomb with the fastest delivery system; there's the multiple-headed rocket with the ultimate payload setting on the High Frontier. Then there is the Kill ratio. I'm tougher than you are; Nyeeeah, Nyeeeah, Nun-Nyeeeah, Nyeeeah. You and whose army?????

The record books are bursting their seams; soon the microfilms will be bursting their emulsions, if we do not burst our own bubble. Run. Run. Run.

Recently the Russians have claimed the distinction of being in possession of a relic of the oldest known primogenitor of homo sap.; heh!. Perhaps the very first; older than the oldest. I'd sure like to make his acquaintance; I'd personally wish to congratulate him regardless of his ideological origins (I have no ideology whereas he has; we are different). The Russians had better look after him. Imagine 1,500,000 years old. **Really, that should be old enough; Christ!, how tired one becomes by the time he's fifty; I can't imagine going all the way.** Africa lays claim to the original MaMa (Pigmented).

There are not too many records for me to break. I'm the ordinary citizen who had had many opportunities. I became a jack of all trades. The Jacks seldom excel at anything. And here I am Jack Author, envisioning myself as the dusty tome that is eventually culled from the bottom shelf. Whose torch had I received; Is there both substance and flame to pass on? It will not burn! It will not burn! I have been flimflamed.

Oh Yes!, the self-conscious. It was that affable fellow, Mike Taylor, who informed me about the Chinese digging the hole that was estimated would require a hundred years to excavate. This may have been symbolic and slightly exaggerated; at any rate it would not be happening in the Twentieth Century. One nuclear explosion could efficiently dispatch the hole; of course it would dispatch the philosophy as well; most likely it has by now.

Who's Mike Taylor? Mike Taylor is an affable fellow. He lives on an island up North. He was formerly a 'logger', owning his own logging truck. He retired from logging when he was forty. Now he consumes a little piece of his shoe-string each day; he jigs for cod,



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gathers a few oysters and clams, and so on; and reads; and thinks about things. He waves as the world goes by, being of a friendly disposition with his welcoming smile, often jesting, never malicious, seldom hurting.

He thinks about things. Once in a while he says the world is going to hell in a handbasket. I suspect his feelings and observations are not ill-founded. Yes, he waves at our world, diverting his doubts inside, diverting the shoving and elbowing masses outside, staking his claim to peace, to the unselfconscious philosophy. I wish you success Mike; don't let that smart-assed dilettante up the road get under your skin; he is unhappy; he is feeling unaccomplished; he wishes to see his name on the Marquee. Mike would never presume to thrust his opinion upon the world; he would not feel equal to my presumptions. He'll not suffer the grandiose dementia for want of solving the human dilemma.

Mike is the one who revealed his admiration for the man who can begin his life and end his life in a hole, who is able to endure self-effacing labor, and who can envision a continuity beyond himself without feeling a need to festoon himself with glory. Mike revealed he had had 'only' a ninth grade education. I recall the Crimson sophist who might gaze disdainfully, just from habit, down his appreciably lengthened snout to utter 'Jerk'. Alas, what a wonderful difference, a refreshing difference, and such an affable purity that emerges when one is not too loaded down with bullshit. I realize I may be assuming too much, forming easy prejudices for or against. I am not sanctifying him; I feel certain Mike has his failings (as do we all), however they are not obvious; I do not desire to go in search of them. Contrasted to those with the elongated proboscises, he suffers no such disfigurement.

I know what Mike is saying when he speaks of the Chinese and their hole; I gather some of the feeling when I contemplate the tree outside my window, the tree which is older than I, and is just beginning its life although it is one hundred years old; and naturally enough, it does contain within itself the possibility of become the greatest tree ever.

Of trees and men. The tree lives precariously in this Twentieth Century; it is not even merely another life. The tree does not possess an idea of itself, or so we imagine; it cannot know that it contains the potential to become the greatest tree ever. Man, on the contrary, that little pestilence that dashes about, has an idea of himself. An idea has become entombed in a self-consciousness, wishing to create a perpetual memoriam to itself, wishing selfishly to gain an the eternity for itself, that, in its ideations, would deny it



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to other life.

Now it is, I wonder if they have duplicated all the carefully maintained records full of split-second timings, burying them in some hardened underground vault. The Idiotologists are quite often speaking of unleashing their arsenals of megatons upon one another. This endless sort of parrying (at this writing is has been going on for forty years - and I have lived through every minute of it; and given the existing mentalities on both sides I know I will die with this parrying still going on overhead) could get out of control; all the records would certainly vaporize. What a shame. With the loss of the 1,500,000 year old, Roger Bannister, Mike Taylor, and Jack Author, how will the visitors from the other worlds know about us; how will they be able to transmit our immortality? Mark the vault well.

It is time to return to wander some more upon the Frontiers of the Future.

I had previously spoken of an Edge beyond which I felt I could not travel. Darkness is everywhere. In essence one does not actually perceive the Edge, but one senses its presence by the sudden onset of blindness. While there may not be a practical limit to one's Visions, there is always a natural limit to be found in one's ignorance.

In lacking the Divine spark we can neither make Gold of Lead, Life of the Inanimate, or Know beyond our senses and remembrances. Still it is inescapable we shall grapple with these impossibles. We persist in our gnawing. It is in this spirit I presume as Stalking Horse into the future. I know on some bone that will outlast me.

My time is already past, therefore I am not a candidate as participant for any further role in our continuance. But, my mind persists in inventing the Game, elusive as it may be.

As I developed, I shed my gills for lungs. I announced my difference and my intent, and my stake in life. That is, father's sperm and mother's ovum harbored the lineage and the destiny, their initial mating an unconscious involvement in a lengthy process; I seriously doubt even a dim awareness of continuance during the act, and deeper still, any comprehension of any purpose to the continuance. Had father been aware at that youthful age, he might have envisioned an Antigone for his old age.

I, ordinary as a repository, as a carrier, my own progeny the same, however yearning and aspiring.

This yearning has driven and accompanies me into the rather



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stark regions. I had imagined I had yearned for recognition and love from my fellow man. I had imagined I had sought fame and glory. Even now I talk aloud to myself as though addressing a mass of faces, ears concentrated upon my pearls. But how draw a crowd amidst all this incessant clamoring, hearkening to these headier stuffs?

