

Its a real pisser; i.e., my kingdom for an old time leak. Fire in the hold.

A spousal embrace leaves one with an all-day ache in the groin. This is all beside the point; is there a point?

I would like to espouse this cause, the prostate, but feel after such espousal, I would become merely another in a long line of others who cannot but prolong certain agonies associated with the malaised 'organ'. Mostly a reminder that one is made of flesh and blood. And that physicians are the handmaidens of the devil; rather exorbitantly reimbursed for their evil practices, none too differently than the shamans and medicine men of olde.

The precipice nears.

I had heard of this invasion, which had seemed improbable in these days; although we live in dread always of our fellow man seeking greener pastures, loose Helens, virgins, lustrous gems and metals, and control of the market place, and all the wealth. Like the Radiation Oncologist who planted the hot platinum in my diseased part said immediately after executing the procedure: "It was almost boring." Just like packing an old lumpy bearing with grease.

Sheeeitt!, So what's new. Or, "What about this invasion?" I have no way to independently verify what I have heard. The olde saying is, "Seein' is believin'". I'm of the latter persuasion, but I periodically yield to the Disinformation Stuff that appears in the Media; i.e., I yield my better sense, in the absence of real knowledge.

The invading force is comprised of people (described as somewhat look-a-likes [resembling us]) of tinged skin, short in stature and of a mean Yahoo-like disposition, not unlike the savages ignoble of olde. They carry most unusual weapons with a futuristic appearance that discharge invisible rays, bolts, or projectiles, that have the ability to persuade those who encounter them to run like hell in the opposite direction. Running like hell in the opposite direction proves futile for these weapons are as effective from the rear as they are from the front.

The invading force does not seem in a hurry to conquer. Perhaps it only wishes to terrify to such a degree that all who will subsequently encounter them will abandon their efforts to resist them, leaving the many as stragglng dangling obsequious slaves.

To date, our defenders, headquartered in the many-sided building, have attempted to resist. Well, they themselves haven't, but they have been able to order enough myrmidons to the front with an array of assault and counteroffensive weapons to at least make an impressive report to the Media. The losses of these myrmidons is staggering from both the front and the backsides; whereas the invaders seem able to deflect or render

harmless each of those billions of dollars worth of defense objects we have all heard so much about over the years. Now, doesn't that make you wish you had spent your wherewithal having a good time, instead of yielding to the paranoia of those in the many-sided building?

The reports from the front are few, because none of those fighting on the front lines facing the enemy have survived; those who have been able to escape to the rear prove unreliable witnesses to what is actually happening, not being equipped with eyes in the back of their head.

Spoof? ! ? My Ass!! Because it is so incredible, we are unwilling to believe what is happening. We tell ourselves, "It can't be; It just isn't so."

It has happened before in our history (man's history), that man has had his credulity overwhelmed by unaccountable events. Spaniards for example, or the rest of the white pestilence that swept the Americas.

We thought we had heard it all with nuclear weapons. Then it was decided that nuclear weapons would wipe us all out, even those in the many-sided building, but also those who gained from the activities of those who did their thing in the many-sided building. You've heard of the most recent apologies of the Leader of The Band. That'll give ya some idear of how futile a lotta this stuff is that goes on amongst the colluding pork-barrellers, corporations, and those who workaway in the many-sided building.

Its all a staving-off operation, \$\$billions\$\$ doing their best. In the meantime these invaders, after unfurling their fricking gaudy banners and pennants, are purported to be demanding that all who are lucky enough to survive surrender immediately, foreswear all their allegiances, all their idols, all their goodies, all their evil practices and filthy habits; and prostrate themselves before the Arch-Commander-Potentate, and Savior of all, Mr. Lingchewthem Chan (Charlie, for short {SHUN KING - Noodle The Magnificent}, lineage supposed of Ghenghis's [Chan - Khan; close enough] pitched over the precipice into the raging inferno to propitiate some damned deety (Youv'e heard it all before, "God Damn It!" [no more "God Damn Its" by the way, and J.C. is finally fed to the Dragon], as the unpolluted plunge.).

These invaders seem like invaders of olde. Their armor is brightly polished and lusterous, gleaming in the sunlight. However such raiment is easily disdonned in order to execute certain visceral practices with the distaff side of our peoples. No improvement there. However unoriginal, after such seminiferous activity, the bull rages on, seeking riches and more stimulus, all in the name of Mr. Lingchewthem Chan. Some also were observed to cavort in a most pederastic manner, proving once again, and maybe, conclusively, the olde addage, that an 'army doesn't travel on its stomach alone'.

It has been ventured that those in the many-sided building are contemplating releasing a most-secret weapon held in reserve for such

desperate occasions. Almost as olde as gun-powder, this secret-weapon has never been used in a time of bloody conflict, but so dire is our circumstance that Humanitarianism will be released immediately in hopes of averting the (knock)worst.

Just try taking this stuff seriously; if you had, most likely you would have leapt from the highest available bridge, or over the nearest precipice, to other times and climes, with or without somebody's blessing. I have taken it only moderately seriously, seriously enough to recount our bleached demise while it is happening rather than rely upon some otherhued dynastic historian to bias the facts, and moderately enough to infuse the whole with a sardonic peal.

Imagine how old Montezuma felt when those helmeted little españoles with puffy sleeves, swords and boomsticks descended, by the Grace of God, from exaggerated canoes. Humanitarianism was not practiced by the New World savages, so they had to bite the bullet. Even though the virgins were not made of gold, they forewent their propitiating in lieu of new babble and new icons, compromised by their lack of firepower, to live another day, notwithstanding the vascularized español.

Such a plight, such a plight!

Those in the many-sided building have sent many of Montezuma's descendants from the lettuce fields to the front lines to share in our common plight! Togetherness and sharing is wonderful experience. Try it, you'll like it.

In recognition of the dinosaur, we have determined it ain't for ever. THEREFORE, we might as well use it up. Civilization, that excuse for concerted (harmonius) human activity, is a thing of the past, somehow eclipsed by visceral decadence. Perhaps it is unfair to label something decadent, when in fact there is little evidence to show that anything is but what it is. We might HOPE for some great unifying principle, simply because HOPE is a cheap palliative for an otherwise demoralized constituency. Despair not; we haven't exhausted all the possibilities. There's always Mars (and Snickers), out amongst the teeny weeny stars, where dinosaurs drive around in cars.

