



January 9, 1999 A Study in Phrenetics, DID, PTSD STD

This writing is begun in the city. Yesterday I had called a friend who is visiting her grandchildren in New York City for a portion of the winter. I had asked her if she could 'feel' the city around her. She replied 'very much so'. She was anxious to return to her more familiar stomping grounds in British Columbia, living part of her time on THE ISLAND and part of the time on Vancouver Island.

I note this conversation because I too feel an estrangement from myself in this environment, this stifling citified environment of a couple hundred thousand souls, very very few of whom I know, and even those very few, only superficially. I spend my time passing by individuals whom I do not know or even recognize. But I do realize that most of them are swept up inescapably in the transience that surrounds them.


It has transpired that I desire not to live here any more, although I have lived here steadily since 1959, having first arrived in 1951. I have lived in the same house here for more than half of my life. Yet now I feel very little attachment to it. It has become mostly a burden; and its accumulative junk pile has become an embarrassment as well as a weight. I too wish to exist upon THE ISLAND.

I have chosen to characterize this current state of existence as **Schizophrenic**.

It requires presence of mind to control the urge to run away, to escape.

At age 65 I have disappeared from the face of the globe. That is, the tentacles that have always gripped and claimed me are dissolving; they have lost interest in my person. I feel somewhat released because very few people pay any attention to us older coots, us older geezurs. Sometimes they condescendingly acknowledge our poverty by labeling us 'seniors' and granting us discounts. We have become a tolerated obstruction to the faster paced life around us. The young are in a rip to get somewhere. Yes! Before, frighteningly, they become like us. They will become like us. Every so often we hear of some crazed youth gang knocking off some old geezur because he is taking up space. So it is writ.


I can recall when I was in my early twenties, a visit with an acute elderly lady (90) by the name of Moore who was a gardening client of father's. She had said something that stuck with me all these years and seems now resonantly most



appropriate. The exact words escape me, but the gist was clear enough; that the young barely indulge the old. Its as though two different societies existed side by side. In the fast paced world where everything is overpromoted, even what is not considered necessary for life, and where image is tantamount, one is reminded of the two separatenesses. The one darts in and out quickly, frowning at the apparent obstacle that moves sort of slowly, because it is no longer quick. The old have lost their edge, their ability to comprehend the importance of the NEW WAY. A reservoir of experience has taught them that all is transience, whether or not they are able to conceptualize this notion; a feeling of shallowness has grown out of unfulfilled promises. There are many promises, some stated and some implied. One waits too long; then life is over.

The **Schizophrenic** state begins early enough in all of our lives when we attempt to live up to others expectations of us, whether it is to become like one's parents, or just to be a 'good' boy or 'good' girl. All cultures set standards which seem not negotiable. I believe instinctively we know certain things. Much of this instinctively is embodied in an old saying that the only thing constant in this life is change. Change means that the rules change. The rules change because they are only temporary constructs (signposts) (waystations) (to many, inconveniences) on a journey that cannot know its destination. The journey has begun somewhere else in another time and place and may end somewhere else in another time, but most likely in the same place. We do not wish to believe that life is merely some state of matter that locomotes. We are told that life amounts to more, and because it does, we are expected to amount to something. We do not wish to believe that life is finite, that it is confined to this overcrowded and overexploited planet, that reeks of some animal; and what we have done with this life amounts to so little.

Because we are what we are, we are easily exploited as well. We want to believe in certain things that cannot be corroborated empirically We want to believe that life (our life particularly) is everlasting. We want to believe there is a presence that is looking out for us; that even with life everlasting, there must be identity and meaning for the individual, that it is not just a hopeless continuance brought about by writhing bodies in heat in a totally indifferent environment that didn't give a damn about all the writhing and all the continuance, even high-minded continuance where the couplings are purposefully chosen to



produce the 'best'. There are those out there who claim to know that life has meaning and purpose beyond its externals. There is a soul that is much loved and wanted by the great presence. It is felt that if we do not believe, that we are doomed; we are prey to the devils and evils inherent to disbelief; alcohol, drugs, irresponsible behavior, violation of common human decency and commonly assumed social graces where we become pariahs.

January 10 1999

As usual I get sidetracked; I wander off course. There is little purpose to any particular course, so it is easy to wander off.

I'm still interested in this double life I have been leading; I mean I am interested in clarifying to myself what it is I sense about existence. (When I Was Twelve) I realize I know very little about life and living. I know that I am on a time line embedded in some code. I know I am prey and that I am a possible host for other living entities. I am told I must guard against these entities because they may imperil what life resides in me. These conditions are present with me wherever I go.