I know I cannot expect anything from them; from you; truly, they (you) do not understand, and think me eccentric or pathetically mad. And the critics lurk hungrily and testily!

I have not pursued the yearning to excess; it plods along as has this evolutionary process - never ceasing, alone, resolving towards some elusive end, perhaps magnetized, attracted to some finality - in order to KNOW.

Meanwhile, our Collective uncertainty, our agitation, our milling about, our headlessness results in myriad hurtful collisions. We are full of unconcern one moment and retribution the next. In one moment we wish to blow our selves to smithereens, and in the next we hope to manacle and thereby restrain some wilder emanations.

It appears we have settled upon some Advantage over one another; as much or more so than Advantage over those other forms of life. Perhaps it has happened we have so humiliated those other forms of life, they no longer hold our interest. The challenge appears to be within our own ranks - do you suppose it is a final humiliation we seek? Man humiliating man; man conquered by man?

Our "Capital Sins" for which we dare enact no covenants, become THINGS, or states within themselves, seeking their own autonomy and satiation, each unto itself, with little cooperative spirit. This creates the appearance of a deadly, imperative, ineluctable parasitic symbiosis converting and subverting all of us into some suckling appendage, feeding upon one another in a most violent and demeaning manner; the maggot heap. Not pretty; not intended to be.

So - it is I who withdraw to this other place, ashamed of the part I play, not even able to transmute a Vision into a simple reality - bogged down in vanities.

Knowing with a certainty how little 'free choice' or 'free will' is to be trusted in effecting a transformation into another kind of existence, I succumb to the persistence of this aforementioned fatedness. I am old and have become tired in the traces. I deign not to die as Dave - I cannot sacrifice myself to something so obtuse as fate, in the Call Of The Wild - Heart easy and Content;



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notwithstanding my appreciation of the symbolism of the tree or Mike Taylor's Chinese.

Some further mutation is required, some immutable incorporation towards a collective goal. Are you able to imagine the destruction of the I, reverting to some unconscious Blind Destiny? In service to the Queen and the colony? Surely, not without Love!?

We drones have monopolized the pleasures, and do battle for HER favors.

Along the Edge, pleasure consists of a spirituality derived from a glimmering perception of the truths or essences of THINGS, even as ill-perceived in their revelations as construed within our feeble intellects.

What more say I? Truly you do not expect me to yea-say THIS, OUR human condition, into permanence? Because the transforming process involves eons, it is best we get on with an alteration of our behavior. The hesitation serves our pleasures, but assures nothing for this everlasting future we are so bent on living in perpetuity. Such children are we; how naive, to imagine we are to live a less bastardly life somewhere else after this moment of wild abandon is over.

How can I possibly know? How am I able to speak with such assurance?

If I am given to think these things, they must derive from some SOURCE, NO? It is not as though I had proclaimed myself 'SON OF GOD'. Nor do I promise a reward in some Beyond, some OTHER Paradise. I do not therefore attempt to strain credibility. I attempt something both less illusory and less glorious, but perhaps as grandiose.

I ask for you to seize your own fate. Truly, I do not expect you to exist in another atmosphere, but I might offer a less anonymous Death if you would participate in the issuance of your own Fate.

After all, it is not only you who would reside in Heaven, but also the bacteria, the viruses, and all the other insidious pestilences that creepeth - the ALL. Oh!, you had imagined Heaven was free from all the 'undesirable' things. Are there, then, only Hominids in Heaven - eating Ice Cream? Cows and Ice Makers are the necessary Evils in Heaven.

'A MASS of floating souls' you say; no substantiality? I see, an ethereality!! An egotistical ethereality!! A perpetual rainbow!

Can you be more specific? What age would you imagine Heaven would grant you? "Agelessness" you say; but then, what appearance; what shape? That of a ghost? A Holograph? A Youth (that's been tried before). Certainly not just plain old ether?

If you have shape, do you have gut? Is your gut free of



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substance, of digestion?

You are hard-pressed to answer to the shape of your soul. An Angel with wings; an Apparition? Isn't this all rather dubious, rather unclear? Taken on Faith!!?? Spellbound; laid waste in one's uncertainties.

NO, I'll not mock you; it would serve no good purpose. My own mortality is a trouble to me, but it does not go beyond the Edge. This awful consciousness reveals a pointless end, a riddleless riddle; some ugly piece of information from which we can draw only some sardonic inference or laughter, at best; otherwise some cause to rue (all us little Hamlets to rue).

It has not been my lot to leave these pages blank, though every word placed upon them harbors the possibility of becoming unintelligible, indecipherable, and ultimately the property of the snarling beasts, the self-proclaimed guardians of Literature - or TRUTH!!

I do not doubt I cast a gloomy shadow upon the human condition, I sound the discordant faithless note, while desiring the opposite. ALAS!, as much as one would try he cannot make an impression upon the apparent indifference projected by most of you who have so little time for responding to these deeper and most futile concerns. By way of exoneration, I sense the realer pressures of time and what one feels must be His narrow focus, as some steaming dreadnaught overwhelms our littler craft with its immense wake. The Collective is a Stampede. To where; A MASS ADVENTURE? THE ODYSSEY OF THE HUMAN RACE.

My spouse chides me; she thinks I ought not apologize. One ought not ingest the Hemlock. Socrates did not wish to become a Man without a country. He loved Athens, even though he found her wanting. He could not just retire to a life upon the Aegean poking about in his sailboat enjoying the Conviviality of the Nautical life.

But I do presume; I travel out of my depth, not a swimmer, wise to my vulnerability.

I have come by a bow and a quiver of arrows. I project some kind of armament in the service of Concordance and Conviviality; an unknighthed self-proclaimed Exemplar who would hobble the demons, hoping to weaken their resolve. Not intending to Dominate them, I offer this nebulous balm of Life Together in CONCORD.

This crude extract, the pure compound or substance never quite free of the contaminating I, the me-ness, as though peradventure these thoughts were mine alone to have and hold.



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Perhaps in making that final peace, the gesture of foregoing this EGO will be made possible; after all, of what significance that I should live or perish?

To obtrude upon silence.