Remember your boyscout (girlscout?) motto: Be Prepared. As you grow to your magnificently replete fulfillment (dotage), you will have learned the meaning of Be Prepared (Newt is on a renew romp). Be Prepared to make your exit. Be in readiness at the launching pad as soon as the planet has been used up, reduced by unifying the masses in availing all of the same standard of living (which we promise every good scout in the classrooms of the world). I know there have been many in disagreement with this philosophy over the centuries; those seers who realized long ago that not everybody could share in the good life without destroying the planet. Only a few lucky fuckers were intended for the top echelon, the remainder were intended to lie at the feet of those to be emulated, awaiting the scraps and

leavings. But that Humanitarian disease swept over the world, reducing the planet to the same standard of living for all, thus consuming the very substance from which it all sprang. Entropy. The Ultimate Moral: Be Prepared for the advent of Humanitarianism.

I guess I got sidetracked from the invaders. One tends to carry over his olde concerns, these having been his daily diet and daily exposure for most of his life. Somehow the notion of invaders seems irrelevant, since its almost over anyway. Besides I like to run on from one nuance to the next in the hope of discovering another joke.

"After leaving my post as a functioning member of the Life, Liberty, and Pursuit of Happiness Contingent, ostensibly to pursue the aforementioned dubious goal, I discovered that literary ambitions are attendant with labors of a kind I found tedious and discouraging; and not very rewarding in terms of proving that the artistic life fulfilled its expectations. I had already tasted the fruits of such endeavors. These were sometimes succulent fruits, not necessarily sweet. That is, as a young prospective sculptor, imbued with the example and spirit of Michelangelo and Rodin, I found my efforts, as they say, 'pretentious and lacking'. At least I recognized some of my limitations. It was the nonremunerative aspects of artistic endeavors that interfered with the basic premise of the Life, Liberty, and Pursuit of Happiness Contingent. As I have grown older, I have learned to augment my arguments for abandoning the one for the other without proving my case. The one has steeped itself in a hollow materiality which leaves behind a shambles, or a dung heap (midden) of discarded junk; the accumulated character of which and with which one may measure and assess the validity of his assumptions. The other, the artistic, has indeed proven more rewarding in a personal sense, the only one that matters, it seems. However, as one proceeds down the road as the Master of his own Fate, and Captain of his own Soul, he finds he must answer to the integrity of his muse, which quite easily could lead to drink and a plunge over the precipice."

The one has steeped itself in a hollow materiality which leaves behind a shambles, or a dungheap (midden) of discarded junk; the accumulated character of which and with which one may measure and assess the validity of his assumptions.

Indeed: I repeat. A bad joke sometimes ripens with age.

This is beside the issue. Yesterday I told the local urologist that all the treatments for prostate cancer were of a barbaric nature.

I remember reading in one of those heart books (during the heart days [I guess I still have heart]) wherein they were discussing trying to introduce CPR and de-fibrillators into the rural communities of

Appalachia. So many responded with the notion that the medicos were interfering in Gods work. If God had intended for someone to die, then so be it writ. Lingchewthem is now substituted for God - Forever (There's just too many of them, descendants of Sinanthropus - No argument.). "Die, you rittre bastard - Forever!" (They pitched the Soothings of Shirley McLaine). Divested of Hope, he expired. SAD! No?!

I have to do this from time to time; write, that is. I cannot write just for the sake of writing, I have the compulsion to say something as well; as a result I fuck it all up, like when, in my English Comp. Class, I elected to write about Juvenile Delinquency, in a thousand words or less (I received an EF - the instructor didn't want to read my ramblings in J.D.; she just wanted to know whether I could get the subject, predicate, object, conjunctions, adjectives, adverbs, participles, gerunds and hyperboles in the proper order and relationship, and whether I could spell my assumptions).

There are those who think they know it all; there are those who think those who think they know it all are really the cat's meow; and there are those who think those who think those who think they know it all are really the cat's meow suspect what appears as the cat's meow is really a lot of bull's shit. Meow or Shit, it gets published, promoted, and then fawned over like the 'good spake' and the next thing you hear they are awarding the Bull itzer prize or the Noble Sir prize. I say, "Filling a Vacuum!"

I may be one of those who would like to think he knows it all.

But there are others who are in the position of filling the second function of thinking those who think they know it all think someone like me who thinks he knows it all do happen to believe that what I think is not the cat's meow, but is rather more derived from the rear end of the other creature, hence this unpublished vacuousness. I must say the prize is rather attractive if one could hang on long enough to collect. The royalties on dynamite production must be kermungous, since the modern prizes seem to have a huge COLA incorporated into them. Some people who have scruples about TNT refuse the honor, hence the Kroner that go with it. All former recipients are known as the Old Kronies. Some who were in line to receive the Prize eventually die unexpectedly. I read the other day that Elizabeth could rain for 60 years given her current state of health, which configures the most that Charles could rain, given the actuarial tables, would be seventeen years. Charles is such an embarrassment to the throne, and Diana is such a usurping celebrity (You'd think she was queen instead of a princess) that Liz's managers are trying to stage a comeback, perhaps to outlast the embarrassment. Great reading material, if you can stomach anachronisms while the human condition ripens (stinks).

Incidentally to complete one thought at a time, TNT has been replaced by another measureless phenomenon. How can you really describe the explosive power of a nuclear (unclear) device? Imagine awarding the Unclear Prize for Humanitarianism.

One of Shun King's subalterns moved into our log house while I was hiding underneath. He hadn't bothered to look beneath. If he had we might have had a stand-off. He would have seen me; he could have offered me where I lie, but then if he had intended to occupy the place he would have had to endure the stench of a rotting corpse. He might have attempted to force me out from under only to dispatch me over the cliff, in order to join the dinosaurs riding around in cars. Anyway that didn't happen, but I needed to find a new hiding place. As long I was underneath, even though discovered, I was safe, because I could hold my stench over him. However, my goose was cooked if some of his privates (myrmidons) came along whom he could order to remove my carcass in the event of an eventuality. However, hiding wasn't my only business in this life; besides I easily became claustrophobic under the building. Also sustenance was part of life; there was aught but the dirt upon which I lie. Then there was the matter of voiding the sparse processed sustenance consumed before my sequestering.

