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NOTES 3: beg 5.7.86

Making The World Unsafe for Communomics.

OR;

Trickle Down = Leftovers; bumpers and bumper stickers reading: What benefits Genrul Mothers (Muthuhs) benefits All; Love it or Leave it.

Of Father they wrote: ...splendid chaos of ideas, a mixture of corn and stabbing truth... There is a genetic predisposition to such methodology.

Most of this is intended to make sense, that is, project sensibility. Now that I am on the road to my exit, I cannot afford to begin again; thus I am forced to continue with what I have. And what have I but a case of terminological (in)exactitude; perhaps the root cause of this terminal phase.

Expletive deleted (love).

Trickle; Tricky Trickle. Whereof the budget hath becum so inordinately unbalanced, despite all the rhetoric to the contrary, both the danger existing, and probability imminent, to cause the teeter to totter, it hath becum accordingly necessary to institute measures to unstay the course.

The anfractuositities of the great Omnipotence, GREED, haf insinuated themselves into the very fabric, LO!, FIBERS of our conomic withwhereisitall, so much so, as to create the increased probability of dissembling, thus exposing THEYM all in their raw nakedness. If this very exposure should come to pass while they (dey) verily speak, all credibility in repressinventative government will have been cast into grave doubt (into the grave of doubt), offering little hope of ever making the world safe for demohypocrisy.

The Grinspins, Freedmins, Rosenfins, and Scotchmins, Keyholes, Zeplins, Gallbreaths have lost their smack, while the Voltures, Stockboys, Reegans, Rayguns, Baykors, and sunny dry other Woodpackers, plus the Graham Cracker and the Rudimentary selfstyledacclaimed Funancy Seers, are doing all they can can to push it, shove it, and budge it. We, the Demos, kin only marvel at the grunt as it materializes into huge piles, reeking every which way. These aforementioned are conomists with a pie; a coarse, a pie in the sky; rrr; so whut? However, it aint no ordinary pahii. It hath been gutted on the one han' so s'all crust, an' on t'other, s'all entrails, seepin' over the ayedge uv the pahii plate. So we are confronted wif two possible kinds of pies: gutted and entrained. The pie, a coarse, aint real; its only some dumb object we can beat to death in the name of the Ideal. But when you doan haftuh earn a livin', but have only the privilege of levying

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(leavening), then you tend to get sloppy in yore thinkin' and yore bakin'. And depending on what kind of nut and entourage you have teetering the totter you may be in for one helluva dessert. A Paranoiac will chop the pahii with a megaton. A coarse his hatchetman, Whinebugger, will do the axtual warfare cleavage. O.K.!: so who gets the rest? The Banks (Intervest [Interesting]), The Old Folks (not if'n Ron kin help it), and the Sunny Dry with Administration licking ability. There were millions reaching out for the Sunny Dry thet din't git none. They hadda go home hongry. The worst of the pie problem appeared in the deffishit, i.e., it hadth becum so obvious, thet somethin' hadda go. The Old Folks or the Sundry - OR - lever the Demos. A Graham Cracker and a Rudimentary conomist got holt thet pahii an proposed fixin' it up a little so's the Nut in the Bakery would not have to aysk fer more dough from the Demos.

The fruitcake in the bakery had promised to reduce the deficate; only he quadrupled it. Lousy Baker. So sumbuddy else has gorta clean it up cause it stinks so bad. So its the Demos thet gits to doo widout, but more'n likely they will have to put up the dough as well. 'Up front moola' they calls it.

Makin' sumpin' outta nuttin' is obviously the first principle of conomics. Thet's the whole principle behind richness. The next principle of conomics is to figure how to git rich without makin' everybuddy else so pore (in order to reduce the backlash revolution). Thet is follered by a third principle which proposes thet you nickle and dime everybuddy (with patience); an' if thet doan work, you go for ole number four 'whatever the market will bear' (selling everything for .09, .99, 9.99, 99.99, 999.99, 9,999.99, 99,999, 999,999.99, 9,999,999.99, and so (July) fourth.; and if thet fails, outright legislated robbery will assure them's that's in a position to do it, gets to screw the hell outta their fellow demo buddies; and they's apt to call it makin' the world safe for demo hypocrisy.; or bullincin the budge it. Making a More Perfect Union.

A coarse its a lotta wind, rhetoric, terminological inexactitude that obscures the real issue of GREED which stinks so bad there aint no way of deodorizing or covering up with mere words, or slogans, or Vitalis, Brooks Brothers and Florsheims sknowjob. And GREED sponsored by Paranoia smells the woist; i.e. Missiles surrounding their Bank Account which yo pore slob (profuse apologies, dear demos) are payin' fore, jes' so some damned Hollywood Storefront kin live in style with all of 'is preejudices.... SHhheeeeeitttt. Dumbasses; if you fall fer it - you got it!!

