



Notes 30 🎵🎵🎵 31 May '01 Somewhat Grossly Altered And Transformed in 2016. What had started out as a ramble, has turned into a stampede.

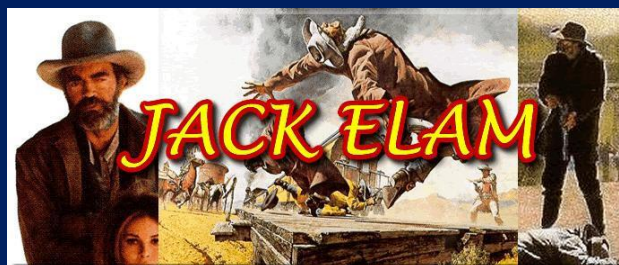
Forthwith, a rough disconcerting, disconnected ride in the desert.

Is an acknowledgement in order? So much of the Author's life has found itself enmeshed in, and entranced by the 'Western'. Early on, it was HiYo Silver and Chemosabe, coming to us in Deep Hollow over the Montgomery Ward Airline battery powered radio. Later on, it was Gene Autry and Roy Rogers; we missed Tom Mix and his trix, Gene packed the old forty four, and Roy packed Trigger and Dale. We were saved by these fabled heroes from bad dudes and Redmen. Indeed it was all fable, as were the later embellishments posterized by Randolph Scott, John Ford, John Huston, John Wayne, Coop, Alan Ladd, and John Eastwood. Everybody in the Industry had a hand in it. Still, the bad dude and the Redmen survived, despite these heroics. The genre wore itself out (mostly) until Scoliosis Mountain put us aright again. Then a dearth of foul mouthed pokes and extreme violence came along with Deadwood, Tombstone, The Unforgiven, The 3:10 To Yuma. From the Classic to the Mundane, from the Sacred to the Profane. Even Bibi Anderson was featured. One of the author's favorite westerns became Rio Lobo because Jack Elam came off as an ugly half-assed good guy who actually lived. He was suffering from lead poisoning.



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So where lay the truth? The narrator informed us that, besides the long-iron, the six-shooter, and fire water, the Savage Redman suffered the vagaries of Small Pox, Tuberculosis, Cholera, Diphtheria, as antidotes to the paleface.





Forthwith Or Fort Hwith. Hwith is short for Hiyawithya.

A Western of sorts (Western Civ.) written by Louis Damnednear Nomore. Divulgements of Utopian schemes. And other promises. Believeth in me sayeth the expedient over principle (expedient over common decency [BT]); Success is Survival. (Gotta watch the author; he is a very parenthetical guy.) Why did not Wallace Stegner pen a Western?

The Scourge of the Malfeasant.

Getting back to where the conversation was more stimulating. The author heard in the noose that the queen is going to streamline the monarchy by cutting her salary, by forcing most of the subalterns to get out to make an honest living. Its got to be a sort of embarrassing anachronism; like, who could not help but notice? To her credit? She measures ~ 1.625 m (other measurements a closely guarded stateless secret)

As if any of it mattered. Mel Torme had a stroke, and the queen volunteered to cut her salary. One of these days the author will be in the noose. He will be hanging cockeyed, like a framed certificate on a physician's cubicle wall, with his particulars dangling from the noose, rather poignantly demonstrating the futility of breathing, and the ineffectuality of certain particulars.

To get back to the Western.

A brisk zephyr swept across the plains, like in those old John Wayne, Randolph(ph) Scott (deep parched, lantern-jawed voice), Clint, Westerns, full of spaghetti; a swirl of hot, desiccated dust rose up, blasting the rickety sign hanging cockeyed, suspended above the false front, swinging, squeaking, threatening to come loose in the whistling, blinding mistral. Suddenly loud noises sounded; unmistakably, gunshots. One could neither see nor hear the imaginary body as it slumps and crumples to the planetary integument. Since the concoction of gunpowder, the marvel of evolution has suffered some serious setbacks. The camera lens is redirected to the nervously oscillating portent, as a swirl of dehydrated planet obscures the plain spake on the warped, emboarded, the o'erworn dimming inscription: "Marshall". He was noted to have said: "Helluva way to go - plugged; in the dirt." A compassionate enforcer of Moses' tenets. Something personal said over the fallen malfeasant. Those days are gone forever. To die a glorious death, lauded as the apotheosis of a way of life, all out in the open, contingent upon one's abilities with a six-shooter. Even if



one was 'slow', he earned his place in history as he became part of the legend; his opponent was always worthy. If one was to supplant Jesse James with Osama Bin Laden, you've got a pastaless Mideastern, or Central Asian. Now, we forlornly perish in the alleys and byways by the droves without so much as an obit. On the stage, one could come out blazing, awaiting the fatal projectile; but real life is hell, then you die; Right, Jack Elam and Jack Palance?

So, the author is coming out blazing, taking potshots at the world. He's a bit slow, and the trajectories of his missiles mostly fail their mark. He'll not rationalize (sell out) his fellow man for some manufactured expedient, because he was too cowardly to stand on principle. But, as you know, it doesn't matter, and he believes he doesn't count. If he had said nothing, it would matter even less. Why not be content to be an observer; why must one become a shooter? Our little conceits. Market your conceits. If one would remain offstage, operating the lights and the curtains, prompting (and promoting) the principals, he might vicariously live ALL the roles. Even those with whom one catharizes do not really bleed. And in the political arena we have learned that ketchup is a vegetable to be fed to school children during their lunch period. And contemplating your belly button constitutes a naval exercise. That was in the days when politics was clean. Nowadays it all happens in the underwear: Hines or Hiney; Fruit of the Press.

A Latter Day stream off consciousness?

Yes!, life can be a moving experience. The poets, dramatists, composers, sculptors, painters. have been moved to move us. So, why not become a 'poet'; a mover?

Poets sang of Potiphar's wife. A newsworthy event that found its way into that thumped (read as thump ed) tome. Neither Mr. Potiphar nor Mrs. Potiphar would have come to the world's attention unless the even less notable Joseph (only in name), the real father (however unnotable a Moniker) had not become the object of scandalmongering. It has been implied another Joe had been cuckolded by the All Mighty. He got a carpenter out of the deal, but the tomites may have been attempting to suggest that his MALE ego had suffered some diminishment through the unwanton act of Mary. Hence the juicy temptation by a serpent of the Nile. What do we really know of the bewitching scheming pyramidal temptress? Perhaps no more than we know of the unfortunate strumpet we find discombobulated lay alying in the alley; or the stockbreaker working the margins, or the corporate exec. cooking the books. Its rated PG (parental guidance) Certain passages must be viewed with discretion, or not viewed at all.



Wondering the back alleys of a fragmented mind. There is no story line. There never has been; so stop looking for it. Having expectations that exceed the confines of the script is not unusual, but you gotta keep your perspective, and ya gotta keep trying.

Never lose it!

End of Excerpt (with a few updates).

Actually the Western venue is as foreign to the author as cowpunching. He never saw a man punch a cow. For that matter he has never seen a man poke a cow. Kraft Ebbing classifies that under zoerasty. In Brokeback the cowpuncher poked his buddy. In Banking this is known as a derivative. In some other 'circles' it is known as deviant. It all happens in the Best Western.

The overwhelming evidence clearly proves that the most barren piece of ground is a worthy place to try your hand at raising cattle, or sheep, to distinguish one breed from another, the virtues of each remaining genetically bound. The author is assuming cattle to mean beef, not mutton, or ass, as in chattel. The author both heard of, with his own two ears, and has seen with his own two eyes, the 'stump ranch', a common phenomenon in these days where clearcutting the forests has become obedient to some kind of forest management philosophy, where trees represent wealth, the more of them that you get the quicker (remember what the author intimated regarding the expedient) the bigger peel of moola. Anyway there's what's left after all that, not so amusingly identified as a stump ranch; i.e. more or less affordable land for simple possession, raising a new crop of trees, or for trying your hand at alternative life styles, cattle raising amongst them. As the author has hinted in his diatribe Pain Without Locus, a Damnednear Nomore early edition, the beginnings of such deviant behavior are to be viewed with parental discretion. Before the rating schemes were invented to protect young minds, forever being prevented from knowing the real truth of things, the Western got loose as a means of theatre entertainment, until you couldn't find enough bad men and Red Indians to kill; the same actors were doing the shooting over and over again, and the same few remaining Red Indians (Wes Studi) were getting killed over and over again, and the same bad men were being carted off stage again and again; eventually these became known as spaghetti; however corny.

Moses Marshall (The Scourge Of The malfeasant). His lady friend was Potiphar's wife, uncoveted, however adulterous. Biblical? Perhaps Umbelical; it's the thought that counts.



Actually, to continue with this formative Western with a dash of parmesan, there was an Eastern component. When they (Our Government, otherwise known as The Beneficent Bureaucracy) opened up the Oklahoma Territory, they first had to decimate or relocate the Natives; i.e. Redmen. So the Redmen were becoming Westerners while the land hungry Whitemen were becoming Westerners. The White had little knowledge of the Red (except he was a savage); he rode on with preconceived notions. One such notion involved the manner of greeting associated with the Redman. It was believed he said HOW. So when the White were going west and the Red (Cherokee) were going west, as one greedy one inevitably overtook the disenfranchised one on the trail, the White man was the first to utter the salutation "HOW!", While the Red responded "HOW the fuck did we get into this?" The noble savage. Which one?

Anyway, to return to the dusty false front, and the bloodshed at the beginning, just like the opening of Romeo and Juliet. The only cure for the premature denouement is romance. But you can't have romance without trial (triangle – that little orchestral dangle and tingle!).

First we need to clear the air. Who would want to romance in a dustbin? First of all you gotta be able to see what it is you are about to romance. Therefore it is necessary to have a saloon with something besides the half-made swinging doors which admit all the outdoors airborne parched earth into its environs. We bring the swinging doors back when they have a bar-room brawl and its time for the hero to knock some bad ass backwards through the swinging doors, out onto the stoop and finally to drop into the dusty dirt-ridden commons. So we gotta arrange the stage to accommodate a series of set pieces.

Anyway (once again), to continue. Marshall Moses has done his deed. He has rid society of the bad dude one more time. He needs to arrange for a decent burial, for which there always seems to be an obliging (drooling) undertaker.

On his way to refreshment and romance he stops by a circumspect false front to notify Lazarus he has another customer to be charged against





the State. As he does so, the proverbial stage coach rounds the bend at a staggering pace raising such a cloud, all but the lead horses are visible. As really happens in the movies, the only apparently errant conveyance is brought to halt by the singular effort of the driver (Andy Devine) pulling with all his might on the reins, Whoa!! (The enclosed picture is all that was available for this showing). As the dust whirls about and begins to settle, passengers disembark. And as it really happens in the Hollywood version of the West, amidst all that heat and desolation, a slim, pretty foot, then disembarking leg, appear at the door of the coach, to be followed by the remainder of the raiment and attire of a young properly buttoned up flaming red-head without a single freckle showing (not O'Hara).

Of course we all swoon at her lithe 167 cm, other dimensions reserved, switching emotions from the dust and dead to a potential catharsis with such a beauty (The driver is not available; try her HTML).

Depending who is playing the part, if its Coop, (kickety-poo, kickety-poo, kickety-poo; well there ain't much response reflected in his manner, even though he's lookin'. Or Randolph with his reassuring manly ways. But if its J.W. there's a swagger of indifference; or Clint with a smirk. Or if it's a garden variety hungry lothario, there's a beaming smile, an offer of a hand, and a cool response from the red-head. However it is played, we sense this is not the last we will see of this feminine presence. We are not sure whether we should put ourselves in the shoes of the beaming lothario. Rejection looms large at the outset. And perhaps a confrontation that leads to an early grave. So familiar are we with the format of the Western tomato sauce denouements. They go on making them anyway, because there isn't much left worth a shit to distract us in this 21st century (unless its revolutionizing the world of pleasure with techie stuff). The Western is our cultural heritage (herotage) (herostage). Why didn't Wallace Stegner have a try at the genre? Chasing Saddam across another kind of desert is merely a ploy to make the few rich; no class. SPACE!

Most of the western towns the author has passed through seem like lost places. Even a flaming red-head doesn't seem enough inducement to remain. Bleak. Something to call one's own. A Homestead, even if it is a bleak setting with colorful sunsets. Or a cattle ranch where the deer and the antelope play. Sounds a bit jaded, but what the hell. You can't have a western on the Mediterranean. But you can induce Gina, Sophia, Anna, Slyvana, or Ingrid (the transplant) to come to Hollywood for a little Paydirt. One cannot imagine a Med. staying around any dustbitten town,



not even for gold. Hard on their complexion; always dirty feet on the barefoot contessa.

The classic Western wasn't much involved with ordinary folk. Mostly lawmen, badmen, cowpokes, and hustlers; saloons, chorus girls, a few belles, tycoons, gamblers, aggrandizing ranchers, mother lodes and banks, stages and trains to rob. A raw bunch of occupiers, kicking out the indigenous inhabitants, every which way.

Yet the whole notion became idolized in the freedom of the west; the wide open spaces, and the grubstake. In 'Pain Without Locust', the author carried the aftereffects of this cultural phenomenon to the stump ranch; i.e. cattle ranch dream that could never materialize. A decent dreamy cowpoke with a .357 under his bed (and a sufficient arsenal) who drove a truck in order to make his living wage. Enslavement to a cultural form and a cultural unreality, both of which he abandoned. No deal. The real Louie Nomore missed an opportunity to tell the truth.

Anyway, to return to the flaming redhead that turned heads whereupon lotharios doth expire through tomfoolery.

We never really learn much about her. Not a Belle, nor a Fayeaway. Not exactly a Yillah, or Rima, or a phantom either; nonetheless someone distant, revealing little, seemingly intent upon an elusive something (something that eludes the viewer). Her disdain of the lotharios seems to reflect some particular wisdom gained through experience; foregoing the attention. If not that, what then; why this incendiary beauty in the desert; why not a more ordinary distaff; a flameless flame?

There is little doubt, despite the lack of overt recognition, that the Marshall has noticed this new presence. He senses trouble, and finds himself compromised by his own interest. A little French Bread might help.

Disembarking in a dustbin seems hardly the proper setting for any recognition scene. The author's apologies; but it's still the same planet with the same cast of characters, same plot, same denouement.

The Least Best Western, a windowed clapboard structure, lacking embellishments, stands two stories with an indistinct unglamorous placard mounted on the overhanging edge of the front stoop, denoting its function. The entrance is its most alluring feature with a dark polished molded hardwood door, glazed with some frilly decoration etched into its surface. The interior is more beckoning than its exterior, with touches of hominess; curtains, rugs, stuffed chairs, ornately framed scenic restful paintings; assorted bric-a-brac (period pieces); and a polished railing



following a carpeted spiral stair to lofty, however Spartan, accommodations.

The slim footed one, with the auburn trelis, has abandoned the parched outside world for this latter interior, followed by the stage hand carrying her valises. She is welcomed by a smiling youth, obviously over-entranced by her presence. After such an entrant, others become entranced.

Good day, mademoiselle; how may we serve you?

She answers in the obvious.

How long will you be staying?

The answer is less obvious, uncertain. However, she indicates her interest in the accommodations of which she wishes to avail herself without any further conversation.

Indeed we have a chamber maid who will attend to all your needs, such as we have.

He summons a sweet young thing who relieves the stage hand of the luggage; then leads the rather circumspect redhead upward along the spiraling stair.

We do not need to follow our mysterious one to her suite and bath, where little will be revealed that will shed light on her mystery. It is assumed she is equipped with all the (well-formed) parts that distinguish her as a female of the species (Yes!, believably) (silicone implants a latter day development) retaining its PG rating.

The author must interject here to inform you that this fragmented unauthenticated Western is about to veer past one hundred years later within a Hollywood studio where you will find the lunatic responsible for what is happening within this script.

A cultural phenomenon. Desperados everywhere. With real shoot'n ir'ns, and a bowlegged swagger. The red-head is not bowlegged, at least not from riding horseback. Its hard to tell of her construction, since it is concealed behind the habit of the times; one might assess something from the exposed parts of the corseted bosom. One cannot tell from a pretty foot of the true nature of the remainder of the limb.

If the lunatic was of a mind, he might contravene convention by creating a miniskirted staging, where more of what one is fighting for might be revealed. But herein one is not fighting for limbs as much as he is for decency and principled behavior.

The Marshall just returned from his lunch break at McDonald's where he had a Big Mac with fries and a Pepsi. The lunatic once knew a young lady in graduate school who often dined on M&Ms,



pretzels and Dr. Pepper; ready sustenance, not brain food (you oughta see her now, rhyming with the last. So for a Hollywood folk hero to dine on a Big Mac (still believed to be made of cow) is all part of the now culture; Cool!. Of course its all decadence when compared to the real thing: steak, eggs and hash browns for breakfast.

The red head must eat as well, but we shall not dwell upon her alimentary canal. She'll not meet her hero in a diner. She will decline all invitations to be wined and dined. Yillah was not an object of study with respect to her intake of sustenance.