Needless to say, it was apparent I had to get out of there. But now I was about to be divested of my dream home upon which I had slaved for several years. How was I to keep it or get it back. Its like How was the Indian to get his tee pee back. I might do away with one subaltern only to be overwhelmed by another. It was inevitable; there were so many of them. There was no certainty I could do away with the present occupant; they all seemed invincible; tough hides! But where I was was a tough hide too, so my alternatives were few. Crawling around underneath my dream home was not included in the script.

It was becoming apparent I was to either become one of those who ran, or one of those who stood.

Running was never one of my strong points, even charged up with adrenalin (fear). I had watched track meets when younger, often wondering at the utility in being the fastest, given the nature of stress fractures, pulled hams, and the utterly fagged look after each competitor crossed the line; the slowest often looked the worst for the plodding endeavor. What was the point in running anyway, when one could not even outrun a javelin, much more a high-speed projectile? And suppose that stress fracture, or pulled ham acted up when one really needed to escape? Speed was always best attained on a smooth straightaway; darting around on rock and clod-strewn ground was sure to strain something.

There were no competitive events involving standing; albeit, standing one's ground. Surely there was the javelin, the discus and the hammer throw, and shot put which, if one happened to be carrying one of these

antiquated pieces of freight; and if he or she could get it out of its sack as he or she were being fired upon, well; imagine it if you will. And suppose one missed his target. It would have been an honorable death. The ultimate escape would have been a pole vault into oblivion.

If I had elected to stand my ground, I would have sworn a blue streak at my antagonist, going down in an epithet of glory. However, without an audience, there would be no glory. That's the way it is when you defend your own turf. Sometimes, its utterly hopeless, this was one of those times. DAMNED!

I crawled more than I ran. My escape was only imaginary. If I intended to attempt to regain possession of my dream home I would need to crawl back.

Confrontation with cussing, even brazenly loud, and full of exclamation and ejection and expectoration would only inflame my adversary. He might get 'human fever' like some people get 'buck fever', firing and missing. But a subaltern in that big of an origination indicated some kind of prowess, of an undetermined nature. The myth of invincibility began to loom large in my imagination as well as the loss of my dream home. Like some people are behind the eight ball, I was behind the one ball.

It seems like a contrived script, no?, however plausible and probable. Nothing lasts forever, even amongst friends. Well, not exactly friends; that's a borrowed term from military jargon, "friend or foe?". So how about fellow citizen or neighbor? We must account the assessor; he that assesses your share of the payment for those who occupy the many-sided buildings. Then there's those red-blooded bureaucrats that occupy the many-sided buildings determining what will be will be, to the great annoyance of the inconsequential citizenry (qualified statement - only consequential as part of the tax base). The assessor lives in the many sided-building as well, where they make the statutes that become the basis for the red-blooded extortion, always a conflict-of-interest; foxes guarding the proverbial gallus galluses. If you believe I overstate the case, you are in error.

Taxes are one thing; shoving you around is another. They (the aforementioned red-blooded bloodsucking bureaucrats) plan your neighborhood, they ram through street projects, collaterals, thru streets, highways, beltlines, and generally destroy the ambience, the peace and quiet of your neighborhood over your (everybody's) protests, and eventually your dead body. They have the power, even though, when you strip them of their underwear, they appear as pretty poor examples of the species. Maybe that's the problem; we are not suited for each other; the species is incompatible with itself. Clearly!!!

Well, that aint nuthin compared to what living behind the one ball promises to be. You cant live in front of the one ball, because up front they practice genocide. There are too many in any case, even too many to feed

and maintain as slaves. Its easier and cheaper to maintain a piece of machinery.

So the cue ball winds up in the side pocket; its a new game now. We ought to be able to commiserate with the dinosaurs, even though they lasted (endured) a lot longer as a viable entity. It says something for living at the primitive level, as we have imagined the big D's did, just surviving for surviving's sake, on what would have appeared as the visceral level. Us two-leggers have made much of our brains and our civilizational impetus, but in the last (very last) analysis it will be shown that we were outlived by the big D's by several millennia (a committee [task force] will be convened belatedly to study the purpose and effectiveness of brains).

You might begin to wonder, 'Who's keeping score?'

Just suppose that nobody is. Just suppose all this 'better afterlife' is a crock, an empty gambit, just some visionary's wild dementia (one dementional maniacal cerebration; half-baked). He was a guy equipped (blessed) with a sixth sense who believed this two-legged side-trip was doomed to failure (TOAST!, as the expression goes), so in his desperate depression, HA!, he went BALLASTIC !!!

Absolutely!!! Sure, truly, sometimes it would be better if we could really know there was someone keeping score. It would be more comforting than realizing that the limitation on all this two-legged activity is the subject and object itself. He's predicated; that's awful.

'Not half-baked' (half-toasted), you say. "Inspired!"

"Survival!", I say. The greatest notion going, 'Survival!'.

We may imagine that the 'lesser' creatures are specially blessed because they're ignern't; that is, lacking. They are consigned to a special limbo for the reincarnationists. Because two-leggers aint ignern't, that is, they come equipped with an ever present consciousness (overdrive)of their mortality, unless a'coarse they have Alzheimer's (faulty transmission), then they are equally consigned to the ever present misery of fear of being behind every ball on the table, Doomed! as it were (was).

The Doom thing screws up our thinking. Our senses tell us one thing, and our overdrive tells us another. In a manner of speaking our senses do not tell us what we want to know; "Will we have to suffer immortality?", or "Can we get this business over with in the first go around?"

A lot of our preoccupation has to do with the notion of "Justice!". Most likely we feel there aint no Justice, unless its the "Eye for an Eye, ....." kind that we administer ourselves. However, we have been chastised for our vengefulness, having been offered other options.

Moses attempted to give us direction with simple formulae carved upon some desert stone (without ever mentioning 'Justice'). One of his followers (in time, near as we can tell) sidestepped the whole issue of 'Justice' by



promising something in the hereafter if we forgave the transgressions made upon us. There are lots of transgressions, so we might be kept pretty busy keeping the score even, if we followed our basic 'instincts'. So maybe its simpler to forgive; and get later, Incredibly! (bankrupt).

