

PSA 2.4

March 2003 Going Up Rising

Sex Better Than Ever.

After the radiation, ejaculation was very painful for several years. Finally the pain subsided, which might have been coincident with a slight recovery of seminal fluid.

Anyway, more involvement with the docs over this thing is anticipated.

The gradual rise in PSA values has been variously attributed to prostatitis which could be caused by a number of things. To date rises have been followed by leveling off or slight drops, but the overall rise has been steady and irreversible. A course of Cipro two years ago did not seem to effect the PSA value, but did seem to lessen the number of nightly urinations, which have never been excessive.

When the PSA began its rise I had called the two administering physicians in Seattle who at the time of the treatment belonged to the Northwest Tumor Institute. The one, the urologist, suggested some recovery of the prostate, which the current urologist/oncologist denies is possible. The other, the radiologist, didn't think his work was a failure, and could only provide a non-explanation for the rise. His seminal paper on Paladium 103 treatment of the prostate covered only 54 months. He considered a success a PSA value of <1.0 after that time period. My PSA had risen above 1.0 earlier than the 54 month time period had expired. Anyway there was some equivocation about the success. The radiologist (none other than The Savior Blasko) had other fish to fry, and seemed distant from this earlier patient.

In my opinion there are bound to be 'failures'. Perhaps not specifically attributable to a particular physician or technique (treatment protocol). But even though the current urologist/oncologist claims there could be no recovery of the prostate, i.e., the ability to produce more prostate tissue, there might be the ability of the 'dead' organ (i.e., that current physician, through a DRE, affirms the presence of a mass there that he would identify as either a dead or living prostate) to produce aberrant cells. The organ may be dead in some respects, but there is still something there which may be affected by the same triggering hormone, testosterone. Whadda we know?

Anyway, perhaps a phone consultation with the urologist/oncologist in Eugene who may suggest another PSA value in three months, another course of Cipro, a more involved treatment of possible recurrent prostatitis, an immediate biopsy. I'll ask him what he knows, what he does not know, and what would be his best shot.

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Now that I have said all these highly provocative things, lets move on.

Currently the world is in a helluva mess. The 'good guys' and the 'bad guys' are at it again, and those in the middle suffer immeasurably. In simple terms, there is no justification for what is happening.

The United Nations has not found a way of solving certain critical problems; how to effectively deal with tyrants without politicizing, i.e., taking sides. National interests are held higher than United Nations interests. The UN cannot function under such circumstances. Because nations form alliances with other nations, the alliances potentially stand in the way of obtaining support for a particular action by the UN.

If the superceding precept of 'No one individual will have dominion over another' is a motivating force behind UN action, it must be consistently observed, and acted upon consistently. No politics. The reason behind this assertion is quite clear in my mind. Those people in the middle must be protected from the auguries of politics. This should be a clear objective of the UN, and one that overrides any squabbling amongst its member nations.

The current issue involving the nation of Iraq has shown the breakdown of the organization, where the United Nations, per se, were not United, and where its whole reason-to-be has failed miserably. One nation, albeit one of the more 'powerful' along with one other, not as 'powerful', have decided to undertake a unilateral action, that action very violent and destructive in nature, ostensibly to remove a tyrant.

Everything that has gone on before and everything that has led up to the current disaster-in-the-making, who aided who when, what hidden agendas exist, has no bearing on the killing and maiming, disrupting of lives, exposure to fear of the general populace; these latter have assumed a secondary importance to both parties, the tyrant and the self-acclaimed tyrant remover.

How can that be? After centuries upon centuries of bloodshed, can we honestly come to the conclusion that more bloodshed is any kind of solution? Whether or not the tyrant is removed cannot be worth the sacrifice, do I really need to say it, of one child? Very few of us have any concept of protracted pain or serious physical injury. A recent series of second degree burns upon one of my legs caused by boiling water has caused me to reflect most acutely on images produced by the dispersal of diabolical weaponry (not invented by aliens), notably those images of napalmed children.

The reign of the tyrant was a civil matter. This may not have been tolerable for the United Nations, but because interference in

other nation's internal issues serves a potential threat to any other nation, the United Nations, as a whole, cannot sustain a basic principle, e.g., 'no man will have dominion over the other'. In essence, this becomes a license for tyranny; in the least, it encourages it, by default.

United Nations actions had been taken against the Iraqi tyrant when he invaded a neighbor (a second neighbor, incidentally). The UN action was a successful action (driving the tyrant from his neighbor's yard), followed by sanctions. These sanctions were designed to prevent a rearming of the tyrant. And since it was known the tyrant had used deadly chemicals on at least one occasion, against his own people, it was believed he had stores of what is acronymed now as WMD, which he was instructed to destroy as part of his penalty. He was also suspected of attempting to construct nuclear devices. Each of these, the WMD and nuclear potential, prompted further action by the UN in the form of inspections designed to uncover the same. Unfortunately, the bedroom was off limits. The sanctions were to be in effect until the inspectors were satisfied all WMD and Nuclear materiel (materiel breach) was destroyed. Well, like I said, the bedroom was off limits.

Frustrated by the tyrants maneuverings (perhaps from bedroom to bedroom), the inspectors left Iraq. Only to return with a new resolution after four years, and after other things had happened in the world to draw more attention to Central Asia. The new resolution was broadly extended to include the bedroom, and was supported by all the nations forming the Security Council.

There were those nations, the ones alluded to, that found the inspection process flawed and too slow, and subject to the chicanery (lack of compliance) of the tyrant. These nations, without the support of the Security Council acted, unilaterally, to enforce their interpretation (spin) of the latest resolution.