Back to conomics and budgeit an' pahii bakin'. They say if'n you make the pahii bigger, everybuddy proportionally gits a bigger slice. Shore 'nuff. Conversely, if'n yo do th' opposite; smaller is smaller, folks.

The way things have been in the bakery, the fruitcake attempted to enlarge only one piece; it di'n't look lark no pahii, no more, but mowah

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lark a landfill or an open pit mine. A warped Idealism, or The Same Old Deal.

Kurt, the modern Mark, might write, "And so it goes". Well, that kind of remark is supposed to be a shrug-funny. But Gaddammit, it aint funny - its crinimal - an' its not defensible with a shrug. Thats like sayin' its untouchable or It Goes With The Job, or That's The Name Of The Game. Or maybe sayin' I wish I could get a piece of the action. Bushit!

A counterculture shrug. "They'll devour each other!" I suddenly felt a cold wind.

Conomics is supposed to make us feel stupid 'cause we can't make somethin' outta nuttin'. In the old days it was instituted as Usury, an' Feudalism, Slavery, an' other Sunny Drys; now its called Conomics.

More: In Another Vein. In vain.

This is a KWAG News Update:

The Democratically-uncontrolled House voted not to give aid to the CONTRAS (that's a double negative; not and contra).

A 52 year old man was found DEAD in VOUSJEAN; a possible suicide.

The County Commissioners voted to tear down the old County Jail.

And Judge Meetum Halfway said he would not be the one to specify which prisoners are to be released.

Tune in at 5:30 and 11:00 P.M. for all the details. Dee Tales.

Yeah!, Well the Democratically uncontrolled (out)House finally voted to give aid to the Contras (for the second time). There is a second time for everything in Washington D.C. In the first first time the Outs said NO to the thirteen million (I think what I could do with thirteen of them in order to make the world a better place to live - you better believe it); then finally, in the first second time the House said YES to twenty-seven million. Logic had nothing to do with it. Recently, in the second first time, they said NO to one hundred million (in exercising their independence from the Vitalis Coiffure [Bonzo]), but in the second second time they said YES to the one hundred million (it is to their credit [I think] they did not offer two hundred million). It becomes easier to say YES to anything those in the (pure) White House demand. Originally the twenty seven million was sent in the Couch of Humanitarian Aid (dirty word-dirty deed syndrome). Now the one hundred million has been sent without the Couch, that is, as Military Aid disguised as Military Aid. Pret soon folks, they will pass the Golfo de Fonseca Resolution, then begin to bomb the shit outta Managua. It's gettin' to be a habit a throwin' it away on Makin' The Whirld Safe Fer Demo(s)cracy.Disgusting!

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Speaking of Dee Tales, it made me crawl to think the First Amendment insisted upon bad taste.

The Public's Right To Know I was Dead created a salaciousness in the man's voice. He was relieved that I had provided the public with some substance in their 'right to know' (just to keep it active).

If I had not done my thing so stupidly, and tastelessly, without decorum, in front of everybody, they would have had to WAG the President's colon again, or the comet, or yap some more on the poorly boosted rocket, or the druggies in professional sports.

If I had it to do over again I would simply disappear in order to avoid the sullyng salivation. What do they know?

The Public's Right To Know.

Another dry fact?

The Public's Right To Know another dry fact.

Yes, I was DEAD; I had ended it all. I had left no forwarding address; no last wish. I should have provided a note: "Ωuckoff KWAG; ΩUCKOFF VOUSJEAN RAG. You wanta know sumpin' Public - You gotta right to know a dehydrated, meaningless, totally devoid of everything, fact - a subliminal vapor that will squeeze in the pores of your compressed wrinkled, and ossified encephalon. You will have become informed of NOTHING.

Oh!, you can say it again, OH! you don't say',
The bedbugs on me, whom you so proudly rail
By the dawn's early blight;
Hail hail the goons all here,
To pick a few, if you do, Before the last gleanings
In the Ho Hum, Ho Hum, Home of the free, and the grave
Rah. Rah. Rah. Sis Boom Bah!
A Gold Muddle!!

When the announcer yaks from the shimmering screen, he reminds me of some offensive creature I had seen somewhere before, like the dog that nipped my heels as I door-to-doored for the opposition candidate (someone had let him out of his backyard enclosure as I had walked towards the sidewalk from their front door). Snip, Snip, Nip, Yip, Yip. Being human he screws up his face more

Ωuckoff, Obituary.

Tasteless - vile - undignified language.

Undignified Ears!

Strictly First Amendment Stuff.

If I had anything important to say, I wouldn't use the First Amendment.

Why do I 'chronicle' this stuff from which I do want to desperately escape?

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There has been some theory amongst the literary critics that autobiographical material rates a lesser place in the rank(l)ings of creative endeavors. One of the very first things literary critics seek to do is unmask the fraudulent amongst the scribes by digging into their underwear, the basis for which is usually sought in some form of biographical material. Perhaps this is the reason for the lowly ranking. If one is denied access to himself (not masturbating or contemplating his novel) in order to conform to some literary scruple, then he is denied the most palpable evidence for his own existence. By saying this does not mean I advocate the one form over the other; one simply must use what is at his disposal, without prejudice. All that remains is for one to biogragph his Auto. A Dodge.