That these pages not go blank.

Vox audita perit, *the voice once heard perishes* ***Litera scripta manet***. *the written word remains* Better write down those good jokes.

A Contradiction?.

Word Games. I am reminded of the Foucault/Stone flap generated by the big flapper, The New York Review of Books (that snotty source of affected tastes and interesting personals; and other enlightenment emanating from the Dusthole), wherein Stone could not comprehend Foucault's perception of 'now you see, now you don't' or 'hiddenness' being tantamount to exposure, re: the incarceration of the MAD. Whereas the MAD were tolerably integrated, or were considered 'part of the social body prior to the burgeoning practice of their incarceration in vacant castles, the interpretation is made, that, left alone in their innocuous notoriety as free agents, however peculiar, this notoriety was not enhanced through integration and tolerance, but obscured. The other case is made that by Identifying (branding) (and removing them from the milieu), those who were peculiar, now became, in theory, something hidden (buried alive in an Institution or defunct castle). It can only be said they were thus exposed (notoriety enhanced) as a thing or as a group, on display as FREAKS; ZOO-like. In their milieu, they blended as part of a community; as incarcerated entities, where they stuck out like sore thumbs - not belonging anywhere, but some kind of hidden-revealed, and displaced entity. Furthermore they were exposed to ridicule in what might be construed an appointed place. The norm of tolerance was subverted by some higher more purposeful order as a testimonial to the ENLIGHTENMENT. We now recognize madness for what it is and will not permit it to blend. Bound to be noticed though; we are sensitized to these DIFFERENCES.

Anyway I cannot make such a strong case for my own Word Games; in this case **I cannot reconcile the contradiction of observing Silence while attempting to fill these pages.**

The demolition of the I might pave the way for an obtrusion upon Silence (and may the Stone become animate). I seriously doubt my ability to blend with the trees. I do not feel as Socrates. The World IS, Athens and America are little piles of dirt and stone.

Onward.

This assertiveness is troublesome; such is the nature of one's



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convictions; however one need not assert the self-evident.

The future is not in evidence. A great part of the failings of the present and the past (the Now and what has transpired) that pertains to those attempts at building an all-encompassing humane society, are known, or may be said to have become evident throughout the course of the ages, Amen.

All is known then. Well, not exactly. There is the concealed part. Concealment obliges given ends, assumed to be self-serving in nature. Part of our humane society has evolved a certain stringency with regard to forced confessions. **Nuda Veritas** *the unvarnished truth*.

Polygraph testing, although revealing something concealed, like a lie or very pertinent motive are not admissible as 'hard' data in a court room (in the laboratory, they would be). Anybody for 'truth' serum? In any case what is one human; **vox, et praeterea nihil?** Latin for: *Nothing! Nothing! Nothing!*

We have Instituted covenants with regard to perjury, but one cannot be summoned into a Court of Law to answer to charges of Avarice, Envy, Gluttony, Lust, Sloth, Pride or Wrath. We have devised no statute to accommodate (chide, reprimand) these concealed *bête noires* **black** *beasts*, albeit Capital 'Sins'. Then it must be assumed, 'All is not known'. Something is concealed. We know something of that which is concealed because we are also concealers. "One cannot fool all of the people all of the time", perhaps least of all oneself.

At one point, during our evolution, in the history of establishing the value of baubles, we permitted, wisely or unwisely, Usurious practices with regard to the materially 'valuable'. In the end this practice became a time-honored profession, a viable and tolerable condition. The limits set upon the act of usury were initially contractual; eventually the social practice of usurious behavior became the subject of LAWS that placed limitations upon its practice (upper limits). But recently Usury has been pursued with such avidity, the LAWmakers have had to redefine the upper limits to this practice in order to placate the Forces of Avarice. In order to meet the demands of 'Capital' (Capital Sins), those amply supplied were 'allowed' to 'up the ante'. Initially Avarice was deemed a viable and tolerable condition, even in recognizing it for what it is (root of all evil, etc.); recently we have laid pavement to ease its passage (by and for the few, one should add). The "EVIL" of Avarice was incorporated into LAW; simply because a "Sucker is born every minute". "Protect the Sucker", Canto (No Can Do) #69 by Ezra Pound. (An example: Of all the capital I have placed in the Bank, which exceeds that which I have borrowed, the Bank pays me



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interest of a certain amount, but the interest it charges me on the capital loaned is fifteen times what it pays me.)

Herein I assert this latter condition might do well in a vacuum where all those who 'have it' are isolated for the purpose of screwing the daylights out of each other; we of another class may become spectators or elect to shove them over the edge.

The last in line pays the full price in order that GREED sumptuously survives. Put that in your pipe Adam Smith. The only way you can make something out of nothing is to maintain the Institution of SLAVERY. We have it. The Rev. Jesse Jackson politely calls it the Misery Index.

Further I assert and Maintain this sort of perpetration and perpetuation sows DISCORD. It breeds Anger and Envy - not a yearning for compliance or a desire for success. "Oh!, how nice, someone makes the system work for him!; a vicarious Hallelujah!". We should, all in turn, effect a catharsis in our pocket books. The last in line pays the full tab. A cheap mellow drama, concocted for the MASS MEDIA.

Thus it is we must anticipate, and perhaps expect; it is, and will be, the exploited who will strike back, eventually.

The edges of the Mass are withering under attack. Soon enough, even the most Greedy must yield - ALL; doubtlessly in a Bloodbath, as the sideways pecker militia, disguised as Peace Officers, (a host of rabid dogs) attack the riffraff.

Evolution assumes the Heraclitean dimension of a constant; an eventual wrecker of the Status Quo. You may depend upon it. Even so, life itself might rightly seek to take the form of a foraging and ruminating Presence seeking some Repose, some rest, from this tiresome urge towards success and satiation, even yearning towards the remotest possibilities of an Equanimity and founded in Concordance and Conviviality. Once more, do we strive for Repose. Perched atop the Heap? What gainsays against Repose? Throw a huge net over the entire corpus.

Though the Avaricious are redundantly replete, satiety eludes them, repose eludes them; they must construct fortresses. They must harden the silos around their piles. While Death is the only indestructible Fortress.

