

The Defeat of the American Indian made it all possible.

Finally, in his private space, on his own time, apart from anything, the author has been taught or may have learned elsewhere, he gets to mourn the American Indian. Along with mourning the American Indian, he mourns his time away from the sea.

What the author thinks about the American Indian is this; He is a beneficiary of all the **Ω**ucking killing of American Indians.

Indirectly.

The author can't give it back.

So what does one do?

We have been in the process of honoring the American Indian (and his companions, the buffalo) by removing them from our wampum. As well, we are removing the Redman from our college campus logos, and as mascots, especially wherein their incorporation denotes savagery (e.g. Stanford Indians *Stanfordavarius Americanus*. They switched to poetickle crecktness, to some kinda non-communistic redbird that allowed them to retain their colors, but mitigate their savagery). We do retain the right to retain the image of savagery in the more commercial realm (e.g., Washington Redskins; also taking note of the place where the great white father resides), and as general emblematic attractants for Cigar Stores and Curio Shops and Gambling Joints. Why the one and not the other? The author thought he'd ask a question to which he already knew the answer.

There isn't much difference between the American Indian and the Vietnamese; one is a 'savage' and the other a 'gook'. If the American Indian had had the equivalent weaponry of the Vietnamese (to "are boys") Histry woulda bin differnt, an the author woultna been here 'tall. So the Defeat of the American Indian made it all possible. The French and Ind. Wahr, the Wahr of 1812, The Civil Wahr, The Rough Rider Wahr, Manila War, Cuber War, The WW I, WW II, (we await WWahr III), Korea, Vietnam, Coowait, Grenada, Nicaragua, Lebanon, Kosovo, Libya, Eethipoia, EYERACK, and Sundry, plus the Cold Wahr (this is dated material). There's a few we missed 'cause we're a bit chicken when it comes to inviting uncontrollable disaster, like in Kosovo, Ukraine, or Syria.

Tell the American Indian he can do anything he wants to get it back (in the spirit of that great document incorporating 'inalienable rights'). He can even destroy it to save it; any which way he can, like we are. We are. We are what? We are, thats what we are. We just simply, are, RRR. Maybe we wouldn't need to fiaht enymore wahrs, 'cause we wouldn't be here.

There are very few things that make life worthwhile; one is fretting over the American Indian; two is remembering all those good times one had on the water; three is looking forward to more good times on the water; four is fretting over the American Indian when one is on the water.

The American Indian is an object lesson for injustice, cruelty, racism, brutality; well, damn it!, there are not enough expletives to accurately declare what it is the American Indian represents. Near Genocide is not a new phenomenon associated with the hominid presence; neither is using manure to fertilize ones garden.

There it was, before ones eyes, and all around one. That was **GA(w)D**. Some might argue the notion as pantheistic. When one alters his focus, that it might concentrate upon a singular entity, located somewhere else, (these surroundings being the merest of his works), then we have placed ourselves in a position of not being part of what surrounds us. The American Indian perceived his total surroundings as the manifestation of the Great Spirit. Besides ascribing pantheism, 'paganism' is applied also in order to demean, implying: Heathen, a worshipper of **FALSE** Gawds; even a barbarian. What is a FALSE GAWD? Is that a GAWD (who) proves FALSE? Is that a GARD that is not a GAWD? En GUARD!! Playtex makes Millions on Falsies. Nothin like an indianigeous (an ignoble savage) wearin jasus around his neck. Conquered and pacified.

AH WOO WOO! AH WOO WOO!! Diddy Woo!

"The only good Indian is a DEAD Indian". I've heard it said.

Why all this preoccupation with Indians?

Its another way to be preoccupied with oneself.

The author identifies with the UNDERS.

He identifies with people who choose not to smile. All the extant photographs of American Indians reflect a singular disdain for the smile.

CHEEZE!

AH WOO WOO! AH WOO WOO!