Somewhere between the Mythical Moses and his Inspired follower (in time, near as we can tell) there came a Greek who argued whether 'Justice' was always in the interest of the stronger.

Even though Moses didn't have anything to say about 'Justice', he does represent Man's Will to Law. If you have Law, somehow reward and punishment become an integral part of it. Reward and Punishment are meant to be construed as 'Justice'.

Although the Greek's protagonist argues well for a perfectly reasoned approach to 'Justice' as the consequence of the natural flow of truth seeking, it has been borne out through time (historical evidence) that more often than not the antagonists view that, "Justice is in the interest of the stronger." is a readily verifiable claim.

Closer to home, and more readily understandable, is the "Do to others as you would be done by." to be construed to state as well, "Do unto others as they would do unto you".

Are these notions in conflict?

'Justice' is not only a perceived thing, it is a felt thing.

That 'Justice' often is used to ennoble a discretionary action taken and served upon us, through the courts, as it were, very often the word 'miscarriage' must accompany this supreme gesture. Its odd we should use thwarted gestation within the female as our chosen metaphor for the ill-gotten fruits of a flawed 'Justice' equation. (There is the possibility miscarriage is a miss spelling of Miss Carriage, otherwise identified by her carriage.)

'Perversion' is another of those terms we often hear, associatively speaking. If an individual takes the life of another, and he happens to be 'strong' (i.e. wealthy) he may use his resources to seek relief from bearing the responsibility (retribution) to which he is entitled. He cannot do this directly by approaching Moses, offering him a fee (bribe) for his services (indulgence); but what he does do may amount to the same. His resources are used in manner to flaunt the process; that is, he hires the gifted of tongue to harangue. It is already known that Man's System of 'Justice' is flawed, so all one need do is find the flaw, haranguing it to death, providing a plausible and probable loophole for the murderer a means to escape (WHAT? is a question). Additionally, once the Court application (show trial) of 'Justice' (completed action) has been achieved, it is writ (herein) the murderer cannot be 'tried' again for the same malfeasance. (He cannot be tried again because he does not have the resources for a second trial [the haranguers do not come cheap]). I suppose "Perversion" might describe the foregoing. If you had hoped for 'Justice' in this situation you

would most likely come away feeling it didn't happen. Strength of wealth did not achieve 'Justice' The Greek's antagonist does not prove his point that 'Justice is in the interest of the stronger', because 'Justice' was not at issue, only in name. 'Justice', per se, was usurped in its forum. Mockery, and Miscarriage are easily applied to this situation as well.

Because Man's system of Justice is flawed, all malfeasants with means are in a position to challenge it. If you desire a more perfect 'Justice' which may in the end be regarded as 'Revenge', i.e., an "Eye for an Eye .....", then you may become the 'weaker' who has obtained 'Justice', but who must answer for his usurpation of Man's flawed System. Chances are, you will gain the sympathies of the many while suffering the retribution of the Courts (because you were too 'weak' (poor, without means) to get that kind of haranguing 'Justice' (working the flaws) you required.

So 'Justice' has nothing to do with retribution, guilt, malfeasance. It has nothing to do with itself. It is a term (meagerly) bandied about, depicted as a scales held by a blindfolded, albeit, human form. There you have it; not blind, but blindfolded; with holes in the blindfold.

So, if you screw up, don't worry; your preoccupation is misplaced; there aint no 'Justice', which means you'll probably get away with all your venialities. The moral is "Don't get caught." If you get caught; "Harangue!" If you do time, or pay with your life, 'Justice' may still not be served. If, in your actions, you have destroyed someone or something that cannot be replaced, then truly 'Justice' is for naught, and often a poor substitute for what you feel a result of your loss. Sometimes the only recourse is to await your own end that all considerations will expire with you; the advantage of mortality.

When the invaders put you behind the one ball, expect the end. Do not expect to pass Go.

Life after the Invasion. We have had it so good for so long. We hadn't realized this even though we had always felt put upon by our government and the Moguls (get that) of industry, banks, consumerism, and keeping up with the Jones (exercising our sociality). These invading Moguls, I'll tell you, are a different breed (literally and figuratively).

If you had always wondered what it would be like to be the underling of a Martian (amongst the conquered from outer space), it could hardly be any worse than what its like to be conquered by those who are Earthians or Gaeaians.

It all came to pass through a mammoth writhing Malthusian effort at fornicating one's way toward dominance (an idea borrowed from the Quebecois) (finding that fornicating was one fucking way to relieve the boredom of dire existence on the One Ball River). For a while (Once Upon A Time) there was a lot of rocking and swaying Junks. Now the Junks are up

to the gunwales, and the harbors are clogged with the hoards, so the compulsion has arisen (naturally) to move out; hence this current Invasion, and demise of our former way of life (of screwing the daylight out of each other [viva a viva] in order to make a buck, vis à vis, in order to Make the World Safe for Democracy and make this a More Perfect Union through Consumerism [and on and on; something like that anyway]). Ad Hoc, anyone? Too Late.

Its all over. The world Is No Longer Safe For Democracy, or for screwing the daylight out of each other. What had been an Imperfect Union remains so (small comforts). Many who had belonged to the upper echelons have abandoned these shores (to their hovels on the Mediterranean, or the Riviera, or Alpine Retreat (next to the bank) (you know, like Ferdinand and Imelda). Those who were less fortunate became known as "Boat People", who had sailed away (taken sail) in all manner of craft to the foreign shores of other continents. In Europe they became known as descendants of immigrants, in Africa as Americo Africans, in South America, simply as Boat People; there was no westward migration. Needless to recount, many drowned, many were found as floating corpses, dehydrated, starved and otherwise affected by the vicissitudes of their nautical undertakings. And still they came, as the One Ball rolled on. What had formerly been the United States Of America and Canada was now just one huge Coolie (for COOL; a self-effacing declaration meant to engender good will) Town without boundaries, states, provinces, or counties. Newt's (The Third Wave enthusiast) wildest dreams have been fulfilled in the Renewing of America (renamed Mao Mao). The First Wave were descendants of the easterly migrations across the Northern Ice from the Asian Continent; the Second Wave were Boat People migrating in a westerly direction from the European Continent; and the Third Wave, once again an easterly migration from the Asian Continent, arriving daily in every manner of conveyance, all equipped with hand held computers (Somewhat circularly, from the Ice Age to The Information Age; from the Abacus to being 'wired' [wierd]). The Fourth Wave is the Abandonment, like rats leaving the proverbial sinking ship. Sad; just when it was becoming clear that the planet could not sustain a standard of living for all as we had come to believe and anticipate; and we were about to Balance the Budget (about to budge it). Talk about Coitus Interruptus, imagine what an effffing job it was to get those many-sided building effffers to agree to Balance their previous derelictions upon the backs of the Aged. Now, deprived of the thrill of getting it on; well - tooooo little, tooooo late - a rather wet dream.