When I indicate that I am prey, I cannot exclude my look-a-likes who may not be like me at all, even though they may answer the description that would be used to describe me by my general appearance. I often refer to these look-a-likes as two-leggers. Even that description must be separated from the apes, because the apes are less of a threat to my existence than the other two-leggers. It adds a special burden to one's awareness to regard his fellow man (the other) as his enemy; real enemy; perhaps the greatest living threat to his life.

Apart from these considerations are other basic ones that have to do with states of being that arise because of our persistent acuity with regard to them. Not to be too obscure with this last observation, I want to suggest that our very awareness of time, subsequently finiteness, awakens in us a state of being that we ascribe to ourselves only. The other forms of life do not demonstrate their consciousness of time beyond the moment. Furthermore they cannot communicate to us what it is they remember of their past, or what they plan for their future. They are also free from the implications of such awarenesses.

What are the implications? They are myriad, and diverse; and because this is so apparent, we are left feeling quite alone. We feel little unanimity amongst our look-a-likes. We perceive many pipers leading many followers. The pipers cannot lead man beyond



his death; they can lead him to it sooner through fanaticism that collides with other fanaticism. When these collisions occur, all that stands in the way of the usually violent confrontations is laid waste. Then suddenly there are fewer look-a-likes; and if you, as a bystander or spectator, were in their path you were also swept aside.

We have been told that ignorance of the law is not a good defense. It has also been implied that you must take sides; that is, you must follow, you cannot separate yourself from the mass who surround you; you must become one of them. If you do not you are regarded as a threat to that mass; Love It Or Leave It. You are not allowed to question and you are not allowed to profess a lack of understanding (ignorance). There is a greater wisdom that has come down through the ages which you cannot ignore. That wisdom is sacred and beyond questioning. Then you are denied the right to be a spectator. There is no great distinction in being a spectator, there is no great separation. When the biggies go off, the spectators might be the first to disappear as most exposed, as traitors, as dubious uselessnesses. So one must become a 'converso' in order to expand the hope of living to see another day. A matter of practicality. Because once its over its over. Your voice is stilled FOREVER.

Considering the great number of voices that have gone unheeded, it may seem of little consequence that one's mere voice goes unheard. There is always the illusion that if it gets said properly the listeners will tune in. Illusions become delusions. The voices that have gone unheeded may be regarded as inopportune, or they may be regarded in the light of universal ignorance. There is a greater truth than all the voices sounding together that we cannot know (or perhaps even recognize) with any certainty, all assertions to the contrary. Where there is no proof, there can only be plausible explanations, or annoying assertions. Thus it be writ. OR; So It Goes.

The pipers (true believers, seers of the light) and assertionists (go-for-its, fanatics, bigots, unreasonists) clutter the landscape. Don't forget the pie-in-the skyers. The ever hopeful, blindly reaching for some, any kind of promise; suckers for pyramid schemes, making something out of nothing (Wall Street) for patent medicine, for Nordic Tracs, for packaged happypenis; promise junkies; potential heaven dwellers [clutterers].

Time flies; escaping into the nether regions, unrecallable, unreclaimable. Time abandons us. We simply fall away like a



snake shedding its skin. Promise us some time, some more time. And they do; they promise immortality. A double edged sword; immortality. Granted to all, it would become abused. Granted to a few, it would seem exclusively unfair. Those in the immortality business grant immortality to the faithful who abide the dictum. Those who accept the premise, but fail to abide, are cast into a flaming pit for eternity; so they are told. We cannot know, because none of these return to tell us of their woe, and regret. Those who live on the other edge of the sword do not shed any greater light, even though the edge gleams. They selfishly remain distant from us, keeping us in the dark. What we most want to know we conjure in faith, in dubious belief derived from hearsay evidence.

Even senility may not be able to protect an individual from watching him (her) self fall over the precipice. Even those we might feel deserve such a fate gives us no real satisfaction, because there are many who are eager to fill their vacancy. Good followers. Good abiders, who have crushed the life out of others through their prejudices, all in the name of something HIGHER. And for a reward, they get cake and ice cream in the beyond, FOREVER.

So you see, as I amplify [broaden the scope of] this subject of 'dementia', is it no wonder there are not more to emerge from the closet as declared **Schizophrenics**. Those who would yearn for another existence because this one flaunts one's senses, mocks one's perceptions, and deceives one into oblivion. Yet, it is only our lack of true knowledge apart from any specious evidence, that prevents us from leading a decent life. If we possessed that true knowledge, it would be unnecessary to do any more than possess it as armor against all that prevails to dissuade it, or persuade it beyond its own sensibilities. If we possessed that true knowledge, it would no longer be necessary to become **Schizophrenic**, or to fall prey to such madness, to such an incoherent quagmirey oblivion.