Yes, an ounce of prevention is worth something proverbial. I shout Aloud: "NONE will rise above the other! NONE will have DOMINION over the other. NONE!!" (This is anything but a political statement).

Yes!, you may depend upon me to reiterate to the purpose; I shall not tire of my persuasion to the above basic precept. NONE!! A



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relevant conviction and sincere fanaticism; what is intolerable remains intolerable.

A lethargic GUD will not order it done. HE fritters. Some might argue for HIS sadistic proclivity. It is true they could hardly hold forth upon HIS compassionate nature. I have suggested elsewhere that HE has lost interest (perhaps because there are no dividends). Father depicted HIM pissing on the brethren - (inadvertently?). It has also been suggested he is chasing after some flesh pot.

The Grand Design hovers awaiting the will of the beast, that now succumbs mostly to the fortuitous opportunism of natural selection. We may yet be eclipsed by some mutant with less stringent requirements in the area of Capital Sins. Matter over Mind? Never! you say.

Can you imagine, 6,000,000,000? That is a robust number to hedge Malthusian predictions. Some of us do await with a macabre curiosity an event that might humble this process of hominidation of an utterly circumscribed space.

We have peopled much of this place in the name of GUDs. There are so many available to subdue the earth that most are unwelcome as a matter of principle, having been transformed unto a kind of metaphorical vermin. No transients allowed!

Without question, one shovels shit against the tide.

One must destroy much of what exists before one may construct something else. One must begin with a heavier hand than Moses.

Eventually the rambling must cease. This lack of order and regressive elucidation obtrudes upon a more deserving silence. The various manias echo throughout the pages. Fear not, I shall let loose of this madness. Follow on.

Recalling the Sparta of our youth, I was casting about for societies viewed in terms of their 'practicalities'. Naturally enough, as is true with all things human, some improvements would arise, if we were to nowadays attempt to effect some of those ancient precepts. You will agree I am sure, that 6,000,000,000 is one whale of an integer. In Sparta the total would have been systematically controlled by a certain weeding of the feeble and imbecilic, as well perhaps, other less serviceable entities. Now, however, we make a fuss over the taking (of the overtaking) of another life (only certain kinds of other life). The taking of life is an act that one man cannot be entrusted to decide with regard to the



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other, even though our Nation views Capital Punishment as not cruel and unusual. It has become a matter of LAW. In addition, without the aegis of LAW, the taking of a life poses a conundrum in the minds of those who abide the Golden Rule or some other-worldly morality. However, it must be recognized the Golden Rule must be considered only a theoretical principle, which in the 'last analysis' should be viewed only as a scruple. By way of contrast, collectively, as Nations and Governments, we are free to 'abuse' life all we like, extending such behavior to virtual genocide; it is the arbitrary, individual act, that is not condoned.

As long as we cannot locate or define a purpose to all the respiration, we are in a poor position to raise a protest against it whenever it seems out of order; it suffices to say then "This is the order of things".

Continuing along with Spartan practices, or some other interventionist 'ethic', another type of order could be created, issuing from some succinct act of volition. In so doing, it is inferred we will manipulate natural selection. We institute our own selection process, simultaneously limiting ourselves to some reasonable Grand Total, ordering an interim cessation to the production of offspring, as they have been forced to attempt to do in The People's Republic of China, until we have satisfied the following requirements; that each life will be provided its sufficiency and adequacy in terms of nourishment and shelter, and provision for its general health and welfare, regarded as necessities by some, and amenities by others. We like to think of ourselves as 'planners'; it is part of the proof that we have triumphed over 'nature'.

Do we need await overt starvation to set the limitation upon what is rapidly becoming our pestilential selves? Hasn't starvation been already implemented as a means of limiting population?

What are we?

What can we be?

Our ancestors produced This: US, a self-conscious Beast who threatens, in a matter of a few years, a few days, a few hours, or perhaps a few minutes, to undo what has taken untold millennia to devise, most of which was accomplished unselfconsciously - or so it seems. Evolution eventually led to an acquired self-consciousness. As we conjecture upon the origins of consciousness, how do we construe the stimulus or provocation; as an extension of envy and greed? Fear, do you suppose, of loss of property, or life, whichever came first?

Yes!, in our intellects we somehow reason that some kind of synthesis will arise from within all our conflicts; therefore we are as



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much inclined to await an outcome, as to prevent it. A toast to the clash of the Good White and the Evil Black; we will achieve the Gray Inanity and Doom.

Synthesizing may serve certain purposes beyond those symmetrical arrangements of the mind. Our perceptions of Evolution, per se, do not include a specific intelligence beyond some defined order inherent to matter. Perhaps the process of adaptation represents synthesis in its most idealized form, and perhaps in its truest sense; but as a matter of fact it may only represent a degenerate opportunism, if not the excursion of seeming ascendancy followed by a subsequent decline.

Theoretically, some species of phosphorus, carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen discovered a means of replaying an accelerated Genesis, enlivening the plodding Heraclitean stasis of unremitting change, towards the certainty of its own continuance. The conservation of energy and matter (or nearly so) of an adaptive and very durable system of perpetuation preserving a physiochemical order.

The 'advent' of 'cassette' chemistry, eventually acquiring the character of a biological viability, has certainly provided marvel and mystery for contemplation on the one hand, and cause for rue and anguish on the other, as we might observe the wretched unpeacableness of these entities. Those very beginnings might be thought of as incipient cancers, and as pestilences, in the same way we view other aspects of our discoveries in our microbial world.

The fixed stare of reality gives rise to dementia praecox, and balmy metaphysics, sundry theologies and endless propositions for which the scientist may solicit grants-in-aid, in order to study and fathom the deep dark secret of Mother Nature and the Universe.

What has all this to do with the contemplations upon the future? I feel I must produce at least one clear Idea from all of this: Even though we cannot initially devise something ..er.. "better" does not signify we ought not rethink what it is we are doing.

Initially, expressing the same skepticism, as you, regarding Utopias, I do think we should not be inhibited from thinking of some enticing possibilities, however impractical or unrealistic they appear upon first examination.

It is understood that whatever we devise will require effort and self-sacrifice to achieve a mostly imaginary purposeful state of Concord and Conviviality. 'Nothing ventured ...' to resurrect an old saw.