I have allowed myself to slip into some particulars, which, in the long run, are truly irrelevant to the tenor of this spake. Even the Invasion, though it transforms what had been into something else, totally disrupting a way of life, it too will pass as a transient undertaking. The more curious

thing, though not curiously irrelevant, is the comparisons we are inclined to make between ourselves and the dinosaurs. We sense we (speaking generically of two-leggers) will not endure nearly as long as those atrophied foreleggers, despite all our wisdom (Confucian or otherwise). For the lack of a better term, I utter, Wisdom. The wiser we become, the more ignern't we feel as we have attempted to prepare for the Information Age (cybersquat).

The 'Information' Age may mean something, almost titillatingly, as we sit in a stupefied trance before some flashing screen that responds to our manipulations (suspended animation). Surely we will broaden this adventure with the hand held contraption that will liberate us from the chair, as does the idiot cellular phone (the thing that got stuffed in your ear) liberate us in other ways. But ultimately we are speaking of the limitations of the creature that (suspendedly) animates these scenarios. What one may know, or what one may attempt to know through the agents of consumerist operatives cannot be redefined by the machine that one creates. One may need to know how the machine operates, but what he may acquire in the way of Information (that many construe to imply Knowledge) may only fill a vacuous thing in any case. Real Knowledge, Real "Truth" (as one might humbly like to imagine) eludes us, despite all the Information, as it always has. One might instruct his brain-extension (computer) to 'tell it like it is, sparing none' only to hear an echo of one's own dim visions. What we cannot know, we simply cannot know.

#### Sour Grapes; Off The Cutting Edge?

We do seem to be confronted by philosophical differences.

To me, without attempting to sound a righteous knell, Truth is what matters. Truth becomes relegated to a category of notions similar to Justice; perhaps something unattainable. To Know something 'absolutely', without any doubt, is an prospective thing. What one might sense, albeit Know, or even Suspect intuitively, and may identify as a 'truth', may also fall into a realm of aphasic gesticulation, essentially incommunicable from one to the other. One may rant, rail, rave, and insist, to little avail. Truth as a communicable 'essence' (to borrow from Lin Yutang) may elude us. Truth may experience heavy traffic without ever being seen.

Some things remain unsaid. To sense a presence, lets say, that may be identified as Truth, in as much as we, without being able to explain the feeling, sense when Justice has 'been served'. It seems 'right' to us. In a similar way 'Truth' as we might label it, as a felt thing, feels 'right'. The obverse may stated as well, that we sense when Justice has not been served, we may feel what has been put forth as 'Truth' does not feel right. What may not feel right may only be the result of one's failure to communicate that which is not communicable. 'Truth' may be present nonetheless; veiled, as it were. One may amplify what is being suggested herein by indicating that whatever we attempt to communicate, no matter

how diligently we apply ourselves to the task, may fail; may fail only because of the inherent lacks of a language insufficient to the task. We may attempt to devise a language that better accomplishes our objective.

In some philosophical circles the foregoing has been labeled 'despairing over the absolute'.

What can one say about one's own prospective demise?

I do not want to die. Especially when I am feeling good, and as long as I imagine I have something for which to live; a desire, lets say, an anticipation of something; like a visit from the grandchildren, or one last crack at soothsaying; putting it down on paper. If I may envision it, there are those who are in such pain, or are living such a miserable life, without hope or succor, that they desire death. The will to live, to life, is simple (it flows from itself, its own presence); the will to death appears complicated, and dire. Our Supreme Court has declared that 'capital punishment' is not cruel and unusual. Presumably they are defining some area of Justice that often perceives the opposite to be True, that capital punishment is cruel and unusual. The Old Testament notion of an "Eye for an eye" seems just, but at the same time requires our decision to make it acceptable. We cannot prove it is 'just'; we can only feel that something has been addressed and accounted. Tomorrow, another Supreme Court may take the opposite stance. We may sense an ambivalence, a dichotomy, a schism, in this regard. Of course we are never sure, but in our attempt to be so, i.e., in the matter of redressing wrongs, we opt for heavy handedness one day and leniency the next. Some are offed on the one day (perhaps an unlucky draw), and some are spared the next (lucky draw). Chance and lottery. Judgment, human judgment, seems flawed, dubious, and as such, all issuances therefrom 'should' be held in abeyance.

Three strikes and you are out; simple is as simple does. There is a difference between white collar crime and another collar crime. The purer hue, as we are wont to associate, may violate many laws, written or unwritten, and find a way of being dismissed; that is, one may be allowed to keep all he's got, and remain 'free' (at liberty); public censure may be his/her punishment. Even that is only imagined. He/she may be able to collect all his/her benefits etc.. There may be more than three strikes involved, there might even be a lifetime of violations for which one receives only dismissal or is allowed to resign. Like Hester, he/she gets to wear an F on his/her brow F for Fuck-up. Whereas the other hued collars are stripped to the nothing, incarcerated (robbed of their liberty), as well as censured with an F instead of a suit of clothes.

When one, as the purer collar has been esteemed (following from dubious assumptions), is dethroned, so to speak, he/she is merely removed from what had been an illusion, in the first place. When the darker, dirtier (soiled) appearing collar, without esteem, is removed from 'ordered' and 'polite' society, that's a reality hit. Would the latter settle for an F on its forehead? As long as we are into making assumptions, do we

continue to make assumptions with regard to the censured white collar, that it has learned its lesson, never to fuck-up again? Might not a three strikes and you are out individual feel it has learned a lesson as well? The difference is the white is still on the payroll, so to speak, living in comfort, albeit soliloquizing a lot, whereas the other hue is totally bereft, more or less at the mercy of the police, and consigned to such desperate penury as to strike again; as a way to volunteer for a permanent dole behind bars.