Outlandish!

Provocative; Tantalizing.

Fan the Fire; Blow the Coals; Stir the Embers.

Images.

Whatever serves.

More Noooooos.

Your name, Sir? No pseudonyms, please.

Conventional Durchanek in 1986 AC -33.

Durchanek in 3109 AN I.

Durchanek in 2548 AN II.

Durchanek in 0 AMM.

Adam Durchanek ad infinitum.

AC -33 = 1953 After INRI.

AN I after Nobucketnozzler I

AN II after Nobucketnozzler II

AMM In the Year of the Major Malfunction.

So, Who cares? Keep Smiling.

I had thought, boldly, "Sweep it all away; Ignore them (Abort, Ignore, Retry). The Sun will remain, and the breeze, the clouds, the rain; as it did before them (unless they attempt to destroy out of spite, or rank impotence).

They are after you all the while; not a minute's peace. Proximity is the Name of the Game. Stuck as a captive on this damned planet. One is haunted by that old parasitic symbiotic feeling: livin' off'n another's labors. Sell 'em a piece of sacharrine shit -laced with sex (sell 'em anything laced with sex; even Death). Enslaved to Shit and Sex; that's the marketplace. Talk about Freud! Talk about scruples; because of the

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children they are not explicit, concealing the bung and pudenda. The Supreme Court said NO to the Sodomites. X-Rated. O-Rated

The Airways, the Mails, the Alexander Graham Bells; we little Satelites, our pocketbooks accessed through our groin. Free Enterprise; Land of Opportunity! A Mother Goose.

The Autobiography of the United States of America. 'The Daily Diary of the American Dream'.

No wonder they want to find other solar systems; just so's they can colonize and Quack 'em over too; three foe fii six times; whatever works. Perhaps a fictional account would sound better.

Ignore it! Dwell upon the Sun, the Breeze, the Clouds, the Rain. Invest in seeds. Grow and cultivate your own civilization.

Speaking of growing, I grew up in this country, in a town where it actually didn't matter from which side of the tracks you came. Our town ought to have been named Track Town, instead of Pocahontis.

Faye and her family lived in a hollow beneath the rails. Each day, in order to access the greater world above and beyond, it became necessary for the Haskins to cross the tracks, and recross them in order to return HOME HOME Home Home home home on the Range. No helicopters. At night, especially, the sound of the steam-driven giants rumbled and rolled over them.

Poverty and no Pride.

The garbage collector, who lived down the street paralleling the same tracks on the other side, attached a horseshoe to his penis with a string, heaving the iron out his bedroom window. It was an idea he got watching his mother tie his brother's tooth to the doorknob on the kitchen door. Usually the string breaks.

He felt his member was too short. His thingie eventually recovered (in plenty of time) to knock-up the sixteen year old Faye. No Romance. Pride Goes Before The Fall. Now What Are We Supposed To Do? He liked to keep busy. Before Faye, he had become involved in another thing that 'little' boys (incipient men; and all that portends) get around to doing with little girls; he had tied Ruthie Chester hand and foot to the bedposts splay-eagled upon her bed, in her mother's apartment above Eddie's Tavern. His name was Dick.

I had taken Ruthie to the Senior Prom; I can't remember whether it was before or after this episode. Ruthie was not especially bright, or especially pretty, but she was blond, medium height, well made, but sort of inelegant and awkward, perhaps somewhat shy. I do not know what were my intentions specifically, except I enjoyed having her sit on my lap throughout a long auto ride during some sham church function (getting religion). Gotta start somewhere!

I am able barely to recall the photo of the two of us standing, side by side, in the gym at the school the night of the Prom(enade), Ruthie standing on my left attired in a cream-colored strapless evening gown,

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looking as nice as she might ever, blank and sad, hardly radiating joy, perhaps feeling mostly out of place as a relative new comer, escorted by the most dubious (zit-faced) personage who ever wore an over-sized hand-me-down, a pale pinstripe Frankie Sinatra built-up shoulder affair, along with very baggy hand-me-down gabardine pressed pantaloons with bulges at the knees; a goofy pimple-pussed pathos with shinned, skinned leathers, sporting an innocuous second-hand striped tie, topped with a Vitalis comb job on top. A real gum-shoe if there ever was one.

I might agree with some criticism of the more banal aspects of autobiographical recollection. I didn't dance with Ruthie, first of all, plainly and simply, because I did not dance, and even if I had possessed the know-how, most likely I would not have possessed the courage. Pimple-pussed rejects don't have a right to dance. I really do not remember what Ruthie did to occupy herself. Nowadays I still do not dance, although the pimples have become a thing of the past, and even though I love my wife enough to dance with her if she would ask me; but she already knows I will encourage her to dance with others.

