

## ***Its Pretty Chilly In Here***

### ***Elevated, I?***

The water seemed eternal. It repeats itself endlessly. How boring?  
Yet, that is all there is.

Beyond what one sees lives in his imaginings. So difficult to superimpose. Wonderful though, if successful. If one uses drugs he distorts the tactile part; you can't win.

Beyond the horizon.

Try living in someone else's imaginings. Not so simple. A stimulus perhaps.

The bigness, the hugeness, the immensity of the sea, so seeming eternal in our mind's eye and in our sensory eye as it disappears into the beyond, yet it's all an illusion; we know it is doomed.

I grasp at both its eternity and its finiteness, 'til it becomes so much of an immensity for my feeble human encephalon to ordinate; I can only stare as though transfixed.

The sea is never still, restless, always different; yet it remains as it is, and does not dare become anything else; how boring?

It does not even care if it is boring.

It is; I am.

The sea is silent of words. I am not.

I have not learned; they will shut my mouth eventually.

*Vox audita perit,*

*Litera scripta manet.*

The land, with its clutter of humanity, is also boring. It's the endless squabbling; and the cruelty.

Often this humanity speaks of the ocean as being 'cruel'. "the Cruel Sea" "J'accuse! - you foul ocean of cruel and inhuman treatment!"

The wind arose poking around, searching for loose leaves and fragile things. It made Tatters. It struck the water, and although creating quite a disturbance, it was impossible to perceive the cruelty. It sounded only the eternal Chimes.

The wind is imbued with the spirit of anarchy; it is disobedient; it flaunts itself before the immensity of the oceans preaching disobedience, anarchy, revolution, wantonness, freedom. It is Untamable.

Cruel? No. Cruelty involves INTENT; not the Sea, not the Wind, nor the Devil, is culpable.

Cruelty is a harsh reality associated with MAN-life, embodying more than the will, or the need, to Dominate - something HARSH - and frightening; something that needs mastering.

Through inflicting Pain upon one's fellow man, whether physical or mental, one scores a reprimand or rebuke for actions that have contravened 'our' laws, there is only so much Pain one may inflict to

## ***Its Pretty Chilly In Here***

avenge these wrongs, even for the most horrendous offense. Die!, you villain.

Yes!, I agree, it is most annoying, frustrating, demeaning, and downright exasperating, to be obliged constantly to kick someone's ass.

But of course, I'm not concerned with the call for reprimand and how the 'punishment' or corrective should be designed to fit the offense - one lash or a hundred for one day or a hundred days.

The cruelty of which I speak, that disturbs me, is to be found through indifference, e.g., the indifference that the 'bureaucracy' demonstrates towards the needy. We all know about it. We know what bureaucracies are. They are US. If they are US, and we tolerate their existence, it must mean we intend them to be as they are, the executors of US. US is WE, and we are CRUEL, not by inference, but in fact. WE tolerate our own cruelty. The bureaucracy is not a figment of our imagination, and the recipient of cruelty is not a figment of our imagination.

"The Sea is Cruel"; the pot trying to implicate the kettle.

NEED; that so preoccupies a life it becomes deprived of the opportunity to appreciate the fact that the eternity of the ocean is rather boring; this constitutes utter deprivation. Being free from want, and sickness, and despair, and being allowed some communication with the sea; these are matters worthy of a bureaucracy.

BUREAUCRACY IS THE CONVENIENCE THAT IGNORES.

Good intentions bureaucratized. Good!? Intentions? What are those intentions? To righteously avoid being one's brother's keeper?

Or was it to account for the LEAST amongst US?

Remember WE are the bureaucracy, it is US who humiliate the needy when WE dangle the carrot, so to speak, and WE say 'if yer so goddamned needy - crawl!

"Its not that way", you will tell me; "its unthinkable".

"The needy are all feigning; if they'd just get up off'n their asses an' stop lookin' for a handout aller time", JASUS muttered under his breath.

IN the legal profession one hears the expression (occasionally) 'The Spirit of the Law' as compared to the 'The Letter of the Law'.

Which came first?

What is the 'spirit' invested in the bureaucracy? Certainly not to become Self-serving.

It is possible that the 'needy' are remiss in some way; Yes!, some are so Quacking sick of trying to make it in a system that locks them out or (into) an absolute meniality - JOYLESS meniality - BECAUSE OF HOW THE REST OF US REGARD THE MENIAL.

That's NO EXCUSE.

only bring ourselves to say that much (to these untouchables). But few of us give a Quack-all. The Americun dream's for doze dat kin afford it. I'm not my brudder's keeper - YOU ARE - HA HA HA!!!

