



put forth. To me they are self-evident constructs - however empty of promise.)

To persist then in the restatement; if the Golden Rule held sway, it would preclude any dominance of the one by the other, by implication (or simple deduction). And by further implication all forms of dominance would be excluded once the notion was accepted. Once the notion of dominance was overshadowed by the principle, the rise of the Least ought to follow. Until this happens we are proven pikers. We have lived with our meager rationalizations for Centuries; what does it signify to extend one more, our, mere lifetime, as a living monument to this incontrovertible meanness?

There is a precedent. The dinosaurs didn't mess around with a Golden Rule. "Eat and Be Eaten" No lip service to some visionary scheme intended to delude the masses. No inflamed psychotic ravings of a Moses, or a Christ, or Shaman. No Magic Wands. Only Fear - Cold and Heat. Always a Fear of Hunger and the Predatory beasts. Always a Fear of the Two-Legged Beast to come? Yes! A stark reality that no amount of lip service, temporizing, dubious rhetoric, persuasion, diversion, compensation, dispensation, deviation. or attempts at LAW will alter.

And LAW, as we have come to know it, an invention of the haves intended to protect their property and chattel. There is such a quiddity as property; those of us who have it do not wish to relinquish it. Our suzerainty extends over pieces of the planet, and chattel. The U.N. supports property rights!

To be fair to the forthcoming generations of homo sapiens, all inheritances must be limited to 'Coin Of The Realm' amounts, in chattel only (i.e., excluding slaves, women and children). Hidden assets must be declared and limited as inheritances; any deviation results in full forfeiture (of land).

Pieces of the planet (land) under the control of individuals must revert to a general pool to be reassigned to those who will work, improve, and preserve the land. Pieces of the planet under the control of corporations (and similar tenancies) will be required to yield their control when such pieces cease to produce for the public good (it goes without saying the land must also be preserved and protected, and not exploited). The public good will be measured as a percentage of net production. It is understood that corporations will become redefined, as we have come to know them, with emphasis, as Co-operatives (without any special privileges).

Whether proven skillful or not, to work and preserve the reverted land, those excluded through lack of skill will nonetheless share as part of a cooperative. The objective at work is to provide a place. Even the least skilled and least able, cannot be abandoned without certain basic provisions. They cannot be cast aside without so declaring (as a species) we can do without them. We do need to decide whether the most useless

will be done away with, or whether they will be tolerated, and, if tolerated, we must take the necessary steps to assure those basic provisions.

Perhaps I am getting ahead of myself in this mushrooming spake, and perhaps I am altering its intended direction.

I suppose my cynicism would weaken any proposal dealing with man and property. I am a man with property.

It would be easy enough to suggest the State become the warder of the land. It would be easy enough to suggest that States become as One. It would be easy enough to suggest that land be preserved and protected, and be used according to sound ecological principles. It would be easy enough to suggest very restrictive measures must be implemented, without delay, to control populations and to prevent disease, with HEVVVYY penalties assessed for lack of compliance (so great is the need).

But my cynicism prevents me from succumbing to any enthusiasm for such prospects, viewing homo sapiens as more like the dinosaur than as something (divine) much differentiated from so hapless and rapacious seeming (if such a combination of assets is possible in) an assortment of beasts.

That one is able to predict a most plausible case for doing a certain thing means little, whether UTOPIAN or not, whether pragmatic or not. If we intend to gain compliance from a dinosaur, we require more than a plausibly presented argument.

A frame of reference in time and place.

Its like driving on the left side of the road, in this time and place. Your side, that is.

As long as one retains his birthright - the right to choose, or to declaim, "I'd prefer not to (choose)". Choosing may represent choosing amongst alternatives supplied by others. The other side.

No one has the right to grant me, or deny me, the right to choose; someone else may presume to deny me the right to life by ending mine (outside of the womb); but as long as I live, I retain the right to choose, or not to choose. Another may imprison me, but I retain the right to not choose what the other has done to me, i.e. I may fail to recognize his right to imprison me, and fail to recognize and submit to his presumptuous arguments.

Because I have been born amongst you, have been attached to those who have 'raised' me, who have prejudiced my mind this way and that, as have you, who exercised control over them and me, does not signify you have accrued any prerogatives with regard to me. You are without rights as pertains to me. Being born amongst you mean being s born into your transience - which is to become mine (by association), about which I can do little to alter, except to move over, or travel incognito.

You presume to grant me or deny me the right to do many things. Your declarations with regard to what kind of place this is mean little to me.

You attempt to impose upon me, facetiously informing me I reside in a 'democratic' place. 'Democratic' is an agglomeration of notions, some explicit and some implied. How these agglomerations of notions differ from those found in some other place is not part of my reckonings. You have prejudiced my view with regard to other places, therefore I consider myself uninformed with regard to them. I have been informed by you of things in order to instill fear into me, to cause me to be dependent upon you for certain information you may or may not possess, contrived information (disinformation) which is purposefully put forward or withheld, to control others and prevent free choice. ('Love It Or Leave It' comes to mind as the alternative to the bottom of the Ocean. After all how long can you remain afloat?)