January 11, 1999

More on the descent into hell; into the double life.

Certainly I am limited by my degree of awareness and what this awareness produces with regard to responses to my environment. Most of what happens to me takes place internally. That is to say, I do not feel impelled to take to the soap box or become a firebrand. I attempt to regurgitate experiences, to assess their meaning, and their significance.



I am not aware of this phenomenon called transience as I experience most things. But my assessment of all happenings is set in this judgment of transience. Because that is so I feel I cannot associate permanence to any aspect of experience. The sense of what I say may not be clear, but the gist of transience as a measure of all things loses its significance. It does not mean that something better or more improved is in the offing. It only means that what happens in the future will experience this same phenomenon; and because it does, only apparent change will become evident. The assessment of the nature of the change will not necessarily improve or alter any basic truths that have been determined outside of its influence; it may serve only to reinforce these truths, or leave them in abeyance.

I realize the gobbledegookish nature of this diatribe, but what I say bears upon the **Schizophrenia** I am attempting to describe.

There is nothing evident in what I say. There is only this sensation of separation from what it is that one is experiencing; that is, a separation from the immediate and its purported relevance. My judgment would become dangerously prejudicial; that is, I would declare the transience irrelevant. If life only amounts to a series of transiences, can it be adduced that life is irrelevant? I would assume so. The implications of my life being irrelevant, which I truly believe, are not clear in my own mind.

Because the mass of humanity represents a threat to my existence, (of this much I am aware) I am not free to move about in his territory. I cannot assume another shape, and I cannot become invisible. The physical host of me is precariously situated amidst that which can do it harm; the human environment. I could easily become an object for target practice.

The tenuousness of life in these circumstances becomes alarmingly apparent. This awareness of this condition does not produce a state of paranoia, but it does instigate a fear, a fear which cautions against professing notions that are irrelevant to transience. One could say, "Anything founded in transience is irrelevant."

We are exposed to a number of philosophical speculations. Another word for transience is 'particular'. The particular as opposed to the 'universal'. It is believed that one may determine something of the universal from the study of the particulars. The universal may possess some inherent, though not obvious, quality of permanent or absolute truth.



Can such speculation help one in navigating the immediate? If life is to be assessed as a series of irrelevancies, how are we expected to proceed? Must we fall back upon our instinctive (programmed) self if we do not trust what it is we are able to extract from the immediate? What is there to trust in living a spontaneous instinctive existence? We might envy the other wilder emanations or manifestations of life as they appear to glide efficiently through their motions. These 'glidings' are not without their dangers; but apprehension is a constant companion to all forms of life, but equipped with the appropriate 'programming' (behavior) to account for it.

Throughout history there have been many panaceas and promises, all intended to show that we imagine we believe we possess a knowledge of a better life than what we are NOW experiencing. The reasons for this out-of-time imagining is unclear. We are clearly not satisfied with what is found in the NOW, even when we are well off. Becoming even more well-off is a way of transcending the NOW. This method of operating has fostered most glorious and fanciful notions, one is the promise of afterlife, if one has led a certain kind of propitious life before death. The opposite of afterlife is obviously before death. Yes!, there is a beforelife state as well. Lets take each separately. Beforelife. Before death, Afterlife. What distinguishes the one from the other? How do we define each? What is our knowledge, experience (first hand) with regard to each. Our only true first hand experience is the before death state. Through observation and a certain degree of acuity in assessing what it is we observe we believe we are able to know something about beforelife and afterlife, more about beforelife than afterlife. We are less interested in the beforelife state however, and often are more interested in the afterlife state than even the before death state, for obvious considerations. For example, a permanence in afterlife that could not be obtained in before death. The permanence, as we perceive it, would involve a very different physical and social environment than that experienced in before death; as a matter of fact it might prove quite antithetic to it, or a denial of it. For example, in the afterlife we would do away with animal odors. And nothing would be constructed from excrement. Everything would be made of gold, perhaps. This is the place to insert your favorite 'plug-in'.

When I speak in these terms I feel keenly aware of my separation from my look-a-likes. I might assume the shape of a dinosaur, or I might assume the shape of a creature to yet evolve.



Whichever it is I would also be aware of my isolation as well as my separateness. At times, this may be described as loneliness. Like the loneliness I see in others as they are denied by their friends, and loved ones, through a kind of distracted indifference (irrelevant preoccupation). I do not wish to feel this separateness or isolation, but I cannot deny its existence. It is the 'natural' outcome of these awarenesses and certain deliberations with regard to them. There is one very close to me who would extend herself to her very limits to be near me, but who has her own thoughts with regard to these matters. In her company I feel less lonely, because she is a tangible warmer presence than I can manufacture with all of these colder confabulations. But still, I am 'out there' somewhere.