At last we come to the biograph of the Auto.

I remember driving Ruthie home in her mother's 41 Ford sedan, having promised her mother to return at a reasonable hour. Yes, of course, reality quite often conforming to fiction, the car rolled on a tire that went flat, which obliged me to grub up my outfit, jacking and wrenching in order to replace the oblate shape with the more rounded spare. Eventually, we arrived at Eddie's Tavern; no kissing, no nothing. Ruthie's mother seemed pleased, or was she relieved; a non-event. Ruthie radiated mostly a blank sadness.

I believe it was after this that she was masochistically brutalized by the garbage collector. He got his; not for his experimenting with Ruthie or Faye, but for becoming an incendiary Volunteer Fireman; they told him to go to blazes in the caboose for a year.

Adolescence was fraught with stimulation and anguish. I had a piss-poor sense of humor concerning being an outcast on the bottom of the totem pole. While one foundered in his mid-teens, the mucky mucks who ran the world (dirty bastards) were generating *cause celebres* for we ones approaching the magic number (1A) who would be obliged to fill in the gaps in the front line (known as cannon fodder; substance for the argument). Hah!, but did we deserve better, we who enjoyed the luxury of adolescence in innocence and ignorance. I surmise, without remembering in fact, our Social Studies teacher, the one (Bonville) who served as Ω uck-totem gym coach as well, insisting that all the girls wear shorts to gym class (dirty old men in those days too), presented current events in such a way as to apprise us of certain irrefutable realities. These realities were usually contrived as some onerous difficulty confronting the 'good guys' (that's us) whose standard bearer, the red, white, and blue, had been besmirched by the

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'bad guys' (that's them) the Reds. We shrugged, perhaps believing such things were inevitable, but really did not involve us. Slogans were bandied about "Better Dead than Red".

In reality, we were being prepared for events that did not concern us, that were not of our making. Perhaps they were the concern of the offspring of the Rockefellers, The Rothschilds, Krupps, and the Baronial Russians, but surely not us; mere pissants. We stood to gain nothing. Wha?! defend our freedoms. Never!! Our Freedoms? Many Tiered Freedoms (Many Tears). Quack Many Tiers!

The Great Good World War II ended with a rearranged world of spoils, spoliars, greed, and sunny dry devious (undeclared) purposes being served, as Europe became divided, and certain Eastern Asian and Southeast Asian and African lands and peoples became divided, denied, and enslaved. We, of the good red white and blue, talked a good game; and coming off a big victory, who doubted our integrity, veracity, credibility and goodness. We also allowed the Big Bear to gobble - so we could gobble. If you are a naturally born gobbler, you gobble, whether its land, moola or sphere of influence. Both the Big Bear and the Eagle thought the Korean people required guidance - more than Freedom. The stage had been set at Teheran and Yalta (somewhere near Eden); and Potts Dam, for our future embroilments. The two greediest were not satisfied. To plan for even more distantly guaranteed altercations between the two Visgoths, we aided our French Ally (some ally) (we are a lousy ally too) believing she was best suited to manage a portion of semi-Catholic Southeast Asia, guaranteeing the denial of still another people, setting the stage for that still distant generation (many of whom were baby boomers [a quick catching up {fix} for the next fodder {general inductee} attack]).

What the hell did we learn from that great good war? Just an accumulation of Grade B John Wayne and Ronald Reagan heroics?

Thats it, buddy!!! Wave it!! Love it or leave it!!

Shove it!!!

To continue with the autobiography; present tense.

I made it to the front door with my timeless self. I needed to remember to take the key in order to lock the door of the timeless world behind me (to tacitly keep the other world from contaminating what was contained within the lair). I need not remember the key to the horseless carriage for it was most generally attached to the key ring in my pocket. The key to the door of the timeless world was not included thereupon because it was attached to a cumbersome rape whistle (loaned to the distaff by a neighbor, in my absence. Well you know how it goes in THIS world, a locked door is an invitation to enter the premises; some burglar smashed a window, and broke down the door. Tough Shit!

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If a man or woman cannot defend itself, it has no right to existence. Just ask Casper W. a long-standing tradition started with John Wayne, and Bobby. Before one has acquired their right to existence (on this planet, anyway) he must engage in M.A.D. Casper W. commissions Genrul Dynamite to build Rape Whistles (and toilet seats for the quick exit).

Of course, in Heaven its different. Buuulllsshittt!! Thatsa nicea!

To continue thus; necessarily I had engaged the key to the door of the four-wheeled contraption, reengaging it to unlock its steering wheel; followed by the Twist of life - Varrrooommm! The story of my life.

After dispensing with this continuum of preliminaries with keys, she who had broken her leg, thus encumbered to crutching, hobbled her way to the other door, awkwardly falling, sliding into a seated position, dragging the pieces after her. Such was our fate each morning and each evening during this broken-limb phase of our life.