Perhaps a notion of 'Conviviality'* is too much to expect from ones such as we. If we are able to achieve an equilibrium founded in

*Refer to "Tools for Conviviality" by Ivan Illich.



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a commonalty of purpose (which we have not accomplished to date) we would have arrived, perchance, at a more desirable state than what we now regard as an impossibility, let's say, that might arise because we had insisted too much upon perfection. 'Better half a loaf ...' to resurrect another old saw. (In the field of scientific investigation a true scientist will even assign relevance to a zero result, believing that there is no such thing as an absolute zero [and for other more esoteric, and perhaps scientific reasons as well]). Are we at Ground Zero? How avail us the Z Zero subatomic particles? That is to ask, 'What are the possibilities?')

We must necessarily counterpoise the collective to the individual. If we truly believe that individual freedom must exist in order to follow a 'natural' course towards some undefined end, we must then establish a principle that satisfies 'free choice' on the one hand, but answers to the requirements of co-existence on the other. Ideally the ramifications of co-existence result in a condition of 'sharing'. Unfortunately, they may also mean 'conflict', conflict arising from 'competition', or the ONE seeking Advantage over the OTHER (brother seeking Dominance over brother).

Perhaps 'awards' must be accorded individuals in recognition of their contribution to something; in the end, albeit, to be considered larger than themselves (the whole). The intent would never be construed to excite ENVY in others, or even act as a subtle spur to their improved performance, thereby in any way encouraging competition. In other words the 'award' must reflect and symbolize the appreciation of the whole and not the elevation of the individual.

I'm not sure I am able to perceive an analogous projection in the individual athlete, most of whom are runners in one form or another, but I'll pursue the semblance for the sake of argument. When one runs, speed become a part of the runner's complex makeup. The development of speed and the heightening and perfection of 'speed' may serve some obviously useful purpose.

We have viewed the individual competing for some illusory goal that cannot be said to contribute much of anything to the collective, lest it be as a form of 'entertainment'. Even this last is placed in contingency. Running, of and by itself, does not entertain (If you or I were to announce to the world today that we would run to entertain the masses, we would enjoy a most solitary exhibition). Consciously one strives to become the fastest, sometimes at the great expense (ravaging) to the body. Being the fastest contributes to one's self image, perhaps, but not to one's purpose, or to the collective. Can one truly say he was born to run, and that is his



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purpose? Is one born to serve his self-image; is that his purpose?

(Although Product Endorsement belongs in another discussion, it does serve as inducement and become an eventual 'pot of gold' for the 'winners'.)

Let us assume that a person trains for some length of time, tuning his body to speed; I think also one might assume this person is not good for much else, having concentrated most of his energies towards the body ethic of speed. We thus are presented with a marginally functional entity which succeeds at speed, but cannot elude the tiger or wolf, nor the mugger or lusty rapist who waits in ambush, nor in the end may be said not to contribute anything to the species (collective, unless, of course it be in the form of 'entertainment', the entertainment existing as some nebulous catharsis involving competition, that forthwith we may question as serving a very dubious purpose).

What are we or are they, competing for? Does this competition, that eventually results in some 'fastness', also eventuate in some 'improved' specimen, representing the improved genetic mutant? If all our fastness devolves into ONE Against the OTHER rather than towards some optimization of adaptation (filling a biological niche) as part of our projected evolutionary promise and fulfillment, what can be said to have been accomplished? Steroids will enhance the performance even more; after all where does one draw the line; do we assign a purest ethic to a kind of madness? We do require more than just a positive attitude.

While we have not killed all the wolves and tigers and since speed avails us not in their case, we have subdued nature to the extent that bodily speed via our own evolved system of locomotion serves no useful purpose -- Ah!, but we still have to outrun the hornet (and it is opined, we require exercise).

As a practical consideration, eluding one's pursuer (this time from outside one's own ranks) may be viewed as enhancing one's chances of living a long and fruitful life. However one is seldom pursued upon the convenient stage of the racetrack. Even before the invention of gunpowder, it was difficult to elude the arrow.

Running in a crowded and congested place is considered unsafe.

Running to one's next door neighbor in the outback when the tire is flat and the phone has failed may give rise to the occasion wherein one may be served by speed. It might be argued one should always be prepared for emergencies. But what is an emergency, and how fast can one really run and for how long, lest one himself become the object of an emergency?

Surely this argument is tangential; It might help if we understood, or could accurately determine, the importance and



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significance of competition, let's say. Some studies have revealed that overtrained athletes tend to develop a diminished libido. If two males competed for a female on the basis of their speed, the female might find the slower, untrained male spectator more to the purpose.

The two males, let's say, could compete for the honor of being the last to be caught by the tiger; or conversely to be the first to catch the tiger by the tail.

Surely they compete to excel ONE ANOTHER on some Ideal Olympian plain; a kind of aesthetic competition.

Hah!, 'competition builds character'. One learns to concentrate, to become dedicated, etc. It is doubtful that one's body is truly enhanced by overindulgence, most athletes becoming rather immoderate in their training. They attempt to become finely tuned engines, high performance rigs. Wholeness is to be found in the success of a competition, not in a healthy body. One even considers offering his body upon the pyre of success (to wit stress fractures and pulled hamstrings, to name a few). The gamble of the individual EGO.

ENOUGH!

RELEVANCE!? I create Relevance.

We may not be cognizant, in any way, of life's purpose; however we may invest life with a certain repetitive activity that imbues it with an appearance of ***Vestiga Nulla Retrosum*** no backward steps. Anything less would most likely lead to an atrophying, through apparent disusage (our brains included).

Admittedly, in real terms, and metaphorically, we do traverse the circular track, in much the same way we must return to Earth after our journey to the land of Green Cheese. Of course, we dream of an eventual one-way launch beyond, as part of our contract with the Almighty - into the Afterlife.

And, in fact, when we compete with one another for some nebulous goal, it would appear we do so on another circular track; from dust unto dust. Perhaps we ought not measure things by the end result, but only by our distance from the origin. But if it is true we are allowed a circle, it must signify we are tethered to a center. Are there, perhaps bigger and smaller circles relative to each other?