Despite my allusions and loose definitions, I cannot absolutely declare my life as irrelevant, and because I make such a declaration, I need to be circumspect with regard to that life. Can the opposite of irrelevant be relevant? Not so easy to answer. Circumspection is another expression for 'guarded'.

Once I am no longer, nothing exists. Mother died recently; by definition, she no longer exists. Even my memory of her does not sustain her, any more than my beforedeath thoughts of her kept her alive. She retained her separateness and her isolation in order to endure a private individual passing. The feeble little thing that was 'mother' might have been a stray cat, or the rat Charline caught in the trap.

January 12, 1999

I would guess it is not necessary to reiterate the simple fact of death. Just another milepost in matter's march toward some ethereal objective.

To return to the duality, which in some, becomes a pronounced 'sickness' of the mind. Since we cannot understand the incoherence, we label it as a sickness; and a danger. There are many other things we cannot understand, even though they do not lend themselves to coherence, we tolerate them better than we do this other; for example, religious fanatics. We might wonder about our own tenuous grip on reality amidst all the opposites we encounter. While one might perceive unity when the male and the female come together, the states of getting there and being there are very different. One progresses from perfume to farts rather quickly. After one has endured the reality of unity, the truths become manifest; more than just nurturing progeny.

I want to suggest an even more tenuous grip. Somehow



we, as a species, and as an assemblage of cultures, arrive at some kind of consensus (subject to change?) in the continuum as to what it is we want and need as an ideal no-kill, non-hostile, non-aggressive, non-destructive social environment so that we might get on with the other unknown business of living, even amidst perfumes and farts.

Much of the way we go about defining states of being involves choices of words that often receive their definition through opposites. Even concepts that are elicited through words are often defined through their contrasts, often resembling opposites, or dualities, as it were. The whole of the much-used Thesaurus is constructed upon a series of opposites within categorical divisions. I'm assuming there is nothing wrong with this arrangement. Even the alphabetical dictionary incorporates the antonym as a route to understanding certain words in the lexicon.

There was a time when words did not exist to perform these functions. We do not know if there existed as sharply delineated a duality. We might imagine there was such as light and dark, warm and cold, as physical presences. There were also the great generalities translated into Earth Air Fire And Water.

One of the psychiatrists I visited wanted to make it very clear that 'Reality appears differently to each and everyone of us'. Doubtlessly a big conundrum for both educators and psychiatrists. Because reality takes many forms in many minds ought to make us think harder upon our urge to ask others to conform to certain transient notions.

At the turn of this century that is coming to a close, the western female was attired in floor length dresses, petticoats, bustles, and corsets emphasizing waists and fecund bosoms. By mid-century when I was evolving into the other half of the species the female had dispensed with most of these accouterments, sporting pleated hip-hugging knee-length skirts, designing a newer undergarment that still emphasized even more pronouncedly the fecundity as well as 'sexuality' beneath blouses and button-up sweaters. As the end of the century nears, anything goes. Fecundity has yielded to sexuality. Sexuality has become a commodity in its own right. We have gone topless and bottomless; we have attempted to make males out of females, and vice versa. We have invented implants; leg, underarm, and pubic razors, vibrating dildos; and I can only imagine vibrating muffs. We have titillated with streakers. Fecundity has been transformed into sexuality, liberating the species from some darker inhibitions into



some lighter domain which we have resolved into 'coming out of the closet'. Transformations in social behavior that have evolved through a series of transiencies. Otherwise known as 'experimentation'; not necessarily as a way toward inspired replication.

Reflecting all these social transformations that have witnessed gross deceptions and hypocrisy, we are now attempting to impeach a president who indulged in sexuality, then lied about it, as most of us would do. We are attempting at the same time to wrestle with the relevance of it all. The general public seems to have a different perception of sexually aberrant behavior than does the hypocritical guardian of our ill-defined social mores. We all suspect that underneath all the hoopla is, "If you get caught, you get punished" as a political and legal construct. We all know sexuality has little to do with politics. But if you cheat on your spouse, you are open to all kinds of personality assessments. But when a powerful guy gets blow jobs in the broom closet when, with a little self-control and planning, he could enjoy a harem, we do want to expose him as an idiot. And do we want an idiot functioning as a president? We want to get him for perjury when we should be getting him for bungling a great opportunity, given his proclivities. Along with our more liberal sexual mores has come the perception of humans as being frailer; that is part of coming out of the closet. Just don't lie about being frail. Admit it. In a Christian Country, you will invite the absolving indulgences of all the pastors. Pretty nifty arrangement. And spouses are often glad to get you back.