Hence, The Slaughter Of The Innocents. And a terrible day for the whole of humanity. Was this confrontation preventable? Absolutely, unequivocally. The right set of principles given the proper preeminence would have made it so. **Not one child must be sacrificed.** (That is, if only one innocent might be in harms way, one should not act, even if the tyrant uses this ploy [shield] to prevent disaster to himself. If the tyrant sacrifices the child, we do not make it better by compounding its death with the death of another child. No way, José!) A rather bizarre twist to collateral damage. **"Leave no child behind"**

WOD, Water Over (the) Dam. Collateral Damage! Ugly Business! Big Brother (The Lone Ranger and his sidekick, Tonto Blair) have become the Big Bashers.

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Having said all that, what can be and what will be done to rectify the ills of the UN? Have we hypothetically achieved the best that can be done? When an institution designed to function by democratic means fails to function in that manner, can it still be considered a viable prospect for what it seems to champion, World Peace? If that is all there is, then that is all there is. Is that how we answer the question?

Force of Arms by the outsider is more deeply resented than the apparent Peace it brings. Peace may inevitably remain an enforceable condition, but by whom?. Choose your peacemaker. Is it possible that a UN peacekeeping force comprised of Arab (Muslim) nations (in Iraq, for example) would be satisfactory to all interested parties? Most likely not. How to avoid suspicion and ill-will toward those who are stationed for the sole purpose of guaranteeing the safety of a disparate civilian population while it devises a workable government, and that assures for a stable environment for the continuation of the normal life processes?

Of course questions like these are asked repeatedly. Every nation deals with its social problems in its own way, and few can offer a complete solution to all the social problems. Basic human institutions seem to fail in areas where they are needed most. Its what is labeled the 'band-aid' approach, a lack of real commitment. It is a humane gesture to pay lip-service to humane precepts. The lip-service is too often construed as a commitment, when it is not.

Sadly, one must admit to some of this truth. Through the admission, mankind may proceed that one step further, the one that reinvigorates the principle over the expedient (self-interest). Any system of government that does not account the least is deemed a failure. Listen UP USA!!

In my awareness I am trying not to become an incoherent rant. I want to remain logical, motivated by humane principles. Identify it as an earnest endeavor to understand the meaning of human life, the purpose of human life, or any life, for that matter. It has nothing to do with politics, only with morality (not a dirty word, but a word nonetheless). I am also aware that, 'Actions Speak Louder Than Words'.

A PSA reading monthly, for a while.

A UN tablet once a day.

Who said we have to have a leader? A nincompoop for a leader?
A poop for a leader?

April 17, 2003 last day at 69. Tomorrow!!! ????

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Shall I call today in order to learn my latest PSA? Hey! That rhymes!

Or wait until after Easter? The doc said the readings are good for studying trends!! I'm not sure what that meant; except he did add a proviso regarding free PSA, perhaps thinking that provides a more meaningful number.

Later: the number was 2.3. So whadda we know, nuttin' hunney! Try again next month.

The vagaries of memory. Out of nowhere, as with Marie, doth appear Sonja. Marie was a state of mind who became the focus of the necessary opposite. We are in the habit of defining things through their opposites. My boyiness or my maleness somehow became more evident by the proximity of girliness and femaleness. She was not provocatively demonstrative of her sex, but rather by the manner of dress, and her other manifestations, it seemed obvious. While I fantasized about her, the reality of her was very distant, although perhaps at times close enough to detect her fragrance. The memory seems most dim in the olfactory category.

The same would be said of Sonja. There is no recall of odor associated with her. Again, perhaps not that close to detect anything pleasant or more importantly, unpleasant.

However her femaleness was only somewhat more provocatively demonstrative than Marie's. Proportionally, Marie seemed full-bosomed, whereas Sonja, being tall, and seemingly big boned, was proportionally unfull-bosomed. Because of the latter condition Sonja tended to wear tight-fitting sweaters, or jersey type blouses, something that might have embarrassed Marie. Sonja was not in any sense less feminine than Marie; just different. And unfortunately for me, someone who didn't find my mooning very attractive; perhaps only another notch in her belt (no, not that belt).

Marie never struck me as a woman, whereas Sonja had an air about her that reflected experience in matters foreign to me, which distanced her from girlishness, and made of her a young woman.

These distinctions hardly seem relevant. What might be relevant is that Sonja encouraged things in me. She was friendly, whereas if she had no interest, she might have not been friendly beyond the cordial or civil. I should be so flattered by friendliness. If I could have been indifferent, it would not have mattered what was her response to me. But I was smitten, perhaps a condition she recognized easily. Well, Now!

Some where I read that 'comparisons are odious'. And sometimes complete comparisons are lacking. I never did see Marie

in a bathing suit; that is as close to nude as I had seen Sonja. Even though smitten, I could not help but notice Sonja's bigness; not heaviness, but bigness of skeletal makeup without fat. Her legs seemed most stolid, and her hips wide. In some ways these did not compliment the beauty of her face, which to me was remarkable, although its details have always been general, perhaps of the Germanic in the Marlene sense. Whereas Marie is much more non-descript. And from what has been visible in those days I would judge Marie's legs almost doe-like, with average hips atop. Perhaps because Sonja was small busted for her size, when sitting along side me, or standing close to her, she still seemed oddly very feminine and almost dainty. Her countenance was very alluring, distracting and disarming. It might have been setting upon a female gorilla; well, not exactly, because I was aware of more than her visage. Lumps.

I had esteemed Marie a state of mind, mostly because we never entered into any kind of relationship, and what I might have noticed about her was more of a general thing called femaleness, and/or femininity, that emphasized my difference from her. Whereas Sonja was or became something attracting, engendering a longing, an out-of-mind experience; something irrational. Whereas the difference between us was our oppositeness in terms of biological definition, the mystery of that relationship with all of its tentativeness, left me bereft of sensibility. She led me to believe she had many suitors far and wide. And she was on the rebound from a failed relationship with an unattainable married cellist. The cellist bowed out, leaving Sonja with a sense of "What am I?", a broken string.