If people were inherently good and trust worthy we would not require such an elaborate (and Costly) "Justice" establishment.

We are laboring with assumptions. Assumptions share some affinity with illusions. In our attempt to devise order from chaos, we accept certain constructs just to get the show on the road, the civilization show, or the ordered society show, or the anti-anarchical show. Each of us might be said to be a vested member in this undertaking. Our lives are our initial investment. We assume without knowing for certain, that our lives are more protected, or less vulnerable if we accept the will to order. We make the faulty assumption that such a state of affairs precludes random wantonness, or deviations (or divagations - Cioran). We are all in this together.

As you know, we are all impulsive, visceral, etc., long before we become cerebral. The ordered state seems an impossible undertaking given the nature of the beast. All we attempt to do is merely a holding action against the hobnailed boots coming up from below. We are each fashioned from the same clay; in each of us lives the basic components for any life that must survive, whether here or there. There is that underlying compulsion. Hobnailed boots may typify the condition.

At some point we acquire something, which we feel compelled to guard with our lives. We seek to be recognized as something special in our acquisitions, the extensions of our beings. We have sought to be allowed these extensions, to be honored and protected in them. And so it has become writ that we are. There is no recognition of the evils of disparity, and the envying of those who are honored and protected. Instead we preach against envy. We condemn those who are poorly motivated; that is, those who do not have the desire (or means) to achieve status; i.e., to acquire. "Gaining the world, and losing one's soul", is a pathetic counteroffensive thrown at those who preach against envy.

All this has become moot since the invasion. What I had invested in my dream home is gone, unsympathetically. What I had spent so many hours imagining and writing down as 'Justice' is gone into a meaningless oblivion. Whether a white collar or a soiled collar received appropriate dispensations for their respective actions is all lost in the next series of overtakings. What time would have accomplished in any case, has been accomplished immediately. What one's demise would have accomplished (not being able to take it with you), has come to be during one's lifetime.

All transgressions, great or small, are lost in the Next Wave. Yield and fall anyway. Most of us die miserably without gaining that which we seek.

The Invasion puts a different twist to our perspective, that's all. Our greatest dissatisfaction arises when we realize all those whom we had previously judged as fat cats, whom we had wanted to see fall, mostly because of their indifference, their arrogance, their haughtiness, their paranoia, their niggardliness, have escaped to their retreats, most of their wherewithal in tact, including all their disdain for the masses. Holy Fucking Moses!, Jesus Fucking Christ!, Lingchewthem Fucking Chan, there ain't no Justice.

Truly one could weep; certainly wail.

I'm sure there is something I am overlooking, not treating with the proper respect, failing to recognize. I must assume, since I am one of them, I am flawed; that I am just making so much noise. I need to recognize, since I am one of them, I am irrelevant. Since I do not know what there is to respect, I can only respect my own death to be the final thing, a period placed after a quandary. Validating irrelevance seems a dubious, thankless chore. Life, as a vehicle for desperate issuances, hair brained notions, maggoty consumption (eating until something, even one's carcass [dust unto dust] is completely devoured only to repeat the same - an endlessly futile cycle of birth, death, decay), seems to define a universal horror; a nightmare; a desperate clinging to something abortively designed - simply because there is nothing else; just this empty gambit.

The Next Generation! The color matters little. The hue of Justice will remain the same; Dark, anything but a gleaming light.

I will tell you what I know what will be the end. WHAT!! what? What's what?

I recall writing a letter to a barrister in Canada when we were attempting to negotiate a purchase of the land upon which sits the log house now being occupied by one of them; one of the Lingchewthems The land was encumbered with a roadway serving someone else's property, a roadway which we wanted abandoned before the purchase transpired. In attempting to communicate this concern to a barrister whose office was located in a little cubby hole in a little town, perhaps like myself conducting little enough business to survive and pay a secretary (I didn't have a secretary to worry about) who did the lion's share of the work in order to achieve both objectives, I must have seemed to be coming from left field. I had used a bunch of whereas's, and whethers, and pretentious legalese, that caused him to write in the margin of the letter, "WHAT!?"

Its not the kind of expression that was in search of an explanation. It was a question of style. Legalese has its own form, a form unto itself, which only others of that profession understand; judges (justices [administrators of Justice]) in particular. In order to obtain Justice, the Court must be addressed in a particular manner, must adhere to a

prescribed form, sort of like a waltz. Its all an attempt to elevate the whole procedure. Already the person in the black (not white, remember what I said about the hue of justice being dark [perhaps shady]) robe is physically elevated upon some kind of bench looking down at the supplicant (appellant, plaintiff) with an austere demeanor as if to say (... la, a New Yorker cartoon). "Prove to me you deserve Justice." An attempt at ennobling a rather remunerative profession; somehow Justice and Law become entangled in an obscure language that is meant to convey an impression of 'considered judgment', and to assure impartiality; and to put on a show that will only seem to JUSTify their costly services, and WHATEver else. We already know that Justice and Law respond very well to an infusion of capital. We might laugh at this double entendre; not a capital offense. All three (before three strikes and your out) of my appearances before Justices have resulted in Fines; capital offenses, and following some strict procedural decorum, not payable with a credit card. It is generally assumed that a person will pay the fine rather than serve time in the pokey. However, occasionally a person will claim he cannot pay the fine, however large or small. The court might elect to attach his wages, if he has any coming, or consign him to serve time; or perhaps order him to perform community service. WHAT!? In my case I did not claim penury, in one case I had already been incarcerated (for which I was not reimbursed) awaiting the services of the court (which fined me in addition [I wrote about this in No Trespassing]), and in another case I was allowed a choice of a Fine or attending a few lectures; the lectures were informative.