The only way we can integrate this whole extravaganza is to perceive it as entertainment as does the repetitious-unto-death media. Space-time filling like the filling in an éclair.

Its always more fun to discuss our sexual mores and our moral inconsistencies than to attempt to define absolutes. Sexuality doesn't gravitate toward absolutes. Sex involves opportunity. Even the most moral (assumed), as *The Scarlet Letter* elicits, in an intensely moral climate, seizes the opportunity. Only a few paces removed is the rapist. Seduction and betrayal escapes by one notch the condemnation of the rapist. Consentuality makes a difference, but moral reprehensibility is one of those things we play at. Varying degrees of intolerance.

January 13, 1999

I'm always getting off the subject. Thats part of the fun of



writing; the asides. This kind of writing will most likely cease when I receive my new computer, because I'll get to play with images for other writings. So It Goes. I hope you will not be too disappointed. When you find somebody you like to read, and you get inside his/her head, and feel affinities, then you begin to savor all his/her goodies. Turns of mind, probity, convolutions, etc. I do anyway. So long as its objective is a swipe at the truth, and some humorous relief.

As I spend more time in the urban setting, I begin to lose the identification I have had with the Island. I do not feel lost particularly, but I do not feel happy in this environment. I believe I have found where I belong. Part of belonging to the Island is this feeling of not having to accomplish anything beyond a kind of restful acquiescence. While in the urban setting I feel the need to fight off its effects upon me, its insensible demands. Information of a dubious nature comes at one from all sides. I'm not just speaking of the media, or the hub-bub of moving mouths loaded with important things to say. But its also the fixedness of the man-created physical environment, which is part of my doing as well.

This house in which I reside buried in the tangle of 'weeds' that can only prove a constant annoyance to my neighbors, would get more attention if it was located somewhere else. Now, it is just some place to which I came sometime in my past, from which I wish to depart. The other house is more to my liking.

Then there's the politics that goes on in the back of people's minds, and in the back rooms. Agendas created by others that involve urban changes, changes that disrupt and bear a heavy cost, and do not necessarily improve anything. Things happening wherein one can exhaust himself attempting to thwart these devious doings. Power trips. People making their mark; their puny little transient mark that costs everyone lots of frustration and lots of money. People who have been the recipient of democratic denunciation, attempting to take the power avenue, the end run around democracy, wherein neighborhoods say NO in a declarative manner, but where subversion of them can succeed. You wear people down, you exhaust their resources; you constantly hammer them into the ground with policy and planning ploys, out-or-orders and tablings at public hearings. All on somebody else's back; the motto of these transient empire builders.

So you can envision my benign state of **Schizophrenia**.

The best one can do in these circumstances is make his stays as short as possible. And to make the forays into asides as



amusing as possible.

January 14, 1999

I didn't have much to say yesterday, but something happened yesterday which reinforces my feelings of living a double life. But there are others who live a double life as well. Last year I wrote to the University of Oregon's president asking the University to award Charline an Honorary Doctorate upon her retirement. I didn't get a response right away. Some accomplishments of Charline's and other people's evaluations of her came to my attention later; and these I forwarded to His Eminence. He farmed out this accumulative request to his executive assistant, who farmed it out to the University's Biology Dept. and subsequently to the Dept. in which she works, to eventually end up in the lap of the wife of her employer. The executive assistant informed me they have only awarded two Honoraries, both to politicians. And a third was proposed for Helmut. I responded by suggesting they need not limit their field of choices; that a little imagination would suffice.

Her Employer called me about a retirement date, and some other arrangements, pressing me to do what I had already done, which was to keep things secret. That he needed to coordinate a public date and secret doings involving the president's office and other arrangements. Then I received a call from his wife telling me matters had been turned over to her for execution.

Its not what I had envisioned, but something was underway which I could no longer affect, unless I went public.

Well, yesterday I walked to the Campus (you have heard my comments upon Campuses) to seek out a publication in which Charline's work appeared, and borrow said publication carrying it to the president's office along with another piece of paper from another institution showing their appreciation of her. One of the P.I.s in the University was an editor of the pub. so I thought I would borrow a copy from him. He wasn't there, so I got led around to where he might be, eventually ending in Charline's employer's office. He didn't have a copy, but I suggested the name of someone whom Charline knew had a copy. And indeed in that person's office there was a copy. While there very briefly her employer informed me had not read the paper (which didn't surprise me) and also cautioned me about not getting involved with the president's office because 'they' (who) were fighting the president over the Waterfront Development Park (Something about the president taking their river away from them). He followed this left-field broadside with



some comment about staying in the 'loop' and to talk to his wife about the loop (the loop). Brush-off time by only an apparently nice guy. Treated me like he treats Charline; indifferently.