Of old, one sired many sons, to whom one might pass on the 'advance' 'upward', or the intrusion into (imposition upon) what one had arranged with his life, hoping thereby to thwart the anonymity of the dusty plain. We still believe this to be true; reason enough for legislators (with vested interests) to perpetuate the anachronism of inheritance - or life beyond the sodden tomb, to the great detriment of the living. The dead are permitted ensconcement o'er the land



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while the living are herded into hovels (this is one hypothetical extreme [mostly true]). It is as true of Nations as it is of the individual (certain Nations are totally irresponsible in their production of Sons, through the invention of hierarchies and castes [another issue to be sure]).

To return again, we might attempt to discover the motives invested in competitiveness, and the apparent need for the Dominion of the one Over the Other.

Enhancement of the species - in a vacuum of speculation?

It is the hurtful part that concerns me. That one might be victorious against the clock or against oneself constitutes one proposition. To have competed and have lost, let's say, suffering the stigma of not having possessed the RIGHT STUFF seems a cruel reward for having provided the amusement (entertainment). The Gold Medalist becomes a commodity in the Product Endorsement field, not by accident. They are aware of the future beyond the aesthetics of competition. A Silver Medal barely cuts it. (It will be argued that he or she that volunteered must stand the hazard of the die).

He that shows 'promise' is encouraged, even goaded to perform his utmost (others with less promise are also similarly goaded as part of a social {national} phenomenon) for which Presidents feel obliged to offer apologies when the Failures occur?!). Perhaps a challenge to perform exists as an idealized kind of motivation, but in the end success is the only tolerable expectation. Failure, as an also-ran does mean being LEFT BEHIND, cruelly (for which Presidents feel obliged to offer apologies?!). In truth, it's quite all-right, since we are each aware within our very own selves, that each and everyone (president's included) is dispensable. Occasionally we enshrine some individual, creating demigods. Demingods are the Fashion. A commodity.

We had presumed we could breed humans as we might breed peas, dogs, cats, birds, trees, for certain traits. Pride (perhaps arrogance) was a trait we necessarily endured in order to obtain the geniuses from the Harvard/Radcliff connection (there are many other similar vinculum). Contrasted to these are the random or haphazard ligatures that further enhance our least common denominator. Hybridization or mongrelization is achieved in dark corners. While one's spouse may exhibit and contain all the optimum parts, duly noted as desirable traits, and while their perpetuation may be part of an exacting genesis, the participants, albeit pridefully, and perhaps with success, may bring about the desired result, for all that, may fail in a certain glandular excitement, that the back alley provides in a rougher configuration



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(hence these splotched variegations).

If we would remove the arrogance and the need for perfect glandular orgasms, we might have a go at perfectibility through exploiting the art of manifest traits.

As part of striving for the perpetuation, enhancement, augmentation of the trait of intelligence, for example, we may be rewarded with a superintelligence that might perceive a yet unperceived destiny, or a series of resultants, consequences, and dire events should we continue to maintain the Status Quo, should we attempt to alter it, or should we continue to select for geniuses. After all, if life remains circular, if we are set upon this turf to spin our wheels, that is, if our destiny be clearly revealed by declaring that evolution cannot be forced, that is, if we glean from our selected intelligence that the more do we revise Paradise, the more shall we sow discord within it (pheew, what a barrage of iss and ifs); well one more - if we do not try we will never know that it is not so? KNOW?, know, know know know; the pursuit of KNOWledge is a protest against DUST.

It all goes to say we breed for geniuses or intelligence in the offspring while simultaneously 'breeding' an offensive superciliousness in the parent; (something about the offspring emulating the parent?). Surely we could select humility as a trait in order to better accord our notions of Paradise (that comes later) (we might also remove the 'genius' from the care of the parent at birth).

Father would perorate at length regarding the effect of gravity on ***homo sapiens*** (alias erectus) (Ortega, is he really a food sage [savorer] on two legs?) on two legs, dogmatically stating that man's intelligence could not maintain against the lower organ, impugning these vascular presences with effecting the abandonment of the ARTS which requires the utmost concentration, and sublimation, benefiting mostly by a nominal celibacy. The Famed NIETZSCHE put forth, as others of a Spartan and less syphilitic nature have as well, that one's intelligence and energy is potentiated by seminal reabsorption. (A special form of AID(S). Well, so much for breeding. Father had considered the idea, but a natural disposition to philandery could never be overcome. His general demeanor towards me, while not really wielding the scalpel, per se, could easily have been construed as a preventative, castrative inclination; on the one hand, to disable me in my potential Oedipal relations with his Jocasta, (real or imagined) and on the other, to achieve the same end in order to obviate the threat in HIS arena of extracurricular flirtations. However, while he achieved the one end - the sexual one - he would also achieve another - depriving me of the seminal inference, thus further assuring his own supremacy, this time in the



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ARTS, where it is assumed one needs all his resources to excel. Its all rife with hypocrisy and contradictions because he also said that one (ME) would not suffice to be called MAN lest one (I) was so fully engaged in the ARTS. Imagine someone pulling this kind of crap on his progeny; then he had the balls (effrontery) to accuse me of wanting to indulge in parricide (at least the thought crossed his mind; could he have been all bad even though possessed of a diminished conscience?).

In my difficulties with my own son, my son added his own twist: "At least I did not burn the house down". I did not calculate revenge upon my father at the time. I think my own son had considered some options with regard to his father. Some might argue the son is to be commended; however I know I did not make such a concerted (conceited) effort to incapacitate my own progeny. My revelations of father may not be commendable; they could be considered as retribution in bad taste. While this might be true, there is no doubt, father, in addition to everything else was a maze of contradictions, as well as a great source of sardonic humor, in retrospect (while it is no great revelation, father also was sired by one for whom he harbored many misgivings - passing on the tor(u)ch of 'learned behavior').

That these pages not go blank.

I cannot illuminate the Future even though I might succeed in elucidating the NOW, and rankling in the Past.

Am I someone who has gone ahead; I do so seeking something. This NOWNESS in the hominidization of the Earth chills my soul; I therefore seek a warmer hominid? climate.