One must know where he is before he can begin. One must extricate himself from the place he is dumped. Step Back! Look! Fear Nothing!, that is, if you discover Nothingness, Do Not Fear It! You are capable of filling nothingness with your self.

What is nothingness? Nothingness is the absence of something as yet unidentified and undefined - or the presence of yourself in an absence of all else.

How say you?

One for all, all for one!

Note: Imagine if you will those of Generation A, your parents for example, assuming they are pre-computer; that is, their up-bringing did not include the use of data bases and time sharing, computer 'bulletin' boards, modems, fax machines, E-mail, out of the 'mainstream', off the information highway (byway) etc., and the specialized languages associated with this transient man-made milieu (the accouterments of Generation B) . Before and after the inception of this milieu the external world did not change, only the milieu related to man had changed. Generation A was made to feel stupid, or made to feel behind the times by another generation that was swept up in the new milieu and it(s)language. (Slanguage)

Both generations occupied a space that had not changed perceptibly. The changed milieu of the species did not alter the external, nor did it shed any special light upon it (contrary to the efforts to presumptuously do so).

Wherein the 'choosing' acumen remains my option, I have determined certain escape routes (detours) I may be able to use to evade the pestilential presence; mindful of course, there is no escape from the final passage, whereupon also, I cannot choose my companions.

Next: I maintain we do not know where we are going. Yes!, we determine a standard for, let's say a sewer, to serve a household, a high rise, or an institution; predicated in Transience A. We determine other standards predicated in Transience A.

The sewer, on the surface, escapes some of the condemnation of the materioconsumecononcomical aegis because we assume it is based on need, the need to control and prevent the spread of diseases. It may be said a crematorium escapes some of the condemnation since it answers a similar basic social need.

It may be said the farm and its extension, the hypothetically fair and equitable market place, escape the condemnation, for what appears its obvious need. It may be said the production of certain clothing and building materials, and their extension, (as before) the fair and equitable market place, escape as well, for what appears qualitatively as a (socially redeeming) need.

It may be said certain of the human institutions, e.g., hospitals and schools seem to acquire some persistent character as to their social and 'humanitarian' need.

These represent apparently gratuitous inventions for the benefit of all. These and the standards that apply to them whether adopted through the product of common council or the self-appointed privilege and duty of the vested, remain as well, a product of time and place (some would venture 'as abides available technology') albeit, a transient reality, not necessarily generational, but some time frame approximating that amount of time (for argument's sake).

Considering this last train of thought, I had thought to proceed directly to something bolder:

I can only advocate World Government (if there is to be any government at all.)

In saying this I am not unaware of the problems inherent to open borders, and the resistance to assimilation. I can only say 'some people die hard'. I am not unaware of all that we had previously perceived as one set of conditions regarding habitat preservation etc., which would become severely challenged to accommodate the sap. However our habit has been to excuse our travesties with some fairly crass perceptions, i.e., "In fifty years who will know the difference?" (lending much credence to my notion of transiencies [some even perceived] and non-transferability, or revocability thereof, of transiencies) (Go With The Flow - Go For It - then - Go With The Flow)

It is true. "In fifty years who will know the difference?". If anyone has read 'A Forest Journey', such a statement would be easily borne out. What differences may be recorded may prove a notice of futility, e.g., does it help us to know that once Easter Island, or Haiti (or Scotland or certain Greek islands) were forested?

Complete assimilation might take longer, because of the inherent resistance to it. But the relocation of certain masses would become a fait accompli; all racial, ethnic and religious differences and factions aside. The masses would gravitate to the least path of resistance (a visceral choice) and might even sacrifice certain racial, ethnic and religious accouterments in order to gain the aforementioned perceived (assumed) ease.

If, even after fifty years, all had not become absolutely altered, certainly in another fifty years the dilution would become more complete, and another fifty hence etc. (We are not thinking in terms of millennia, only a few centuries of obliteration).

Efficiency is most in my mind when I show an advocacy of World Government. Government for me is a loosely applied term.

Preeminent in my mind is reduction or exclusion of WASTE which might be more effectively administered on a global basis. Reduction of WASTE and efficiency are intimately linked, if one achieves the one, he might achieve the other. Recycle, Reuse, Reduce.

Small example with which we are familiar in the Northwest of U.S. of A., in the appearance of Transience A: Two logging trucks traveling down the highway in opposite directions. In our lazily observant, and occasionally piquant, humorous resolution to vision, we might chuckle at the futility of it all. We might wonder, "What would happen if there was one place for all these trucks to go?" What if competition was removed from the argument? What if elimination of WASTE (consumption of everything involved in the two trucks going in opposite directions), or what if efficiency (albeit eventual reduction of waste) became the primary consideration in governing the transit of these two trucks, rather than 'free enterprise'? That is to deduce 'free enterprise' inevitably and inherently contributes to inefficiency and waste (which it does).

What are the alternatives to a 'world' government or 'world' societal arrangement (boldly speaking again)? A UTOPIA we have never tried? A continuation of what exists, admitting it is out of control, it is something about which we can do nothing. It serves the interests of the vested to have things more or less out of control as it masks their devious doings, their lobbyings and manipulations.