So after looking at the publication, I walked over to the president's office to introduce myself to his executive assistant who wasn't there, but who came in while I was talking to his executive assistant.

I didn't stay long; neither did the first executive assistant.

When I returned home I called the wife-implemeter to inform her that I was the person who had written to the president over a year ago, that he farmed my request out to his executive assistant who farmed it out to the biology dept, who farmed it out to neuroscience, who farmed it out to her husband, who farmed it out to her; transforming the whole thing into something I had not intended. I informed her that her husband had informed me about a loop which was under her control. I told her I resented the off-hand bullshit I had received from her husband. I told her also this whole thing was typical of my experience when I worked at the University (which I have sub-titled Campus Arcadia for a very good reasons.). I told her the Waterfront Development Park had nothing to do with Charline's accomplishments. I was prepared to tell her as lot more.

Anyway this jerking around by this vapid professor convinces me I aint the only one.

Charline should just walk away from it all forever. They don't deserve her. Period. The bastard wouldn't even read her paper, the one paper that will probably become a standard reference. His head is way up in the clouds; he is a true **Schizophrenic**. Riverfront Development Park; well, of course that's what's on HIS mindark.

Everytime I have any contact with those Arcadians the experience is the same. No Respect! Dealing with Superior People; superior peepes (pricks). Campus Arcadia; no other expression for it.

January 15, 1999.

So you can see why I want to get away. I am not a successful people person. I don't know what I am; but I somehow feel I know what I am not. Being a person on the receiving end of a lot of fellowman bullshit is not one of them. As a matter of fact I feel like becoming a smug-smacker. When a guy gets to feeling that way, he had better leave town, 'cause there's lots of repercussins



from smacking even smug fellows.

Besides you'll never get satisfaction. After twenty years in that Goddamned Institution my 'superiors' never did live up to expectations. Now there is a case for **Schizophrenia** diddadiddadida. Expectations. Time for a reality check Durchanek.

Being disillusioned by reality is part of life. Once you can adapt to that minimalism you have it made. A person may feel bad; but not bad enough to become paranoid. Nobody is out to get ya. One must never feel they's out to get ya because they's ignorin' ya. The only one's out to get ya are the corporate pickpockets and the government pickpockets. Notice how quick they want to get rid of ya (ignore ya, if you have empty pockets; but not without lettin' ya know they think you are a social retard).

Does one get paranoid because the planet doesn't take a personal interest in ya? No, of coarse not. Just because fellow man is what he is is no cause to feel bad about yourself. Just make sure the person you see in the mirror is one of the exemplary ones (an antipickpocket). When you look in the mirror be glad you don't count; and resolve to preach noaccountness. If we were all no accounts, the corporations and government fleeceomatics would hafta take a hike.

Coarse, here I am with my fancy piece of machinery; a testament to free enterprise. You ask why I let myself? I got no answer. I really should be taking a hike somewhere there is no fellows; only other critters; what's left of them. One walks amidst the craters left behind. The reminders are everywhere because the two-leggers have become ubiquitously too many in search of fortunes. The place stinks (reeks of some two legger, as I am very fond of saying), and bears witness to the many feet of trampers. Go to the highest peak, or to the deepest deep, and you will find violated virgin. And that's not Olive Oil.

In my facetious mode I would say, "So, what's new?"

I am a long way from my objective. However, whatever man is bears upon this disease. Even though MAN is not responsible for what goes on inside the other's head, MAN per se becomes an enormous presence. And look-a-likers have a way of confusing the issue, if there is an issue. All of this has nothing to do with democracy, the democratic spirit, or sharing, or other duplicitous, self-serving recognitions. It has more to do with undefined reality. The undefined part always involves our purpose for being here. We may be a waystation as part of a process. Our



egos tend to promote notions of a future and future generations, perpetuity; even immortality. Our president threw away his future on a little broom closet activity. He should have been more aware of Sam Donaldson, smirking around. Whatever remains of future generations will have occasion to laugh at the exemplary man in the broom closet. Fall down you may, get up you must (that's conditional upon the media). Sometimes they want you to stay down, because steady vilification and smug smirking makes copy. Just regard the replays of them hugging in public; even more than the Rodney King beating. What awaits us in the future for the hyenas to exploit? Be careful, they lurk and smirk, at about ground level, in the dirt, and in the broom closet (Yes!, they wear suits with ties [some with trench coats, because the trenches are dirty places]). We are expected to take the message more readily if it bears the stamp of the status quo; suits are in the image business; therein resides a greater truth. Dupes and dopes are we, in the meat grinder of public opinion, once removed from the public area.