Of course, it is a feeble memory that searches for relevance and meaning. One sees countless faces and countless bodies, remembering few if any. As long as there is no exchange. There are always others reaching out toward a friendlier face, perhaps a warm touch, no strings. Christ, why not? Possession, trust? Just not right! Our yearning for perfection? A perfect death! Forever is forever, with or without perfection.

I don't hold Marie accountable. But somehow I do hold Sonja accountable. She knew how it felt to be left in the lurch, a pang. Rather than just end what was to be inevitably ended, she persisted with her flirtation, eyes following her every move. Even I served her vanity, a sucky mutt, seeking a scrap.

Now just a decrepitude; the helmet makers wife. The vanities smooth out the wrinkles and the witherings, while Virginia keeps her secrets. How revolting we become. And we forever attempt to recapture something that eluded us for all time. Pablo N. observed we love a little less each day.

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The differences between Marie and Sonja may have more to do with the small town and the big city. Circumspection is the name of the game for a proper girl in a proper community. Whereas in the big city only a small coterie of individuals might be aware of what you are, whereas millions could care less. Exposure to the many maximizes the exposures to seduction. When I last saw Marie, sometime as senior in High School she would have been 18. I met Sonja in the big city after I had been in the military, had had a few jobs, before and after, and had met a few of her sex, and was going to the school where I met her. She was also 18.

My granddaughter is 18. She lives in a redneck town. I have challenged her assertions with regard to GAWD. Another of the lobotomized ones?

ASIDE For later incorporation.

Are we missing something? Is there something that should be obvious that is not? I ask this question after noting the number of serious publications and organizations dealing with the 'environment'. Most of these publications and organizations are informing us of our disregard for our natural habitat. They are claiming we cannot convert every square inch into asphalt, nor can we exploit every square inch of planet by transforming it into a servile production machine for our greater accretion (standard of living, in the common vernacular. Or Our Way Of Life.)

There are those who would detract from these publications and organizations, attacking and accusing those proponents as seeking a privileged occupation of the planet.

We might acknowledge that life in general is a series of adaptations to what is here, to what is available. A bit self-consciously we might also acknowledge that we ought hypothetically do everything with an awareness of balance, that is, living in accordance with nature, however we assess that balance, and however we assess the nature of nature. The objective would be not to take away without putting something back, or not to take away if it in any way disturbs that hypothetical balance, balance of nature, as we might identify it. Or Equilibrium.

We might envision ourselves as husbandmen of the planet, that much at least, while recognizing our inability to effect much in the larger universe, where the forces so much exceed and excel our own. And even most of those forces that influence the daily round of our very own habitat are beyond our control. These at least we might acknowledge.

We might even stupidly and naively argue that mother nature does more to disrupt the planet than ever man could. Man might

become contentious with mother nature. He might employ his mighty nuclear arsenal to try to blow up the moon, so there would no longer be tides in the oceans. Well, why not? Did you ask, why such absurdity?

There are other absurdities being promoted that would reduce the planet to a 'standard of living', and all the rhetoric that goes into the promotion of a such a notion. Even before we arrive at that notion we might consider what is a 'standard of living' and should it apply to all uniformly; that is, before we decide to convert the planet to such a use. Glowballing the planet!

But we are not interested in rhetoric are we? Nor are we really interested in those who deem themselves wiser than nature, even better than nature. For example: The old growth forest is doomed to decay and death, eventually. So why not cut down the old growth, and utilize a forest product rather than waste it. Then we will replant with our super species in its place. Even an improvement on the old 'sustained yield' concept. Well, if this bit of intelligent persuasion does not work, we will argue another way, "Don't think of it as less later, but more now." Or, "In fifty years, no one will know the difference". Plausible arguments? To some, yes!

And more recently, the 'multiple use' concept. Utilization of forest products, recreation, and wilderness protection. Plausible?

Man is a cagey animal. He doesn't like to be pinned down. He wants to reserve the right to exploit, regardless of the consequences.

Well, now that we recognize man for what he is, how do we get rid of him? I mean how do we save the planet for those that remain? Those? You mean all those except man? If the foe shits, wear it! So our foes get to inherit the planet. What makes them better than us? Non compos mentis, with a complete disregard for the planet. Well, you know, there's disregard and then there's disregard. $E=mc^2$. **E Everybody** (fucking over the planet) = **m muthafuckas c conundrum squared**. Every body who fucks over the planet becomes a motherfucker (fucker of mother earth). Conundrum is another word for riddle (the search for true light). The planet is riddled. What's the difference between a riddle and riddle? Is the difference important? Is it possible there is an **indifference**? I mean could we save the planet, if we solved the riddle or riddled the planet (would the mass of the ass be equal to the blast of the gas)? We need to unriddle, that is we need to rid, as earlier suggested. Get rid of...! Get riddle of. Actually **Albert Einstein** had hoped to enlighten us concerning the expanding universe in order to explain **chaos** (rapidly disappearing enlightenment). He proposed whatever happens becomes relative. But further explanation eludes us when we consider that E

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Energy, that is, **Energy** is Equal to a **Mass of Motherfuckers** x **Chaos** x *itself*. When you use the power of ten to its second place, you have only approximated the amount of disorder that existed before it became Chaos, hence the relative distribution of explanations irrelevant to a purposeless existence, a heap of muthafuckas. Squaring is only an approximation. In reality, how many motherfuckas are required to chaotically disembowel mother? And is it a matter of energy? Even if one used all his relatives, or so-called begats?

You get the gist of things I am sure. Relative to the success of the formula is the amount of **indifference** to the outcome of its prediction that would accelerate its significance. In other words, the incorrect power of ten may have been improperly applied. **Indifference** squared would have a powerful effect on the outcome. Sooner than later. So those who claim “Think of it as **More Now** instead of **Less Later**”, may know something the rest of us do not. That is, they have a better understanding of relativity than the rest of us. I hope this adequately explains the (in)difference between disregard and disregard. What a non compos entity disregards compared to a compos entity disregarding. Being more of purist than a politician, Einstein’s formula does not account the compos disregard. The effects are incalculable. Total destruction reduces all formulations to **Zero**.