In my better moments I might become overwhelmed by some timeless perception of a new-born day, but once I had entered your damned world of locks and keys, vehicles, asphalt, and SMELLS, along with your UGLY banners and pennants, appendaged to some equally UGLY structure housing your shoddy merchandise, announcing to the world the simplest of obversions - 'Ugliness is in the eyes of the detractor', it was all over.

The hoardes of horseless carriages accrued enormously behind the Red Light which had been triggered by a lone vehicle, just arriving. One hundred exhausts at the intersection idling away instead of one. Ungentlemanly enough, I was persuaded, 'fairness must allow for all; any system which cannot account the least number (one), necessarily must fail'. The same held true for the next traffic light, and the next, ad infinitum. Very democratic, very uncoordinated (thus small factions are permitted to survive). There are good arguments for limited access and express ways - but - Holy Oh Shit!, more emmy domain condemnations (not very democratic), and even more asphalt, and more noise!!

Anyway, its somehow reassuring to know we have taught our mechanical contraptions something we have been unable to teach ourselves, that is, with any consistency; the Art of Democracy. There are so many in our G.D. country who will never get a Green Light. All they get is BUUULLLSSHITTT on their windshield.

I got sidetracked; thats the whole problem with me, being sidetracked - the absence of cause, the absence of purpose! Gotta tell ya about that. In English Comp., when I wrote about Juvenile Delinquency [selected from amongst four worthy topics: 1.) Why I went to college.; 2.) Who was the most unforgettable character I ever met.; 3.) The meaning of the right to vote.; 4.) Juvenile Delinquency in our time.], I got an F because I tried too hard (I really tried to solve the problem of J.D. in 1000 words); when I wrote about a topic so innocuous I cannot remember

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it, I got an A without even trying (I'm very good at solving non-existent problems.). Back to cases.

I really don't give a god damn for your locks and keys, your rape whistles, still more locks and keys, your asphalt, your signs, your traffic, or your mores. I know what most of you are doing out there. Frankly it turns my stomach. You allow the purveyors of BUUULLLSSHIITTT to structure your lives - without protest. Instead you attach your feeble little stars and stripes decal, with its little message, Love it or Leave it. Maybe beneath that wondrous departure into TAO you will apply a frosting of JESUS in a piscatorial scabbard, N.R.A. all the way, Stay the Course; more advertising for an abject emptiness; and I mean so hollow as to echo the sound of your respiration. "Darling, an amoeba, or slime mould, can do as much - without any Buulllsshiittt!!" Maybe you will argue, like Pangloss, that it's the best Of All Possible Countries, even though it stinks, a feeble Love It or Leave It.

Casper will defend you and your right to remain in the traces, staying the course straight to Hell or Armageddon. Arm - Arm and Hammer; Arm and Geddon; Geddon wid it. Arm and Sickle Hammers; and Arms and Sickles; an' doan fergit them other azzoles, the Stars and Stripes. Acquiescence. 'A Man Or Woman Who Cannot Defend Itself Does Not Deserve To Live'.

Just the short drive from the timeless existence to her place of employment is enough to resurrect the whole disenchantment. If I could close my eyes I would nonetheless be caught in the whirlwind of noise (clamor, cacaphony and dissonance) and smell (stink, reeking stench) of the animal most familiar to me, most mundane and empty; defending, defending, defending itself Righteously atop its dungheap and all over its Bumper Extension as though every other man or woman was an enemy.

Bumper Defense. The Best Offense is a Good Defense. The Best Defense is a Good Offense. A Bad Offense is the Worst Defense. A Bad Defense is the Worst Offense. A Better Offense is A Better Defense. A Better Defense is a Better Offense. A Worse Defense is a Worse Offense. A Worse Offense is a Worse Defense. Mutually Assured Destruction. Comparitives, Superlatives, Obversions. For Cripes Sake (this is 1953 AC [after Cripes]), simplify!! Where have we gone rong?

Casper Whinebugger is employed.

Homo Sapiens is a Marvel; He simply has not lived up to his full potential. Chimpanzees are able to crap in their nest just as easily. Homo Sapiens will atrophy - let's hope! OR, Revert to some more primitive type wherein his mentality will become more commensurate with his behavior. Then By Chimp!, we'll be Saved! Reversion is the WORD.

Suppose we are all wrong.

Might makes Right, eh what, Gorilla?

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We could do without Rinaldo Reginald as President, simply because he is too quantum a throwback. He lacks imagination, and is not a Statesgorilla. He is strictly a Verities Gorilla. Rock Solid (between the ears), Hide Bound. He's dependable (as a real gorillazzele). It was discovered later that he's got Al's hammer, but they built a \$66,000,000.00 library to house his sheeit.