In that Humanitarian Cuntree known as CANADA (BC) (actually Anno Domini) (all the more ironic if you are into hieroglyphics), is where the author heard: "The only good Indian is a DEAD Indian". In that non-vegetarian Cuntree he has heard also: "The only good tree is a dead tree". Dyed-in-the-wool B.C.-Ites, perceive Indians as their southern neighbors do Niggers. The Redmen (First Nation Peoples, for poelitickle cretckness) want it back, no matter how awfully and awesomely the paleface has abused it. With the black man it aint so cut and dried. There is no place for an Afro-

American in Amero-Africa, even if the black wanted it back. The author finds it easier to identify with the American Indian than the Afro-Americans; why is that? He finds it difficult to identify with those B.C.-ites that say those awful things; as much as he finds mostly affinities with Canadians. First Nation people are not Canadians; they came before the Canadians.

Obviously the new occupants of that great land have come to SAVAGE the landscape: "To earn their Daily Bread". Ours is worse. Livin' sometimes is rough on everybody. Worse 'cause we brag. That is, we subdue.

Yes!, identifying with the UNDERS.

Little doubt exists there are UNDERS. Its not a matter of Minorities. The Upper Class, in whom most of the POWER is VESTED consist of a minority. They have all the GUNS! The POELEEECE are the hirelings of the VESTED INTERESTS, paid out of the largesse of the UNDERS through ENFORCED taxation. The IRS came into being during the Civil War, becoming, with time, a deadly force. Try to get out of paying for POLICE protection of the PROPERTY and well-being of the UPPER Minority.

OH!, you are going to argue that everybody benefits from POELEEECE protection; that without IT, there would be AN archy.

You got a point there. But a more level playing field.

But eventually you will get AN archy, with or without the POELEEECE.

Holding an Animal at bay is the same as "A little bit of repression is better than a lot of repression" (KickPatrick), as in Central America; Alias Kickpacktrick. Another way of sayin' it "A little kick in the ass is better than a **Big** kick in the ass.

A repressed UNDER is a danger to All CLASSES, even in a democratrickle society.

"COMMON KNOWLEDGE", you will say. As OLDE as the recorded history of Man, his very own Primrose Parth.

There are those who will even venture, "History repeats itself". You mean there is Hope then. There is always Hope. The author repeat himself.

To live without a leader. In a state of LAW LESS NESS. Without a leader and without LAW. Without a leader, and without LAW, we are supposed unto TERRORism, Chaos (back to the beginning - WHOOPIE! [his chance to become a Pirate]).

An AN archist is one who goes about preaching Leaderlessness.

Henry David Thoreau advocated less government. "That government is best which governs not at all". Governments have a tendency to perpetuate themselves, to initiate taxation in order to build armies and militias in order to protect the VESTED INTERESTS (It doesn't matter whether there is an appearance of

a 'free' society or whether Exists a totalitarian regime). Its not to protect the interests of the UNDERS, **NEVER**.

Return to the UNDERS!

INDIANS. and others.

The author has identified therewith, not idly. "INDIAN LOVER!!!
nyah nyah nih nyah yah!!!

COMMUNIST!!! REDMAN!!!

The author already informed you of the characteristically unsmiling face. He can assure you he smiles a helluva lot more than they did (although, often cynically). If some two-legged, three-legged, four-legged, five-legged, six-legged, eight'-legged, centipedded creature came along to rob me of my way of life - "cant tell what I'd do". SMILE? Very unlikely (probably get shot for his thoughts).

Ever since he was 'old enough to know better' he has been aware of something that has contained within it the presumption to not fit, or to not belong. A niggly sort of feeling at first, but then something that seemed fixed in stone. "The unfit are not in fashion." What Ronnie called "social retards".

There was no such thing as innocence. One could not be just a free spirit. The spirit was meant to be anchored in some Deeity or other. Ones spirit was meant to salute and mirror some group thing. But even if one Deeited and saluted, there were other conditions to be met which were never explicitly stated; only implicitly suggested through scorn or rejection; or a cattle prod.

He might attend church, and dutifully salute. but Mary or Dorothy would go away from his as though he was some kind of disease.

If only he had known that it was because of the Class conscious world of man; if he had only known that man had always been that way, that because someone 'owned' (controlled) something, some tangible part of the Universe, that that person could attach significances to such phenomena invoking a SUPERIORITY. More fit to survive. Darwinian. We, the lesser, the UNDERS, should consider ourselves fortunate. We were being allowed to survive. Being UNDER, lesser, essentially rejected, was a small price to pay for the privilege of SURVIVING. In the classroom they idealized this hunky dory relationship, careful to avoid any mention of CLASS as a means of ostracism - sucked in?. In the classroom, TRUTH!, is what we should have been told. That MAN (men and women) are a self-serving lot that you gotta watch out for. Don't trust anyone!