Albert Einstein was a mathematician dealing in abstracts. He sought absolutes in equations, but had to settle for relativity. If he had applied his skills to reality instead of relativity, he might have developed a more useful formula for mankind. He might have attempted to predict how long the planet could endure homo sapiens making something out of nothing. He could have begun with a foregone conclusion that **E Everybody** wants to make something out of nothing. He could have calculated a host of finite resources *fr* times a sliding scale of constants. Knowing that fornication would produce more (remember him – more, well maybe it’s a her) attempting to make something out of nothing he was obliged to enter the variable fornication constant, assuming an ever increasing number which would result in accelerating toward the hypothetical end point of **Zero**. He realized a balanced equation was an impossibility, unless all **Zero** results were to be construed as representing a balance (all used up, adds up to **Zero** unequivocally). If the end result is nonetheless true, how can one ignore its implications? Scientists have been known to consider a **Zero** result as meaningful as any other result. His rationalizations are none too different than the rationale of the exploiter who claims: “Don’t think of it as less later, but more now”. The x ploiter is not concerned with the **Zero** because he calculates it will not

occur during his lifetime; same goes for he who he who he who hooo hooo hooo claims that in fifty nobody will know the diff.

This may be a problem set for an econo-misty. But lets see what us rudimentary arithmeticians come up with.

$E^{rfc(n)}rc=0$ That is: **E Everybody x Finite Resources x Fornication Constant (Variable Number) x Rate of Consumption Constant = An Escalating Number (exponential rise toward) Zero (0)**. I guess it does not require the genius of a mathematician or an econo-misty to tell us where it's at. Something out of nothing, that is, everybody trying to make his fortune out of a finite resource (**mother**) will eventually result in **Zero (0)**. The three rrrs (Reduce, Reuse, Recycle) can't hold a candle to greed. Greed transcends conscience. The expedient triumphs over principle. Tomorrow! Tomorrow! Tomorrow! eventually does become Tomorrow.

Obviously we have discovered a truly balanced equation, or a perfect solution.

There can be no calculation made for endangered species, because they are eliminated by **Indifference**. Perhaps I had intended, by **Inference**.

So lets fuck mother earth. When the Minotaur got the legs of a bull, he also got other parts of the anatomy; the guy with the longest pecker wins in the market. (Anybody ever seen a bear's pecker)? He used to say it was diameter that mattered. Who said that? She did! But bear's are losers, regardless of length or diameter. She didn't say that. The long or the short of being fucked does not increase with the diameter. It's the thought that counts. But it is opined 'a stiff prick has no conscience'; fornication works toward the desired end point; human binks are constantly being titrated and precipitated into the environment (into solution) at an ever-increasing rate toward saturation, then super-saturation.

The writing is crude, as is the subject matter. All the publications and organizations that concern themselves with rape are ineloquent when it comes to describing the act. If they were more eloquent, they might become more persuasive in ending of the brutality of homo sapiens with regard to its mother.

Think again fella. The change in the pocket is nigh the center of eroticism. Jingle is close to tingle; just requiring a little refingling.

Durchanek, when you go on a tear, you just don't let up.

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Its like this; somewhere along the line I began using words like 'harmony', even as it applied to places that might not be considered paradise; like the earth, for example. 'Living in harmony with environment'. Now what in bejeeeezzuuus gawt damned could I possibly mean by that? It sounds like one of those Democrat Bills put before Congress in order to protect the Wilderness. Only James Light Bulb (volts x amperes) construes another meaning than the one intended. Harmony acquires new meaning to the After Rapture fundamentalist. The Em-fass-sis is upon the up beat instead of the down beat. The word itself had become polluted. There's this harmony and there's disharmony. To the utilizer, perfect harmony is achieved when his objective is gained. So living in harmony with the environment to a person who doesn't give a shit about the environment only contrasts dis kind of harmony with dat kind of harmony. Disharmony Datharmony; a little bit of dis and a little bit of dat. What we identify as the first Law Of Solution or the Law of First Solution (Solution of the First Law, anybody?). What is the First Law? There's only gummy law, or lip law; law without teeth. Anybody who who who whoooo fucks over the environment gets pitched into the bottomless canyonder. Environment contains a broad meaning, not a narrow meaning.

That goes to say anybuddy who who who whoooo attempts to convert the planet into the generation of wealth gets pitched, no mitigating circumstances. 'Providing Jobs!' That's bullshit.

They had yakked at us about the separation of powers, then they yakked at us about separation of church and the state as though these notions actually were in force, when in fact all forces of wealth were conspiring to reunite them. Its so the new religion of Capitalism could persuade government to do its bidding. Capitalism and democracy are not synonymous, in fact they are not even remotely connected; so be careful how you think and speak. Sancho would claim that 'Money is the root of all evil'. We have heard the yak about subversive government, about subversives and about subversion, without ever once applying it to ourselves. The whole idea of campaign contributions, paid (and otherwise) lobbyists intimately walking the halls of government, of political payoffs, influence peddling, is not only a manifest attempt at subversion, it is an offense to the dutiful voter in a 'democratic' form of government. When proclaiming aloud about ourselves and our great mission in life, like crusaders, do gooders, missionaries, we claim we are spreading the word of the demos. But in fact Capitalism cannot function alongside Democracy. Capitalism requires enslavement, enslavement of the masses to the manufacturing of wealth, and consumption of its goods (or bads, as the case may prove). It is clear that Capitalism and democracy

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are not compatible. Capitalism cannot exist without exploitable resources, both human and planetary. Raw labor and raw materials. Tell me where this fits into a democratic concept. Voting to see who who who whoooo gets to fuck you?