We seem overwhelmed by number, i.e., the reinforcement of a condition through the exegesis of number, that has existed throughout human history - over which we have exerted minimal control (rather more like hap-hazardly steering than controlling). In the beginning the steering was easier, even with a technologically more primitive device (of government) for there were fewer of us and the rate of speed (change, if you will; both in the production of offspring, and the impetus for all the other sociological and technological changes) was (relatively) comfortably less. Nowadays (without judging our number as a preposterous redundancy) along with the increase in number (without arguing how we

arrived at this [impasse], we have accelerated the rate of (material) change [likened to 'progress'] (more do we react to what is happening at an accelerated rate, seeking some dubious goal through happenstance [so-called change]). We also possess the great urge to deny and bury yesterday - particularly our origins; something tacky about our beginnings (as primitives).

We are now steering with a technologically less primitive device, at an accelerated rate of speed. However we have not come to grips with number, and cannot, because we, as a species, cannot handle the number in a manner consistent with our perceptions, although we can justify exercising controls. We are terrified of the implications of number, considering the exponential shape of the curve of accelerated number.

As long as belligerents exist, number becomes a concern. More belligerents to counter other belligerents, ad infinitum. A terribly fearful extrapolation and projection of a most singular argument. The more, more is the imperative to react.

In a world (societal arrangement) wherein efficiency was recognized as a primary objective, population control would receive utmost attention. As it is, population control is a hit or miss proposition, that only minimally addresses itself locally, from the Vatican to Beijing.

Crass alternatives exist in starvation to death (already practiced) on a genocidally, racial or ethnic basis. A solution - the inevitability of starvation being someone else's concern; just allow it to happen (somewhere else) in an enclave, out of sight, out of mind, and a resounding argument against open borders - ad infinitum. (Lend them D-9 Cats to bury their dead.)

(To return to World government) I do not dismiss the Hidden Agendas of Ideologies. More I do not dismiss the Hidden Agendas of those behind the ideologies, their Fronts, as it were. The controlling factors (factions) (as in control addicts) (it always returns to that consideration) are not interested in yielding. Thus, a simple reflex "Why yield anything?" They perceive their status as movers and shakers, as well as possessory holders with proprietary rights, first dibs, etc. (as well as controllers of their 'rightful' place). The introduction of the notion of World Order smacks of 'loss of control' (HAH!, by whom?), certainly - "Why yield control to a faction?"

I do not mean to repeatedly stray into extraneous arguments. One becomes rather easily bogged down in attempting to solve the insoluble, as he (or she) might any brain tease or conundrum. It is all right to offer certain arguments to suggest the futility to be found in attempting to alter transience A, our transience, the only important transience, through the lack of control, the lack of will, and the lack of the ability to control.

However, recognition of certain aspects of extraneous arguments are intended to enhance our (my) understanding of what it is we (I) experience,

either as an extension of cognition, or feeling, or perception, or whatever allows me (us) to function or not function in Transience A. NOW.

Without restating all the reasons why, we acknowledge lack of permanence. We might be able to perceive a rate of change that threatens our functioning in Transience A, as it is becoming displaced and overwhelmed by Transience B (the future perhaps). Be mindful we have just abandoned Transience B. Transience B is an inevitable occurrence as a function of time, which brings with it 'change'. Things do not remain fixed (societal arrangements become modified, altered, different) Transience C (the other) exists around the corner, in the next field, in the next country etc, unknown to us except through certain interpreters.

As I write, I realize once again the argument becomes overloaded (tedious, ever boring) with many extensions (as is so characteristic of our thinking apparatus; we are open to and inclined to 'free association' and suggestion [which harbors many relevancies] that we are easily led away from a singular consideration). However the intent remains to focus upon recognition, namings and definitions within a given Transience, the one with which we are most familiar, AND, to suggest outside of that particular Transience, recognitions, namings, and definitions may lose their applicability, as they most often do (as a result of certain inherent inevitabilities). The reason for the focus in the argument is to shed light on an almost predictable condition known as schizophrenia, whether the real kind or the imaginary kind, at times not being able to distinguish between the two. The differences between Cat (Chat) and Dog (Chien) are easily enough understood. We recognize furry presences, and may be able to express them through common gesture, if not common sound (or through common ughs, grunts, sighings and cooings, coupled with gestures).

The differences between ideologies may be easily understood if we are open-minded, recognize the elements of each, name them and define them in our own terms, simultaneously affecting an awareness of the limitations of time and place (albeit the particularities of Transiences).

The understanding of the need for sewers, crematoria, farms, production of certain perceived necessities (clothing, building materials, for shelter against the elements) the provision of certain perceived social services (hospitals, schools) should be even more readily understood than the differences between ideologies. The latter understanding might be perceived apart from ideologies, and may be perceived as hindered in their establishment and operation by ideological considerations - which may be adjudged irrelevant (serving no other purpose than a flag [a limited national interest] or whatever - to the exclusion of all others [head in the sand, man as an island, unconcern {don't give a damn, don't want to get involved}]) NOT MY BROTHER'S KEEPER (abandoned to) TRICKLINGS.