Can you imagine a Hollywood production of Mardi? Yillah was probably not a redhead, since she was somehow set in an imaginary Polynesia. But let us allow the lunatic to take liberties in imagining that Yillah escaped this imaginary Polynesia to find her way to S.F. and finally board a stage to oblivion, the arid desolate western US of A where the deer and the antelope played and where not a discouraging word was ever heard. Can you imagine the yearning to find such a place after the South Sea Islands had become overrun by those whale boaters and all the various Queens' cartographers (possessory bastards; the effrontery!). (One sought spices and gold only to find cannibals (cannabis anyone?) and voluptuous wimmen).

The question arose: "Is she a dye job?"

To live is to dye.

Smart ass.

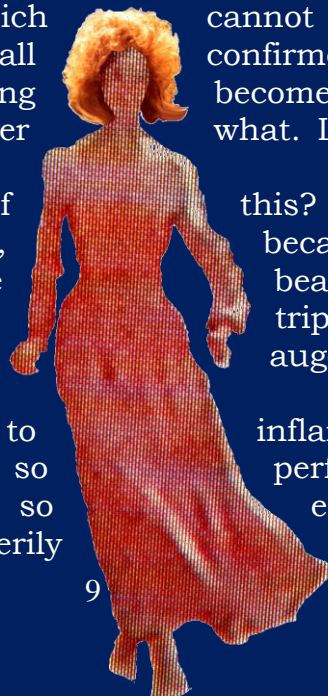
It's a direct quote!

Now, there is evidence of an unraveling mind.

It is the fact that nothing, but nothing, matters, no matter what. For something to be coherent and to make sense requires some concrete objective, which cannot be found on this planet, to which we are all confirmed in perpetuity. Even after something becomes coherent it still doesn't matter. No matter what. Like the man said 'to live is to dye'.

What is coherent in all of constructing a fantasy, with looking at all the are anxiously awaiting our doing all sorts of things to in the thereafter.

Her hair is a flame, as if to more, her countenance is so description, her raiment so lies underneath as to verily



cannot be found on this planet, to which we are all confirmed in perpetuity. Even after something becomes coherent it still doesn't matter. No matter what. Like the man said 'to live is to dye'.

this? We are because we are bored beautiful sunsets. We trip to the beyond, auger for a good seat

inflame the heart. But perfect as to defy embracing of what assure the



continuance of the species through multiple attractions hovering to amply fulfill the stupidity of a recreating, this, our redundant testament to futility.

Fain, she must know, or suspect, all does not meet with nature's design. She will not be party to this abysmal futility. So all the suitors will have slaughtered each other in vain, (less Fain than is necessary to conduct this experiment).

Why, then, you ask, cast her in this spellbinding role, with all these accouterments (albeit honeyed attractants)? Why not Cunegonde her? (Realizing that C. held sway over Candide's heart despite the obvious when regarding C's. mother). One is often blinded by what takes place within, notwithstanding the perspicacity of Pangloss, and the fact that THIS is The Best Of All Possible Worlds.

Red (Yillah) will never become homely; it is written into the script. Nor will she age. She is the reincarnation of Helen. And men will always fall before her allurements, forsaking both their cuntree and their principles. But some people will sell out both their cuntree, and principles they never had, for a whole lot less.

For a pasta Western to take place all one requires is wide open spaces, and a handful of desperados who seek and find a special kind of license to practice desperadoism.

However, for this current bungled narrative to reach a plausible stage we are more inclined to claim we have conquered the wilds, and fully occupied the Last Frontier (to hell with this political drat of the New Frontier). In truth we proudly proclaim "Nothing Remains!" We have made it so, beating our chests.

So our footage transpires in the studio, with occasional takes on the ranch (in Italy). Notice how many people want to live in a rustic ranch-style home (in Montana [the Last frontier]), with wagon wheels for a gate, with a split rail fence, and an enormous dinner bell suspended from its own framework for summoning the hands from the bunkhouse. Then there's the cowpoke appearance, er, excuse, the dudepoke appearance, so suggestible with hand tooled boots, denims, a huge belt buckle (conscious of what Heyduke has to say about such accouterments), and that rakish Stetson to conceal the balding pin head, and when permitted, a holster, thumbs confidently hooked behind the belt buckle, or the cartridge belt. What a pile of bunk (house) blather.

There's the 'cowboy' boots, as strange a creation for depicting discomfort as one can imagine. Meant for the stirrups, hell to walk in. Where's the horse? Zoned out, we are told. The smell of horseshit and the dearth of flies, you know. And without the Stetson, revealed. String ties are O.K., along with other parts of the



garb that one finds in outdoor stores, and that ‘denim look’, roughcut, manly, sometimes womanly manly. An empty holster is required. He was heard to say: “He aint loaded”. Y’ever notice the cool gunman who always knows where the handle of his colt resides, as he would draw his piece to settle an affair, but how he fumbles his cool in returning the piece to its holster; invariably he misses on the first try. It might be said if the order were reversed, there would not be any sense of returning that which was not drawn.

Of course, there’s the gleaming Caddy, adorned with a horse or horns as a hood ornament, all to remind us of that failed lothario Rock H., and his fellow traveler, Ronnie. R&R (Remington and Russell) prints on the walls acoarse, along with sundry period piece imitations scattered hyar and thar.

Sigh!

He had hailed from none other than Texas, Midland and Crawford; clinging to him all the strange overbearing history of the place. The drawl seemed natural enough, judging from his appearances, which were not impressive, but surely fit the model. A displaced person; exemplary of those who wander the world with the frightful realization that, “Nothing Remains”. Any six shooter they might sport would be held in reserve to blow out their brains when one no longer could believe in, and impress with, an anachronism.

Some of these people are already dead of natural causes, having suffered the ignominy of death without respite from the agony of the realization that, “Nothing Remains”. Someone placed a tarp over the Caddy, paying a homage to what does remain.

Do not despair; one day it may matter. How we became what we are will fade from memory. The story will be written to dodge the horror of the realities. The new dude actors will not be the wiser.

The future will be free of conflict. Consumption will have won out over recycling, reducing, reusing, renewables and resources. What we might have imagined as devastation will become the norm. The absence of homo sap. will be the other notable feature.

Some interstellar traveler adept with a propensity for unEARTHings will discover a pile of John Wayne videos that somehow find their way into a viewing.

Yes! Man! A fragmented mind. A tale lacking in objective and purpose. Can you imagine it? Think upon it all for a moment. If you are able, tell the author what it is all about. Headed toward the abyss, we do this.

A loud voice was heard to exclaim: **BACK OFF! E=mc²**



Don't cloud the issue with conscionable action. We are in it for ourselves. Its ours for the taking without the Biblical admonitions to multiply and subdue. Life is incidental to conceits. Expedients win out over principles. The arm only bends one way! (As Suzie, the Russian, has informed us).

Can't coat it, truth is a bitter pill. We are on the wrong track.

Knowing that the planet is round hasn't helped us. Knowing that we are 93,000,000 miles away from our sun, whirring about at 70,000 mph, means nothing. Cloning ourselves, the Redundant, continues something reproduction has already validated as futile. We know of our confinement; and are not content. Who can rest not knowing what it is he wants to know? Don't build on a fault line.

That one troubling conundrum; the realization of mortality.

Accompanied by a fantastic conceit (cloning consciousness of our immortality, anybody?).

The stench of reality.

Then there are those who are on top with all the means at their disposal to remain there, with their mortality and conceits surrounded by razor wire and snarling guard dogs, and the police in their pockets. Some imagine this state of affairs as the force of destiny, and the crowning achievement of man.

Who's on the hill crowing? To be perpetuated?

The occupant, of course. He's to be reckoned with, because there are no more frontiers. Is he closer to heaven or to hell? With all those threatening to take it away, it must be like hell; heaven becomes a dubious dwelling. All the riches locked in an iron cage, guarded buy a Rottweiler.

Yet those in hell continue to serve those upon the hill. Force of habit; fear of death (observed Alan Greenspin).

Here, it has often been expressed wistfully, "The American Dream" (Noam Chomsky).

Define your terms.

Hoopla: Great excitement! And Bustle. And Furor. Earlier in the lexicon one found Hoodwink: to play a deceiving trick upon; or to prevent from seeing the truth. The American (No more, no less) Dream defies description. The Hoopla over the Hoodwinking (not just Enron and World.Com, and all those who connive in Lower Manhattan). One needs some reassuring reason to rise in the morning. Not to see the truth; to veil and shroud what it is that emits the stench.

A flight through a cloud in the continuum to nowhere. The existentialists were grasping something. One escaped by taking the



hill, fortifying it, then getting drunk. The American Dream. Fences; and armament; and (blinding) drunkenness; everybody else is a Fuckin' Asshole. Unsatiated.

They speculated we were overwhelmed. As Cioran surmised, we had lost our edge. We tried to rest on our laurels, and feed off our larder. That's when they came. We succumbed more than we were overwhelmed, like Sparta under Numa Pompilius; our guilt finally assuaged. Ill gotten gains built upon the deaths of others. Once we had won her, we raped her. Such is love. So the tale is told. If its true. Some prescience of the WTC?

When they came, we could yield quite easily and readily because He was waiting; and nothing remained. Will the last one out throw the switch on the Billboard that proclaims: Jesus Saves. Not to be shared. Our Bacon.

What a dour fellow is the author. Seeking under rocks for venomous things. Perhaps the truth is akin to venom. In his very first Western he doth ask: "Does it really matter what happens?" Whether the hero (that is us) really lives or dies? Just one kiss; the fatal one. An exit at the peak of excitement. Its all anti climax afterward, and rather mundane. Those heroes and heroines age, become flabby, bald, lose their edge and are diagnosed with prostate cancer and breast cancer. A Drool In The Sun. All that remains of the skull is the false teeth.

At the very end one comes to these cheerless realizations. The masked villain whom we fear is otherwise known as truth. Ex eunt. He always eludes us, not through wile or craft. We wish for him to escape, so we can always pretend to pursue him. We could wish him our friend. We are not humble.

Looking for logic, some cement to hold this all together? If the author could deliver absolutes you would either not recognize them or would scoff at such presumption. Logic will not lead us to where we need to go. A leap of faith might. Life without conceits!

That filthiest of four letter words: Love. Not some saccharine or sentimental shit. But hard core love. Where the heart soared, then burst, only to rise again. The best is yet to come.

Some will argue we have missed our opportunity. There is nothing on the horizon that would dissuade him from this fatalistic (fatefully inedible) point of view.

All desperadoes, are we. No heroes or heroines, principled or otherwise.

He died Of Boredom! On Aug. 23, the day of his birth. That's today.

When you have made all the wrong moves, how is it possible to salvage or recover; OR redeem? Assuming we all make wrong



moves, some realized immediately, others after long exposure and cogitation, are we abandoned to remorse, regret, renunciation? Will no one let us off the hook? Desperadoes! Come out blazing, dying in a hail of gunfire. Relieved at last, doing what many do well, shedding blood. A Blood Bath on Dying Day. Everything is restored to order. Boredom is assured. No more fun in Jerusalem (Salem for Short), Belfast, (Fast for Short), Belgrade, (Grade for Short) Every other African Republic (Can for Short), Chechnya, Chiapas, (Chec Chec Cha Chia for Short), Aftergan (Stan for Short) Eyerack (Rack for Short), and all the back alleys and deserts (Including Alaska and Iraq) of the world (Washington D.C., for Long; far Too Long).

When we are in love we escape all this horseshit. So lets always be in love. Everybody can't be in love with everybody. Anyway, let no one be without love. Love somebody or everybody, then all the stench will disappear. J.C. capitalized on that four letter word and many Capitulated.

Trouble is: everybody gets bored with the same old love. Just observe, inches from each other, frozen in silence, preoccupied with the boredom of their own insides. And stuffing their faces. The author is mindful of those celebs Teddy and Jayne with all that exposure, crashing to earth. It was only OJ and Nicole that didn't part as friends; some crash, that was. The lawyers were expensive, but life was cheap.

Get up off'n yore ass and bake a cake for the old bastard. Love; make it chocolate! What's she get? Well, you know what. There are rewards. You call that a reward!? And why should I appease his boredom with a chocolate cake? Because you get a piece! Stuffing! Stuff that! Some people do, when they get aROUND to it. Some others are already uh-ROUND. Some eat to live while others Live to get ROUND to it.

Every time the author sees a jelly belly, especially two jelly bellies, he tries to imagine how they do it. He ponders, How Is It Possible? Ever hear of a big dick? The human anatomy is capable of many contortions. Maybe they are so revolting to one and all, they don't do it anymore. Stuffing the alimentary orifice is more important than stuffing it. R-Rated. Why isn't stuffing oneself R-Rated? Is there anything more revolting than a Fat person, almost even with their clothes on? Open revolt! Open the revolting! He used to say "Like two pigs in a sack". That was a remark one heard from behind. Imagine a surgeon cutting through all that blubber. And they dare to dream of those featured on the Marque. But even Obeasties have souls!

VERY often the enforcers are jelly bellies. Some argue "Bored Stiff". They got stiff from boredom. Gotta find some place to put it.



Somebody stiffed him. He's a stiff now. Anyway, why are these fine upstanding uniforms so prone to overhanging guts. The expression mostly applies; "Their paunch sticks out more than their dick do". Quite a story fella. Its ballast, dummy. Just heavy-set, that's all; and a bigger target for the skinny anarchists. The psychiatrist ventured that cops have a 'khaki complex' because most anarchistic types, vagrants and bums, obtain their garb from army surplus stores. The psychiatrist didn't venture what kind of complex the 'social retard' might have. Nobody cares anyway. Cops are a notch above.

That was yesterday.

Today isn't a whole lot different. Same author, same script. Some script.

When you think about it (not that the author doesn't) you realize much of what is written by this author is mostly a rancorous cynicism, however lurking with tasty verities. Not that some thought hasn't gone into the verbiage; but that it is a cynicism bordering on a truth that most of us do not wish to confront. Its sort of indigestible, more than unreadable.

Even though he is a romantic he finds it unreasonable to believe in romance. – unless there exists a dire compulsion to escape, to avoid, to evade the raw truth of things; also the author believes it is unreasonable to believe in Reason.

What does he mean – raw? Raw, like in a gnawing reality. Something chewing away in the background, like his dog did on his bone at night under his bed, until he gave him the whatfors (a lecture). The author can't give the truth the whatfors, like he did the dog/bone thing.

So Raw means Knaw (the spelling checker tell the writer that aint a word, but he uses it anyway, like a Western, No!?). In the background one senses that every thought must be counterbalanced by a dose of reality. What could one possibly mean by such a statement? What he means is this. Sensibility is a made up thing, made up of living experience, often in indefinable terms. Sensibility may be located in the bones (often we hear someone say, "I can feel it in my bones").

So we may operate with the assumption that everybody sees the wisdom of "Do unto others as you would be done by". But we feel in our bones there will be those who would welsh on such a dictum if they were inconvenienced by it (the anarchy of the inconvenienced, like the anarchy of those who live in the white house and capital hill). Often we feel a need to fudge the argument for our own convenience. Once you break with the dictum, you



invite disaster upon yourself, implicitly. You're on the dodge, so to speak.

Some people are very principled, and would not transgress upon the dictum; the dictum of common sense, and common decency.

Living experience, which often means confronting oneself in the mirror with the truth about ourselves, overshadows any naïve assumption concerning *modus operandi homo sapiens*. We can interpret this living experience in any number of ways.

In the author it breeds a distrust of all assumptions, good or bad. It goes further in that he guards against all human utterances, most of which require in him a palpable evidence of performance. The deed comes first, which requires little utterance, for it speaks for itself, as we have been repeatedly informed.

Because the redundant nature of certain types of living experience confirms that life, human life, any life form, does not abide by a consistent set of rules, leads to a disbelief in any pronouncements with regard to one's intent with respect to the establishment of rules, Moses notwithstanding. In fact all pronouncements, whether delivered from Mount Sinai, or any other sanctified place, become suspect; simply because an innate sensibility made sensitively acute by the repetitive nature of living experience, dictates caution (or disbelief, if that says it more correctly).

But because we desire so much for a consistent behavioral pattern that confirms the operative works, we are thrown aback by the reality of its inconsistent nature. In the author it produces disbelief and cynicism. Not just suspicion and skepticism, but an outright bitter, acid, cynicism.

Why? Because he knows he has been hoodwinked!

His own stupidity of course. He was willing to accept and believe something that was not true (out of convenience [didn't require thought]). Mostly because of the apparent, however misguided, earnestness of those attempting to persuade him they knew the betters, and that with a little patience and faith he would soon gather the full import of the betters. Betters turned to bitter. Bitter truths.

Man is an animal. And what do animals do? They do pretty much like he does. He fudges, always seeking an advantage. Why an advantage? Should he say: "Animal Nature".

He feels more comfortable saying this than he does in trying to paint a socially acceptable picture of himself. When he studies the mirror he would rather not look upon a phony, although that is not what he would see, because the phoniness would be concealed,



but the mere reflection would give rise to a series of shadowy admissions.

Can one make the assumption that he is the measure of all men, therefore assume as well that all men are like oneself, therefore phony (practicing hypocrites). No, Just Animals. In this case one is attempting to forge a forgiving statement. Forgive Me I Am But An Animal. I Am Not Human. It seems one is not more nor less inclined to shoot an animal than he is a human, or vice versa. (that's off the subject [offing the subject]).