So you see there really is no future. Or whatever remains for a future is bound to be cluttered with smirking smut that doesn't get rated because its a vested interest. High-minded smut.

January 17, 1999

I've been away from the Island now for less than two weeks. I am almost 66 years of age. What the hell am I doing here? What does it matter if I clean up my mess or not? Why not just return to the Island? I can always return here for Charline's retirement party. I've got the wind turbine, and the solar panels, I need a few other things, so why not get with it; and AWAY!!!?

There is no reason to stay. Gotta do the income taxes! Gotta live long enough to receive my new computer and give the sender hell for choosing a leaden-assed, lying, carrier to ship it here.

So There.

February 10, 1999

Three weeks have passed. I'm still here.

The new computer arrived. The gap in this writing may be attributed to the arrival. New toy!

But it is getting closer to the time. Eight days until the party.

Much inertia with regard to the throwing out of junk.



Trying to be tidy, for the sake of appearances. Not possible.

I have not felt the abatement of the schizophrenia. I have begun to feel the inertia; the lassitude that sets in as the conflict deepens. Too old to weather the storm. Need to pull the rip-chord.

LIKE THE MAN SAYS: In fifty years no body will know the diff. Maybe, with the advent of the millenium, all that has happened before will prove a wash. If I last until then.

February 11, 1999

To the dump yesterday with a load of metal.

Much later in 99.

Following up on the Freudian Quote from Civilization and its Discontents:

We are threatened with suffering from three directions: from our body, which is doomed to decay and dissolution and which cannot even do without pain and anxiety as warning signals; from the external world, which may rage against us with overwhelming and merciless forces of destruction; and finally from our relations to other men. The suffering which comes from this last source is perhaps more painful to us than any other. We tend to regard it as a kind of gratuitous addition, although it cannot be any less fatefully inevitable than the suffering which comes from elsewhere.

Sigmund Freud

(Civilization And Its Discontents)

It is the last part of this quotation that I wish to examine in greater detail, if not depth, although my personal experience leads me to declare the statement to be significantly self-evident.

The fact that it is Sigmund who has made the observation tends to lend a credibility to it that might otherwise escape appropriate notice.

When it is suggested we are our own worst enemies we have at least shown some recognition of our dilemma.

What can be done to alleviate this particular aspect of the human condition remains to be examined.

The simple precepts have not carried us through the larger crises. When it is stated: "DO UNTO OTHERS AS YE WOULD BE



DONE BY' the message has been more or less implicitly considered to be a self-evident proposition.

In the beginning of the Republic of Plato it is stated that; "Justice is in the interest of the stronger". There is much that eventually falls heir to the stronger should the stronger wish to exercise his strength. There have been the strong who have sought to dominate and control despite the Golden Rule. In other of our activities we quite resignedly, cynically or facetiously conjecture that the object is not to get caught in our venalities. The stronger have a way of not paying, for a time; or perhaps forever.

In the Republic such a statement as that quoted is essentially staged as a straw man set up for eloquent denials through deductive reasoning. All fine on paper. Justice is its own taskmaster apart from man's perversions of it. When it comes to strength, justice takes a backseat to the vagaries of the potent. The Golden Rule is simply ignored.

When man or men ignore the basic precepts, we are all obviously vulnerable to something frightening. Because we have been inculcated with the basic precept from our earliest years, both as a way establishing order, and a way of feeling protected, we tend to put trust in something that may eventually betray us. We attempt to reinforce the GOLDEN Rule with other rules, originating with Moses, then as more detailed constructs in a further attempt to make clear what is we consider a well-ordered civil state.

All these constructs exist to be arbitrarily violated to serve the needs and purposes of those who do not wish to be bound by something not of their own making.

It has proven necessary to maintain law-enforcement in order to gain compliance, and to assess punishments intended to exact a price for transgression and intended to deter others transgressions of the rule. Repeatedly, throughout history, laws and law enforcement have been subverted in order to control the masses, to deprive them of civil liberties, and to put them on the front lines of conquest.

Certain aspects of our behavior when they are invested in these arbitrary ones, leads us to question the appropriateness of our own constructs. That is to question: 'What have we been doing wrong?' 'How have we failed to prevent this awful impasse?' This very question was recently asked in the latest Balkan crisis involving Kososvo. A tyrant has been loose for some years, not only in Yugoslavia, but in Iraq, and in other nations as well.