WATCHERS. The uppers required an audience. After a while, performing for one another bored the uppers into drunken stupors. The UNDERS were required to feed the haughtiness natural to man. Man (and woman) are haughty by nature. It is difficult to be haughty to a stone, or to a horse, for that matter. One can be

haughty only to another person. One may be haughty to an Indian; but sometimes the Indian misses the point, believing you are flirting with him. In my case, as another kind of UNDER, the author learned the meaning of Haughty. Why it made him feel like shit, he will never know.

Mary and Dorothy. You know what happened to them. They got swallowed. Sagging mammaries, wrinkles, bloating. Cheerleaders got et whole by life: Rah! Rah! Rah!, Sis Boom Bah!:

Who are we Fah? Cant Go Back. Cant Go Back. Mary, Dorothy, Me; and the American Indian.

Somebody's got to give a shit.

Father said they were a couple of small towners. Little twats. the author had put them on pedestals. Just great.

Imagine a sociopath putting a couple of small town twats upon a pedestal.

Father tended to be a sockdogoler. 'Twats before the night of Christmas; 'Twas; 'Twas, when naught in creation stirreth, not even, not even.

He got his pants dirty when he came down his chimney, Saint Snow White Nicolas (*Sint Klaus*) and the Eight Caribou. What a **WAGONLODE** (truckfull)!!! Winkin, Blinkin and Nod; Donner, Blixen, and Rudolph. Bambi and Bamboozle. A truckload! What a pile of Soot!

Twats Twats upon a pedestal tall and fine
Oh! Mary and Dotty, which roses doth entwine
Thereupon discover airily, OH! ALAS
So enthralling a two tooed a lass.

From the lower regions of the smaller sphere
Where father oft dwelled, wiser of there than here
"Stand 'em all on their head; what do you see,
But, naught naught, ought ought, forever your preoccupation
be."

Perhaps, you will understand why the author became interested in the American Indian.

The American Indian was a safe subjective. He could feel things about dead people. His impotence appeared less obvious to him. Much ado about nothing, since the Noble Savage was already upon the bier. But Mary and Dotty: twats not unto me, but fair lumpens above, however bucolic. A looking-back Innocence, except for all those seething pestering itches that one soothed with, albeit, a pricked conscience. For the most part, lilly white, moulded; enpedestaled, untouchable. Seething and soothing; forsooth, forseeth. The truth of it all escapes him, even now, unto perpetuity.

Later, there was Sonja. Sonja, like the American Indian, was a state of mind, however tangible. When one falls headlong into a state of unavenged LOVE, as he did with Sonja; now that's different. Marie and Dotty did not plumb the labyrinth, whereas Sonja groped around, seeking something she could not find, or could not arouse (according to her). Whereas Marie and Dotty were raised upon elevator shoes, Sonja enjoyed a marble base, mounted out of reach, although encircled in his arms. He never touched Dotty; and somewhere on the way up the inside of George's big Monument, a sweaty hand of his joined Marie's, only to have Dotty's brother suavely suggest the elevator for the return to earth, and off into the sunset, leaving the author with a stupid impotent PANG at the top of George's Big Thing. Disconsolately he descended more arduously to the planetary integument. GAWD DAMNED sweaty palms.

But Sonja found the chord that transformed him into an unrecognizable, nearly unmanageable self. Her blemishes somewhat escape him, even now, despite what Voltaire had to say on the subject. Father bragged to his first spouse (albeit, according to her [she may have been attempting to picador the author, so he must be careful what he is willing to believe {Father might have told her, as he was wont to do, a fictionalized Don Juany tale}]) that he had LAID Sonja. After all, he was the accomplished ARTEEST, and she was the budding novitiate; what better way to pass on the seminal power. Affairs of the heart; affairs of the GROIN. (Very Droll). The American Indian is not an affair of the same chamber, as that of Sonja. But the author is moved none-the-less. So was King Laius (what a Puss). Sonja did mysteriously request of him some money some time after his final departure from her surround. The thought has occurred to him it might have been to pay for an abortion; now wouldn't that frost ya if it was the ole man's?