But when you view the whole system, you begin to realize its not Ronnie, its the system. The Equation is already determined and FIXED - not unalterably - but fixed as long as we adopt the attitude that Stars and Stripes mean more than intelligence, fair play and love (is this last the loquacious rune I seek?). Yeah Man, Love it or leave it!

Put somebody else in Ronnie's place. What illusion could possibly be fostered to contravene the basic formula? Our hopes tend to rise and fall with the intervention of a new figurehead. Our hopes should arise independently of such externals. Basic precepts ought prevail over dubious personalities. These words are wasted in a corrupt system.

One does wonder how much more advanced than Bonzo is his mentor. We know he is straightforward in his prejudices, in his likes and dislikes. Totally unintellectual. He cannot distinguish right from wrong; its all achieved by association; anything with red, white, and blue is right; anything with red is wrong. In Gud (the Bible and other Sundries) We Tryst. Whatever the Bible says has gotta be it (overlooking certain obscure moralities). "Gotta admit, my fella Americans (grimace) its been around for a while (a folksy entreaty to follow and stay the course)". Rich is Right, Poor is Wrong (one obscure moral). White is Right (pure). Black is Wrong (evil). In a Democracy you cannot say this aloud, although the policy is allowed. A stone wall around the castle is right; fences are right; defending yourself is right; competition is right (cooperation is even righter [between corporations that is]). Patriotism, Prayer, Abortion, Poverty, Drugs (exclusive of nicotine and alcohol [the government's friends]) are the great causes for the Statesgorilla. And Last But Not Least, Hypocrisy is Right because it Works. And Democracy is a Controlled Substance.

Somebody said he was a fair man, or was it a decent man. I think it was Jayne Fondoo; she's all over the block.

Chatty Cathy has been reprogrammed. Now, when you pull her chain, she utters in her stacatto mechanical voice, "Jesus is Lord". The hearer who believes, sensing a miracle, prostrates himself in prayer.

The critical height; whether to bend over or squat. Land Ahoy!

Ungoola. What's that mean? Sounds Italian. Father used the expression; he was a Czech.

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Trickle trickle little Star
Gazing down from afar;
The Prez has promised you a drop or two
But not 'nough to repair the hole in your shoe.

Tricky Trickle, Ficky Fickle
Ωucky Wickle, Dirty end of stickle;
There is hope-a if you grope a little
Through the wreckage of the Space-a Shittle.

Tricky Fickle, ay wot?; so smile, so smile
Casper will save a little on toilet seats
Just sose you kina get some-a eats
Thusly may you survive-a to defend-a his-a pile.

O Shame! O Shame! O Shame!
Makes your blood burst into flame
Does it not, does it not, not not not
What a pile, a pile, a pile of rot.
More Nooooooossss; there's Hope - always.

31 Emberdec 1990: In the matter of comparing apples and oranges. Specifically Oranges. Or comparing a 'Democratic' State with that of a 'Socialistic' State. Specifically a 'Democratic' State. The People's Hisdestroy of the YouKnighited States.

My greatest familiarity is that to which I have been exposed in my daily life, for my entire life. I know nothing else first hand. Where I have come from there is much criticism of the Socialistic Ethic, particularly where it has been manifested as Communism. Of course we hear of the Evils, and none of the Goods. Conversely, of our own 'Democratic' System we hear only of the Goods and none of the Evils. The Comparisons are intended to elicit the obvious.

Well, it turns out that either one or the other constitutes only a theoretical basis for 'government'.

Our concept of a Democratic State equates with other terminology that functions quite independently of our form of government, and assures for an unbalanced equation. Equates, Equation. Constitutes, Constitution. (Take Note). Democratic Democratization Hah Hah.; or at least a gross of deception.

It is the other terminology masquerading as a presumed extension of the 'democratic' ethic which one finds anathema to it. Therefore I will not be using the term 'democratic' as an orange when it is really an apple.

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I do not believe I could define a 'Democratic State' in terms of what I know. I could begin by asking: "Is there a form of government that would answer the needs of all men (and the fairer sex)?"

I had begun to speak of Oranges pursuant to something that has happened, having nothing to do with Oranges; that is, it was not the fault of the Oranges a natural calamity had visited them.

Man does not need oranges, per se. He may obtain his ascorbic acid from a bottle, much at the urgency of Linus Pauling.

In a 'free enterprise state' (masquerading terminology) (or 'free market' as we have been hearing of late, as pertains to the hoped-for changes within the Soviet Union), when it comes to Oranges, you will get a bird's eye view (an impression) (a representation) of how the whole system works; independently of its virtues.

Lets begin by stating: MAN (as well, the 'fairer' component) does not need Oranges. All arguments pursuant to that statement therefore appear moot. (Dont ask 'whats in a moot?'). BUT, for the sake of argument, in order to demonstrate the efficacy of the free market system, lets advance further therein.