Somehow, BEING by the water ameliorates the anguish one feels. When one allows himself the luxury, he derives some equanimity from contemplating this bulk of the planet. It cannot and will not yield to possession. The largest vessel cannot contain enough of it to affect its integrity. It is greater than thou, pipsqueak. It is told that if the Greenland icecap melted the oceans would rise 20 feet (6.1 meters). You might also imagine if that cap was melting, there would also be a lot of other melting occurring simultaneously. How deep?

It seems to become more vital to make one's peace with things with which he cannot communicate. The planet, this so-abused home, will survive in some form. We cannot know whether all the forms of life as we know them will survive. In many ways it does not seem to matter to the dominant species whether much of what is here survives. The dominant species cares mostly for itself, and its own survival (mostly in the moment [fuck future generations]), no matter how dire. The survival imperative is rarely truly a conscious thing. It is more a raw encounter with an environment to which one has had to adapt, a place and circumstance where one needs to use his wits as a forager, hunter, exploiter; and dodger of all the other conceits associated with his own kind.

And where is all this surviving going beyond its truly blind maggoty occupancy? It has been ventured as a 'holding action' until the next revelation. Live long enough to lose your 401K through corporate bankruptcy, if not inflation, and your Social Security to the Private Sector (corrupt Government). Whose cynical? Not only the Russian pensioner. The failure of 'Communism' made it all possible.

Life, per se, seems a sometime thing, the actual value of which we cannot assess from the outside. It is at times assessed as precious, but is often ignored whether precious or not. From the outside it seems there is no value to life, despite all the pain. The extremes cannot be reconciled. That is, from these extremes we cannot deduce any intent to the design of the form. It might just as



well be formless. No matter how beautiful the form, or how much reverence we profess for it, we do not prevail, nor does it; it remains a sometime thing. It might as well be ugly. Thou art ugly!

Well, Here we are in Sept. Oh Won.

PROMISES!

Haunting! Some of them almost explicit. To oneself.

Unfulfilled. With regrets!?

There is still time?

She thanked the author for trying to clue her into the “Big Picture”, then hoped he would find what he was looking for; Love Always. You just never know from whence you will obtain encouragement (not from a governmental agency - never).

Pertaining to the GAN (perhaps this Western in the making) which they have somehow relegated to an impossible foil, and one which he can easily dismiss. He remembers reading once, in the Dialogues (Whitehead) where ANN was speculating with regard to a missed opportunity. Truly, what has happened in the last two centuries with the development of the West, primarily in the USA, has represented something new in Man’s conquest of nature, and other attendant consequences of such activity. Whitehead could imagine a different outcome. Most of what has been achieved through the conquest has been a coinversion of the planet into a standard of living. The industrialization resulted in some notion of progress in the manner of survival, an ease in the intensity of physical labor, accompanied by more leisure time. The coinversion also resulted in a phenomenon of mass production, not necessarily to make everyone’s life easier, but to peddle shoddy obsolescing goods as means of generating wealth. Hence our consumerist society. But somewhere, before all this became the way of life, there arose an opportunity for a great civilization based upon yet another plan. In truth there was no plan, and in essence there was no model, so there was no possibility of a great civilization; perhaps lucky to have any at all, if you can call what we got now civilization. Flag-waving aint civilization. The corporate drive for profit is not civilization.

Ours was not to lay out a great civilization, as it was some other world powers in the past, to lay out a great city, for example. Planning came long afterward, and in Whitehead’s assessment, too late. Not in terms of laying out cities, per se, but in determining and defining what one might have created from the evolving patterns of control over our environment, and adaptation to it. The Great Society was squandered as it was by Athens.



A visionary, in hindsight, who was still holding out hope for what remained the Midwestern part of the US of A. There were no specifics. There was no mention of Greek Temples, filled with the music of JSB. It was implicit that since we did possess great educational institutions wherein we learned about all past civilizations, that through these institutions, we would have gleaned the very best to apply to our own new world.

Well, of course it didn't happen; affrontingly pointed out to us by FLW. Some of what was learned, through some dedicated few, filtered into the seats of government, wherein some political force effected certain conservation measures wherein every last inch of land was not exploited to its limits. But the governments themselves, although based upon some ideal form of representation, was rife with influence peddling, vested interests, pork-barreling, mandering Gerry, constant erosion of what had been conserved, and the creation of self-serving issues, often irrelevant to the needs of the larger constituency. Greek temples filled with the music of JSB would have been irrelevant as well. GWB carved his initials on the temple wall. And the Mid-West belongs to Agribusiness.

What didn't happen didn't happen. There was no goal toward which one might shape something that might happen. What we achieved in the way of the material coinversion of the planet, we could not but only incidentally convert into a soul of the people.

How did soul enter the equation? What is the soul of our people? Doing good? Living the Christian life? Who are our heroes? Some will argue there is no soul. You can't eat soul. Heroes?

Thinking of Cedric H. whom the author believes is naturally crazy (this is not said as anything more than an observation), not unlike himself. That is, you can never figure what is going on inside his head. Somehow the pigeonholing escapes some of us. The first law of psychiatry states: It is necessary to identify and define each and every dimension of chaos to enable the establishment of order. Without pigeonholes there can be no order. This law is intended as a "holding action" against further chaos. This is accomplished by making assumptions regarding truth as if truth can be known. Wild judgments made in desperate moments. **(A disconnect here.)**

The naturally crazy cannot comprehend order; they cannot comprehend truth; they cannot appreciate psychiatric principles. They may indulge in free association as a means of survival, because nothing else makes any sense (which is often the case). Free association often ignores the implications of order. **(Discon.)**



That's several times the author has wandered off course, the subject within the course of his free association is chaos. Lets Do Some West Again!

Anyway, after the hero finished his Big Mac, he returned to the set. And the modern mid-Western, the failed landscape, without salad, of Whitehead. Its not easy to picture JW or Clint as the prototype farmer in our newer mid-Western, so we gotta come up with somebody else, but first we need to produce a script and a denouement. The hero is the disappearing small farmer taking on Agribusiness, just like the American Indian taking on the advancing White Pestilence, with the same result, a losing battle. Another kind of denouement was found in the Midwestern town of Holcomb Kansas where a slaughtered farm family was doomed anyway by Agribusiness, brought to us in vivid detail by Mr. Caputic. We lost our hero before his apotheosis, ex eunted by crazy cultural misfits. Tell the author, once again, how life makes any sense.

A bit of a stretch? Fate is a bit of a stretch too. I.E. Agribusiness and Banks are an amorphous creation of greed wherein all humanitarian and Utopian considerations are abandoned and declared VOID.

Agribusiness began its conquest a long way from the dirt (soil) in Chicago controlling the market which eventually became known as the Future's Market (What Future?) (and somewhat in the sacred halls of government which paid certain (farm) landholders to place their lands into soil banks) (if you can arrange to get paid for doing nothing; What Ho!) Of course one uses the proceeds to procure more land (a Pyramid scheme if ever there was one, invented by the tax collector).

So here's the small farmer with his small crop of cows, pigs, sheep, corn, wheat, sorghum, alfalfa, soy beans, potatoes, cotton, Timothy, Romans, Corinthians, fishes and loves. Then there's the market and the buyers. The small farmer borried money from ze Bank to stake hisself agin the Future's Market. This Market is not the same place that buys staples to feed a hungry nation, it is the controlled supply and demand warehouse that controls the flow of staples, regardless of how well fed the nation is. It's the home of Vested Interests (Agribusiness) (ADM, Moninsanity, Cargrille) holding the biggest stake. Agribusiness does not want competition, so it manipulates pricing structures artificially low to force the Banks to foreclose on the small farmer, or to sell his farm (dirt cheap) to Agribusiness.



So Ze Banks and Agribusiness work hand in hand to force the small farmer to take a $\Omega\Omega$ at ze moon. Let Us Now Praise Famous Men.

So the guy who just finished his Big Mac is going to take on these Giants in another futile battle (you know David and Godzilla) all over again. The first David had a lucky shot. Hope springs proverbially.

Sixshooters are an anachronism, as are Winchesters, hand grenades, bouncing Betties, letter bombs, land mines, etc. Barrel Bombs, rabid Chemistry and Biology, RPGs, Stinger, Silk Worm, Exxocet, and Cruise Missiles are more to the issue, and these are affined with Banks, Agribusiness and Big Government (the root of all Twisted Interests). SO you can see how hopeless it all is.

UNLESS, and this is where good script and lots of outside support from guys like Alfred North Whitehead are able to convince the huge silent majority that principle (common decency) comes before expedient. Principles lay the ground work for the people's use of the dirt and that filthy six-lettered word UTOPIA.

GET REAL! I heard the producer say.

Something's come up to dispel this prefab.: The real thing **911**.

Tex, I lament to say, the prez. Of US, came out blazing, not agin the aforementioned ABIZ, but agin Osama, The Holy Terror, nowhere to be found. Tex was a study (he has been). While he was entertaining notions of becoming a national leader, and while he was awaiting a decision from his SC, he showed a calm disdain for the whole process by reading the biography of Hoe Jimaggio (not even a small farmer) that great icon of the swat, a man with a bat that Mary Magdalene, another cultine found intriguing; after all he had hit safely in fifty-six consecutives. Like Tex hit it big with 15 million of 'em by just dabbling in the ole sport.

Secretly Tex was a true identifier with those celebrities within his culture, just like the author, only he descended from the Wed Tilliams camp (despite his father's blasphemings), Wed who never touched MM and whom MM probably found even more boring than she eventually found the icon of swat with his magic bat.

Very often these guys struck out, so Mary Magdalene just left the premises. **DOA**

Lets skip Tex. (There's something about him that doesn't ring true; his expressions often are not consonant with his words.) The author played ball (but always held back when it came to saluting), seldom hitting the ball any great distance (even as a switch hitter). A good fast ball or a juicy curve would find him swinging, seldom connecting. This is probably a metaphor for something. When he



says he seldom hit the ball any great distance, he doesn't want you to get the impression he was holding back.

He periodically lives on a ten-acre spread. There are trails for four wheeled, many *hosspowered* conveyances fueled by rotten dinosaurs. The hooves of yore have been usurped by synthetic rubber. Many hooves have been rendered into few pistons fueled by rotten dinosaurs, no smell of horseshit, just the smell of unburned dinosaurs, and a huge hole in your O zone. The horse would not be an anachronism here, just a lot of bother; no pasture, no local hay. Pretty useless for a set or an Imitation. The Imitation.

Hoe Jimaggio was never one of the author's heroes. He played for the enemy – the nemesis. One grew to resent the wealth and the conceit that represented the enemy, and the loyalty to the All Mighty Dollar. But then there were really few loyalties outside the Buck in a free enterprise society that was making the world safe for democrisy and creating a more poifuct union. Players reps were negotiating the best deal; so-called teams were becoming a legion of wallets. But still we cheered! Gullible and bored, lacking integrity to the last; bring on the entertainment to abate the tedium; the more home runs the better. What's left; cheering anything that moves. Cheer the Cheerleaders!

So Tex (back to him again?) came out of the, Allah Forbid, Black House on his White Horse after downing a couple of Big Macs (the beef), his Stetson Askew, his spurs a gleamin', with one hand on his holster "Bring It On Lead Bin! Dead Or Alive!", galloping into the big bird (AF1) to fly off (AWOL) in a cloud of unburned dinosaur. No place to go really but this same damned old planet. So Lead Bin is trapped.

Actually all this fanfare was a bit of a welcome diversion; he was really off to visit his belle (you heard it first here Lawra) about whom no one knew (taking a cue from his predecessor's Fuckups (to put it plainly), where too many people knew what was was, was not good for them to know, even though they professed it was their right to know. Obviously the author is just guessing; i.e. taking liberties with the truth.

Why fly off, expending all that rotten dinosaur, when he coulda used the telephone? "You can fool some of the people some of the time; you can fool all of the people some of the time; but you can't fool all of the people all of the time". That's a quote from Abraham, that famous historical personage. Relay that to our VP Chinnny.

This script has been donated through the generosity of an unguilded author, a completely anonymously Pulitzerless author, unlisted in the NY Times Best Smeller List.



One shouldn't be making light of another man's trials, even if it is an inalienable right protected by the foisted amendment.

He's at War, so we are at War, so read the script. Naw - Really!? Since When? He's a Holy Terror in his own Right.

There is something most annoying and even alarming to think that Lead Bin doesn't give a shit about the author (neither does Tex for that matter). On 82501, the author's wife flew from Boston to Denver, just one of many flights. So she was lucky; Luck Of The Draw, Podner, as they say in some circles. But somebody else's poke went down in flames three weeks later. That's not nice Lead Bin. If you're responsible, you got it coming, a denutting, in public, then into the stocks, fed on swill with a bucket for a crapper, and no more guns nor wimmen (with or without hijab) for the rest of yore pitiful days. The author heard it said somewhere, sometime in his inculcating experience that one cruelty does not justify another cruelty, even though the tome advocates an eye for an eye. Do you sense an ambivalence? Whatever works.

You're lucky nobody's gonna listen to the author's notions of pilloried punishment. He'd say you're damned lucky Lead Bin, you Holy Terror you. Alternatively the author could turn you loose with the Terminator, Conan, Arnold, the Austrian, turned Califronian, Sausagemaker, to ring yore neck with all those rather ugly muskulls. Gross!

Anyway to get back to the flagwaving, the patridiotic fervor (fever) that our Tex (from the west) is upwhooping - seeking a target.

Geez!, don't' just stand (droop) there, do sumpin', Christ, bomb sumbuddy. Avenge! Damn It! Besides it gives those people in DC something meaningful to do, to divert the general public from the legislating of all those Capitalistic cofferfulls (sub-priming the whole society), emptying others acoarse, while New York (Rome) burns. Wagging The Mutt!

The author realizes this sounds both untrue and cynical. But you know one thing happens when you sit off in a corner reading about government and all those acronyms that are on the payroll (our tax dollar). And all the acronyms that are at the beck and call of the capitalists who haunt (and control) our government.

So when a Lead Bin comes along we become less mindful of our corrupt government servants of the Capitalists. The rest of the flagwavers and patridiots will fill the front lines. That's our very own civilization, no point in glossing it over with democratic idealism. You have heard it before "the last refuge of scoundrels". He told the author you have to watch what you say in a police state; he told the author he was lucky to live in a democracy.



Tex, the commander in chief. When his acronyms get the word that somebody aint waving the flag, that's it buddy. Horiuchi sharpshooters take over. You know Horiuchi don't ya? He shoots wimmen, no qualms; whatever works. Talk about rapes an molestings, he points his long dick, aims through his highpower voyeurscope, then pulls the trigger; splat at any part of the female anatomy he chooses. And he's a HERO; well sorta. There's lots of gung-hos like that guy, misguided zealots, and disregarders of the living.

Gunslingers – and cruel. These guys got no class. Imagine something that boasts it can stand on two legs and still be cruel. Its all a matter of degree, they claim. But I'll tellaya, the independent thinkers are in for one helluva degree. And the flag waving judge will agree, Horiuchi did right, getting rid of the other half of the malfeasant.

The author is fully aware that you think of him as a Kook, who only sees one small aspect of one side. There are people out there who say: Listen Up Flagwavers, You can't DeBhagdad, De Serbia, occupy the dessert, and the planes and the seizes, and support the Red and the Dead Sea, trampoline Mecca. Meccaites, without gittin' yores. And when you only got less than 5% of the 'world's' population, it adds up quick. Some people the author knows conjecture the Chinese could unleash three huneret million upon our shores without missing a soul.

So there's more in store until you give it all up. Up Yours. Listen Up Flag Wavers, even if you nail ole Lead Bin, there will be Oil Bin, Cold Bin, lots of bins for your Butt. Then of course, when they gat all they want; they'll take even more. They will want to see all the wimmen with veils. And so on. Of course the author doesn't know what he's talking about, except he does know this is a damned violent planet, and our damned species is responsible for more suffering and anguish than any other form of life on any other planet in any other universe.

Our lady SecState Madeline said we have had the mantle thrust upon us, while Cioran might say we have lost our edge; the author imagines Whitehead would have agreed we had missed it. We gotta do more than just export baseball and Westerns. We need to learn good matadorship. Throw away the cape and grab 'em by the horns, or some such colorful activity.

So when you have this creature by the horns, not like we did it before we supported lead Bin or Maddam the Mad, or whoever else it was expedient to support, lacking any other principle that didn't serve our purposes when we didn't have the proverbial by its horns – now we tell Izzy to share with the Turbans, we deoccupy



Mecca, we deliver depleted uranium to the desert in exchange for decomposed dinosaur shit so we can continue our way of life of unveiled wimmen without concubines, only mistresses, thong bras, and Red Lights, and to exercise our freedom to screw the daylight out of each other and the rest of the world too weak to resist, and play baseball; where we can otherwise monopolize (that rhymes) The fast Track, World Class Global Culture, wherein the Deer and the Antelope make the World Safe For Democrisy by upholding a More Perfect Union, branding on our hides Love It Or Leave It (The Market Place, that is). And to pollute the environment with our status symbols that eat dinosaurs.

Come on Durchanek, where's the denouement?

There's the guy on the ladder adding exclamation marks!!!! to the advert on the marquee in order to remind the author where his duty lies.