Fleur confessed she never slept with him.

Lois, the other artist's wife, almost ran away with him; after.

Joan comforted him in his old age; not always.

He put the make on the author's first wife (according to her).

There were many who claimed he was harmless.

Some where. in the muddle of it all, was Mother.

The defeat of the American Indian made it all possible.

(((Lee M.; Marnie M.; Alice W.; Madeline Mc. (Dolly Parton); Ruthie K.; Ruthie C.; Betty P.; Janis R.; Waterloo McChesney; Gloria T.; Maleka B.; Betty E.; Christine L.; Kathryn H.; Kathleen D.; Fleur B.; Sonja H.; Marie S.; Dorothy M.; Gloria T.; Clara U.;

Jackie J.; Anne M.; Drena L., finally Rose W.)))

Along with all those other stage and screen, literary, as well as the she-ships passing in the night; and the fervid, lurid, turgid and lewed of the poetic imagination, and romantickles of dreams. ALL ALLL ALLLLL because of the slayed and dying Redman.

The author realizes he may be taking the American Indian's Name in Vain. He realizes it is a luxury for him to feel he has that freedom. He realizes it is not the same as being an American Indian. Its like the black leader said to Barry Goldwater when, "In your Heart you Know I'm Right", was trying to woo the black vote in his lost cause in a presidential bid during the 1964 election; "Barry, you want to understand what it is to be black, try waking up black some morning" So, to the American Indian the author owes an apology, because no one in America can be any more disenfranchised than HE.

RCWD says we all harbor guilt over our treatment of the American Indian. 'Our' is intended to include all tenses and all individuals, Necessarily. SO, whaddadooyadoowiddat? GIVE IT BACK! What else ya gonna do with yore life? Fornicate Heirs? Sounds typical. To do more of the same.

At Least the American Indian knows where he 'stands'.

ASIDE: while writing this the author attended a 'swim meet' (where a lot of meat was swimming). As is his wont, he chooses ingredients that normally don't belong together (are irrelevant). Yesterday, June 23, 1996 he had been attending that last day of a three-day swimming 'meet' in which his granddaughter participated. She belonged to a team. The team is equipped with a coach, and all attendant paraphernalia, such as parents PLUS. You might imagine what happens when a parent knows best. The author's involvement in the matter consisted of interacting with the other grandchildren present, who were little interested in their sister's or anybody else's swimming, as well as attempting to concentrate on the endeavors of the other, and to generally observe the goings on, made cumbersome by the actions of a younger granddaughter.

The interactions of one competitor on the team with her parents, and the interactions between the author's granddaughter and one of her teammates, also a snobbish rival, did not escape his notice.

It goes without saying other happenings would not escape ones notice entirely, such as more peripheral activities of other swimmers, parents and officials. It also 'goes without saying' that an assortment of noises are intimately associated with this kind of 'meet' activity; the sound of loudspeakers, 'ready' whistles, starting

horns, start guns, false start guns, insistent starting horns following the unheard false start guns, and the fanatical screaming of cheering children, along with the sometimes rhythmic shouting of coaches and parents, the whistles and sundry other clamorings intended to urge a laboring swimmer onward. The noise is accompanied by a bustle of poolside pacings, armwavings and shoutings, and insistent imprecations of coaches, parents, children and wellwishers, etc.; and the officiating DQers, who must contend with the masses while they do their duty. And last, but not least, those who remain seated, attempting to objectively, impassively observe what is happening through the constant flow of poolside activity.

Occasionally the author would allow himself diffuse sensory input without any particular, usually attendant, judgment of what was happening. Such input invariably would find him pondering the notion of 'character building' as the essential purpose of such activity, as some kind of justification. Then he would have to ask himself subsequent questions concerning the purpose of 'character building', whereupon his thinking became more muddled, facetious and cynical. Spurring these thoughts was the generally near fanatical clamor of parents and children alike as they attempted to insert their beings into the flailing bodies splashing toward some imaginary goal. Also was the more subtle urgings, coachings, persuasions, guidances, of the former swimmer parent filling the ears of her shivvvvering youngster team-member with wisdom of the ages as she was about to do her thing in the pool. The latter engendered asides with the author's son and his wife (the parents of the granddaughter) regarding the effectiveness of such coachings in light of the child's response and in light of her eventual performances. This was even more apparent between the actual coach and his own son. Seemingly a guaranteed failure.