We establish an hierarchy of relevancies (and purposes). (Relevance pertains to what is relevant to me or to you, to our lives, directly, immanently, NOW)



What happens in Transience C may be only marginally recognized as relevant to you or I - but if it involves home(y) sapiens, it cannot be totally ignored. Presence of the other, no matter how distantly removed (and not living any other place than this planet) cannot be ignored. Perhaps a specious interjection at this juncture, i.e., proximity of one to the other involves a NUMBER greater than one, we may perceive our transience in a precarious light when allowing consideration of the historical record.

All of these considerations (fears) apprehensions, anxieties) could be moderated (exonerated), maybe even nullified if a world societal arrangement, predicated in, and modeled after, the more simplified hypothetical recognitions, namings and definitions prevailed (those already suggested as sewers, crematoria farms, etc.) which, in my mind, serves, not only hypothetical ends, but certain pragmatic ones - almost non-utopian (although any alternative to the status quo may be perceived as utopian).

As suggested earlier, most of what appears in this discourse may be regaled as a conundrum, as something we attempt to solve by mulling, without any hope of doing so, a brain tease, a whiler. There are too many factors weighing against providing a real solution. The imposition of order from some outside source might be the answer (impersonal), some extraterrestrial presence descending with a mighty wand, mightier than Moses, Zeus, Thor, or the wrath of You Know Who. external to ourselves, to our Transience, is the suggestion, for there is too much conflict (despite the recent denouement of 'conflict resolution' [shot to hell in a place like Yugoslavia, or the Mid-East]) within (the species - as there is within the individual [measured and understood thereby])

The key is somehow to transform compliance through fear and anxiety into belief, faith, or trust in something over which we would have almost no control (which, by the way, is already the case - regardless of our proclaimed 'freedom of choice') We need to DESTROY Transience A and create Transience X. We need to construct the hypotheticals in order to elevate Transience X into a more permanent, more efficient (all implications noted) complaisant [convivial and concordant {borrowing from the old saws}) Transience.

In destroying Transience A we necessarily destroy ideology (ours included) and vested interest - WHOA! Shoot The Bastard!

Despite what we may feel or sense about the inevitable, ought we not dare to think beyond?

Plausibly reasoned arguments?

Plausible Transient X?

Yes!, Of course.

Probable destruction of Transience A?

No, of course not - not because it is proper, but because it is inevitable, man (homo sapiens) however he had evolved to this degree, to this

awareness, cannot act as a species (as a Mob! Yes!, but not as a species) - he was not born with order, he was born into time and place, obliged to adapt primitively with the (even then) primitive viscera (however prehensile and clever) - but adapting narrowly within the smallness of self, a niche of family, and tribe to a particular set of conditions found upon Gaea, without the Dinosaur, who preceded him by several millennia. (Note: Dinosaur crap turned into jet fuel).

However much homo sapiens imagines he has removed himself from the more primitive physical existence in time and place, he still is incontrovertibly bound to a set of limiting options to which he must adapt (will or no will, schizophrenic or not). No amount of pride will overcome his need to shit, regardless of all attempts to disguise with gold-plated thrones, and gold-plated toilet paper dispensers (*reductio ad absurdum*).

More absurdum dum dum dum.

What lies below?

Heark Heark! Slender bark. Wherefore goest thou, With thy bedecked brow, In auburn curl and waves, Above thine eyes in their covetous naves Adorning such arresting a visage of hue blushing A pucker so tumescent, so tantalizing, blood rushing. This is already getting longer and longer. Really! What's the point in going further?

The slender bark in another age might have borne the hope of the world whereof NOW in this transience she might be all glamour and seduction without a purpose. There are already so many hopeless of the hopefuls of the new hopes for hope's sake. One more pretty girl means nothing since there are already too many.

I've been sidetracked with the conundrum of discovering the difference between computer paper and toilet paper. Is there a difference between brain wipes and other anatomical wipes? Why not a generalized Offal Wipe? Tell of the genealogy of wipes. O.K., how about the etymology of wipes. Starting with dry leaves, then Sears and Roebuck catalogues, then finally the great discovery of Corporate Tissue.

Life goes on, one transience to another. Not that Transience A would not like to enslave - dominate, missionarize like the other Xtians of old, proselytizing in the WILDERNESS, the remote Islands etc, amongst the heathens, pagans and savages, NOW has become the missionaries of the materioconsumeconomical transience. Wherewithall without prayer for services (rendered) (where?) Up yours too.

Avengelize materioconsumneconomical transience. Build temples (Bonkers) to store the reapings of the sowings (makin sumpin outta nuttin)

No different than Providence Will provide (tautology) of the olden THEEologists.

Historical parallels - a substitution of transiences with an alteration of the recognitions, namings and definitions. Objectives remain the same: Control and Dominance.

Transformation of transiences: Clerics Shamans = Bankers  
Pope/Emperors Emperor/Popes Popes Shamans = CEOs  
Rulers/Dominators The attempt to Xtianize the world failed; shows ta go ya, appearances aren't so apparent as one would argue.

The attempt to materioconsumeconomicalize the world is showing signs of a moderate success IF the globe's (planet Earth only) resources can stand the gaff. We are surely generating a surplus of consumers - wise planning!