## ***Its Pretty Chilly In Here***

As they say "Bruuutherrrr!"

I'd rather live next door to the 'cruel sea' than my fellow man, 'cause if I was livin' next door to my fellow man I'd always be wondering what his sentiments were; the ocean I readily understand.

By the way that's not an American Dream, that's an American Reality.

"Love it or Leave it - neeyah, yah, neeyah yah.

Brash and Harsh.

Yes!, some feign and some care.

Elevated, I? Yes, so I'll not get my feet wet.

Although I identify very strongly with the 'needy', the disenchanting, and the disenfranchised, I cannot appear before them as some relative of GUD offering my hide for their salvation, even if it was splayed to the Goal Post. Our Goal!. Now-a-days we have got things so under control they would say "Self-immolation! - JASUS, what a crackpot!" Well, they might say "Sad".

Since that's not the remedy, what kin ah dooo?

Be gentle and kind; talk to 'em - AT LEAST; have 'em over wunce in a wile.

Then give 'em the shirt off'n yore back an open yore larder to 'em, then show 'em what the 'Merican dream's all 'bout. A house, with a terlet an runnin' hot an' cole water; a bed fer each one in its own little room; a frig., a T.V.; tell it like it is; a cah, a bote, a Winnuhbugaboo, neighborhood schools with "good" teachers, educatin' the up and comings to the VERITIES of the More Perfect Union, an' a BANK account, and makin' the World Safe for Democracy - permanently

'Sho nuf man'.

Symmetry.

We all know its a crock, a hoax, a joke, a fatuity, a vacuity, *vox et praeterea nihil*.

Play it again Sam! Don't be so glum.

There's Hope ya dope.

Sorry, I was cut out for dominance, not to be no sob-sister.

What other way is there than the American way? (Just skip the part about the Banana Republics).

You mean you want me to fergit about the Oil, the Tin, the Copper, the Nickel, The Chromium, the Tungsten, the Gold, the Crude Rubber, the Coffee, the Sugar; Thank Gud we got Corn, Wheat, Spuds,

Cows and the Bull.

Aw come on, yore avoiding mah question.

O.K. On paper there are some merits. An attempt at a stable society, albeit a conforming one, the necessity of which we could debate. The

## ***Its Pretty Chilly In Here***

stability resides in a similarity of goals achieved through a similarity of means.

We profess to provide equal educational 'opportunities' for all, i.e. in most cases joe somebody and joe nobody attend the same schools. We profess to guarantee what we identify as the basic freedoms, religion (I can refer to FLUMDUM an' you kin refer to GUD), speech (I tell it like it is an' you tell me I'm full of shit), press (I don't have to listen to em if'n I don't wanta), to assemble (my tinker toys) and to petition the government for redress (to get a new pair of shoes, so's when my ole shoes is worn an' ah git tole to hit the road ah kin at least enjoy the wok); an whuts so great about these is that noebuddy kin abridge dem dats writ, cept'n the Prez when thar's a Nashunul Eeemirjencie - uh coarse, witch thar alluz izz. Heez duh onlee wun hoo noes, sinz thu rest uv us is kep tin da dahrk.

I can't refrain. 'S'awful.

On paper - don't knock it -

*Vox audita perit,  
Litera scripta manet.*

- some uv its pretty good stuff.

Still there oughta be a freedom from want, the kinda want that sickens, dispirits and demoralizes.

That'll be in the next draught (pretty damned chilly in here now if'n you ask me.).

In the Family Of Man a caption reads 'If I I did not work these worlds would perish' I am mindful of other less blissful perspectives in Nectar In A Sieve, Let Us Now Praise Famous Men, or The Other America. I have listened to the wholesale prattling from Madison Avenue that projects Affluence and Utopian Leisure, The Fulfillment Of The Promise; almost as though they worked hand in hand with conscionable social Planners, who, with purpose, account for all, making it possible for all to share in the wonders and benefits of progress and civilizational amenities, AMEN. Some of it does sound almost prayerful; a perversion of the language to say the elast. Really they just wanted to get into your pockets - and that's all!

Undoubtedly the Caption extracted from The Family Of Man comprises some kind of propagandistic baloney wherein enslavement is view as some kind of Poetry; a moving experience, perhaps, ... la Walt Whitman.

My Question: Are some to be sacrificed; are some to be excluded?; using what basis [bias]?

The only way to implement an equitable society is through force, not through moral persuasion, or using what basis [bias]?