She descended the spiral stair with one hand resting lightly, sliding slowly sensually, on the polished banister. There was an elegant lilt to her movements, reserved and disdainful; but with her looks she could do anything, and still receive rave notices. Father would say, 'stand her on her head and she'll look as any other'. That's what he musta done when he had Sonja, and Angela (that's a pseudonym and a subliminal appellation for his oedipal leanings), although the author don't know how you can lay someone upside down (although our Prez had declared he did not ... with that woman). That must have been a thrashy little sweat for the old man with a muff that looked like all the others. Father just needed a place to put it, upside down, right side up, didn't matter. But with Sonja it was sheer delight to think about even if it didn't happen at all the upside down Down. How's that make you feel Sonja? Oedipuss upside down looking on while Laius romped. That's how father related his ravishing of Penelope to the author's partner, his foray into seduction of yet another pudenda. An impressive tale, no?!!

Getting sidetracked. Lets assume that the Flaming Redhead will get a rise in the movie theatres of Baghdad without standing on her head.

She descended airily, without a veil (hijab), passing through the ornate doors that led to the great outside whirl, the dust bin, as it was. Islam was a vail of tears (Osama's bin).

As she turned the knob, lightning struck and thunder resounded, the skies gathered, then opened with a deluge turning (veil of tears) the streets into slippery muck, with floating



horseturds, that all the coats of all the Lotharios, Bedoiun or otherwise, in the wild west, or wild east, could not assuage. Stranded!!!

So there she stood in this Mohammed or God forsaken place on the stoop wondering just like the o'erfabled redskin: "How the F... Did I Get Into This?" She exclaimed: 'Lothario! Lothario!, where art thou Lothario?"

If you are so bored and need of distraction and dubious entertainment as to feel compelled to follow this script- some script – the author salutes thee as he would not the flag. He can only promise you that it goes on with the slimmest of threads. You can imagine what you will about her; she is the female of the species, always a mystery, always. Where has he read that before: "Always"? In conjunction with Love!

Love always

There is no more purpose to writing than what you read in these lines. If you want to fall all over yourself following some silly Hollywood denouement wherein a hero and a heroine finally get together riding off into the sunset – forget it. They (who 'they') claim the author grandiose and full of it (delusions) and there you sit imagining the everafter in pap. No b.o., no farts, and no prejudices, no fanatiscim, nothing to distract from your blessed assumption of your forever happyenis. Mark said there was no sexyouall congress in la la land. Whose gottdam delusions?

Leaving the Island (the aforementioned ten acres), the author felt disoriented. He was doing things without any particularly conscious direction; just going through certain motions because that was what was next; but not remembering much of what he was doing, or what he had done. Unconscious! Talked with Pat Forbes on the ferry trip; her son gave the author a ride to Jean's waystation in any storm). The author intended to give him directions for getting where he wanted to go, since he had gone out of his way to take the author where he was going; but he failed to do so. The author barely remembers thanking him. At the waystation, he retrieved and drove his truck to the bank; then to McDonalds (Yup same place the Marshall et, where you can add a little salt to cardboard to make it etible), but barely remember any consciousness of what he was doing. He caught the end of that grossly farcical sinking saccharine Titanic on TV; very wet, and he suspects, COLD, hugging, luscious Kate. That's what you get; and he was still in Canada. Canada is in need of its own purpose and identity.



But he was in motion to return 'home'. He awoke early the next morning, deciding then to catch an earlier ferry; the 7:45 from Duke Point. Stormy; wind and sheets of rain. The ferry trip took four hours instead of two (wind SE forty-five to fifty knots, blowing out a window which forced them to slow down). At the border the passport worked wonders; but when the author attempted to open car door to assist the customs agent he rather brusquely and 'brutally' shoved the door shut. He let the author go after inspecting under the hood and just looking through the windows in the canopy. He then drove steadily through torrential rains at times. The old truck did its thing; but the old driver damned near fell asleep at the wheel, catching himself dozing. He pulled over to walk and rest. But as usual he took chances; that is, he drove too fast for the conditions, just like many others. Just like he took chances, when he felled the tree that had fallen across his shop on the Island.

There was another storm a few days before he departed the island. Several trees were blown down (reports of winds around 60 knots); one against the shop, which stove in the middle of one side, coming to rest on the peak, and hung up in another tree on the other side of the shop. The tree was 20 to 24 inches at the base. Very heavy, of course. The wind was still blowing strongly and gusting, but it was clear and sunny (rare in those days). He knew he had to get the weight of the tree off the building, and he needed to get some kind of tarp in place before it started to rain again. He thought for a while of the best way to accomplish this task ALONE, without doing injury to himself. He chose to fall the tree from the place where it crossed the peak of the roof onto the other side of the building, with the top striking the ground. So he moved some timbers onto the roof into place over the opposite wall and the interior supports to absorb the blow of the falling tree, hoping for the best. At the peak of the roof, the tree diameter was about 16 inches, no small amount of weight. Anyway to make a short story even shorter, with a slow severing with the chain saw, allowing the tree to twist out of the tree in which it was partially suspended, the task was accomplished without any further apparent damage. Then it was a matter of bucking rounds to the bottom supporting timber where, with the lessened weight, and the tree diameter reduced to 12 inches, he was able to use a come-along to lift the weight from the timber, once again cutting a piece from the remainder that would clear the edge of the roof as it was lowered with the come-along. The whole operation used up most of the daylight hours. The next morning before the rain began, and just as it was beginning to rain, he had the tarp in place. Afterwards he



was able to construct some scaffolding inside underneath the tarp to support the broken part of the roof and hopefully strong enough to withstand any snowfall. He did all of this without a sixshooter.

He should mention that he undertook this whole operation using his 'calk' boots (which he hadn't used for several years), in order to avoid any slipping on the roof and/or the tree.

So now here he is with the paving of his street being proposed once again. It has never been an inconvenience to him (38½ years). Paving the street will unfailingly alter its character which he does not want at all, but will also cost a lotta bucks, just so some asshole councilor can redeem himself in his own eyes for having failed to effect his desires acting in another capacity. By God You Will Damned Well Conform To Standard. What a huge pile of horse shit with a huge portion of bullshit thrown in, just like in the Western. A very little self-righteous man on the prowl. He has a vision; stupid sonuvabish! Move on, idiot.

Then there is the worry about getting back home, Lasqueti! As the author contemplates these things, there seems to be more point to dying than living. Charline, his ponder, would never agree. It just takes less energy to die, than to live under the yoke of human stupidity. Its one of those things, that even though you can see it coming way in advance, you cannot avoid it – **human stupidity** - to make that very clear! The unalterable and unfailing compulsion for some idiots to remake the world in their own image; the stupid righteous city councilor, and the Real Estate dabbler on Lasqueti. And the terrorists behind every BUSH. They make their mark with their little egos, assembling and lining up the forces they can use behind them.

Afterbirth (Jesus)

The author sent off his bitch off to the City re: Their urge to pave.

There has to be something else on the horizon. We should leave this place. While he stepped out the back door where the picture window is located (9 feet x 6 feet) to take an early morning leak, he was **struck** by the **ROAR** of the superhighway.

At his age it is hard for him to imagine any further effort being put into creating a living space; so if he moved to another place, in the country, for example, it would be into somebody else's environment. He supposes he could buy a new 'modular factory built' living space which might at least smell plastically new. If his podner was not tied to the University, they could go anywhere they liked; maybe somewhere entirely different, with lots of only apparently unspoiled environmental space and a vista. But then



we have all our precious junk to move and all our garbage to dispose. UGH! This is life.

Song Of Myself!? A bit off tune.

You have all heard the expression “At your age, you should know better.” It isn’t true. The author doesn’t don’t. Neither do other people Oh! Oh!

Next. It’s getting harder to return to the Western. (Gotta get Whitehead’s Dialogues [finally found a copy, {often the words of ‘great’ men prove lacking in that which was sought in them}]). It certainly wasn’t ideas that brought about the development of the West. Escape to New Exploitable Frontiers, and Greed. Had to take it away from somebody else; Ignoble Savages acoarse. Is the author a complaining beneficiary?

People certainly were not all in it together. That is, our forefathers were more interested in survival than in creating a great civilization. It does feel too late in the game to rectify the lacks. Population, number, redundancy, possession, has transformed human life into something easily expendable. Besides the rampant hoard, the frontier has vanished, all of it, because of all of it. One cannot choose to subsist in isolation, to be a minimalist survivor. This theme recurs again and again through the author’s imaginings. He feels certain others sense the same inevitable end as he. How simple the Western. Something up for grabs with a sixgun.

Because we lack that essential commitment to all of life, despite our lip-service to doing the work of God (whomever or whatever that may be) we are truly no better than all the others, from wherever they come, and despite what they profess. It is because we lack that something essential that we are marked as a failure. We are just part of the heap, with an arsenal that keeps us on the top for a while (less than 5% of the world’s pop.).

And none of us can avoid going down with the ship; that is, whatever our life might have been, whether in isolation, in the hope of achieving some distance from this thing that has failed us, we cannot go elsewhere to seek a NEW place (Tibet) Occupied! Hatefully so, everywhere; the commons, the desert, the mountains; Keep Off, Keep Out, No No No. The ocean, water, a foreign unfriendly perilous brine away from terra firma, is our last refuge.

To the author, it is hopeless to argue for a different way because it is not within the capacity of the beast to fulfill its promise, promise to itself, and to its fellow beasts. We seldom put our life on the line for principle, because we do not want to become a martyr for an impossible cause. We fear for our life on the one hand,



which we might be willing to forego if the objective could be won, and on the other, we know, that despite lip service to good intentions, we lack the will to persevere. We argue with ourselves that we cannot expend our lives upon the ramparts as a forever warrior. But it may be the most natural thing to do and be (as Cioran has suggested), all other imaginings to the contrary.

We attempt to delude ourselves that we can work something out, but even in the best times, we tend to run over each other unconcernedly, and often with sheer indifference and callousness. The human face has ceased to move us. Whatever conscience is stirred by that face is quickly dispensed, that we might continue on our way.

Today is the day of the new computer. The author is now using the external keyboard. He has used the external 'mouse'. Now we need to see if what has been typed here to be stored on a 100 meg disc in a 250 disc drive. It reads the 100 meg disc. It works! The Old Bull will flow nicely.

Back to the other computer, for the time being. At the bookstores the other day he found a used copy of Whitehead's Dialogues, the only book of his worth buying; all the others of his were marked up by some very intelligent beings. He does not like reading the underlinings and see-through pen markings of very intelligent people. The copy was clean and it was a hard bound edition. Also at the University coop bookstore he acquired a new copy of No Logo (Naomi Klein). SO he got some reading material. After returning home with his treasures, he found the passage he had vaguely remembered of Whitehead's. He had forgotten the title of that book from his youth (40 some years ago). Dialogues of Alfred North Whitehead.

Pertaining to the GAN, which the author has somehow relegated to an impossible foil, and one which he can easily dismiss, he remembers reading once, perhaps in the Dialogues (Whitehead) where that author was speculating with regard to a missed opportunity. Truly, what has happened in the last two centuries with the development of the West, primarily in the USA, (not Latin America) has represented something new in Man's conquest of nature, and other attendant consequences of such activity. Whitehead could imagine a different outcome. Most of what has been achieved through the conquest has been a coinversion of the planet into a standard of living. The attendant industrialization resulted in some notion of progress in the manner of survival, an ease in the intensity of physical labor, accompanied by more leisure



time. The coinversion (Adam Smithismization) also resulted in a phenomenon of mass production, not necessarily to make everyone's life easier, but to peddle goods as means of generating wealth. Hence our consumerist society. But somewhere, before all this became the way of life, there arose an opportunity for a great civilization based upon yet another plan. In truth there was no plan, and in essence there was no model, so there was no possibility of a great civilization; perhaps lucky to have any at all, if you can call what we got now civilization. Flag-waving aint civilization.

The author did find the gist of part of what he had remembered; the part about the Midwest being the locale of a prospective 'high' civilization. He will need to reread the whole in order to locate the rest of the assessment, where either he declared that we had missed our opportunity or that it was the author who had engendered that 'spin', like he turned Marie into a Cheerleader.

How far, how far, we must travel.

The author is getting away from the Western. Its still Western Civ., however.

The things he's reading these days are not particularly laudatory of our accomplishments. He supposes, as one reads over the historical record, he will look long for any thing resembling perfection. Where's John Wayne when we need him? Imagine a redneck saving the world for mankind. Was Don Quixote a Redneck? Demented, perhaps, perhaps as demented as a Redneck. But JW was as much a piece of fiction as was the Don; the real difference emerged in the wallet, JW never had a hole in his stocking.

In the past it seemed there was always some place to which one might escape, however dismal. As he has indicated previously, mankind has traded one kind of oligarchy for another; the corporate oligarchy for monarchy. The system of rule has shifted its enforcement from All The King's Men to an Institutionalized Militia. The system of rule itself has become the purview of a series of influences, some emanating from a grass roots aggregate, but mostly those swift to maximize advantage for the enhancement of wealth, and the enthronement of wealth (with all its attendant rhetoric, and protected vaults, complete with razor wire and Rottweilers).

It is an incorrect assumption that 'we are all in this together'. First of all we do not have any defined goal for our combined activities as a species upon this planet. In essence it is every man (or woman) for itself. Any life form may be driven by a biological imperative which serves as an open-ended, yet, blind, goal.



Humanity anoints itself with the conceit of consciousness, which is intended to imply that it can make choices outside the seeming imperatives that seemingly promote its activities. To some degree this is true. But often we use this consciousness to form mutual protection clubs or societies, nationalities, that are essentially exclusive brotherhoods, some which require 'blood oaths' (Love It Or Leave It). These are formed regardless of the ideologies of government that exists in the moment. Such group formation might not require any particularly high level of consciousness, perhaps not much different from the herding, flocking, schooling, mobbing, tribing, claning, of other species.

Each set of individuals become the repository of the entire species. Although this is rarely, or is impracticably, true, it is stated to conceptually simplify what is happening as a process. While evolution has required many individuals to assure for adaptation to a changing and changeable environment, it has done so without a defined goal or purpose.

Without defined goals or a clear purpose, life, per se, is left little alternative but to become what it is, self-serving at the outset, and through mutual protection societies, brotherhoods, sisterhoods, mobs, etc. maximize that condition; still without a defined goal or purpose, lest it be 'survival' for its own sake. This is not an expression of hope as much as it is the response to the pressure of certain imperatives. It is what the author has identified as a "Holding Action". The repository for this 'holding action' has grown to enormous proportions, still without a defined purpose. The redundant nature of this enormous accretion seems almost self-defeating, if the primary issue is 'survival'. When we use this term in this way, we naturally gravitate to 'survival of the fittest'. Which in turn means we will be at each others throats (as indeed we are). However, with the enormous accretion has come the over-utilization and contamination of the environment in and through which the life form must attempt to further assure, however blindly, a continuum. We have been told we are running out of options. Well, you know, no more frontiers.

Thus, we are clearly not 'all in this together', and it is utterly hypocritical to imply that we are. (All life forms are not in this together.)

We speak of balance of nature as though we recognize a whole set of observably necessary processes. Some of us will state emphatically that we are threatening that balance through our wanton activity and the pressure of number. We sometimes go further with utopian' notions that will declare this planet as paradise, the one and only. However, the reigning oligarchy will



argue “Don’t think of it as ‘less later’, think of it as ‘more now’ “, or “In fifty years, nobody will know the difference”. Those promoting these conundrums have forsaken any notion of paradise; instead have demonstrated the first convoluted principle: There is no goal, there is no need to recognize balance; there is the imperative of self-serving ‘survival’ in the moment; there is no ‘holding action’, and there is no purpose, and no continuum (future).

Some of those from that oligarchy have gone biblical on us, declaring that Armageddon is upon us, therefore there is no further need to save anything for any hypothetical future, that Paradise, per se, exists only in After Rapture, the sooner the better. This is only one example of the absurd rhetoric that comes from the mouths of the self-serving oligarchy of Greed that seeks an exclusive accretion of a means beyond means, far beyond what is necessary for survival. Blind Ambition, or Blind Greed. William Burroughs labeled them ‘control addicts’. Whatever works. To be found and promoted in the highest levels of government.

Because this kind of government can and does exist, and because number exists as an exploitable condition, our social interaction often reflects a kind of indifference toward life in general, in the least; and as an outgrowth of the indifference, a kind of rage that results in random violence; a revolting against something that denies life as ultimately meaningful; anarchy. A predictable outcome, the author would conjecture. Number is only an exploitable resource; if you only keep it gainfully employed, a real challenge.

Of course, we (20th Cent. West. Civ.) have attempted to define a meaningful life as one that seeks peer recognition and approval through a series of mechanical responses to objects or things; these being deemed necessary for a meaningful life. The utility of the things, per se, is unimportant, and often the things in themselves are often impractical, in terms of their design. We have created a whole society based upon procurement and collections of things meant to assure our favorable reception amongst our peers. We have assessed this state of affairs as ‘consumerism’ (an oversized ‘potlatch’). We must ‘consume’ in order to become recognized and then accepted as part of a transient definition of life. It is odd that in our ‘digs’ of ancient civilizations we seek relics as a method, first of all verifying that life once existed, and that the artifact, the object defines (or reveals and contains) the substance of the life. We might study bones to demonstrate our basic thesis of evolution, although we are somewhat mystified about our origins. Tools, weapons, bowls, jugs, baskets. Not much to go on,



and little to brag about. Just another (res)piring anima; so disadvantaged and underprivileged.