I must say I was impressed with incarceration; i.e. Deprivation of Liberty. The Army Ants aimed their pincers at me, herding me into a cell. I do not believe they knew what they were doing, short of doing something for its own sake. It was an unthinking thing; not a visceral thing even (like the Rodney King affair). It was problematic for me, for, if I had refused to do as I was told, the policeman would have been forced to act in a programmed manner. It would have been a messy business, mostly because of its mindlessness; er....stupidity!

Since this isn't really 'true confessions' time, I'll desist.

You might think I am dicking around with an improbable scenario with my Invasion. I may be dicking, but the clock is ticking. In case you don't know it already, just last week they (the clock people) moved the Nuclear Chimes three minutes closer to midnight.

You can believe what you like about superpowers, but being one means very little, when you are outnumbered, and there are so many targets.

The Clock is now set at 14 minutes to midnight. Dooms day beckons? Talk about plausible scenarios. Small comforts for a dinosaur. Since there is only one superpower remaining (by its own estimation) it lives in search of a specific enemy. Eeeeneee meeneee miineee moeooo. Terrorism. All



those Satanic forces at liberty, like so many loose cannons; many of whom do not care whomwhat, themselves included, because in their happy fanatical delusionism, they are going to a better place. So why bother, I ask? Just GO! Beside the point.

I have jumped ahead a few with my Invasion. You might imagine how it had begun. When Lingchewthem occupied Formerly Osa, we Powerless Super, just let it happen with a lotta meaningless threats, as usual. (Are boys (and some stout goils) are not gonna be sacrificed for nuttin'.) The politics of the situation just ain't right. Then Lingchewthem spread out (metastasized)a little more, Mogulonia. Then the Flipohlines.

Like paralyzed ichneumon flies, we let the little hornies lay their eggs in our cre(vices). Until they hatched into the ultimate invasion. The RAPE in OkinOWa disappeared onto the back pages; the situation In Guan(go on)tanamo never got off the ground. Puerto Rico never sought independence. Haiti withered on its own (Clinton Doctrine.) While we were preoccupied with Bosnia, Lingchewthem occupied Poil Hahbuh on December 8th, over the feeeble protests of the Amercannot Legion. Lingchewthem did not discriminate. All colors were thrown into the bottomless pit, all ethnicities, all atrocities were equal in effect. Whites, blacks, chicanos, indians (both kinds), middle eastern types, regardless of ethnicity, and even those of likened physiomy, stature and hue, of a different national (tribal) origin, otherwise non-sinanthropanese; all were heaped atopgather in the bottomless pit. These invaders were not a Superpower. They simply moved in; they squatted. Put that in your opium pipe, pope. Catlicks are pitched too; geeeezzz, about time.

Mao Mao Town.

Know what; observing their behavior, I'd say they ain't no different than anyone else preceded them. So what has been accomplished. Don't ask, just narrate.

I must admit that once they have taken over, the narrative gets a little boring. Hope disintegrates into the mundane. We (I use 'we' reservedly, not making much difference amongst any that somehow manage to stand on two legs [excluding dinosaurs at this juncture] [including chimps and chumps alike, and probably baboons, 'cause they're immune to AIDS; if all else fails: condoms, abstinence, the old refrain, then there's baboons {Cheers!} ]) somehow cannot escape the limitations of the corpus that embodies us. We return to our former selves, which ain't much. The best amongst us paint pretty sunsets. The rest of us screw the daylights out of each other. We compete for the top rung. 'Compete' is a euphemism for whatever it is we do to get to the top. For all his mightiness (appetite for power and conquest) Lingchewthem has a bad case of indigestion, plus a chaotic instance of paranoia. He's very jaundiced in his outlook and his lookout; very poor qualities in a leader.

However, he likes pretty sunsets and pretty wimmen; the latter doesn't matter if'n they're honkies, or palefaces, or jaundiced. When he was

interviewed about his predilections for pretty wimmen regardless of hue, ethnicity, or creed, he was asked if there was any hope of integration, or assimilation. He answered obliquely by saying that all conquerors have certain prerogatives. He indicated he wasn't attempting to set an example. Very Confewshun, very whys.

Someone (Kelvin Cleft) asked him to describe what constitutes a pritty woman. Lingchewthem became rather expansive (bulging). He looked upon his interlocutor, narrowing his gays, saying, "Risten, buddy, don't try any of that free market stuff on me; I'm not into barbie dorrs, or any of that prastic reconstruction." Someone whispered, the great man had just finished reading the whole story of John Wayne Bobbdit, to his great amusement. Lingchewthem rose to the occasion. He indicated he had had many pritty wimmen. He revealed that he maintained a cucumber vine loaded with many varieties. He assured his listeners that was the best way to go; just keep them hanging or lying around. Sure it helped a lot to have 'em pritty; otherwise. "Confewshun say, 'Pritty is as pritty does'."

Its time for a brief interlude. I saw the other day an anthology of dirty jokes, dating from the earliest times, including the cave paintings of Lascaux, and the dead Sea Scrolls (Yes they scrolled in those days too). It was very reassuring to learn that our level of degeneracy has some precedents, hysterically. Some people had questioned my perception of degeneracy, indicating that if its natural to the species how can it be degenerate? Good question. I wouldn't want to take anything away from the species, especially if it belonged; like Confewshun say, "Natural is as natural does." When we become satiated with pritty wimmen, whether in real life or through the Pentup Glossy Centerfold, we need to start over again. We usually start with lewd, lurid, 'filthy' jokes. Disgusting and degenerate we may be; "pritty basic", I would conjecture. There's something forbidden always haunting us. We cover ourselves in lion cloths; in jack straps; Gee Whiz strings; Imagine, fig leaves; nowadays, African Violet leaves. Bare Assed is forbidden. Some of us are so damned ugly in our natural state we gotta do something. We have instituted covernets (covenants) declaring the ugly cannot expose themselves to pub(r)ic view. Everybody must be ugly underneath, 'cause you don't see anybody going around Bare Assed, 'cept streakers (better be pritty fast).