The past is DEAD; if it contained a balmier hour of CONCORD and CONVIVIALITY to be revealed and extolled throughout the land, and resurrected as a symbol for hope, I know of it not; I know this entrenched hour thrives on prideful scorn. And truly it is little comfort that one cannot point succinctly to a time when humanitarianism superceded the pursuit of advantage.

I imagine I am one concealed behind some sort of blind, anticipating being able to observe the Game (What is the name of the Game?), in order to foretell its future aberrations. What to use for a decoy? Presumption, as always.

I shall now coalesce this nondescript self with the chimerical Stalking Horse who is Patrolling the Edge. He has encountered some wanderers, who have apparently become lost. The wanderers at first seemed frightened, as though they had beheld an apparition. (Indeed, I was dressed in a manner reminiscent of the Famed Exemplar). The Stalking Horse perceived their consternation,



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attempting to put them at ease.

+ Yes I am real. You are upon the Frontier.

= But where are we?

+ You have not come here by chance; it has been foreordained that a random number should pass this way.

= But Where are we?

+ You are where your curiosity has led you; you have arrived at the place where reality intercepts hypothesis.

= What gibberish! Tell us where we are!!

+ I shall phrase it differently. You have left something behind, shaking your head somewhat, not believing. You had hoped you would find peace away from them, since amongst them you felt only discord and frustration. You imagined you could live apart; but you are still haunted by your Vision, vision of living amongst them..

= Perhaps, but where are we?

+ This place does not have a name; I cannot provide it with one; we could erect an inscribed placard, or carve upon this *terra firma*; "This is the future sight of ... " as they do Back There when they intend to build another House of Worship. This is the place where YOUR Vision will be enacted.

= Who are you; what is your purpose here?

+ I am not unlike you; however, I have been sent here to patrol this perimeter. I too have a Vision; it is because of this Vision I have been given the task of transforming the Vision into substantiality - or remain forever banished to this hinterland.

= We do not understand.

+ I had spoken freely when amongst them, as the Prophet who inveighs against the state; they did not wish to listen. Many times they restrained me from disturbing their peace, but eventually they grew weary of my perorations, wanting to sequester me away in a madhouse. Some friends interceded, feeling there ought be some place for Visionaries to enjoy freedom of movement, without being locked away and humiliated. But those in authority wanted none of it; fortunately for me the LAW prevented them from absolute power of denial of my civil rights. They had hoped to declare me '**non compos mentis**' *deranged* wherein my civil rights would be abrogated. Somehow the mad or incoherent become annulled in our categorizations, whereof they are given an alien '**persona non grata**' *unwelcome* status, wherein it is deemed society shall not be molested by their incoherence. -- Failing to obtain a way to cancel my ordinary existence, they proposed new LAWS that would obviate any further need to deal with a civil rights issue, but would provide a means of incarcerating those who spoke freely against the State, whether 'mad' or not. (Nowadays recognized as the



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“Unpatriotic Act”). They were unsuccessful in establishing such a LAW, but did manage a compromise wherein one would be banished from the State, as was Socrates, but with certain options, one of them not including the ingestion of hemlock. One option did provide that an individual could return after a certain period, probably forty days and forty nights, recanting all declamatory issuances against the State, wherein one would become reinStated; another provided that one could perform certain tasks in his exile, probably breaking rock with a sledge; and still another allowed one to voluntarily commit himself to a madhouse or to a Institution of Higher Learning in order to obtain 'edification'. I chose the special option to perform certain special tasks upon this Frontier - or remain forever banished - the banished prophet.

= Yes!, we had heard there were new LAWS, but we had already been intimidated sufficiently not to expose our differences; we had always believed our differences were a personal thing, not something to be subjected to and misunderstood in heavy traffic. Yes!, we have been wandering about in search of some place; we are uncertain; we have learned, even between ourselves, compromise is a daily requirement, and whence compromise is impossible, tolerance becomes a necessity; we feel obliged to apply the principle no matter where we find ourselves, even Back There, from whence we came.

+ Indeed, there may be call for compromise; however, I cannot compromise my Vision. ... What is this Vision? Is it not something given to one? Surely, from whence it came? Can one really determine its origin? Does the outsider have a right to assay that other's Visions are a reflection of incompetence, of dementia, because they arise as an inconvenience to them? Am I prompted to promulgate my Vision, or am I obliged to be influenced by outside circumstances and consider them more relevant than my Vision? If the Vision be of sufficient force and form unto itself can there be any dissuasion from it? ... If it should arise as part of my Vision that 'This is not the best of all possible worlds', that I have no further desire to be humored by the opposite perception; that even though the opposite may embody the very heart and soul of ineluctable realities, may these not be overcome by certain other imperatives; an Act of WILL? A Vision unto itself, while not being an imperative, derives from some sense whose validity rises imperiously to the forefront of our confabulations. Does it necessarily follow that Visions are relevant to madness? Is it mad then to say "This is not the best of all possible worlds'. If not mad then, how discredit the sense that gives birth to the notion, albeit Vision?

= Is that, then, what you preached before them, "This is not the



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best of all possible worlds'?

+ Amongst others; but not preaching - Promulgating.

= Did they not summon you to elaborate? Were you not challenged to be specific?

+ Surely I was as specific as one can be; and they queried me further when the specifics placed a very heavy burden upon them. They would ask, "Are we to be our brother's keepers?" I would answer "It would help"... Since I had not insisted, they thought perchance I was not suffering so much from lunacy as from some other temporary aberration. But then, I renewed the burden upon them with my own interrogation, "In your hour of need, would you spurn your brother?" They were not about to be tormented or compromised by a conundrum. They elected to avoid the implications of any direct answer; instead they resorted to double-think: "Each accords his needs and deserts"; "Besides, is there not a natural store of altruism that operates within the sapien labyrinth without invoking additional precepts, or the involvement of government?", and "Is not God available to all for counsel and consolation?" ... It was plain they wished only to elude even the basic question: "Should one do unto others as he would have others do unto him?" Its an old saw, that one likens to the plague or to death itself, for it inhibits one in his desire and in his imaginary need to become the spoiled child of the universe; the wanton force, the destroyer of consciousness. Power subverts all. ... This consciousness they wish to destroy harbors the Vision, wherein the individual becomes assimilated (albeit the Powerful individual subsumed). Yes! From out this struggle between you and I, and this wanton force; not alone, not able to be alone, not designed to be alone, this force, we, who, through conducting a sensate existence, become aware, who have fallen and have been raised (by whom), and who have seen them fall, perhaps to reciprocate or not to reciprocate, a Vision arises, nonetheless, and persists despite all efforts to suppress it. YES! "I am my brother's keeper". But it is not matter of choice; it is a Vision that arises from out one's awareness. And They deny that such Truth Appears to them.