Oh sure we all go along with it because we get a pittance; we're no better'n they are; we get bought off with baubles. Shoddy goods and P.O. is what we settle for (remember prep. Asshole). We don't have the substance required for something better, nor the guts to fight for it. We are acquiescent out of fear, fear of loss of our bauble, and fear of being shot for insurrection. Fucking useless is what we are, and mother earth suffers because most everybuddy is too chicken to fight for her. There is no shame for a ravished mother. It's a pile on, a gang bang! He who who who whoooo is not guilty cast away.

PSA 2.1 What's the trend?

Received some PAACT literature regarding the old male problem of Prostate cancer and other old geezur problems; ED for example. Everybody knows what ED is. No, not Mr. ED. MD stands for Medical Doctor. ED stand for Erectile Doctor. Well, not quite; but how about Erectile Dysfunction. Another old man concern that is causing a war amongst drug companies. Tests are always underway when there is a bundle to be made. The placebo used in most tests measures >36 <24 ~36 x 170cm, age 25, movie star quality physiognomy. Where that fails, Invigora is substituted. The guy has to have something seriously wrong with his circulation, or with his proclivities, for either of these not to solve his problem.

Retirement is another alternative. However, my brother idolizes Anthony Quinn who sired number thirteen at age 80 with a little past prime placebo at 35, presumably before Invigora became available. He was probably able to afford Rhino horn, or a rare gin song. OR the placebo had had had its effect. Whew! I remember when I was younger, probably much younger, that anyone who did it, maybe like my parents when I was old enough to know what they were doing, with all that writhing, was a rather disgusting thing for older people to do. They were always lecturing us about controlling ourselves. Imagine a withered 80 year old enjoying a passed time designed for anabolic creatures.

Whatcha following looking at here is a composite of Chandra and Hubbell that portrays the Universe as we are apt to describe it, only 1.7 billion years after its birth. How does that grab ya? Just think of it in terms of Light Years, then it will all become perfectly clear.

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NASA, ESA, The GOODS Team & M. Giavalisco (STScI)

They had told us the sun was 93,000,000 miles from the Mother, and that the moon was 240,000 miles from the Mother. Then they asked us in math class how far is the moon from the sun. A trick question. It ain't what it seems. They should have asked

when is the moon closet to the sun, and when is the moon farthest from the sun. and even the latter would become a trick question, because you had to figure in the diameter of the Mother, who is pretty robust; and the ellipse of the orbit. But compared to those millions of miles she would barely fit into an A-cup, barely a nipple; flatchested. But she is mother all the same, all 8,000 miles of her. At one time she was voted fattest broad with the smallest nipple (MT. Everest) in the World. But just imagine a human being bursting a Z⁺ cup with Mt. Everest. Some perspective. Miles and Light years away from

Heaven.

Never make it. Another placebo.



NASA / AURA / STScI

The ASStronomers, speaking of placebos, want you to get excited in this year when Rowling was Growling at the Daily News for leaking on Harry Potter, soiling the effect of a timed release; only for a hunert million. And the US of A is in deep shit over there in Iwreck with a hunert and fifty thousand against twenty million (plus friends). Having a hard time (speaking of placebos) keeping up with V for Victory.

So what if an 80 year old gets it up once in a while; who gives an Ω ? Now, if the Universe got on Invigora, imagine what would happen, a reerection after thirteen point seven bullion years; well, not to discriminate, some good folk would label that a resurrection. Talk about Multiply and Subdue; a veritable sea of humanity; well, when you have that many, like today, with all those billions, you don't have humanity; you have a lost cause.

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My brother had number 5 at 65. His third placebo had number one at forty two. Way to go, and a ways to go to catch up with Tony (Zober). (Zobriety). How many placebos later? Finnegan's Awake!

Silly Stuff Really.

They asked me if I had read any of Harry Potter.

Not A Word.

Yes! I had read some in the Babble.

But there you have it. I am ign'rent. The rest of the human community is inf'rmed. I'm out of step. My wife had her time with the Babble, but has moved on to Harry Potter. She keeps up. She did with The Hobbit, Narnia, Dorothy Dunnett, and now Mr. Potter. She can hold an intelligent conversation with her fellow hymens regarding these transient affairs, whereas I sit dumb as a post. She has told me in the past of her feelings of inadequacy, like never knowing what to say, feeling like I do now about the post. But now she is the life of the party, and she hasn't missed a beat.

My daughter has the Babble for Breakfast, Lunch, and Supper. My grandchildren have the Babble for Breakfast, Lunch, and Supper, with Ding Dongs for dessert. I'm missing something, they tell me. My own private post. I'm still that insentient sentinel seeking a post; one that doesn't wiggle.

I was once the Prophet of Doom. They banished me to the edge of the precipice; the alternatives were multiple choice: A: the dungeon; B: the pillory, complete with rotten eggs; C: hemlock; D: banishment. There was no E: None of the above.

A word to the wise: See what happens when you steep your brew in transience. That's not tea; its state of mind. Reality is a grim business.

Wanna know about reality? I have my opinions, just like Siggy, and Snotrag. My opinions do not enhance my social position, and they do not fill my coffers. If you can accept those credentials, then we can get started on this reality business.

Whenever I speak out loud (speak a-loud [allowed]) concerning reality in the presence of Charline, her reaction becomes multiple choice; Yes! That again; A: she will get up to go to a place where she can urinate; B: she will ask me to be quiet so she can concentrate on a difficult part in her pattern; C: she will tolerantly grind her teeth; D: she will begin to yawn, then fall out of her chair. There is an E: All of the above.

Often abandoned to soliloquizing, the price of wisdom comes dear. But I am not deterred in my mullings; like a persistent thorn aggravating, aggravating, aggravating.

Hence reality.

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Ever wonder why we are here? I mean, aside from what you were told about why you were here. Are you convinced it was no accident? That you were the one chosen, that the act, the coupling that got you out of one canal into the other was an act of will, and that you were the destined one, while all the others were doomed to perish. Yes, of course, it would have been better if you were indeed the result of a virgin birth, where one might hypothesize one seed will do the deed, since it was you who was to be chosen; you little tadpole, you. Even if it was all accomplished in a test tube, they gotta get the tadpoles from somewhere. And the eggs of course. Still?