A very pritty woman was jailed for going around, disdonned (bereft) of even an African violet leaf over her clift) She was arrested (not in development), jailed and charged with flaunting. It seems a hair was out of place. A much cerebrated trial forrowed, even more sensaysional than the O.J. Bobbdit Baby M. Trial. She was found guilty of (technical) flaunting. It seems she had been convicted twice before of a similar offense. She had in each case pleaded not guilty. This case had achieved especial significance because of, in their attempt to allay crime, the Congressional Edict "Three Strikes and Your Out" (in left field, which inferred one was guilty of a Capitol Offense), came into play (however you say it), meaning she would

never be able to go about disdonnaed again. Her attorneys (several) appealed the judgment to the Supreme Court, claiming her Constitutional Rights had been denied (violated it seems violation and denial are conterminous). The Constitution gave every pritty woman the right to go about Bare Assed, if she chose. An pudgy envious jury had found her guilty of flaunting, condemning her to be clothed for the rest of her natural life. Not unlike the Abortion Issue, the Supreme Court had being asked to determine when life had begun; in this case the Court had to determine what constituted perfection. In the Constitution it was implied that only perfectly pretty wimmen could go about Bare Assed. So our guilty person was obliged to unflawntingly parade before the Court for close examination of all her anatomical parts. There were none who could find flaws (although technically guilty of flawnting). Understand, this was an all male Court. If one could 'judge' by their flushed faces and apparently engorged members they were hard pressed to deny her. One justice argued, "Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder". Another didn't argue; he simply exclaimed, "Wow!". When asked to elaborate, he replied, "Just a speech of figure." A third justice spoke of the Constitutional issue in the context of its framers intent. He conjectured that in those days the ideer of a pritty woman was different. He said, "Such wimmen would have to be clothed nowadays." He indicated that some things have to change with the times. And because that was so, he felt it was unfair to condemn one whose obviously near-perfection was not to be doubted by any. A fourth quibbling Justice asked for further elaboration upon the use of the term 'obvious', whereupon the third justice quoted from the WaterBuffaloFord Chinese Dictionary, "Obvious is as obvious does." A fifth Justice pressed the issue, not satisfied, claiming he wished to resolve the issue in manner that would not forever haunt the Court as has the Abortion issue. He intimated that defining a word was a waste, that it was sufficient to use the word 'obvious', because to him it was obvious that the appellant was pritty to near-perfection. He agreed that the framers were fuddy duddies of an earlier age, who could never have imagined the sleek svelts things that go around these days. "Let's cut some slack; how much better can it get?" The sixth Justice, not missing the portent of the inferences of Abortion, wanting to avoid a docket cluttered with such banality, agreed that they ought to attempt to put the matter to rest, embracing the framers intent, yet allowing for the cultural whims of changing times. A seventh Justice interjected "O.K., what be your pleasure gentlemen, A Peter Paul Rubens, A Disrobed Francisco Y Goya Maja, A Manet, A Mailol, A Renoir, A Warhole, a PlayGirl, Marylyn, Madonna? An xxx Flicker? About what are we discoursing here? Semantics? Or is there an objective thing we can identify?" "What we have before us in the flesh is something we are apt not to see again." "I'm satisfied there are no 'obvious' words in any dictionary to describe what I behold.". "I am satisfied the Constitution is sufficient to allow this woman the freedom to go about Bare Assed until such time it

also becomes obvious she ought not be doing so; in so saying I would say that time has not arrived yet". The Eighth and Ninth Justices exclaimed, "Here!, Here!, let's have another look!". One of these was the Chief Justice, a bit of a drool fellow. He was the lusty father of 12 children, and at the age of eighty was about to become the celebrated father of number thirteen (obviously [there's that word again], his wife came from a different generation); so I guess you know he was a bit of an exspurt when it comes knowing what its for and what its all about. All looked to him for sagacity and leadership. He began. "I am moved. The Law of the land has no place before this exquisite example of female beauty. Aphrodite was above the Law. So shall it be. We declare this woman to be free of the Law until such time it becomes 'obvious she should fall within the purview of such mundane considerations. Let her become an example for all time, as does Aphrodite, although Aphrodite is a bit plump. Its the spirit of the law we must recognize in this case; what you behold is the personification of the spirit. Let It Be Writ." "Set her free."

Aside from all this frivolity; return to Lingchewthem; a weightier matter.

Somebody has to be on top. You can't go around topless despite what Henry David Thoreau said about government. I don't know exactly whether H.D.T. advocated complete toplessness, but a pressing sentiment flows thereform. Large governments with huge bureaucracies mean lots of opportunity for scurrilous activity, and lots of avenues for coverup of any hanky-panky. Whenever government becomes topheavy, you can bet the average citizen is in for a rough ride. The average citizen has to pay for all the appearances of good government, as well as all the fuck-ups of bad government. The United States Of America provides an example of bad government. where the average citizen does not believe in his government. That doesn't bother the government in general; only at election time. Rather than voting for a particular candidate, each registered citizen ought be able to withdraw a name from a hat as in a lottery. Regardless, it would still be topheavy.

I wanted to get at the idea behind having only one bozzo at the top, with all the power. Sure he (perhaps gender exclusive, although not entirely certain, bearing in mind a Cleopatra, or a Catherine II) can be an awful autocrat; but as well he can be the opposite, a genteel individual, with a concubine (the distaff side might like to have a stable) to keep him happy. Lingchewthem led a nation of peoples to greener pastures. The American Indian had regained most of what had comprised the U.S.A., using the Casino approach. Lingchewthem could visualize the American Indian allowing everything to go to seed, so he made his move before the people in the many-sided building began gearing up to retake the land from the Redskin. His inside man, ISeeThem, had told of a greatly demoralized Paleface. As we all know the Invasion did take place; and we do have a top. We know that Lingchewthem has got it on, but we don't

know when he will be through his rampage, or if it will be possible for him to control his rapacious subalterns. It has been said things could be worse if we were completely topless. All of our hopes had now become centered in the Man At The Top.

The very first order of business was the dismantling and disbanding of the Washington Office of Bunkum and Ballyhoo. For decades the American People have been attempting to set term limits for the performers, without avail. In one fell swoop Lingchewthem sent them all to the hinterland without pensions or welfare. Nobody on the dole, including all the highwire and clown acts heretofore unmentioned. Just deserts after exposing the American People to such lengthy name-calling campaigns. If any of it was true, what each said of the other, we could do without either; so it was said. Now we do.

Lingchewthem Foo Chow. Lingchewthem Fhuchow Lingchuthem Fhuchow. Ling Chew Them Fo Chow.