Of course the whole realm of human activity and human endeavors came into focus in the author's mind whereupon he might have engaged in some peripatetic delivery (sermon) on the futility of such activity, the ridiculousness of 'character building', the notion of competition, and so on. They would then call out the men with white coats, hauling him off to some quiet padded place.

Most of the author's reflections upon these happenings centered on his thesis of assigning purpose to an otherwise finite purposeless existence; or a way of occupying what we have identified as finite space. The defeat of the American Indian made it all possible.

Later in the day, at home in that quiet place, attempting to recover whatever it is one attempts to recover, he sat thumbing through some of the photographic record of the 'American Indian'

at his disposal. There was anything but serene acceptance of their fate registered upon their countenances. If anything, one perceived a sullenness in most, dignity of bearing in some, but surely a convincing portrayal of something beaten, a humanity divested of those very vestiges to which we (who have since occupied) lay claim.

This kind of perusal revives in the author the usual unfavorable appraisal of his forefathers, those previous annihilators and occupiers, whose theme of Manifest Destiny, rendered with their brutal crudity, makes one cringe, certainly not proudly, and hollowly saluted.

The author is so privileged to luxuriate in his quiet place, savoring those feelings of compassion, anger, condemnation applied to his forefathers. 'The Only Good Indian Is A Dead Indian'. What would he had said in those days? Would he have been able to stand up to the accusation of "Indian Lover", after somebody's loved one met an 'untimely' (though perhaps deserved) end at the hands of a 'savage'? Especially when facing the wrong end of a gun barrel, or the prospects of a noose about one's friable neck.

Obviously, the author is not to be held accountable at this late date. Nearly everyone sees the issue as settled, however unsettling it is, with minor exceptions of guilt, remorse, and whatever else would somehow remedy a bad situation. The trouble with these retrospective moments is their lack of blood, even dried blood. One wonders if there exists a moral, or a lesson, or any tenable proposition can ever be extracted from such a horrifying record.

We are indeed swept up in our own trials wherein the remaining Indian might become some conscripted asset. No irony there, just a dubious fate, a dubious occupancy.

Yes, the author is privileged to dwell in this hindsight which he is easily able to fill with vituperation, vindictiveness, condemnation, and retribution. If only the Indians had listened to the Christian Missionaries. They might have become like the rest of the warring Christian nations. That's kind of getting off the subject.

'Occupancy' is the problem. Who will occupy; who will feel the compulsion to 'control' the space which it occupies? Whose anxieties will prevail (possess) in the occupied space? Its the nature of three-dimensionality, further expanded by the fourth dimension, that self-aggrandizing human brain, to want to simultaneously change and arrest the status quo; enlarge upon it, and build a fortress around it. It all falls under the heading of possessory 'Occupancy'. You know, when all else fails in the Advertising Business, if you are uncertain as to whether an intended receiver is still at his prescribed address, you merely alter the focus to 'Occupant'. All occupants become a class of occupiers,

and cynically, consumers.

On the frontier, blood was let.

It was not a matter of justice. It became a matter of the stronger occupant/occupier. They were unprepared for the cunning and brutality of the white pestilence; hence they fell, by the legions, in waves of beleaguered stupidity, convinced of an invincibility of right, and spirit-given powers. It was a duck shoot, the extermination of a pest. Genocide through Manifest Gobbledegook. It was said some were bothered by a Christian conscience, but felt better when it was determined they were annihilating the heathen, savage, although one of GAWD'S creatures, like the rat. Some of them donned uniforms, answered to discipline; blood thirsty nonetheless; righteous killers, all.

The heroic stance of some of them bothers the author, that John Wayne crap. The tough guy. The bully swaggerer with a 'purpose'. Better than an Indian, by definition. Heard to mutter "Look at all them fucking Indians"; "Shot 'im in the balls"; "Got that cocksucker". Macho, Manly talk! Only the fittest survive! Conquering hero.