Now that you are here whether by natural or unnatural processes, what was all the fuss? Were you really put here to seek to solve the riddle of life? Some will argue there is no riddle, that it is all preordained, predestined and predigested. Just regurgitate.

Yeah! Ugh!

Is it better to do as one is told, or better to determine for oneself what is the way? In this, I believe there is no choice. If your inclination is to do the one or the other, or to become a mugwump, will not alter the disposition of the spheres. Things will happen whether or not you are here. Personally, I think being on onlooker, or spectator, or non-participant, has advantages over feeling you must be one or the other. Straddling the great polarities is apt to give one a groin ache. So sit back, and observe.

While reality may not become self-evident in all its dimensions, observing will get you close to the threshold. Observe! Observe what?

Shit man, Observe reality!

‘Observe’ is merely a mark in the sand that suggests sensory matters; input, as we are apt to say these days. That lead to choices, comfort zones, pleasures, attainable things. One might also observe what is engendered by this ‘sensory’ input: Insight, not as opposed to ‘out sight’, but as an occurrence, not unlike revelation. Something is revealed, not through divine intercession, but through a mechanism evolved to assist in the process of being here and adapting, sliding out of the cradle into the niche.

At one time Reality became a depiction of stick figures accompanied by animals. Nowadays reality is millions of light years away, the stick figures and the animals totally without relevance, replaced by ‘visualized’ or ‘pixilated’ space; the latter day cave, or black hole. Heaven receding, and only 13.7 billion years old. Heaven is an over-trodden place.

Lets get back to the stick figures. A semblance of self-consciousness, a particular awareness that might cause us to wonder about other creature’s sentience. We know they can feel

pain; and are they happy when they wag their tail? Wagging may only be a submissive gesture; a source of sustenance; a link to sentience.

So our awareness stimulated, perhaps compelled, us to decorate the landscape with the knowledge of our mortality. Perplexed by knowledge we assigned spirituality to matter, that is, though the carcass passes and rots, we chose to believe it did not end there, hence the extraterrestrial flights. One might say the probings of space are a search for the confirmation of beliefs. One needs the escapable truth, to believe that it does not end here on this globe, beyond which exists a **COLD** Universe. An earthly hell for an eternity might be preferable to what we have found in the outer regions. We seek to absolve ourselves of our responsibilities to this one planet, to this one life, we seek that escapable truth.

I realize I have transcended our discussion of reality into very speculative matters. That's not all bad. Perhaps one does need to approach a subject from many directions. If one cannot understand the subject first hand, and cannot describe it in its utter truth, its utter reality, then he must evoke it through other means.

Suppose I chose to approach the cave hieroglyphics with the idea that the animals were responsible for the depictions. After all, man is a scant stick in comparison to the magical full bodied wonder of the animals. Perhaps it was man after all, just inedible, hence bodiless, and sort of unworthy subject matter, erectness and erections not withstanding.

No, these thrusts at your credulity do not enhance your understanding. But why not ask the absurd question, only through the process of elimination to create a waste of denials? Perhaps the net result is nothing but a heap of denials without a single affirmation. Then that must tell us that we cannot know; it is not ours to know.

Do I deny you your opinion in this matter? I query broadly, even the experts. Yes! I dare to question the experts, the ones with all those acronyms after their surnames. I do this because they have not enhanced my understanding. I am as ignorant of the truth as I was upon my baptismal day of matriculation. Either they are as ignorant as I, or its that I just don't get it, or they have mishandled what they have learned. Can one follow an either by two ors? Perhaps they have really learned nothing, hence this vacancy. It is as though we have arrived on the threshold on the first day of creation; full of wonder, but lacking (dumb as a post).

When you cannot understand something, you move on; you flame the wick with which you were born. You become a foraging accretion, something that desires, even yearns, something that

moves, grasping, sometimes fearfully, sometimes fearlessly, or so it would appear; seeking to satisfy some inner compulsion, uncertain when that satisfaction will arrive, or if it is even attainable. Perhaps only raping and pillaging will bring satisfaction; thus we become reassured it is within our power.

Just suppose I said Harry Potter makes you feel comfortable because it puts you in a state of disconnect. Yes! You can fantasize in an unreality that you create from the pages full of words. You can jump in your spacey craft to take flight beyond this shitty planet, into a hallucinogenic planet, a virtual planet controlled by phenomenal humans, humans that only appear to behave as humans upon a planet that only appears to resemble the one to which we have been condemned; our own private Hell, from which we yearn to escape.

He was found in his private black hole, the lair, the cave, licking his wounds. With his profound understanding of reality he could do nothing. Awkwardly he moved about burdened by the weight of his head so full of notions. There were others who ridiculed him. He thrashed at them. They mocked his futile gestures.

Yes! Another condemned. Imagine 13.7 Billion years, and since the arrival of homo sap, nothing has been safe from his predations. And here a mere speck in a mere transience upon an immense continuum the condemned awaits his final moments.

Is he horrified by what he imagines? Is he humbled by his apparent absolute insignificance? No. He is like a rat in a cage amused by a wheel installed for his distraction. Around and around until he drops from exhaustion or boredom. Oh! Yes he fantasizes endlessly; what else to do as the wheel rolls along as one remains stationary? If only he could burn rubber. Instead he does what a rat cannot do, he writes. The rat must fantasize in order to propel the wheel. It can't just be the need for exercise; but it could be lunacy that drives him. Some will conjecture, its just animal compulsion, animal propulsion, fortuitous animal energy. But he must be imagining a goal, he must be fantasizing that she will appear after the next turn. Can he imagine beyond the smell of fermones and estrus? The condemned can. Man is condemned in a way that the rat is not. Man is aware of his predicament, so he tells himself. Each creature would enjoy the companionship of another. Is the rat able to imagine a scintillating shape of a body, a color of hair, a beautiful face, an alluring, seductive motion, an all-consuming desire to to to to too-too many times over? Replace the wheel with HER! Burn with passion. To be or not to be. To burn rubber or to burn with passion! Both consummation and exhaustion.