There is a huge fly in the ointment (balmy outlook). Disparity. Translated: 'we are not all in this together'. Disparity of means results in social stratification, and a system of hierarchies. Nature may abhor a vacuum, but when we elect to fill it with stratification through means and acquisition (sometimes through the assumed sanctity [or selection of] blood), we haven't done much. We haven't created a great civilization. Not only do we lack certain refinements, we have fucked up. We have given the lie to 'we are all in this together'. We have anointed those who succeed, through whatever means, in achieving 'status', as trend setters, those to be emulated; although their shit stinks just like everybody else's.

More Western Civ.

Fanfare. The search for happiness through objects (things). The search for happiness through the contemplation of 'nature'.

The author would like to characterize homo sap. as the most unnatural form of life on Earth, and most explicitly alienated from the planet. The exceptions would be the agrarians whose subsistence is uniquely tied to their daily contact and activity with the land (to be differentiated from agribusiness and monoculturing). Doing it in the dirt! Getting their hands dirty.

'When the going gets rough the tough get going'. One of our former leader's cohorts uttered that now famous exhortation.

In reading Naomi Klein's No Logo, although she has a message, the author finds the wording is, to use a favorite expression of hers, glitzy, a word which he cannot define. It suggests an elite journalistic style, full of its own particular jargon that may register with those who travel in that medium. He doesn't want to say, too intellectual, because there are not many questions being asked, so he wants to say, positing things in a way that are unclear because terms are not defined; and although facts are being presented to lay some kind of foundation, the conclusions become 'glitzy'. A fine intuitive mind gets lost in a racy language and terminology.

He hasn't finished the book, and hopes she gets around to values, not immediately apparent, stated in another language than that used to reveal the machinations of corporations. There is as yet no clear underlying reference for what one is reading. Attacking corporations and consumerism may imply a set of values that will be delineated more clearly. One may hope so, and hope the language changes accordingly.



The whole field of what the author is identifying as 'corporate oligarchy' certainly needs much exposure and examination in terms of meeting basic human needs. Corporations are often cast as social benefactors because they provide jobs, or in some magical way provide, for the lack of a better word, an 'economy'. However, they withdraw these when convenient. Preamble to General Motors, General Electric and general ENRON.

How are basic human needs being met? Us 'humanitarians' find this a very easy question to ask, because it is a measure of what we mean when we hear 'we are all in this together'. What we do not want to admit to ourselves is that, 'we are all in this together', is realistically speaking, a crock. 'We are all in this together' is a hypothetical condition that does not clearly describe the human condition as it exists, in a political sense, or in an egalitarian sense. To the author, a benefactor is one who sticks with the proposition. If the benefactor goes 'bust' because human values take precedence over some 'red ink', then we are persuaded of a loyalty to something we all cherish. When the benefactor abandons loyalty for profits, then we cease to be 'all in this together'. Thus, he maintains, the benefactor becomes the uncherished exploiter and malefactor. GM, GE, ENRON arise!

What adds to the evil of this whole social machination is the alignment of governments with the corporate aims. You scratch mine and I'll scratch yours. Undeniably, practically in every way, representative government is fraught with 'conflict of interest'. Selected people are bankrolled by the 'vested interests'. Politicians, i.e., people who become successful candidates for public office (as representatives) seldom spring from grass roots (an Order of Mr. Smiths). In order to successfully compete, as the saying goes, they require something more than inbred decency and fairness of outlook. The vested interests who do the bankrolling are not interested in decency and fairness. What do they want? They want a smooth running machine.

A smooth running machine is one that asks nothing of the 'benefactor', and paves the way for the perpetuation and the enhancement of that vested interest. If this modus operandi should result in the exploitation of labor, the exploitation of resources that ultimately damage the planet, and the deposition of untreated wastes upon the planet and into the air, vested interests' (corporations, as we have come to identify them) do not want to be burdened with accountability (and they also are possessed by a death wish, remember Armageddon)). The argument 'for the greater good of all' rings hollow. The part that unconscionable representative government (looking the other way, instead of



actually voting for the bankroller) plays in this state of affairs should be viewed as criminal; instead it is recognized as the 'name of the game'. Although the 'representative's' salary is paid by the people, his or her survival as a political entity depends upon another kind of funding (which represents a clear 'conflict of interest' [the name of the game]).

To oppose this state of affairs in an attempt to rectify the glaring fraudulence (a kind of usurpation), may also become a seminal name of the game, but is viewed as an anarchistic tendency which threatens the status quo. The militia, that 'impartial' enforcer of law and order, is called to the scene armed with interpretations of the law, and determined to maintain order. Better watch out! Even though, somewhere in the fine print, it says if you don't like your government, you can change it, don't get your hopes up. The rednecks, flag wavers, the mob, along with the successful manipulators, who like things the way they are, or imagine they like things the way they are, most likely will shoot first, and since you are already dead, the second is precluded. Any notion of justice is rendered *non sequitur*, since it was never the objective of the enforcers. Ruby Ridge and Waco. Order is translated to mean 'control'. The fine print devolves into a mistake in the text, although it continually reappears, like anomalies in a problematic computer program.



(The author realizes, knows, this sounds suspiciously like a rant, maybe like a Phillip Wylie rant, but it ain't, and he challenges you to do better).

Yeah! O.K., but where's the redhead in all this?

By this time all eyes are waiting for her to appear. The script is growing tiresome. Its like when the grandkids come to visit; after the hellos and hugs, its all downhill for them; bored to tears in the dull, odd-smelling, out of fashion (not hip, not cool), environment; and the non-contemporaneous language of the grandparents (Louie Damnednear Nomore).

So you are bored with the rant about 'togetherness'.

Like Yillah the fair, the redhead is no where to be seen. But the adventure, like breathing, continues; boring though it is.

When the guns start blazing; when the rectifiers appear. They're gonna take out Don Quixote (Clint?).

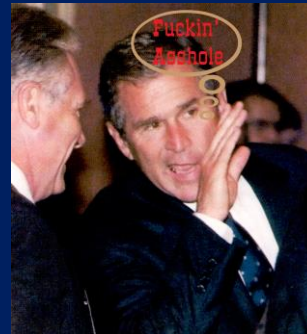


They hope by doing, that they are gonna 'get a shot at' the redhead (Dulcinea should have been so fair).

Really nonsensical. The author must get this narrative going again. It should be easy since there are desperados everywhere. Just pick one, climb aboard his galloping stallion.

Actually the author is as much a desperado as he is a potential good guy. He knows if you are not just a regular old good guy there is something wrong with you. So you gotta either be converted, or you hafta take a pill. Otherwise they'll just plug ya. He is as convinced of this last as much as he is that the sun will rise each day. That's how he measures the realm of certainty. Ever since reading about that gunslinger Horiuchi, he has this sniping feeling that there is little hesitation when it comes to ridding society of certain elements. He is an element (how certain?). In the imaginary old days there was usually an open confrontation "DRAW!", so you at least had a chance to fight back. Nowadays, a sniper scope, or a cruise missile takes you out. PERIOD! Its not that the gunslinger is a better person, not by a 'long shot' (Ho Ho). Just a gunslinger, that's all (shoot ya in the back, or in the tit, is what).

Our carcasses are pretty delicate when it comes to high speed projectiles, and cruise missiles. When there are over 7 billion carcasses, one less is sadly never noticed; and life goes on like a dreadnaught (remember Federico Garcia Lorca, the neutral).



Even if it could be demonstrated conclusively that someone else was better than the author, both qualitatively and qualitatively, he does not believe that one should assume that the 'other' should lord it over him. As it is, as men go, he feels he is the equal of any other as a summation of his parts. Equal is enough. Waving the flag is the least of a person's substance. He may have great admiration and respect for Abraham, but quite the opposite for Dubya. He doesn't want to think of himself as 'better' than Dubya; and he wouldn't want to have those suspicions confirmed, whereas he is comfortable in his admiration for the other. He feels uplifted by the one, and would like to have him as his president (leader); whereas with the other, he is forced to question our whole reason to be. Of course, the author is relegating his assessments to the personage of a 'leader'. Dubya has all the parts, and fits the description of the animal in question, but he has absolutely no qualifications to be anyone's leader. The author is the one qualified to be his own leader, but he would have liked to have known



personally, Abraham. In Abraham he feels an unprejudiced mind, a person who would give the utmost consideration to any humanitarian issue; and would seek an equalitarian solution. In his day the planet was not of much concern to anyone as it is very prominently so now. The author doesn't know how Abraham would have responded to the exploitation and the denigration of the planet. He suspects Abe would have been concerned about the future consequences for the long term, because he would have considered any evidence presented to him regarding the home in which we are obliged to live, choosing not to befoul it, as a first priority

Of course, it is quite impossible to compare the times, and perhaps the men; whether one is or was more suited to his or her times. If Abraham had become a stockholder in EXXOFF, or TEXAGO, who is to say how his interests would lie.

Don Quixote was assassinated after the very long battle.

While this writing has been transpiring the author was still reading Donna Quixote. She is getting into the meat of the opus; the exploitation of labor. The author really doesn't want to admit it to himself, even in his worst attack of cynicism, but it does confirm what he already believes of his fellow man. If any part of what Donna reveals is true, this world is in for a sad day of reckoning. The attack on the World Trade Center might just be an indication of where it is all headed.

Geezzzz,

Where was Louie DammnedNear NoMore?

Of (Off) Course, Sidetracked. Easily Done when there is no script to follow.

"A visionary scheme which fails to recognize the defects inherent in 'human nature'" A six-letter word: "Utpoia".

Somebody pulled ENRON out of the hat as the latest defect. World.com followed soonthereafter; then the whole thing went bust!



Lady Donna did her thing; Take More Notice!!!! Or; Serving Notice. Something is amiss. More than End Run; long for ENRON.

Yesterday, Ground Hog's Day, he was trying to describe to his father-in-law, what he is doing with all this bullshit, and the



naming of his new laptop Louie Damnednear Nomore. We all saw our shadows. There was movement. Always Be Eternally Vigilant!

Anyway, to return to the Heerows and Dessssperadoes and their sought-after companions. The author left out a few, of course. There are so many, all projecting varying degrees of cunning and meanness. Should he add goodness, and righteousness? Most every Big Mac eater has had a crack at either the hero or the villain of the West. It has always been implicit that they got laid, if not plugged. Our propensity for romance, adventure and violence has found other outlets. The Olde West is pretty much in the hands of Mine Owners (mineral, coal, and oil rights guys) the big cattle ranchers and agribusiness. The shoot outs are more likely to take the path of Holcomb Kansas, Waco, Survivalist Montana, the shooting of John Singer in Utah, and the shooting of the Buffalo outside Yellowstone. Where's the Adventure? Where's the romance? There is plenty of Violence. We surely are a violent nation, without question. It has nothing to do with survival, that is, we do not need to wear this bloody part of nature's will for all to see. We fear it, we breed it, our contact sports, our entertainment scenarios all exhibit a something that causes pain and intimidation; certainly not respect for the forces that promote it. It seems we never have a surfeit of it. All amplified at Thurston and Columbine. Our government promotes it with the flag-waving bullshit. We do not respect it, we might band together as a stupid ugly mob shouting love of country. What love? The freedom to get drunk, and to slur the rest of humanity as something inferior. Inferior to what? Extol your virtues!!! Tell us all! Arrogant basturds!

Of course the author knows some decent humans. But he'll not apologize for those that are not decent, of which there are a great many; countless, in fact. Everybody wears a deceitful face.

DamnedNear Nomore is waxing much too seriously, whereas his intent is to provide some relief from the constant abrasive actions of humanity. A good laugh, something totally incongruous, something really improbable. All the Big Mac eaters showing up in cameo to comfort us with their strength of character and purposeful determination to right the wrongs of the world, all to capture the heart of the belle of the plains. Ding Dong, Dulcinea. The author is confident there must be a peasant somewhere with a slim pretty foot.

It is impossible to make sense of something of which there is no possible sense to be made; so stop trying; go with the flow. Somehow this always devolves into a running commentary; a day to day thing; a diaryetic purge if you would; something to go along



with lowering the blood pressure (which Bush, Cheney, Rums and Craftyashes {and Newt} deliberately try to elevate). Axis Of Evil!!!???

These latter day heroes, George, Dick, Don, et al, of Western Civilization are skeert of the sound of the hobnailed boots coming up from beelooow. Like rabbits. But they ain't furry little bunnies. They sure act tough! They's a phenom. Skeert like those people who live in locked communities; frait somewun is gonna steal their pile, mostly gained through some kind of chicanery (Cheenyry or Dickeenry). It is only a magician, or his nearest associate, the All Mighty, who can make something out of nothing. But once you've got sumpin made outta nuttin, youze gotta figger how to holt onta it. And how best to increase whatever there is to increase. When you spend what the All Mighty or his nearest associate, the magician, have given you (that most precious of commodities [go figger]) to just increase and aggrandize, it means that other potential traits have been neglected. The most neglected trait on this planet is the humanitarian trait. So, just because it looks, excuse the expression, 'human' doesn't mean it is. Just because it suits up in the attire of the day only means that it is attired in the LOGO of the day; nothing else (As the good lady argues - BRANDED). In order to better understand with what one is dealing it is necessary to remove all garments right down to the buff. Then we begin to get the picture of that with which we are dealing (No Swoosh). Since only his face and hands are showing when he speaks to us, we have only that with which to assess the reality.

(Barbie is more available to us.)

It takes a most utterly clever person not to reveal his true nature with his physiognomy, and through the impotent gestures of his hands. When our current leader speaks, his words are nearly 100% inconsonant with his facial expressions; and his hands are out of phase with both; something inarticulately waving. And so are the flags. An' they say its because of all the Terrorists that are out to get us. There is a terrorist behind every BUSH. Our own tough talkin' government has jumped on the wagon, terrorizing the rest of us. Skeerrt! Buncha sheep going right off into the canyonder. Dirty bastards, didn't even declare war. And our own government hasn't yet declared war on us; all they need to do to control us is terrorize us. Lowdown dirty fffing goodfornothing basturds.

But you know what, in order to win, we (the peeple) kilt, like 125,000 in Dresden, a big bunch in Tokyo, then another 75,000 to 100,000 in Hiroshima, (not including side-effects), and maybe



another doubly convincing 70,000 uvum in Nagasaki (disregarding the contraindications). They had it coming for not playing fair. The WTC was chicken feed in comparison. Too goddamned many people anyway. Can't get rid of enuff uv 'em. All's fear in luv an wahr. Gotcha, indisputably. Can't figure Osama. Why didn't he do one of those things like the FBI says those guys been planning to do, like contaminate the water supplies, and spread deadlies everywhere; maybe even a little nuke; seems like he shoulda consulted the FBI for some pretty good ideas. Of course now that the FIB (and don't fergit the CAI) has made all this perfectly publicly clear, there won't be any surprise; its just as though it was supposed to happen (Actually the conspiracy theorists knew it was going to happen, and they knew the best way was to just let it happen, so the nation could be appropriately riled and controlled [a decision made in one of those high-level cabinet meetings as the economy was sagging]). Its all the author's guesswork, and he doesn't know whose worse, the bad guys or the FIB (ICA). The FIB works for our government. Remember Waco, and Mrs. Weaver in Idawho. Nosireee, nomore 911, the element of surprise is gone. Gotta expect the worst, so when it comes, they won't hafta say "I Told You So". HiYo Silver! Gettum Up Scout Chemosavvy! AXIS OF EVILLLLLLLLL. Expect a big showdown. The only thing free is fear` itself. Damn, it really pissis the author that they would stoop that low to control the people; a terrorist behind every BUSH. Wave yore flag over that, dumbass!. Getcha macho up. You'd be proud, Plato, not a damned poet amongst 'em. All stiff pricks with gun racks and four bys, all puhftup with patridiotic fever. Wall, uv coarse they ar'n't all stiff, some's distaff warriors. Stiff and staff mixed. A few lonesome riders in between. But gotta remember what the man said, 'Watch yer back in a police state'; sure glad he don't live in a police state.

Speaking of lonesome riders, lunchtime is over; its time to get back to the set, and some serious rectifying. Everybody is carpetfrogging those burgers.

Now you see, this here Marshall has come up agin' some tough hombres. Jack Palance, Robert Ryan, Charles Bronson, Jack Elam, Lee Marvin, Bean Martin, Runny Reegun. Sassy and Frankly James, the Undaunted Gang; Dubya The Kid. Some of the music that comes out of the BUSHES is mighty enchantin', an' full of trepidation. We are in the talkie phase. No pianer in the front row, only in the honky tonk. The West was an enchanting, however deadly a place, so you gotta have the music to enhance the baloney. Just to have the wind a blowin', the dust a swirlin' and the signs a swingin, and the doors a creakin' ain't enough



enchantment. There has to be a redhead an' a little music, otherwise the West is a wasteland, a place to which desperadoes can escape, an' where the Redman, the buffalo, and the coyote (not to mention the deear an' the anteloper) can live in peace (except in Holcomb Kansas, And in Yellowstone Park). Next stop is Argentina. A place to get pampered with a new president every week.