Conquering Occupant. On the Marquee: THE OCCUPANT. A NECESSARY EVIL. The cartoon accompanying the main feature: Where The Buffalo Roam and The Antelope Play.

Token Indians drive cars now; they are like the rest of us (God's) creatures; polluting anachronisms. Dire Consequenceionators. They sell Firecrackers on Independence Day, and operate Casinos on tribal (U.S. Government Reservation) lands. While we sell our souls to the consumerist devil. The followers have converted the frontier into a 'Standard' of Living. **Standard! ? ?** Manifestly!

Is it any wonder one would doubt our purpose? Its more embarrassing now, for us Human Rights Advocates, to be forced to put them down. Us Romans, Us Americans. We're Big Time, so we gotta; well, we just gotta, that's all. Down, Boy, Down!

The author's swimming granddaughter might comment: COOL! (generically). Everything is COOL! Christianity is COOL! What we do in the name of: is COOL! Flag, Pledge Allegiance, Anthem, Jesus, John Wayne, the Big Props, making it all come down; COOL! Insubstantiality is COOL! God Fuckin' COOL.

Yes!, the swimmer might utter that offhand Indifferent: COOL! Smart Ass, that's what. Flip.

POINT TO THE ADDENDUM: Two unrelated experiences in one day; more moved by the latter. Although the author knows it is a *fait accompli*, he cannot yield his reaction to the nothingness of the purposelessness of existence. A mouthful of irrelevant judgment.

He cannot yield. His accusations stand. We cannot go back. So

it is said. To assume that we have moved forward. How can it be said we have gone anywhere when we are intended (programmed) to expire.

Our turn awaits us. Our decadent proposition leads us with a certainty, toward that oblivion with some degree of acceleration. Could it be otherwise? Could we slow the process that promises to engulf us? Not WE. Not Us. Not possible. We are swept aside by our own inner compulsions (mostly visceral), that will suffer no constraint; not from the inside. We want what we want when we want it, even though it has no meaning, other than to kill time, to fill space, to dull the consciousness of our own void.

We must create fictions and fantasies with respect to all realities, present and past. We have taken, in a noble pursuit. There is still more? Doing it in an SUV.

Hence, **More!**

Writing may involve some purposeful activity, which, what the author does, does not adequately demonstrate. There is much, about which he pretends to write, that could be left unsaid, because it goes nowhere. Nowhere is a place where uselessness flourishes. A perimeter activity, overlooking the precipice.

Life is a headlong experience propelled by visceral demands, mostly uncontrollable. Fear is truly the only regulating force, fear of reprisal. If one steps beyond Moses. What he writes aims at the plausible constructs we dubiously erect to justify our actions, that we might argue in order to avoid the judgment. Some people will escape the judgment, those above it all, who have become Gods. Their only punishment will be a lengthy old age, and finally, death, as a matter of course. The remnants of the American Indian, on average, do not live as long as all the others, so their suffering is mercifully abbreviated.

Because he writes these few things concerning the American Indian doesn't make him better'n anybody else. That is, he is not privileged to think of himself as being more human or more politically correct. He cannot atone for what the Christian savage has done, many of whom escaped the arbitrary stifling monarchies of Europe, and escaped their religious persecutions, to come to the New World. It is not within his power to change any of what has happened. This writing devolves into an attack on our brutishness, a mocking of Christianity, and brotherly love, but does not add to the understanding or the rectification he seeks.

Question: Would we do it again?

Answer: We are still doing it. If we can preemptively invade the infidel nations for their Oil, we can preemptively invade the Navajo

Nation for its uranium. It just so happens. It just so happens that eminent domain is not reserved for the minorities; BUT it does not apply to all. Only the plutocrats are not preemptable.

Question: What would the author have done in those early days?

Answer: He cannot know. He would have become an enemy by association. The paleface. Whether the author liked it or not, he would have been forced to defend myself against the indefensible. 'Live and let live' would have been a perilous course to follow.

We were not savages; so it reads in the script.

Companion Piece: Chocolate Mountain.