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Yes the one writes; he also fantasizes. Perhaps a more elaborate fancying than the 'lesser' creature. Lordly, he does not pity the rat. He asks, "What if this evolutionary thing had ended with the rat?" "Imagine all that would have been spared! Imagine!" And, "Has it ended with he that asks the question"? YES!

But before we accept the premise, lets set the place ablaze; to be remembered. Let those creatures who follow, rummaging through the wreckage, find that we were stupid, but aware, bent on self-destruction. The brass ring is what mattered; the conquest, being the first to cross the finish line. Used up by the filthy animal, stripped of his humanity, and the only holy place desecrated; and he thinks he deserves a heaven; Geeeeezzzzzuuuuuzzzz Fucking Christuh!. The final chapter has already been written; drowning, hoping to survive by clinging to his disintegrating flotsam. He imagines heavenly music, but he is relentlessly cold and wet without remorse, and the Universe a dark place. When you know what's going to happen to you, whadda ya do?

The old dusthole bitch assumes she had a monopoly on all intellectual property; her position in the metropolis of affected tastes led her to believe she could pontificate upon matters of morality. She latched onto the notion of errorlessness (derived from a man in a cage). Mankind might seem driven, and will not fail, because failure does not apply to man. Perhaps error and failure bear different connotations. Man is exempt from conscionable thought and action because he is destined. All that enables the fulfillment of that destiny is forgiven through forfeit. Whether mistakes are part of the pursuit is all relative to the maze. If there can be no error, obviously there can be no choice. If there is choice, failure becomes a possibility. But the truly destined forge ahead. Errorlessness implies unconscionableness. To claim there is no error means there is no assignation of responsibility. Even the Golden Rule is trashed, because one becomes the sacrificial agent of his own destiny, all others are mere myrmidons.

A person has to be careful how he presents his arguments (so they don't come back to bite you [in the posterior]). Not to assign responsibility to one's actions is flirting with the possible irreversible loss of a pad to sit upon. I can envision it now; a careless walk in the park, Snotrag dragged to the turf, groped, and groped, seeking to find something that was not there; just another dame, another case of mistaken identity, but dutifully molested all the same to fulfill the vagaries of errorlessness.

Perhaps you imagine the author is a bitter old geezur speaking of himself, because it cannot be you. You are the perfection of the

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Universe, you are ordained as its highest hope. What a pile! Huge Pile!

He swore the Hippocratic Oath and they gave him his MD. They told him it was up to him to figure out how to acquire the Mercedes. And the AMA lobbied Sing Sing to get the MD inscribed on the license plate. They are human like the rest of us. We have heard all do not finish at the top of their class.

And I am human like the rest of us? So I indulge myself in this rancorousness. I am friendless. I am not a very likable person. And it has little to do with the rancorousness. Being like the rest of you I can be quite pleasant. Being pleasant is not an act. My pleasantness is often betrayed. I become used up by you so that I seem dry in my state of meness. I become boring, hence the onset of betrayal. It is human to betray. I don't mean that you squeal on me. You simply dispense with the friendliness once you find me boring. My faithful companion chides me not to apologize. So, I'll not.

Would I prefer to be patronized by you? Of course not. I want the genuine article, realizing, of course, my own genuineness is open for questioning. I am not a hypocrite. Perhaps the yearning for the genuine proves too great a burden for you. You do not wish to respond because there really isn't anything in it for you; not enough anyway.

Yes! I am dull in comparison to you, who are forever seeking distractions and thrills. You want to live live live; or perhaps escape, escape, escape; Geeezzz, maybe even love, love, love. I realize I am a poor substitute for the real thing, a real escape. You would not visit me to exchange ideas, or sentiments, to share feelings. You have none to share, because you are always in the act of escaping them. You cannot sit still. Go Go Go, before time runs out.

I really can't say I know anybody. I have put myself in an awkward position. I am suspicious, I do not trust. So, of course it becomes difficult to make any connection. I remember one of those old homilies "You have to eat a peck of salt with a man before you can really know him". I would be lucky to survive one teaspoon of salt; so I guess I will never know anyone. It's not that I wouldn't want to, its just that you don't have the time; or imagine you don't have the time. You are probably like me, more comfortable sucking on a straw in a corner, rancorously stewing the human race in its own ordure. That is so much more easily accomplished than sharing anything, even a grain of salt.

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That's O.K. Although it pains me, I'll let it pass. I'll profess not to need any of you precious ones. After all, I have my faithful companion, not a dog, somebody who has stuck around for one reason or another for so many years; and me on a salt free diet; she's the one who uses Kikoman. You must think she is off her rocker. Remember Mr. and Mrs. Pugh in Under Milkwood. Well, it isn't like that. Or Mr. Neruda's observation that couples love each other a little less each day. Pablo, love and passion may be the same, but one burns while the other smoulders (Did you love Mathilda a little less each day?). Perhaps if we had a new ravishing companion each night, a certain kind of passion might flare up like a phosphor. A thousand nights with a thousand conflagrations would be the test of any machine. Already there are too many machines abandoning their creations; they have multiplied to the most redundantly pointless degree (as I am fond of saying). Anyway, I have a faithful companion, one who would not betray me, whether out of love or fear. Fear (of appearing to have disregarded one social convention; or to implicitly invite disaster upon oneself) is a passion to counterbalance Love. If Mr. Neruda's observation holds true, less loving means more yieldings to temptation, more yieldings means more chances of more betrayals. Betrayals are fraught with guilt, and fear of being discovered. Then life unpoetically goes to ratshit. The lessening that led to the temptation which was supposed to lead to renewed passion and boundless joy ended in a shambles of conflicting purposes (fondly regarded as emotions or feelings); and purposeless for all that (except as a Media event involving celebrities [black guys who can't keep their fly zipped {and get charged with white rape}]). Anyway, there are already too many; and here we are saddled with the compulsions to make more. Self love knows no bounds. Call it passion if you like. What?! Self-passion? White guys do what black guys do, but for some reason one is less of a media event than the other.