Enter: The tendency has been for Man (and his allies) to consume Oranges; as a form of preventative sustenance (a means of ingesting an anti-scorbutic); a means of obtaining sugar; perhaps the latter its chief appeal to the palate. We begin each day with a glass of orange juice, (sort of), it sort of helps to have some liquid as we fortify ourselves with a hoist of vitamins and/or some form of hard dry palliatives, amongst which would be more of what is contained in the anti-scorbutic properties of oranges, as well as unknown factors that enhance the winnings of Nobel Prizes. (Dont knock it; I'm a believer). In addition, I consume oatmeal, oatbran, and so on.) (A Nobel Prize would add garnish to the whole).

Now comes the crux of the argument. All of this consumption is a very different consumption (illness) than that of which I speak. This consumption of which I speak is the vital part of the 'free enterprise' (albeit 'free market') 'system' or State. The final end of all of the free enterprise activity is predicated in the consumption thereof. ('Waste not, Want not', eh wot?)

There is nothing inherent in the free enterprise State that guarantees each will receive 'according to his needs'. There is nothing that assures for EQUAL distribution (borrowing a 'notion' of *equality* from another context [the presumption of a guarantee of *equality*; with certain inalienable [[Holy Christ]] RIGHTS; that is - Life {a given}, Liberty {a dispensation}, and a pursuit of Happiness {if one attains the first two, he qualifies for the third}.

Success of a system is measured by the Survival rate. (I've sort of borrowed this notion from Three Obversions coined by Eric Blair: Freedom is Slavery; War is Peace; Ignorance is Strength. Plausibly, extrapolating a Fourth: Survival is Success; and so on: Falsehood is Truth, etc..

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Oranges: The equal distribution thereof in a free enterprise State. Oranges suffering a Natural Calamity through no fault of their own. Free enterprise at work. Free enterprise implies 'free market' 'forces'. A free market force ('scenario') follows (tendentiously): The pursuit of profit (measured in terms of GAIN). Several Orange growers will produce a crop of a commodity based on the assumption these will be consumed, for which the grower will receive recompense 'over and above' his costs, plus 'whatever the market will bear' (different than a 'bear market' although there are those who would sell their crop before it is produced; cash in the hand is worth two in the bank). These growers, by design, are in competition (sometimes in collusion) with each other in the 'free' market enterprise. There are no assurances that each consumer will receive an Orange - simply put - because he cannot afford to 'buy' the Orange. BUY and CONSUME. One does not get to consume unless he first buys. In a free enterprise State, the means of procuring (buying) are not evenly distributed, although it might be possible to create a method of even distribution of commodities. The rest of the argument must be obvious. We understand how the system works. There are no guarantees that each member of the community will receive an Orange, especially if he lacks the means to procure; as a matter of fact it is a foregone conclusion, if he lacks the means he will not receive.

Imagine everything in balance, if you will; those who can afford them consume Oranges. Some of those who cannot afford it will often 'scrimp' in order to obtain in order to consume; both as means of participating in the system (whatever oranges are, they are not bad for you; quite the opposite is promulgated by Madison Avenue to promote the sale of the commodity (Oranges) (people are never shown as 'hung-over' from drinking the juice therefrom, nor do they qualify for a 'designated-driver' admonition from the President ["we need all you young fellas for our debacles"]). Those who can afford; afford.

Those who cannot afford; cannot afford. That is the nature of a 'free' enterprise system. Consumption is based upon affordability; in theory; but in practice, credit [or better stated: DEBT] toward bankruptcy. Maybe, somehow everybody gets a lick at the ole Orange; through food stamps, welfare, through picking over the leavings of supermarkets or waste disposals; even while affordability plays the major role in consumption. Availability also plays a major role. The system isn't perfect; some Oranges that get paid for do not get consumed; and some Oranges that are produced do not get paid for. Others Rot While everybody waits.

Remember, all is in balance THEN !! Calamity Strikes.

What had been in balance, if what I have described previously may be properly termed a 'balance', has now received a disturbance to that apparent equilibrium. A Blast from the COLD REGIONS freezes the crop, creating great scarcity, or so we are told. Therefore, a change in the equation ensues. 'Whatever the Market Will Bear (Bare)' market 'forces'

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remain unchanged (this factor represents a common operative (imperative) functioning within the system, otherwise known as 'opportunism' (the latter of which is denied vehemently). It works like this; one must compute and charge for the replacement cost before it occurs. A replacement cost includes the survival quotient of the grower until a new crop can facilitate the resumption of normal operations; normal 'whatever the market will bear' operations (opportunities). Remember "Survival is Success". Whereas the rest of us must function with the same balance sheet. Reduced to the proverbial nutshell; those with means, and a willingness to expend a larger share of those means in order to assure the survival of the orchardist, are able to 'weather the storm' whereas more of the others are excluded from the benefits of the system (known also as the 'trickle affect'). We have felt this shock to our palate, and to those other commodity-amenities, on a regular basis: with sugar, with coffee, with oat bran; with gasoline and fuel oils. Those who have, have; those who have not, have not. How about them apples?