= How does one encourage a proper level of awareness, thus eliciting this perception of self-evident Truth; if one be permitted to confer Truth upon a Vision? May it be not a Truth then, though it may only seem so? Perhaps we are designed to preclude any restraint being contrary to our purpose; are we not so constructed to be selfish to the last; is not the self the final arbiter; is not Our Reality The Cause; can there exist a collective without us being in the forefront; if another should stumble and fall is



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that not fortuitous for us; is it not also instinctive for one to kick the fallen; is not OUR emergence enhanced thereby? What if I should assist the fallen only to have him rise to displace me in the forefront?

+ Alas!, Be thou a wily Devil's advocate? Are we to perceive this testy chanciness as a game? Can one incorporate a sporting instinct into his Vision? If the one should excel the other, what become his prerogatives; or ought self-satisfaction be one's reward How then transform or sublimate this mode of self-gratification? Should any excelling be converted to some other unrelated purpose, such as ONE holding DOMINION over the OTHER? If one renders a service to the Collective, should he assume a higher station for himself or be accorded a higher station than someone else; to create and perpetuate an hierarchy? What Vision is served when One claims first rank amongst the Others? If one not excel the Other, is he to be judged weaker, or to live amongst the 'fallen' or 'lesser'? What LAWS exist that explicitly state, 'Those who excel shall claim special privilege'? Is this not implicit only? And is it not also implicit that all shall be treated EQUALLY? Shall we not state explicitly "ALL WILL BE TREATED EQUALLY"? as accords OUR Vision Should we not be able to say this with more force and succinctness after the millennia; why malinge?? ... What then of those who do not render service to the Collective (or Caesar), who excel at nothing, but only 'serve and wait'; are they to slavishly look on or shall they not always be accorded the highest place in their humanity; shall their humanity not be the least criteria that all shall be accorded? What have we established if we so accord this much to humanity?

= And you have so addressed them Back There?

+ Aye! 'tis so. They continually answer me, "Am I to be my brother's keeper?" as though practicing some oblation.

= Some venture that its a matter of sensitivity, and not a matter of sensation that encourages the Vision.

+ Some argue "It is so ordained", as if to say 'There are Demigods amongst us' ... Now, wanderer or traveler, whatever you be, you have come to the place wherein the future will be erected. This place, and its soil, have proven unattractive and formidable to the promoters and developers of a self-fulfilling Shangri-La. There can be no myths established here; they do not fare well here, for the harbingers of the future are anathema to the purveyors of deceit. ... And following closely upon them arose the disease known as the "Terrible Sameness" - - It is not that the days unfold unremittingly, each one to subtract from this singular allotment, for are we not given to understand something of this process of whittling away?



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While we could petition for longevity, or hope for the Eternal Fountain, we are filled with recognition that our time here plays unfalteringly to its prescribed end. While so comprehending our status, it is our natural ebullience that overwhelms destiny, precluding any lingering inclination to mourn, a priori, our measured tenure. ... No 'tis not these meditations that would induce a feeling of Sameness, but it is the realization that we have lived in an environment created by our look-a-likes in the same way he creates hovels for dogs. HE that so hath located us upon this latitude and longitude would have us believe he is blameless for the management of our ship, that his intentions are not contrary to our wishes, that it is other SATANIC forces which corrupt our well-meaningness and cause our ship to list. ... Ah!, but he is loyal to his companions, the Capital Sins. Still he would insistently maintain some outside interloper is responsible for our listing. We are obliged to accept something less than we expected and more than we are able to tolerate. This seeming unalterable residue is deemed the best the blameless can produce. ... Are we to be forever deluged in this (hypocrisy; or is it the stupid unconsciousness it seems?). Is there no escape from the persistency of this unalterable residue, this Terrible Sameness, this desert wherein the seed of humanity is abandoned to flourish in the harsh environment of temporizing? ... One might ask "Where ought one begin?" Albert Schweitzer. He carried the nurturing force into the wilderness; perhaps it was not needed there as much as it is here, or in his home town.

Indeed we have lost touch - with something simpler, more elemental and more elementary. Body and soul have become a totally surface emanation. Our appetites have been whetted; we are betrayed in our Epicurean salaciousness; our tongues discover only an artificiality of our own devising; tinsel. We have raised ourselves to the level of our own imaginary presumptions; we have become Tin Gods. Don't ask me how I know. I know!

I know that even though we surround ourselves with our refined taste, believing we are discriminating, we have only clutched at some thread that constantly eludes us. The voids within us are glaring eyesores; we attempt to plug them with the foreign soul, the ancient soul, the hand crafted soul, the World Class soul; still the tedium **ARISES**. We are now comfortable; we are now safe; we have salvaged something from the nothing of this overwhelming materiality; we have thrown out our anchors. Will they hold? Will they hold? Even as this may be true, we are dulled; we seem unresponsive. We are also unsimple. We have become imbued with our mirror image, overstimulated, overtantalized and overstuffed by our gaudy civilization, which is heaped upon us relentlessly



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in a steady barrage.

Indeed, we have lost touch - with something simpler, more elemental and elementary. Body and soul have become the surface emanation.

Despite this Vision, there is something persistent that lingers to haunt us. The harnessment of The Electronic media to the bandwagons of Consumerism, with its coachmen barking - The WAY! The WAY!, life has become a Patent Prescription of and for the Status Quo; and Yes!, it is as bizarre and inhuman as it seems. It will require of the individual an acute self-awareness; one will need to create HIS OWN RELEVANCE and be equipped also with an immense Will to overcome this forever overt and insidious bantering. Actually one will need more to discover some way to silence them, if he expects to live freely in a free human(e) society.

Else be Exiled to the EDGE.