I like white girls too; my problem has to do with my lowly status. Temptation doesn't get me anywhere. Be reassured that no matter what, I am purposeless. A good place to start. And I am 70 years down the road. How much more useless can you get. You can be 80.

His zipper got stuck. The thing accidentally flipped out. When she saw his member, her eyes widely did beam; the consensual unfolding had begun. Something must have gone wrong, because after the con sensual stuff, she hollered pro sensual; she was roping him in. A rags to riches scheme.

How did that get in here? Goes to show ya. It's the media again; just yesterday it was the power outage in the east; today its

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another bombing; tomorrow a celebrity death, a murder, and so on, and so forth, as one is apt to comment.

2.4, 2.3, 2.1, 2.2, 2.2. 2.3 (One reading per month) Go figure. The current Urologist/Oncologist sticks with his prostatitis diagnosis. The treating Urologist/Oncologist hypothesizes that the gland has shown some recovery. While I do wish to doubt the first, the second seems plausible. Is it possible to have such really consistent readings with prostatitis? And no symptoms. I cannot recall all the previous readings but the previous year saw a rise from values around 1.1 to 1.6 which led to a course of Cipro for prostatitis. After the course the value remained at 1.6. However the next series of readings were in the 1.2 range until a higher reading at the end of the year of 1.7. Followed by the 2.4 reading in March of this year (2003). The radiation treatment occurred in June 1995.

I believe it fair to say that brachytherapy is still in its infancy. There is much data being generated regarding the process, but very little correlation that is provable. The urologist/oncologists war amongst themselves with their statistics, while each individual is bound to respond differently to any mode of treatment; also each malignancy takes its own form, assumes its own mode of aggression, and when discovered has progressed uniquely to its own stage of accretion. We can only generalize in these matters.

It would seem to this patient that accepting higher readings is the order of things in the absence of any clear accretion of any new tumors. It would seem that if one rules out gland recovery he also rules out benign hypertrophy. In order to have prostatitis, does one not require a prostate? The recovery theory gains some credibility in my mind since the subsidation of pain during ejaculation. Again that pain may stem from injury to nerves caused by radiation. The pain was present for several years, but has disappeared. Coincident with that is an increase in seminal fluid which had all but disappeared. It might argue for the recovery of the seminal glands, assuming they were only severely impaired by the radiation. If any part of the whole can recover, can also any residual tumor tissue recover? The crux of the whole question. If the present urologist/oncologist sticks to his diagnosis he must argue that the tumor cannot recover. In order to treat his patients with brachytherapy he must believe this last. If the gland can recover, it would be prudent to believe that any tumor can recover, or that a new tumor could appear within the same medium.

I realize I am thinking like a patient; a urologist/oncologist has to be invaded by prostate cancer before he can begin to think like a patient dealing with such a condition.

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Meanwhile, even at seventy, the 'sex' seems better, no matter how abhorrent this activity appears to the younger generation. Its like the docs with their theories, not until they become a patient does the whole acquire new meaning, as with the young, when invaded by age. Desire and sensuality, as with disease, are not proprietary to any age.

Another excuse to write?

Sept 2003 2.3

Looking around in 2004.

Sched. for another PSA in a few weeks. 2.5 in Dec. USA.

But before that sched. for a hernia surgery on 2/10. Getting myself fixed up before returning to paradise, which I am beginning to miss very much. Very tempting to forego the surgery until some later time. In my mind a better chance at living a few more weeks. Like I have said before, dying in this burg is not my idea of a fit ending. And dying while Bush is still in office seems a fate worse than death itself.

I don't know why I worry, but I do. Discontinuing anticoagulation is a worry. Anesthesia is a worry, whether a spinal or a general. Infection is a worry. After all, how many chances does one get?

Never use the word "Routine". Routine hernia surgery.

One wants more time, always more time.

I want to rot in paradise.

This place here is beginning to deteriorate rapidly because I am neglecting it almost entirely. There is little that I am willing to do to keep it up. Charline will have to hire somebody to do some things in order to salvage the little that is here.

Its all a burden necessitated by the fact that we cannot emigrate to paradise. We have to have a place to park ourselves. Charline's continuance at the U. puts us here.

This place would never qualify for a mortgage, will have to be sold privately, or in a land sales contract. Strictly an 'as is' proposition. If Charline's after-retirement employment ends here, we should sell and relocate beyond the reach of any city, maybe somewhere in the boonies near the border. Maybe talk Paul and Verna into buying some acreage on shares for their horses; maybe we could locate a caretaker's villa there to look after the horses. HAH! Nah! Gonna do it, do it by yourself.

If I live through this next episode, most likely this will be the last year for boating, if the boat lives through the winter. I feel almost the same way about the boat as I do about this place; a burden!

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Am I giving up? It would seem I am giving up something. I just want a place where I can moderately enjoy a walk, and where I can do a limited number of things with my hands and what remains of my brain; located in some place that grants me easy access to paradise. Selfish? Most likely. Other people have to care enough about me for the furtherance or continuation of any relationships. I know instinctively what awaits me when it is all over; so I need to prepare myself for looking in while I am still here. I need to know about after death, not after life. If I can imagine my disappearance, then I can know something; yes, imaginary.

The latest siege: following the 2.4, 2.3, 2.1, 2.2, 2.2. 2.3; the last of these in Canada October '03;

In Eugene: 2.5; 2.8; followed by:

In Canada: 2.7, 2.5, 2.7; nine years after the radiation.