My hunch - Too Many! Yup! Too Too Many, just a hunch. The Freedom to Choose which hole six x three x six, casket and flowers optional. Be sure there is a hole, before you say yore prayers (part with your wherewithall [whereisit?]) to the materioconsumeconomical effulgence. Dole for your hole the doleful hole the holeful dole.

The 12 Stations of the Coin. More or less coherently parallels are there. More or less Parallely the coherence is there.

Big Foot dressed in his best Reservation Issue, a scarf wrapped around his pathetic head with Broken Bow and Arrows by his stiffly prostrate form.

Then there's the guy who shot 'im. Loved and respected around the world, a symbol of America's best, an eight inch dick in his holster, and a sixteen inch chromium plated belt Buckle (In GO {200 bucks every time around} we trust) ana 4 x 4 equipped with a stick (it ) shift. All on an 8 inch porcelain plate (dick-size reduced accordingly) with 24 carrots of gold on the rim; all yours for 29.99 plus. And OH! Buckle your seat belt - its the LAW!).

The 18 hour bah, if you got something with which to begin the 18 hour stretch.

Survival for survival's sake.

There can be no God who could invent the horrors created by MAN.

There can be no EVIL FORCE that could invent the horrors created by MAN. And only MAN! A VISION!

Of Course Transience is obvious. Something is happening all the time - without, much of which is purposefully executed to distract, confuse, deny, control, dominate, manipulate, while our responses to it all remain leaden, shut down from overload. "O.D.ed" is the expression.

The non-participant!

The Hubbell Telescope, one of the more innocuous preoccupations of the scientific community and the media. The rationale: to discover our beginnings; and maybe to predict the end. All the while those who are here consume a diet of bullshit fabricated from raw data and hypotheticals.

February '94.

I didn't send it. In the off chance they might want to print some of it.

If I will ever appear in print I would want the theme to be expressed in all of its ramifications as a total socio something or other matter.

I don't want to get on anybody's mailing list (hit list).

I feel I have something to say. I have often paraphrased I.F.Stone's observation that, 'if you don't say something then there is no possibility of your having any effect'.

First of all, I am arriving at the conclusion that it doesn't matter; this whole stupid side trip of humanity will run its course whether or not I.F. Stone speaks or not. As a matter of fact I am convinced of what I say.

Does that let me off the hook?

There may not be room for criticism that will have any effect because the whole endeavor is fated to end on its own terms.

Am I fearful of being singled out as one who detracts too much from the equanimity of the ones on top? Is it worth the risk? Hey, don't flatter yourself. I guess I do not want to be cited (harassed) for all my little infractions by bureaucratic entities manipulated by those who are offended by the spake. What we have seen as Fascism in other countries exists just beneath the surface in our own. It will have to run its course.

The whole may contain a story, if only I can discover it.

A story might become more satisfying to read than a diatribe.

I've noticed that I play around with the language a lot. If one really has something to say he need not play around. He might invent a character in a story that plays around. There are those who played around with dialect, and with invented words. Twain, Joyce, Burgess, Burroughs, not to exclude WILL.

I imagine myself to be something I may not be. Yes!, I do write. But I seem to have a short attention span, and seem prone to repeat myself. If things don't sound much better after several tellings, perhaps that's a sign to desist. Surely a person may improve his spake with successive editings.

I very strongly suspect it is all an ego thing with me. That is, I can imagine myself being recognized as much of a sage as any other mouth that is quoted in these times.

Sage or not, I realize it is all for naught, that is, anyone's sage advice is all for naught.

Stage. Does one wish to speak into a vacuum with his delusions? Somewhere I read about Emily Dickinson indicating 'getting published doesn't mean you are a poet' (being a poet is far more meaningful than being known as a poet). As pure an image as this creates one has still to get it down in black and white.

I (or we) do many things that others do not. We have maintained a sailboat for 21 years. This involvement is greater than meets the eye, when one lives some 400 odd miles plus from where he does his boating. Building a log house in the bush (albeit on the water some 500 odd miles away) is another example of doing that requires some kind of commitment (again to which there is more than meets the eye). These require effort to see them through. Yet if you were to observe me on any given day stumbling around you would begin to wonder where does it come from. I ask myself the same question, when my greatest temptation is to find a good book to read in order to lose myself. Of course I may always lose myself in this damned word-processing.

Later: Notes for Knotted Twine:

I had begun Knotted Twine sometime in 1983.

It was approaching a fairly complete manuscript by the end of 1984. Subsequently it had been shipped off to some publishers whose various functionaries deemed it not worth their time.

Just yesterday Charline mentioned that our adventure was indeed an adventure that many people would welcome.

In those intervening years since 1980 when we sallied forth, until the present time, I have many times dipped into the opus to discover myself once again, and to feel some good came of it all; surely good was inherent to the adventure, but also in the writing.

What Charline said of the adventure was augmented recently in my own mind by a reading of a volume titled, "The Greening Of America". This volume pertained to the Sixties and Vietnam, with a good deal of an assessment of the status quo thrown in. It became an affirmation of what I have struggled with for a number of years, and certainly affirmed our little boating adventure, and doubly affirmed what Charline had said. For her, it was a strong statement, mostly in the way she said it, as though she has recognized its importance to her, challenged through my rather blasé dismissal of its occurrence. Of course, I wasn't all that serious; I was speaking to myself more than her, and in relative terms. I'm sure she has sounded others with her narration of the event to them, within the context of her enslavement to a job, eliciting pleasurable comments from those who have not stirred from the traces.