How did the author get off the subject so fast? Crazy! is what.

You'd a thought James Joyce was doing a Finnegans Wake, with all this disconnection, onomatopoeia, literary license (nonsense).

The real author was looking at the genre. It seemed more exciting and diverting than the 'axis of evil' thing or the Enron thing, even though the latter are more contemporary, therefore, more real (and frightening, if you wanna know the truth). Somehow the cast of characters in the genre thing seem more interesting, although sometimes the plots are not an improvement upon the contemporary scene, and many times the acting is no more convincing than those who lead us today. However dismal the plots and actors upon the stage today, it is your life; dismally evoked. No catharsis. Just a high percentage of youth engaging in unsafe sex and drugs. Can you really blame them? Its kind of adult, in a way. One mighta wished we hadda such indulgence when young, instead of upholding a bunch of values that proved to be a way of keeping us in our place, while the other guys was doing it (knocking them up). You know, doing it! Screwing the daylights outta thar feller man, and of course, Controlling Things.

Now!, doesn't that just get ya, and fill you with regrets? Missing out on the variety of sexyouall encounters? Reproduction is name the game whether its more consumers or more moola (the usual pyramid scheme). You were saving yourself for your truelove, then, after the first night, you hadda go on Librium for starters (the encounter was a bit of a shock). Then your 401K bit the dust. Keep the faith, 'cause if'n you don't, even more will be lost. Both your virginity and your loyalty were not worth a Hoooot, to borry an expression.

So what remains? Relics, ones virginity and one's loyalty, both molested, not to mention your bank account. You have already said that; what remains?

The lesson! Like the American Indian learned a lesson.

Jesus, do we have to listen to that again? How is that relevant?

The undercurrent is the desire and the search for Justice; and the author doesn't mean the kind you get from the Soupream Court. The Court is contaminated with politics, with biases, so as



to be totally without credibility, a sickening study in rhetoric. We want real Justice. If we would once demonstrate that it was possible, then we might have an opportunity to get used to the notion, that it would be even less painful than we imagined, even for the vested interests. That we could count on the higher principle, the invincible principle. Justice comes first!

So the American Indian is symbolic. There will be no Justice there. The Redman lost out; and from his ashes arose this that we have got, not much. A huge rape scene. Sumptuous by some standards. We believe we are envied. It is a foregone conclusion that we are arrogant; that we lack class; anybody who envies us doesn't know where its at.

The author finds it difficult to believe, that after a dose of our shallow endeavors, our utter lack of humility, and our violence, our dismal wrecking of the planet, we would be any longer envied. The highest office in the nation, like the Soupream Court, is corrupted by its own prejudices. What troubles the author is the blind adherence to those prejudices amongst the people (because they don't know any better, and their instincts are dulled by apathy, and usurped through chicanery {lip service, false promises, hidden agendas, and cynical electioneering practices}, substituting patridiotic fever for acuity}). The power brokers instill fear, first, of the outsider, then of retribution if you don't take up the banner against the outsider. A no win situation. Dissent is forbidden, almost explicitly. The Soupream Court goes along with the 'temporary' suspension of rights, to be reviewed at a later date. All inalienable rights are alienable. Watch yer back! We are living in a Police State. Terror from within is far greater than terror from without. Like 'turning a trick'. Very Chinny, W., the Unknown Unknowns in the background.

Yeah!, what the f... business is it of the author's? Trapped here izz whut!!

He remembers whut they said when he asked to leave the USN, after the Korean Wahr wuz over. They stuck our hero, Louie DamnedNear NoMore, in a Quonset Hut out near the apron where all those F7U Cutlasses were roaring away, deafeningly. It was a form of sadism (almost as bad as Saddam sadism Saddamism Saddamiasma) [myassma]). They didn't want the hero around; they gave him all the midnight watches, appointed him Captain of the Head, gave him all the shit details. The final straw came when the Gold Striper Chief was waving his arms around gesticulating, er... articulating one of his stories, when he collided with the hero's arm, which was connected to his hand which held a cup of coffee, which found its way, after the collision, all over the Gold Stripers



white uniform just before an all-whites inspection. He had the audacity to blame the hero; and he had the audacity to insubordinately refuse to be blamed for his lack of ability to accept responsibility for his own actions. Of course, he pulled rank on the hero, and a bunch of other stuff. In the hero's consultations with his superior officer, he was more or less told to swallow his pride, or whatever. Which the hero did not. Instead, the hero declared, he wanted out.

So they shipped him off to the OFF place where a bunch of psychiatrists were to examine him in order to discover all his deficiencies, and to possibly reinvigorate his patriotism. Now the hero gets to say what they said. What they said was in response to a question they had asked him about his feelings toward the US Military. He can't remember his answer, but he remembers their response: "So, you're right, and the US Navy is wrong." The hero told them they were putting words in his mouth. Well, actually it was the Commander who was putting the words in his mouth. They reminded the hero that he had volunteered, had signed up for a certain period of time. He told them he changed his mind. There were seven psychiatrists in the group examining him; the Commander was the big shrink. After the hero's comment with regard to the Commander putting words in his mouth, he then asked "All right, who wants him?" With the hand of a volunteer Lieutenant JG, the hero was thus relieved of any further harassment (The lieutenant had been drafted). Of course he asked the author many questions; I'm sure many of his answers were confused and vague, probably showing a lack of verbal skills as well as a mad jumble of ideas (to put the best face on it).

He informed the hero that he couldn't make it possible for him to leave without some diagnosis that credibly would find him unsuitable material for any continued service in the military. He said it would be necessary to keep him under surveillance for a period of time, before he could be released. The hero was discharged 'honorably', without a good conduct medal because the hero told a superior he was responsible for spilled coffee. The hero was labeled a schizoid. Now there is word to remember; the Doc apologized for stigmatizing him (or schizoiding him). Actually the hero was unsuitable material for the US Military. As he has written elsewhere, the US Navy needed him like they needed another deadeye. In a way the hero had to accept the spirit of the diagnosis, because it fits more a sociological profile than a psychological profile. He didn't feel fucked-up because he had gone against the military. It was the right thing for him to do under the



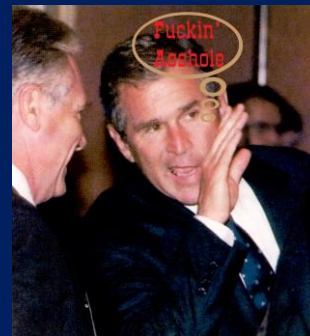
circumstances. He may have been fortunate in the Physician who chose him. Perhaps he might have learned a great deal from him if other circumstances had prevailed. The war was over.

Parts of the military experience were rewarding. Many parts were not. The pettiness, better known as 'chicken shit' was without a doubt the most unrewarding part, and there was so much of it, that one could not avoid stepping in it, repeatedly. One makes a good soger by constantly humiliating him. No Way Man!

Anyway, what's going on today in our great nation reminds the former hero of his US Military experience. A bunch of people for whom one cannot feel any respect, pushing one around, on some kind of power trip. A pretext of right over one's life, whether he likes it or not. He may have signed on for the other unwittingly, but not for this. He was not to be cannon fodder for stupidity, then, and he is not, now.

George Lincoln Rockwell Washington Dubya Shrub said, on October 11, 2000: "If we're an arrogant nation, they'll (who'll) resent us. If we're a humble nation, but strong, they'll (who'll) respect us."

The above is a quote the author yanked from an article in TIME Magazine, of all places, that was registering some concern regarding the sullyng of Old Glory with a little too much overwaving. Yes!, of course, it has become obvious to many of us that this is so. The article also mentioned that Sept.11 sells, from underwear to fast cars.



Excerpting these things from the TIME article does not do it justice. Feb.18, 2002 TIME Page 84 should be read in full by everyone. A little bit of restraint with a little bit of classy leadership would seem appropriate. Beating the drum with the terrorist behind every Bush until the next election earns us a very low rating, and makes the hero shick.

The Olde West; Where D'it Go? Heaped off the bucking bronco?

Why is it so difficult to concentrate on the Western? We have the Marshall, the desperados, the redhead with the slim and trim ankle, not to omit Redmen, the horse, the carbine and sixshooter, leather, Levis, (blue denims, to you pard) petticoats, the false front, the wild parched countryside, and the music. (Nope, no Wagner). We have the righteous matters that need upholding by broad shoulders and lantern jaws (Handsome Jacks). We have the other well-constructed half that will grace the script and act as the



necessary vessel to receive the implantation of the germ for future generations of upholders, preferably lantern-jawed. They will tame the desolate range by sweeping away the Savages and the buffalo, peopling the wasteland with palefaces and their other breed. All on horseback. Eventually the whole scene will be remaindered to the coal and oil interests, cattle business, Agribusiness, and the Futures Market, and Hollywood (and Sodom and Gomorrah.) Anyone who characterizes this as the work of God will miss the significance of Evolution.

It might be interesting to visualize a Central Asian instead of a Western. The righteous upholders pale before the armed desperadoes of CA. A lot of religious stuff at stake, not to mention oil and drugs, the wearing apparel of the female of the species, and control of all four. One would wonder if this was not also the work of Evolution. Allah, a lah lah lah, all the day long.

It would seem we are not getting anywhere. While our antibiotics are losing their effectiveness, our chemical and biological weapons of mass destruction are becoming more sophisticated. Perhaps we are getting somewhere; depends upon the spin. We do need to reduce the number; **“Not Me!”**, one was heard to proclaim. Yeah, well, we do not practice discrimination (ya no, political creckness), so it may be you. Build a chemical and biological warfare shelter, and never leave home without your gasmask, and protective clothing. But if its nukes, you better remain at home in your untested bunker.

The Defense Policy Board ain't looking after you; they are only interested in the survival of the fat cats.

The only way around all of this is stand on your hind legs and bare your teeth!

On his way back to the set after the Big Mac he ran into Red who was about to watch a few takes in the GMAC studio of a Central Asian being filmed with the title “Osama Rides Again”. The story line involved the supposed death of the WTC scoundrel, only to learn he was merely regrouping quietly while a bunch of franticks were bombing everything that moved with depleted uranium, a very moving experience. Anyway Red persuaded the Marshall to join her in the takes, although he felt the bastard should be buried, not turned into a folk hero. In real life the Marshall had a thing for Red just as he had in the movie they were making. He did not have a thing for Osama. Red sort of reminded



him of Heady Lemarvel, with foreign attachments to bizarre civilizations. He could not understand those who did not realize where they got the butter for their bread; that especially she would be donned in an anonymous burka relegated to squalor in some dust-bitten Central Asian. She migrated from the confusion.

Some would conjecture he had a fetish for long red hair. From the backsides, 'beautiful' is just a word. Trying to imagine that silky wavy stuff swishing across a bare back just above the buttocks, especially with her graceful scintillating movements as she walked ahead. Think on it Marshall. In real life, as unreachable as on the screen. She knows where she is going. It isn't where your shooter is located. Don't count on a Rest Area on the highway to heaven.

Life is full of conjecture; and as the famous bards have noted, full of shadows. Is there hope in vain pursuits? Time plays unerringly toward the end of the boring ordeal of living through countless thwartings and defeats. The Marshall was just an actor; a shadow, frail in substance, a dubious mirroring. A yearning of making order out of chaos, and holding it all together. We seem not satisfied once we have got it.

Amazingly, the author has persevered thus far. A reward for the reader follows.

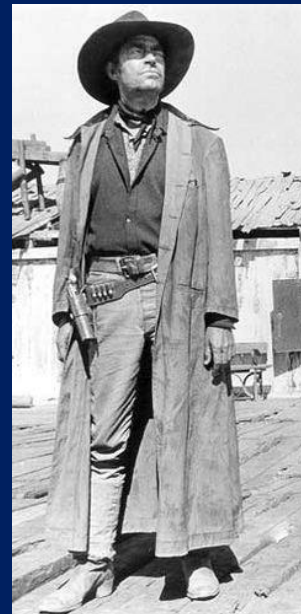
A day in the crypt(ic).

(From Inches to miller bars to killer pascals.)

Time for a recast, the reinvention of the wheel. A pastaless depiction sans lantern jaw.

Our hero, the enforcer, the man behind the gun, is not a Hollywood idol. He is rather unlikely in appearance. Dark, furtive eyes beneath black, bushy eyebrows. A craggy countenance, arrested in a somewhat surly mouth, partially opened to reveal large teeth with a gap between the front uppers. Surrendering to a mostly double chin, although his apportioning appears slenderer than fatter.

He is teamed up with an old pal of Ingmar Bergman, Max Von Sydow, and Liv Ullman, a venturesome wander into the desert from the dark and cold north.







He heaved the saddle upon his old swaybacked mount, unsympathetically named, Incongruity. The nag had been previously owned by a 350lb desperado who often drove an animal to near death in his escapes from Jack, our dubious enforcer of the equities.

Yes! this is Jack; “Hello Jack” “Bugger Off”, I should have warned you that Jack is sometimes just plain unfriendly.

Eventually our hero took his 45-70 Government from its scabbard, attached to his livery horse’s saddle; and Waited.

Jack was not a lawman, he was an avenger, a vigilante, a modern day apotheosis of the o’er famed Don, and a lot less chivalrous.

He was never known to be for hire, and was never seen absconding. He had no apparent wealth, but he survived with NVMOS. In his early days he frequented Katz, along with Ruvall and Doffman, for pastrami sandwiches.

Anyway he got the four-legged anomaly, that passed for a horse, after he drew a bead on the desperado. Nobody else wanted the animal because it was so unbridged. Jack read-up on the tricks for restoring horse backs (Brokebacks); but nothing was particularly evident in the employment of words to correct the problem. However, it should be noted, its as if the animal knew that its new master had saved him from the glue factory. There was instant rapport between the two. Besides Jack was 200 pounds lighter than the other fella.

So that young minds will not be corrupted, that is, tempted to right all the wrongs of the world in the manner of Jack, or Don Quixote, parental guidance is advised.

One does not steal from the rich to give to the poor.

One does not chase a man down and plug him for slights to his lady love. Most distaffers are tougher than we realize.

Many onlookers thought Jack was a gunslinger.

Its true he had a rough upbringing which uniquely prepared him for the role in which he found himself cast. There was no escaping the modus operandi of the times. In those not-so olden days, a man was allowed to carry, as guaranteed by the Second Amendment To The Constitution Of The United States Of America. No permit was required. Anybody could carry; even complete lunatics.

As time has gone on, it was deemed unnecessary to carry because the West was settled; all the Indians were on the Rez, and all the buffalo were off the range; and all the desperadoes had been offed or incarcerated. Only lunatics carried. To wit!



Wall, a coarse, the Brinks needed to carry, with all that temptation.

Having attained this place, half way to 100, the author intends, for the sake of sheer confabulation, to enter the foregoing runes into the scrolls; also with the intent to enlarge upon them as time permits, and as inspirations arise.

Meanwhile, enjoy the previous gallop upon a wild mustang.

He wants Jack to succeed, enjoying a justly deserved place in the annals of human endeavors; and to earn a better fate than Quasimodo.

But it wasn't in the cards for Jack to be able to pop into McDonald's for beef and spuds. He was told by the manager that his appearance would prove repulsive to the other customers. He was not allowed; he was refused service because he was too



damned ugly.

Small comforts for the well intended. Don Quixote was often knocked off Rosinante for improper gesture.

Western Civilization has had some serious setbacks because few could recognize the offering. A mere prejudice against the purblind, blinkards, the lame, crooked, ill-formed and



misshapen, sickly, subject to defluxions, ill-bred louts, to whom service was denied; only the comely, personable and well-conditioned were served. A rather ribald extraction from Rabelais.

Raised from the B-Movie sludge pit, Jack rose to stardom as a new kind of anti-hero. One who matter of factly righted all the wrongs, without fanfare.

He informed the author of his early days when he thought he would like to be an actor, in the western tradition.

It was not an easy path to follow. He joined the actor's union, he acquired an agent. His first exposure came in TV commercials where he would pose as the bad guy who got his come uppins from a guy who smoked Marlboros. He would gather with all the other hopefuls in NYC at a Katz fast food joint; everybody seemingly surviving on pastrami sandwiches and coffee. His father introduced him to a young lady who had attended Wellesley, who was living in the city with three other Wellesley girls, all looking for fancy jobs, or male company, or husbands, which ever came along. He took an immediate liking to the girl, but felt she was so far above him in education and social standing; he felt inhibited to such a degree he did not dare reveal his feelings.

His life moved on without her, but he did maintain contact through letters, to which she responded. His life took several turns. He was awarded a scholarship to study drama in a California school. There he met an aspiring actress, and they trundled off together. Meanwhile he kept in touch with the Wellesley girl, who sent him a surprisingly querulous letter, asking him if any girl he would marry would have to be a virgin? In the letter was enclosed a check for \$300.00, ostensibly to pay for visits to an analyst, or perhaps to travel to NYC. At the time, he had guessed he meant more to the Wellesley girl than he could ever possibly have imagined. But he had become a father of a child borne by the actress, with whom he was having great difficulty living. He had apprised the Wellesley girl of these doings, hence her seeming desire to help him escape. However Jack wanted to do the right thing. The right thing was to seek steady employment, and try to support that which fate (a very short romp) had visited upon him,

He did so, still maintaining contact with the Wellesley girl who was not standing idly by, waiting for him to make up his mind. She too had found a partner.