1 11 99 1 Fergit what I said last year. What I have to say now must be recognized as my last testament.

The Jehovah Witnesses stopped by yesterday. I asked about the 144,000. Of the two (of the distaff persuasion) who arrived, the one who did all the talking, the elder (crone) rambled around in the book citing Revelations and sundry passages that were meant to clarify the 144,000. As you probably know, after the momentary (any moment now; its been that way for several years) Armageddon (the necessary Apocalypse) will provide the ruse by which the transformation of all we know and recognize in connection with this planet to the Purple Palace, in company with Jesus and his 144,000 ruling over the rest of us in Heaven (Help Us) will occur. Ruling. That was the word. 'Analogous to Washington D.C.' I suggested, receiving a nod. That ought to have told me something.

What got me about this pair was the one who did not speak; most likely the novitiate. Kim; a sweet young thing; the reason I listened at all. Kim smiled occasionally, as I tried to wiseacre my way through the smoke screen. But each suggestion of a smile was suppressed by the seriousness of the occasion; instead an earnest glance was cast in the direction of the crone to learn her reaction, to study her aplomb; and whatever else might have troubled that pretty young head. I recalled my daughter - getting religion. I imagined the young thing was grasping at alternatives to what might have been an unhappy home situation; or perhaps she had been jilted by the High School Football Hero; maybe the world scared the shit out of her. I contrasted this being to another of which I had written not too long ago, in GAWD:

"What got my attention was the fast little vehicle as it sped around me from behind in my rear view mirror, to my right side mirror, past my

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right side, and as it was passing, a hand flipping a burning cigarette out the open window on the driver's side. At the next light the speeding presence was forced to stop, mostly by the presence of another stopped vehicle in front of it. I came along side to observe a kinky haired youth, female, beating and thumping with her hands upon the racing-car steering wheel, nodding and weaving her head, humping her torso in her seat, all to the bump, rumble and rhythm of the 'rock' blaring from the auto's ghetto blaster. Painted and dolled, jiving, an aspirant to fast track yuppiedom; so I imagined. I wondered what went on inside of that head. Some abstraction from Vogue Magazine, Hot Rock(s) Magazine, some Madison Avenue hype, some fleeting imagery, unaccountable; something happening between her legs, that oughta happen in a big way instead of in this mundane musty gray drab soggy wintry fare. The Human Fiction with a pleasurable itch, yearning for the heights; DENIED; therefore careless; only restrained by some unidentified FEAR. Heading for a RELEASE; something to assuage the burning desire, the rage, the pent-up-ness, the frustrated yearnings, endless yearnings, savage appetites of unknown origin. Too much energy; the wick always flaring up, burning out of control; the horrible waxy sink of life holding one back, all the while wanting to be consumed in the flames, before consciousness returned, dreaded consciousness, awareness of one's little self, one's meager self. DREADED. An all day high, all night too, because one couldn't sleep, one was burning up inside, heaping the little self upon the sacrificial pyre of the Twentieth Century that had declared you aint nothin' unless you're somebody, and you aint nobody unless your somebody, and you aint nobody unless you do it like they do it; they are somebody, if you do it like they do it you will become somebody, then your tiny little self and soul will be able to rest because you will do it like they do it and because they are somebody you will feel like somebody. You will have become Relevant to your time, your Transience will have become validated. Your GAWD damned pitiful little life will mean something. You wont be just another piece of insignificant protoplasm dumped on this earth by sweaty uninspired copulating parents meant to live in awe of all those others that look like you who presume to lord it over you because they were here before you were, who feel they have some special right to tell you where to go and what to do, to expect you to take sides in their embroilments, their conquests of the earth and of each other. (Further reference: You Know Who)

That was last year.

Auld Lang Syne promises little in the affairs of men (most likely including the female of that species).

Somehow, what had seemed important about Oranges yesterday seems unimportant today. Yesterday (last year), as periodically happens to me, I

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rise above my cynicism, skepticism, and pessimism attempting to order chaos with reason, infuse social organization with humanitarian notions, all the while really wishing it was all happening elsewhere so that I could be free of my grandiose responsibilities, resting peacefully in my rocking womb of a watercraft upon the oceans of my dreams. A self-imposed schizophrenia.

I had wanted to mention a comment a nurse uttered in response to a remark I had made; forthwith: "Medicare Providers wouldn't give you the time of the day if it wasn't covered". The nurse retorted: "I was new to the nursing game, idealistic and all; when I heard the expression 'Health Care Industry' I knew we were in for trouble"

Cardinal Three Three
Went out to sea.
Under a Red White and Purple field,
Union Jack, Franco Dutch, and Sundry scrambled a-midfield.

There you have it. All Apart,
Grounds for Nobel Lorryit A Good Start.

Black Black Black
Is the color of my true love's flock
Shucks, who cares if rhymeless wit apartheid;
We can always declare "We done tried" (Treed).