So be it, once again affirmed.

As time has gone on, I do register ambivalence with regard to the experience, although I do not disregard its importance as an adventure,

both in real terms, and as an object lesson for the pen. It is mostly because I yearn to be out there adventuring again, always. Perhaps I seek some perpetual escape from this responsibility of writing something, a message, a testimonial. Wherefore the urgency to do the one or the other? The former, the adventure, surely to experience the new, and the delight of the new, the different; the latter, the more responsible part, since, somewhere along the way I have made a half-assed commitment to be involved in creative things.

On the water I carry my best self, that which enjoys the globe, and the life it has engendered, and the self that perceives it. When I am immersed in the socio-civilizational exegesis, another self emerges, the one that has always bolted the traces, this latter rife with ramifications, and lessons. Since the primary interaction or intersocial volition has involved my look-a-likes in a variety of contexts, some of a very troubling and obdurate nature, I have come away with a mostly negative feeling in that regard, and convey a cynical assessment as part of the message. The testimonial part is my part, not held before the masses as some kind of example, but more as a lamentation, and a yearning.

All manner of interpretations have been applied to cynicism; perhaps the most inaccurate is to claim that one becomes a shirker when he becomes a cynic. One finds it more convenient to 'blame' than to get on with it in a participative way, implying that cynicism is a cop out. I really can't say. To indicate that one does not find the human clay a credible substance from which to fashion a lasting creation must be evident enough without generating a host of hypotheticals.

Vacation Notes: This Pen - Japanese. Industrious - No!  
Consumers - Occupiers we are!  
The Xenophobe is manifesting itself in me - in others!

What I might have to say regarding the above is mostly irrelevant (a theme) - to me - since I do not expect to be around long enough to be affected by whatever is pursued in the argument -i.e., the homo sap. proclivity to consume - hence the concern re: the Japanese pen - hence the Chinese, Malaysian, Singapoerean, Bangladesian - etc. - cheapest mass-produced expendability. One is enabled to nickel and dime his way to a small fortune marketing prodigious, often shoddy, rubbish; impoverishing the planet in the process.

It is not relevant.

What is?

Sucking one's thumb.

The Japanese would argue theirs is not shoddy.

The pen IS expendable, something to be used only once, until its ink supply is exhausted - one lifetime - ONLY; like its creator.

Still - JAPCRAP. Non-original Survivors. Imitators. PO

There is more time to think when one uses the ink well and the goose quill. i.e., with the computer, any bird brain can spew forth; perhaps we should suffer such enlightenment as punishment for the inordinate dispersal of such time-devouring gadgetry.

Return to the smoke signal and drums!

Semaphore - or hand wavings we misinterpret as friendly (like Captain Cook or Ferdinand Magellan).

Its only moderately interesting to watch the ink level drop as one scribbles. A lifetime on the outside - with Internet or E Mail, or the World Class Bullshit Global Interface; one is drowned in visual stench; like feeder lot or feeding pen. Sorting through it all requires a screening program that looks for certain recognizable combinations of coherence and relevance. NONE.

I have speculated before upon the Creation of Relevance. Yes I It is important - this I - that would become subsumed in this creation - This Irrelevance. Love It or Leave It hinges upon this proposition.

Throw the useless (social retard) into the bottomless pit. A useless one is one that does not catch the theme.

The Silence or Quiet must be conquered. Filled with banality. Actually it is filled with Horror. Abject Fear of Listening to one's heart beat - it might cease. Moving (leaping jumping) from one banality - created relevance - to the next; from one fad to the next. One Cheap thrill to the next. Some of the thrills are costly, but their content remains devoid - i.e. - Banal.

These generalizations beg for reference - for example.

One needs to tear away all the veils, the prejudices, the noise, the cacophony of man presumptions.

And - if possible - allow sensation some freedom to register -unsorted - unfiled (undefiled) - somehow Allow it to happen - unjudged - allow that outside space its own rightful place as part of cognition.

Our occupancy, our possession, the commotion of our presence dominates and intimidates. 'Things' (as we might habitually call them), creatures run away. We snatch glimpses of 'things' that only understand us a something to be feared. This world does not welcome us; instead it sounds the alarm.

One wonders if St. Francis of Assisi was not a lot of bullshit. The birdman of some grotto (like Alcatraz).

It amazes us when the WILD 'thing' will eat from our hand.

Actually the WILD ambience ... er ... should be revered. If it was, we might at least have a better chance at understanding that which surrounds us - and how much our NOISE becomes a great disturbance to something else that has an EQUAL place - that does NOT revere us.

We are not revered. We imagine DOGS revere us. HMN! A biased dependent relationship that we foster through the bone - lucky dog -sharp teeth - long tongue. Dog food we would not consume. Lucky Dog. Get petted; also neutered, and selectively bred for our entertainment. Lucky Dog. Sleep outside - not on the couch. Oh well!, at least as good a treatment as those Homo. Saps. who do not fare well, who cannot survive; well - as we have created it anyway; i.e., in that relevance we do not allow them into OUR lairs.