As time went on Jack foundered in his acting career, eventually landing B-movie desperado parts, where he would always succumb to lead poisoning. Also he changed partners, as did the girl from Wellesley.

He was happy with his new partner, who supported his wish to gain meaningful employment as an actor, while she was employed as researcher with gainful employment.

This is when Jack began to blossom into more serious roles. The western was beginning to change drastically. The material had been so overplayed that studio directors were looking for something less jaded. The world itself had transformed itself into an 'Anything Goes' modus operandi, this transformation mostly beneficial to commercial interests, Hollywood not excluded.

To cast a former bad guy into a good guy, or 'anti-hero', took some daring on the part of the Industry. Several studios had experimented with lesser known actors entering the western genre. TV, suffering its own Perry Mason, I Love Lucy, syndrome, was attempting to eclipse the Movie industry with serial westerns, ongoing melodramas cropping up like weeds in the sludge pit. Rawhide, The Rifleman, Gunsmoke, Bonanza, Lawman, even Deadwood; also a more modern attempt with Dallas; then the Movies, not to be left behind, attempting to reclaim its share, producing more violence, and psychological Westerns; and using big names, like Bibi Anderson, Jean Simmons, Russel Crowe, Richard Harris. Ed Harris; hiring the hireable, whether on the TV or Movie marques, James Garner, Barbara Stanwyck, Susan Hayward. A job is a job. Then came Scoliosis Mountain. Something really twisted in a tent.

Meanwhile Jack somehow came into his own during these shifting times, drifting from lantern jaws and deep voices, and musty males, to more radical attempts to define unreality, or undermine reality.

What better way than to cast Quasimodo as a hero? Ordinary people perhaps engender more heroic types anyway, than those bow-legged studio types.

One is what one is. Sometimes, really embarrassingly so. Gotta go with the flow. Everybody ends up under the turf, perhaps receiving flowerings until time abandons, like Mary Miller; eventually the eternal flame becomes extinguished. Fatefully inevitable.

Meanwhile Jack is assigned the task to get us to the next milepost, in our imaginary journey through time, seeking the future of futures; perhaps only an empty gambit, after all.



Its not how he looks, but it is what's in his heart. Even though he started out as a desperado, he was always a believer in fairness, equity, and justice. He believed that no man should have dominion over another man. He also believed a government that did not account the least, must be deemed a failure.

Shows to go ya; you can't judge a book by its proverbials.

One only need ponder the velocity with which we are escaping the past, good or bad. Does the good get left behind; or do we carry it forward with us, as a treasure, like a whatchamacallit, a thingamabob, a talisman, a sea change, an alternate fact, rabbit's foot, Gott Mit Uns, a figurehead?, a prayer?

Sorry Jack, the author had to have his say.

"Ats OK; we're on the same page"

The First Amendment To The Constitution Of The United States Of America:

Slander sits on the high road mocking all the passers by.

The Second Amendment To the Constitution Of The United States Of America.

The right to carry in order to protect oneself against all those slandered while exercising one's right under the First Amendment.

Hey author, stop trying to change the subject.

The author apologizes, Jack.

It so happens, the author needs to get away every now and then. He goes for a walk. He looks at the landscape, his surround, that is, realizing that the shape of the land will remain the same (unless he's in West Virginia, Wyoming, or North Dakota), that maybe there will be more or less vegetation (trees, shrubs, grasses) unless he is too close to the sea, then he might be inundated by the briny deep as fresh water stored in ice caps, and bergs, melt, causing a sea change (not a political happening, although its ramifications may be).

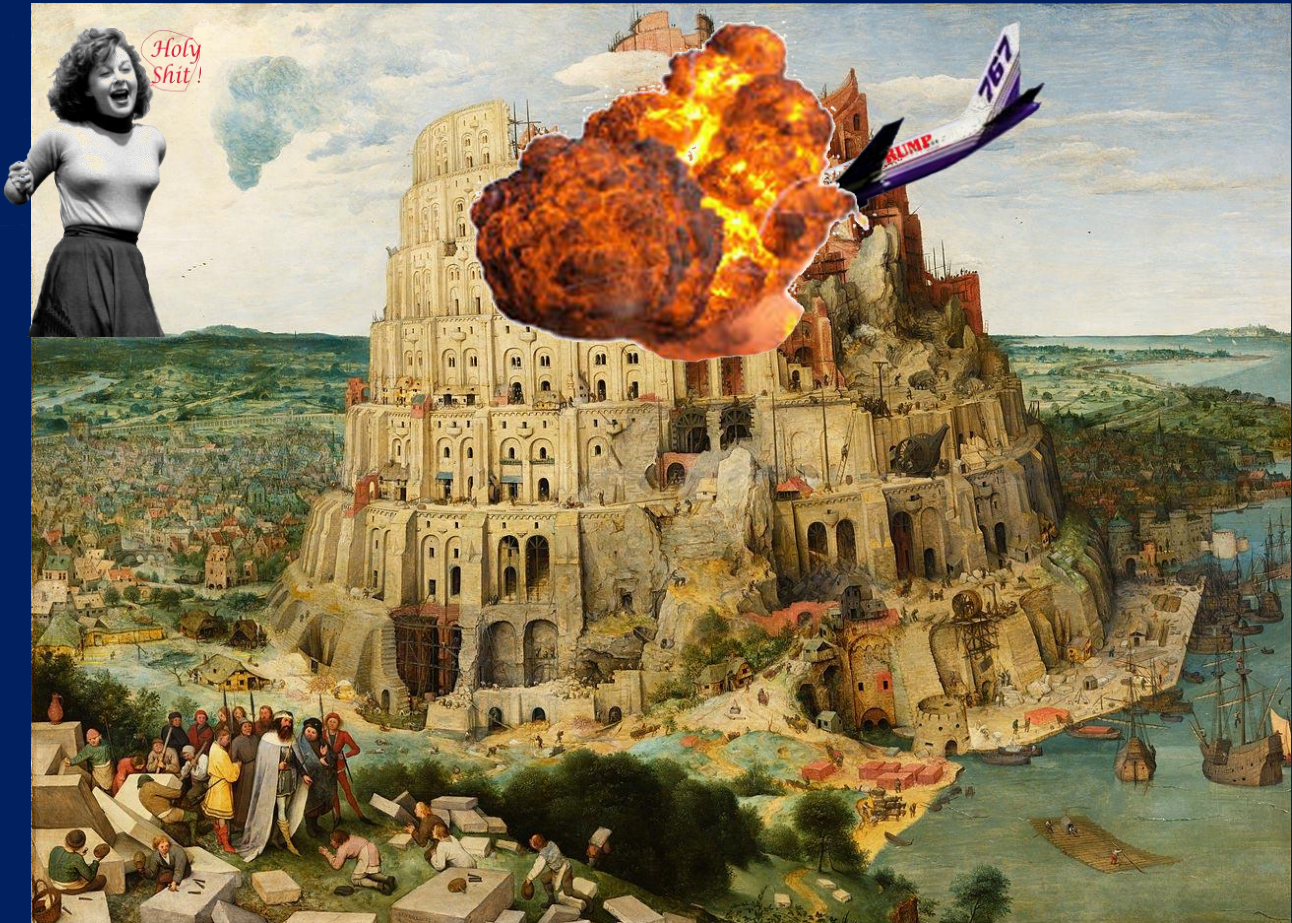
He also ponders the messages he has received since he was an infant regarding fairness, equity, and justice. Then he tries to imagine the value in The Constitution For The United States Of America. What Ho! or Tally Ho! W. thought There Ought To Be Limits To Freedom. He meant the freedom of ice to melt. Not Now!



The author tried very hard to imagine man in the landscape, that is, a viable thing that could ignore fairness, equity, and justice, wearing the same old shoes.

He built the Tower Of Babel; then he had to defend it. That is, Jack got to defend it.

Can you imagine a 767, with D. T. in it, aiming for the Tower.



And the Lard came along and dispersed them.
Did you see that Jack? Whatcha gonna do about it?
Ride roun' in Air Farce Wun 'til ah figgritout.
That's a hoss of a different color.
Sometimes you jus gotta take what the Goofy Lard provides.
You mean, as in, God Bless America?
We all need to subtle down in our thinking, and subtle up with
fate.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, he is cleaning his ole Government
45-70. He suspects the Bin Daltons; the Dust Bin Daltons.



You think the author crayzee. He makes jokes about everything. Its like he doesn't care anymore.

Yes, that is unfortunate, because there isn't anyone else. Oh Yes, there are a lot of people who would like to see things different.

Western Civ. is in for a remake, an overhaul.

This is a Test of The Emergency Broadcast System.

Yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

If there had been an Emergency you would have been told where to go. We may be hearing of a lot of dire things in the near future. Its that old urge to control. The stupider they are the more of it they create reasons to subdue the masses (er... the Demos).

Any way, give or take a few, we are somewhere around 325 millions of us Demos (some are excluded from the Demos because they are in control, that is, they have at their disposal the means to control everyone else. They do dat because dat is what they wanna do; they have the support of Russia.)

We are getting a egomaniacal megalomaniac at the helm.

The author has made this calculation previously.

~ 62,000,000 is 19.37 % of the population.

The opposition candidate received 20.31 % of the vote.

Between the two of them, that's 39.68 % of the population.

What's gonna happen to the other 60.32% of the population?

They better get their asses in gear.

Anyway this is the end of the Test Of The Emergency Broadcast System. Henceforth there will be no emergencies, for we will be in a constant state of emergency. No imagination.

Expect a round of executions and incarcerations for dereliction of citizenship (rampant Patriotism). 1984.

Back to galloping!

Eleemosynary

During our first years of attending Amenia High School we hopped a train in Wassaic to ride the three miles to the school, followed by a rather lengthy walk between the Amenia station and the school.

Joan Kilmer was in the same grade as the author. Joan's older sister, whose name (Alma, Elva, Alva) escapes the author at this time, was some kind of spelling whiz, at least according to her own assessment of herself. She made quite a do about being able to spell 'eleemosynary' (charitable). Joan's older brother, Vince rode the train as well. Her younger brother, Dick was still in 'grade school' in Wassaic. Grade School ended at grade six.



The Kilmer family lived in the middle of town (Wassaic). He was the local garbage collector, a large beefy unkempt man. Their backyard was filled with salvaged stuff in much disarray. The girls in the family seemed nice enough. The author didn't associate with Joan, but, in hindsight, realizes she was a pleasant person, who decided to become a nurse, leaving high school after her junior year.

The author had a brief contact with her older brother Vince, who was a quarrelsome fellow, always seemingly looking for a fight. On one of their walks to the train in Amenia, Vince and the author got into it over something. The author was somewhat intimidated by the stance of Vince, but when it came down to it, they 'rassled', the author getting Vince in his famous 'scissors grip' around the neck. That was that.

He boxed with Joan's younger brother, using big fat boxing gloves. Unfortunately for Dick, the pair of gloves used by the author had a hole at the base of the thumb on the right hand. The author's thumb somehow got loose in the hole and ended striking Dick in the eye, a very painful blow; which more or less accounted for the end of the match.

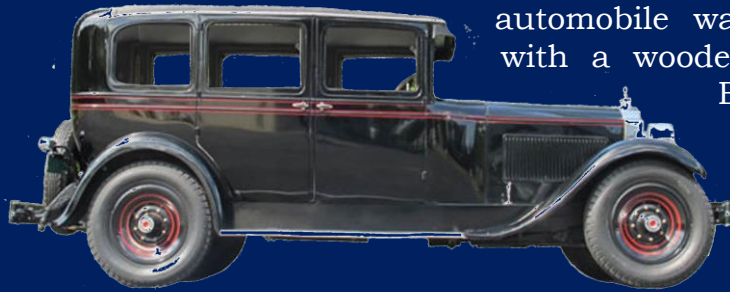
Dick was a study. He became a member of the local fire department at a very young age (sixteen). One time the author was riding with him down the back road, when Dick proposed starting a fire in the woods, and bugging off to wait for a fire call. This might have happened, although the author cannot recall. But later on Dick did set fire to the local feed store, located two blocks from the fire station.

It was obvious to the fire investigators that arson was the precipitant to the fire. And further investigation discovered the perpetrator, for which Dick was rewarded with a year in the pokey.

Dick also tied a horseshoe to his weeny, heaving the shoe out a window, hoping to lengthen his member. He also tied Ruthie Chester to her bed in an adventurous exploration of his proclivities with the female of the species. Later on he knocked up Faye Haskins from across the tracks. Much more the author doesn't recall about the Kilmers. Vince joined the US Navy. It was rumored that Dick was trying to accept some responsibility for his fling with Faye.

When the author wrote 'egomaniacal megalomaniac' he thought of Joan's older sister, the spelling whiz, no further association intended.

There were other colorful happenings on the back road where the Butts lived. They lived in a house without electricity, and running water, as did the author. The house was two stories and seemed dark, and forbidding, with a somber aspect similar to Ms. Dinsmoor's spooky home (minus the cobwebs) in *Great Expectations*. The Buttsies were off limits. 'The scum of the earth', his father remonstrated. That didn't stop the author from playing 'hooky' with the Buttsies, Tommy, Joey, Bobby, and Elizabeth Butts. They lived with their father (who the author never met) on the other side of the creek at the end of a dead end. The father's



automobile was a 1928 Packard with a wooden piston. Elizabeth Butts was younger than the author by a few years, but he found her rather elegantly slender, pretty, blue-eyed, and



and pixie like; blond headed, hair length just above her shoulders decorated with a small blue ribbon to opposite side of the part of her hair; not as pretty as Jean Simmons, but a lot friendlier than Estelle. When the author 'played hooky', it was to roam around the big house and look at the 1928 Packard, and to enjoy the company of the fair Elizabeth Butts. Elizabeth reminded him of Littleless in *The Last Good Country*. Down below was Wassaic Creek, riffing and wending away.

In town there was another anointed with the handle, Butts; Dick Butts. The author seems to recall that he worked in Nelligan's Soda Fountain store, across the lot from the IGA's Mahoney and Crossen, and across the street from the railway station, where the author used to 'catch' the train to Amenia. Dick also used to work as an undertaker for the Nelligan Funeral Home, located in town, across from the old post office. A terribly morbid joke had thus arisen, "last man to let you down".

Its bound to be quite a do with the egomaniacal megalomaniac.

In the *Damned Human Race*, Mark Twain is writing of conformity as a conundrum of what to do about what one senses happens in a society that conforms to a lie.

Mark tells us that the first patriot is the real patriot, and once the objective has been achieved, then its easy for everybody else to join in. But if the old cause for which the first patriot fought becomes shopworn, and stale, and the proprietary interest of the politicians and the media, then its probably time for a new change patriot. Finding one, that's a challenge, because altering the entrenched conformity is gonna (quoting B. O.), or is it, gonner?, take some doing. Mark said he was confronted with such a dilemma, and realized he was a coward. Sure he was a parlor liberal, but there was only one P.H.. There was Tommy who wrote "He that would make his own liberty secure, must guard even his enemy from oppression." That means D.T. USA is gonner get the d.t.'s because we want our enemy to feel secure.

Mark wrote a lotta good stuff too.

Following in a footstep or two, the author must declare his disgust with the Red White and Blue, and the Spangled Banner, because of the



people (Presidents, and other office seekers), glib deceiving mouths, who have sullied the cloth by wrapping themselves in it.

What's up Jack. How much jack ya make, Jack?

Jack of all trades. i.e, Jack All, More of a jackanapes, than a jackass. Other's opined he wasn't worth jackshit.

Every Man Jack in the cabinet worships his egomaniacal megalomaniac.

You wanna hear the rest of it?

As a talisman he hadda coupla jack of diamonds. He worked in the forest as a lumberjack, where they harvested jackpines. He also owned all kinds of jacks, car jacks, hydraulic jacks, jackalls. He even had a few friends who passed as jackals, as well as jackasses. He used his jackknife to carve up some jack mackeral he had jacklighted. He entertained himself endlessly, and others occasionally, with his jack-in-the boxes, and his jack-in-the-pulpits.

He hadda job lighting smudge pots when Jack Frost threatened the jack fruit; he wore a fleece lined jacket on these occasions. Part of this employ required his chasing jackdaws that showed any interest in the jack fruit. In another employ he adjusted and repaired the jacks in harpsichords and pianos.

He wore a pair of jackboots he picked up in Germany during the WAHR. As a jacktar he manned the jack stays, and jackass rig. On a trip to Las Vegas he hit the jack-pot with four jacks. And for endless amusement he played at jackstraws at night illuminated by jack-o-lanterns. And when a child he played 'jacks'. By the process of Elamination, we ended up with an egomaniacal megalomaniac. Jack has his work cut out for him.