Too Many. Even on S.S. A real problem for the spendthrifts. Cut 'em COLA (Coca) by one percent.

Yes! even too many dogs.

We have fornicated ourselves to Intolerance - to obnoxiousness.

There are so many we cannot go anywhere (we cannot retreat) without encountering the SIGNS - not just the PRIVATE, NO TRESPASSING ones, but the marks, the disturbance, the OFFAL.

So what possibly could one more mean - one more human face whom we often recognize in a less friendly manner than a dog? Yeah I know, one more consumer, even if it is living on one less percent S.S. COLA. Sure Moynihan, you're an old bastard who's got it made, like some lap dog. Figure it Senator, cut your own salary!!!! Yours and your lap dog cronies, and your retirement - public servant!

You realize this is all an exercise in futility. Writing should be fun.  
Water over the damn!

Aside: Upon our Island - our Island (take note), to which we have RETREATED - (joke) a former occupier of said place had frequented it through noisy overflights in an aircraft, those pestiferous noisy ones where the plane's engines roared awful sounds as the plane was guided into dives and turns and low flying overflights. Anyway I wished him in that oe'rfamed hot place i.e. to CRASH as I do consistently with those who so presume without much success, until recently. The bastard finally did CRASH! and was exterminated - just deserts - I feel only a slight twinge in my glee at his passing. ASSHOLES abound - one less!. His passing was noted in the media; my glee is registered in these pages. Aside over:

We who might view our Island as a retreat - have heard it declared "The End Of The Road" by another longtime resident. The Island is not a pleasant place for the Older Generation when WINTER arrives, ILLNESS, or LONELINESS.



Henry David Thoreau died young. His experiment was only a two-year thing.

But two years is two years. Two years of Solitude for each of us in a setting devoid of the Other might, just might, HELP if we did not view such isolation as punishment or penance or deprivation. (I guess you know the ink level has dropped) (And if it was not for gravity [mine included], this pen would not function.

The occasion of this writing finds us (Charline and I) on vacation, in our ATAVIST, in mid-September amongst the Islands (some 50 miles from OUR Island) enjoying the ambience of the fjords (however imaginary the unreal circumstances) (i.e., the absence of the other - disturbed none the less by HIM [his aircraft, his motorboats etc.] [his offal always - ours included]. A quiet sunny morning at anchor; some early-morning fog (rolled in) - some high cloud forming soon to cast long shadows - a front up north somewhere. Charline is gathering oysters for tonight; our first fried oysters; last night - fresh ling cod - scrumptious.

SO WHY all the NEGS!? Whereas are the POS'!? I do believe this is as POS as I will ever be.

The 'too many' spells a certain kind of DOOM that no amount of POS thinking will obviate. 'Annihilation' would seem a POS. But how carry out this prospect without being amongst them (Only the Moynihans can escape their own dictum). With as little time as I have remaining I do not imagine myself volunteering - for any reason.

Is there a plausible argument for continuation as a cynic? Why spoil it for everybody else; especially the Moynihans.

I want to see the last man leave.

I want to believe that she has enough remaining to recover - to heal - i.e. GAEA.

Man is saying "If I can't have it - nobody can".

Man in this case is He who exploits; he who converts GAEA into a Standard of Living, he who views GAEA as a commodity, a slave for one's titillations, whether directly or INDIRECTLY.

There IS a great difference between HE that draws bodily substance from the planet and he that creates a Standard of Living from the substance of the planet. The planet cannot sustain the second objective - NOT FOR EVERYBODY. WHO - pray tell? Those who are equipped to TAKE IT? - or the Designated Few whom the remainder should emulate? Or from whom one lines up for dispensation?

Is there a satisfactory arrangement?

WORDS!; more words as the pen nears its NADIR (like the planet).

There will be yet another throwaway (P.O.) pen to take its place as there will be another cynic.

FOR: Cynicism is the most likely consequence of our occupancy; Cynicism is Inevitable. 'Inevitable' is the word.

Another word thrown about presumptively and loosely '~Civilization'; sort of like "Christianizing" the Heathen. TO 'Christianize something means nothing - the premise is all wrong - Based on a Denial of what one is and what our environment is? GAEA is viewed as a temporary ABODE whereas in reality it is the ONLY abode.

Civilization borrows from Christianizing - bringing some kind of doctrine, or way of it, way of thinking to the homo sapiens presence HEREUPON.

Civilizing is a way of controlling what happens. We view it as an embellishment of raw nature - almost an improvement over what is native to the planet. Pretty presumptuous when you think about it.

Yes! Dubious assumptions; simply because when abandoned and left alone there is a return, a 'reversion' as it were, to a former state that had managed for EONS before suffering the taints and persuasions of an EGOTISTICAL pestilence.

How is it we enshrine the ruins of our passage here, or how is it we do this thing? The ravages of time! We have wantonly destroyed as well mourning later that which we have destroyed of ourselves.

However we compensate by believing in Resurrection.

What a silly lot we are.

In all we somehow construe this as 'Civilization'.

As opposed to "No Action Required" or "No Action Taken".

The Pen Again. One supposes the Japanese view the pen (symbolically) as a way to sustain their Standard Of Living based on this artifice of consumption. Man at his best - scribbling - letting it all hang out in doodles and scribbles (and keeping his accounts) - one cannot be sustained in this with a dry pen - a non-refillable stylus. Throw it away - get another - and the Rising Sun WILL. Is a disposable computer a reasonable alternative??? BUT BUT BUT. (Incidentally, my harping upon the Jap is not an ethnic thing. They have bought into a transience for convenience and survival. Even though they were defeated in their attempts at conquest, and even though they were already on the road to a more materialistic society, why this sell-out of who they were-are?)

Regard, Not the State Of The Art with all their Bells and Whistles BUT Regard the Waste in P.O.

P.O. = S.O.L., both a Standard Of Living and Shit Out Of Luck.

The Automatic Ass Wipe - State Of The Art - State of Civilization - some state Mate.

The oysters are about to come aboard as the Pen breaths its last, its last, its last.

The cynic luxuriates in his sailboat making his pronouncements - his NEGS!. Somebody has to do the dirty work - while others promote illusions. Hawking wares, patent medicine, confidence men; get your hit or

your cure from a bottle, an extraction, an elixir. The cure for life is the illusion. Cynicism is not a curative, nor a palliative. Its like the stone in the gullet that grinds at the awful indigestibility of truth.

Truth is like a stone especially like one that strikes one in the head, bruising - confounding the EGO - the I, The Presumptive I. The Arrogant I the hurtful denying I, that I that provokes envy and desire to murder (i.e.) to SILENCE, to humiliate the I in the other, hence the wish upon the other to CRASH - with guilty glee - guilt somehow confused with the curses that hang over one's head - wish fulfillment is a dangerous to one's health.

Free Association! (Pen finally exhausted - ship the empty to the Emperor).

Its purported the well-constructed rational coherent argument will persuade us toward some more elevated awareness - and considerate indulgence.

I say SELDOM! is this so.

Free Association might bring about a better result i.e. juxtaposition vis-à-vis recognition. Free Association imputed to mean Associative constructions through word ideas, the relevance or relationship of the one to the other imputed by freely suggesting a relationship, not obviously derivative, but 'linked' by worded connections peculiar to those so stimulated by such. Knowledge/history words/ideas in their peculiar relationship are intended to be instructive, i.e. what has passed before retains some kind of lesson character, illustrative character - don't let it happen again - character. The instructive part is only measured in terms of their being remembered and comprehended for which we assign Grades and Plaudits. The best we can do? Some of these become some of the great deluders; what we do is omit the importance of the lesson as applied to ourselves, the learner - NEVER to do certain things, never to repeat past practices, always to question our proposed actions YES! 'In terms of what?' you will ask.

There are the lessons, then there are the principles we derive from the lessons resulting in Principled action. The grade should not be awarded until the completion of the Action.

Lessons without accompanying morality are worthless. As are the Grades for the unproven.

BLATHER!!!!!!! Why Blather?

Sometime in December 1995. Gotta Call in the dark at 6 AM from a thick twangy new England accent to learn that my god mother of 91, nursing home confined, had kicked the proverbial bucket. A maiden, who might have well have been a nun; who workshipped and was a lifelong employee of Genrul Lectrick down the street. The call came from a female cousin who was born in the house next door and finally got to occupy the old family home 30 feet away from where she was born. Out of twelve, only mother is left at 94. Mother resents the niece getting the old family home.

She felt more entitled to it, since was raised in it and nursed her own mother in it. Opportunities arise everywhere.

Enough of that. This is your old sociopath at it again. Yesterday Charline fell into line; she began not to be able to distinguish between my calling myself a rambler or herself calling me a rambler. That is to say, I am not a story teller; I am a rambler. This was after I had read her my little bit in Notes 21 or Notes 22, as we came down the freeway from her mother's (a narrow escape), about the Supreme Court's deliberations concerning BareAssedness. I would prefer to call these ramblings Sketches, with no object in mind other than to do as I am doing; pecking while I drink my morning tea; before the world dawns and dominates my consciousness with all its cacophony and stupid rambling.

I would not even be doing this much if it was not for the ease of the computer. Incomprehensibility is one thing, but illegibility is another; the two together would make for some pretty disconnected rambling.

I'm sure it helps Charline to be able to call me a rambler, since she doesn't really know what else to do with me. I don't know what to do with myself; so that makes two of us. If I was on the Island I wouldn't be doing any rambling, I would be stumbling around trying to finish the log house. So, with me, its either rambling or stumbling. When I'm not rambling in Eugene, I am stumbling in Eugene.

Autistic phantasties. Let's split! Speaking of fantasies; they're imagining Jupiter as the next planet for those who can afford the ride. Wonder what happened to Mars; not sufficient accommodations?

Speaking of fantasies, they moved the nuclear clock 3 minutes closer to midnight. Out of sheer desperation and blind fanaticism they're gonna start nuking the planet. We have always had this fascination with fireworks. Lingchewthem's ancestors were great on firecrackers.

Charline has accused me of being a racist, because I am always making provocative remarks about one group or another. Perhaps. The human race is reserved for my most racist remarks however.