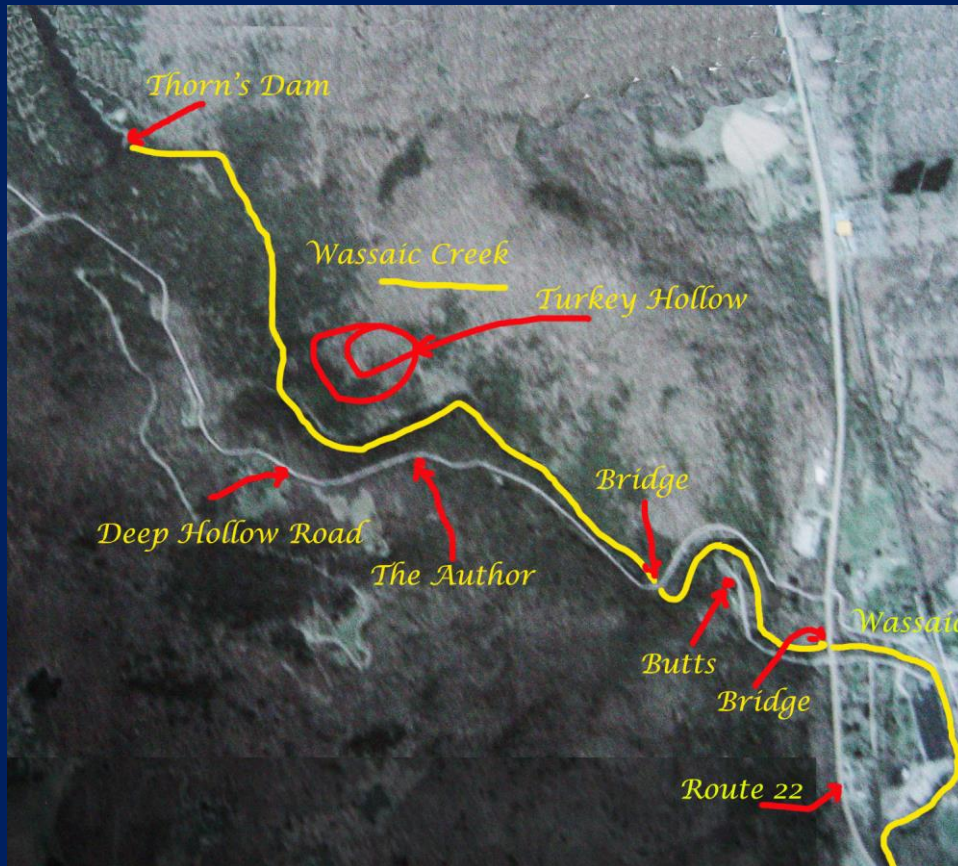
CrackerJacks. He was a crackerjack at what he did, a crackerjack scientist, a crackerjack bullwhacker (cow puncher).

Webatuck Creek, Wassaic Creek, Swamp River, Ten Mile River, Housatonic River, Long Island Sound, Atlantic Ocean, a vast pool.

Keep Reading. There is more following. This space was set aside for an image, perhaps to be inserted later.



Elizabeth Butts and the author lived on the same side of Wassaic Creek. Getting to the Buttsies by staying on that side was an arduous



journey, over steep rocky declivities in the Berkshires, avoiding both real and imaginary copperheads and rattlers. It was much simpler to travel by the back roads and across two bridges, one bridge to get you down one side of the Creek, and another bridge on Route 22 to get to the other side again, to go down Buttsies road, located on the other side of the bridge. Wassaic Creek was followed by roadways, Buttsies on one side, and Deep Hollow on the other, Deep Hollow branching off to a gated roadway leading to Turkey Hollow (never saw a turkey in seven years) where it crossed the Creek again (bridge now defunct) all the way to Thorn's dam (the roadway was mostly a cleared area along the creek which seemed impassable to vehicles). The Dam was a destination that the errant students sought for its canoes, and the bullheads that swam in the pools at the base of the dam. The canoes belonged to the people who were never there. The top of the dam was a flat strip of concrete about 3 feet wide. During the summer, the water flow over the dam was gentle enough that a person could walk gingerly across its top. This always spooked the author; he never felt comfortable crossing the dam.



In later life, in his bad dreams, involving water, the element held back by the dam, appears forbidding, with its cold dark depths.

Anyway Jack thought Bibi a nice looker, but somehow out of place in the hot sun. Still, she was pretty hard to ignore.

The Attorney General of the United States of America said the Geneva Conventions were 'quaint', as in, outmoded, which means that torture is a legitimate response to terror (if 'we' say it is).

There's dirty underwear, and there is dirty innunderwear.

The new president is of the flat screen type, you see him then you don't. An LCD: Least Common Denominator

While I 'think of it', The hero had been wounded; his lady love was comforting him. This was in an early fifties Western. The lady love was outfitted or fitted into an outfit that emphasized a lot of pointed mammary development (the fit was the fashion). It almost seemed unreal, but there you have it. But the hero did not rest his head upon her bosom, rather upon her shoulder; that's Swell.

Then in the lab, Alan had inquired of the somewhat bosomy overdressing research assistant, Leona, if they were real.

Then the P.I., Ayrán, informed the same research assistant, Leona, that the oil painting which she had brought into the lab., depicting the research assistant, Leona, in a bathing suit, standing in the moonlight, that the moon was incorrectly painted. No moon has ever looked like that. She complained that was all he noticed.

Jack returned from his visit to town with a copy of the Constitution Of The United States Of America rolled up in his back pocket. He marveled at the old boys who put the thing together; he felt they had done a pretty good job for a bunch of eelect.

Noam feels the modern government ignores most of what is writ; it has proved an inconvenience to the plutocracy. Imagine, taxing people more because they have more; what kind of democracy is that?

HERE WE GO AGAIN.

Declensions, Cases and Conjugations
Nominative Possessive (Genitive) Dative, Objective (Accusative),
Ablative.

The Law Of Reciprocity. A maxim of altruism.



Do as you would be done by.

Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

One should not do unto others that which he would not wish others do unto him.

What you wish upon others you wish upon yourself (generic?)

I give that you will give in return.

Never impose on others that which you would not impose on yourself.

Law of Non Reciprocity

Do unto others before they do unto you.

Assuming that everyone 'punches'; Beat 'em to the punch!

Draw!

I am an actor. That is, I pretend to be a real person when I am using an underarm deodorant.

Mark chronicled that Noah had to return to his place of departure to pick up a fly that had been left behind.

Anyone connected with boats, presumably a wooden one, 150 yards long, its construction would necessarily need to take place where there was water nearby for launching [unless - later] and where enough wood could be harvested for its construction.

Scenario: Ark constructed near forested land, (Nile; Mesopotamian Egypt) and where enough wood could be harvested for its construction. No!? Is it safe to assume that Cedar (of Lebanon) was used? Was it imported (exploited) to Egypt from Lebanon?

Cedar Of Lebanon grew mostly in mountainous regions of the eastern Mediterranean. How much grew in Mesopotamian Egypt? Noah was purportedly from the Mesopotamian region of Egypt.

Scenario: Ark constructed near forested land, (Nile?). perhaps floated down the Nile (empty); loaded somewhere along the Nile where water depth permitted OR perhaps constructed and loaded somewhere else, awaiting purported flood waters to rise to buoyancy depth.

Ark loaded somewhere the proposed occupiers could gather, be quartered, fed, and/or otherwise attended before and during loading.

How close to Ararat was the ark, when Noah needed to return to the vicinity of the point of embarkation (lower Nile?) to pick up the omitted fly?



The author wonders if Mark got that right.

"The defendant, far from being guilty of rape, was the helpless victim of the plaintiff's obstinate reluctance to give consent!"

Yo!

Quotes!:

Under the Fifth Amendment, it would be too clearly unconstitutional to force people to incriminate themselves by registering their political affiliations if such affiliations were themselves enough to convict them of crime!

Many were the feats of casuistry performed by the committee members that day as they wrestled with the problem of subversion in education. Shaftel, citing chapter and verse with the agility of a hardened heretic, had insisted that the Fifth amendment was intended to protect the innocent. Senator Willis Smith, of North Carolina, smote him hip and thigh. "Now you say," Smith began softly, "that this was intended to protect innocence. But if you were not a member of the Communist party, you wouldn't have to invoke the Fifth amendment, would you?"

showed that the most sensational of the informers had lied to the court. A scandalous incident disclosed prejudice on the part of several jurors. As the voluminous record is opened to study on appeal, it will be seen that the chief victim of the prosecution is not the Communist Party but a growing list of historic constitutional and procedural safeguards. If these convictions stand, freedom of expression in America must dwindle, for by the standards being established in these prosecutions, there are few dissenters and little dissent which could not ultimately be brought within the nebulous purview of that strange thing called "conspiracy to advocate"

"Senator FERGUSON. When you were a teacher and really a Communist, what did you do to the students and other teachers?"

"Mrs. DODD. God help me for what I did. I was not a member of the Communist party, but there was no doubt in my mind—"

"Senator FERGUSON. But you had a philosophy and you served the cause.

"Mrs. DODD. There is no doubt in my mind that I did a great deal of harm.

"Senator FERGUSON. And how did you function among the students?"

"Mrs. DODD. I was their faculty adviser on many problems. I worked with individual students. I was particularly keen about my students. I was very sympathetic, and I was very popular among my students.



"Senator FERGUSON. Do you think you may have convinced some of them to become Communists ?

"Mrs. DODD. I have no doubt that I did.

"Senator FERGUSON. Was that one of your purposes in life as a teacher?

"Mrs. DODD. No. That is not true. My purpose at that time—I thought my purpose was to create an open mind, to create a clear thinking people—people who would throw aside all preconceived prejudices, all preconceived thoughts. My thought was to teach people how to think. "Well, I have discovered since then that the mind which is so open is often the mind which gets filled with the first evil wind that comes by; that what you have to do is to see the truth and the truth will help you to ward off those evil influences."

IF THE MCCARRAN COMMITTEE were really interested in the "subversive" ideas which threaten American education, it would have explored Dr. Bella Dodd's remark. If the open mind is a danger, who is to close it? Against what ideas? Who is to determine which winds of doctrine are evil? She regrets her purpose was "to teach people how to think." Does she think it would be better to teach them blindly to believe?

To set up a bar against Communists in teaching, divorced from evidence of abuse in the classroom, is to venture on the endless task of determining who is really a Communist. This is to play into the hands of those who want thought control in America. It would make conformity necessary to avoid suspicion.

THERE WERE INDICATIONS IN TAYLOR'S TALK of the line on which the ACLU may give up the battle. This is the line of "conspiracy." Free speech is protected by the Constitution unless what is said is part of a conspiracy. So runs this, the government's, argument in the Smith Act cases. But the concept of conspiracy when divorced from the context of crime and applied to speech becomes an easy means of nullifying the First Amendment. "The doctrine of conspiracy," Mr. Justice Douglas said in his dissent in the Dennis case, "has served divers and oppressive purposes and its broad reach can be made to do great evil. But never until today has anyone seriously thought that the ancient law of conspiracy could constitutionally be used to turn speech into seditious conduct." To cast loose from the traditional moorings of incitement, overt act and clear and present danger and to substitute "conspiracy" in this sense as a guide is to abandon the cause of civil liberty, and enlist in the service of repression.

Murray testified that he believed it the sole function of a grand jury "to indict or not to indict." He said he was against "presentments" which were really "statements by Grand Jurors which, for lack of evidence, fall short of



accusing anybody of crime, and therefore cannot be defended by the persons who were named."

*"What the Tribunal must already have suspected," says the brief for the 19 discharged UN employees, "should by now be inescapably clear. The charges of espionage, subversive activity and the like are but an elaborate and cruel hoax invented to conceal the fact that the applicants were terminated for reasons of alleged conviction, sentiment and affiliation alone. . . . Fear engendering claims of espionage, spy rings and sabotage are the invariable means of ensuring the political destruction of individuals whose sole offense is their political **non-conformity**."*

Ideological Controversy on the Floor of The House

MR. PATMAN. This bill (amendment to the National Housing Act to have the government guarantee home repair and improvement loans) comes nearer being vulnerable to the charge of being socialistic than any other law I know of that has been passed in recent years. However, I do not look upon it as socialistic at all. It serves a great need. . . .

MR. LANMAM. The gentleman admits it is socialistic?

MR. PATMAN. No, I am not admitting that.

MR. LANHAM. The gentleman says it is subject to that charge. Does not 'the gentleman mean, then, that it is good socialism?

MR. PATMAN. No; I did not say it is good socialism. I beg the gentleman's pardon. I say it is vulnerable to the charge of socialism. I do not say it is socialistic, I say it comes nearer being vulnerable to the charge or as near being vulnerable to the charge of socialism as any act this Congress has passed in 20 years.

MR. LANMAN. I think the gentleman is begging the question and that it is socialism, but that it is justified.

MR. PATMAN. The gentleman can place his own interpretation on it for himself. . . .

Ernest Hemingway famously said that "the most essential gift for a good writer is a built-in, shock-proof shit detector. This is the writer's radar and all great writers have had it."

The author quoting himself (from Catherine):

"But, Catherine, the difference between you and I is your integrity. You do not bullshit as a matter of principle. You always proceed from a position of knowledge, relevance, credibility."

"Mr. D., I was unaware that I was made of such stuff. I am not aware of your lacking in integrity. Mr. D., in my view, the basis of



our compatibility is founded in our perceptions of things, our sensitivity to certain things.

“You may feel, that because you cannot persuade your fellow man of something, that you are a bullshitter, a failed bullshitter at that. You don’t want to be regarded as an incompetent impotent bullshitter. Yes! that does frustrate you, but must it form the basis for an attack on your ego?

“I will not even mention what kind of bullshit passes as truth; where real egos stretch the point, truth isn’t good enough for them.

“OK, say you don’t have all the facts; somebody else has a better mastery of the facts; but is that somebody else better able to draw a conclusion from more facts, than say the person who intuitively things from only a few facts, or perhaps none at all?

“If you feel you are a bullshitter, and it bothers you to be one, don’t say anything; become a piece of stone.

“Mr. D. underneath it all, you do have a great deal to say, whether in the form of bullshit or in the form of the highest truth known to man. Your remarkable sensitivity to balance, to order, to symmetry makes you also sensitive to imbalance, disorder and asymmetry. It is a felt thing to you. You need always to be translating feelings, your intuition about things into words which only partly say what it is that needs saying.

“Again, being aware of this, you fall into the asking of a myriad of questions, the questions framing the thought that cannot be expressed as a certainty in itself, as an assertion, because you immediately sense there is another side to every thought expressed; even as simple as the other person’s view of the same thing. I sense more of this in you than any amount of bullshit.

“You may feel the questions are annoying, nit picking, semantic considerations that may not be particularly relevant to anything. Even if that was true, with you it is part of a process, it is part of how you arrive at your destination; you must plod a good deal of the way. But once you are there, you have brought with you the tale of the journey. Was it an interesting journey? Mr. D., to me, it is an interesting journey. Why? Because I am seeking the same destination. Yes! I may arrive there in another way, but being human, I cannot but regard that other way as all that different.

“Perhaps, Mr. D. I am ‘gifted’ in some way that helps me to escape some of the plodding. I have started early, with natural tendencies, natural abilities. I have exploited these tendencies. Yes!, I want to know everything, but I have discovered that no matter how much I know about something I cannot know it all.

When I set down to write something about what I know, I must also possess a mastery of the language, if I expect to communicate



anything of what I know. After I have done my very best, it is, after all, only ‘my’ very best, which may not be relevant to something I want to achieve. My kind of ‘bullshit’ Mr. D.”

“I know you are doing your very best to make me feel better about myself, without coddling me. But you see, I carry about with me a ‘bullshit’ meter. It is always turned ON when I listen to another’s yammer. There are times when I truly marvel at another person’s ability to say what he or she feels, even if it not relevant to the matter at hand; even though my ‘bullshit’ meter is registering in the Red Zone. When it hits the Red Zone, a message comes on screen which cautions against meeting bullshit head on with another kind of bullshit, regardless of its coherence. It cautions against fighting bullshit with bullshit. But there are times when the bullshit is so thick one must wade in as a matter of self-preservation.”

“Sounds very comical, and smelly, to me. What happens on the meter when you start to bullshit?”

“Most of the time the ‘override’ function takes over. Conceit, Grandiosity, Egomania are ignored until it gets to the point where the next override kicks in, when I am about to self-destruct, a beeper goes off, telling me I am about to drown in the ordure. ‘Pull Out!, Pull Out!’ flashes on the screen. By then, I have made an ass of myself. I realize it; I want to get out of there NOW! But it is usually too late; I must endure the accompanying embarrassment, the internal sickness brought about through shameful self-flagellation.

“You would think I would learn, but I don’t; I get sucked in by the egomaniac within me, that tawdry little presence that thinks its ‘Can you top this?’ opinion is what will inveigle his fellow man towards the light, and toward an unparalleled admiration of me.”

“When you get to feeling that way, Mr. D. come see me. I promise to make it all better. I know you to be a little different than you see yourself. However, I do agree, there are times when a person ought keep their thoughts to themselves. I do not mean that in an admonishing way. It may be more practical. By not saying anything you may help your own cause, through the inadvertency of another’s faulty bullshit; and if it is as part of a groupy, somebody else might say better what it is you want to say.”

“I know you are right in what you say, Catherine.”