Is there a timely way to suppress the incipient tyrant? Assuming we have such a right. For the sake of eventual disruption of order, do we take remedial action before hand? These are the questions we have been asking. With good reason. Our exposure to the tyrant leaves us with an unsettling feeling. We feel threatened in a way which we cannot specifically state. Mad dogs are everyone's enemy. Although tyrants may exist as everyone's enemy, we do not take the same action against a tyrant as we do against a mad dog, often, until it is too late.

Sigmund has written '*...cannot be any less fatefully inevitable....*'.

Is this acceptable, and if not, what do we do about it?

Does the application of the rule require utmost vigilance and a demand for compliance. How much rigor can we tolerate before we bolt the traces (i.e., the constraints placed upon us). For example, if we feel elbowed as it were, do we elbow back (reciprocate); that is do we take action against the elbower? The intent is not to seek vengeance, but to remind the elbower there is a basic precept being violated that will not be tolerated, and there is always a toll to be exacted for any infringement of the rule. Some will argue that certain types are too sensitive, too paranoid, too rigid, etc. There will be misunderstandings; there will be inadvertent transgressions. Vigilance by both the transgressor and the transgressed are a necessary part of the gambit. What part is avoidable; that is, what part of confrontation is avoidable? And to flesh out the question: What part is *fatefully inevitable*?

October '99

Last night while reading about the Dynasty in sundry weekly rags, that old schizophrenic feeling arose in me once again accompanied by dire thoughts upon anarchy. There are so many in the dynasty they can afford to sacrifice one every so often to keep their names in the head ...oops... in the Toiletlines. This was coupled with the visit of an islander who is often proposing bizarre notions about altered states of being created by some new fangled computerized contraption that only three people, and maybe a fourth, can program. He's got one of the contraptions. Then he tells of the future motherboard that is a map of its creator's very architectonic brain, which sort of looks like Manhattan from the air. An AIR Head! He said Time is not linear. He said in so many words that there is a prime mover. A mish mash of fringe thinking that passes as wisdom or some kind of enlightenment that only he



has the ability to perceive. Forever Clever, that's what I call him. He is always a reincarnation of himself.

I too am a bitzarrist. I am anarchistic. I am atheistic. As an advocate or proponent of any first amendment proposition, I feel compelled to tell you **it aint' so**.

What "ain't so"?

Take it on faith **"It just ain't so"**

One sided conversation. I like to hear myself talk, like Mr. Forever Clever.

But to get to the meat of this ramble, that old schizophrenic feeling that leads to thoughts of anarchy. It's the feeling of estrangement that has accompanied me most of my life that began in ~~public school~~ around what they call middle school now, in the middle of now-where. There were those who belonged and those who didn't. Or those who didn't seem to belong were necessarily peripheral as an audience; spectators.

We were being inculcated to become consumers of bullshit. Boolshit was enshrined in the First Amendment and incorporated into a Gospel that elicited certain conforming behavior that if not followed resulted in severe ostracization.

Such oppression was bound to lead to anarchy. They wanted to seduce you into anarchy so you would be readily identified as unsuitable material for the consumption of Boolsheet, also, so's they could shoot you any time as public enemy number one.

So much of what is promulgated leads to thoughts of sex and promotion of boolsheet through the Hunk and Hunkie exposure, that it is fair to call it pubic. Any think that leads to a good roll (fuck) is good for consumption. Natural Selection. Those opposed, say AYE!

It never lets up. Guaranteed anarchy. But back to that useless feeling, that fifth wheel feeling that was my right from the start. Sure I was interested in the Hunkie. If she had been played down instead of played up would it have made a difference? Is it as simple as yearning for what one knows he cannot have; like a kind of relegation? I couldn't play my part in Natural Selection because I couldn't make the vital connection.

What does it mean to be included? Included in what? As part of **What?**

Since I'm writing this and you somehow got around to reading it, I'm just asking you to bear with me. I may be as much of a crackpot as Mr. Forever Clever, like I may truly be grandipose (shortened to 'grandiose'). I may not be statusfied with my allotted



place which IS in the audience, though I was not thrust there brusquely; nevertheless the pressure of the pointy elbows somehow allocated me there. There were never overt threats like 'know your place'; or 'go lay down'; or 'Outside'. It was just OK. (and assumed) if you were a spectator-consumer. Once **there**, it only seemed more comfortable. It was the occupation of all the nicer places by them that made one resentful, and led to thoughts of impotence and anarchy.

Some wore their celebrity status well. They were part of the Dynasty from the beginning, never questioned it. Just did it. They lived in big houses on big estates, rode around in fancy cars, dressed in fancy clothes, and carried themselves about with assuming aires that the rest of us did not comprehend. We did not comprehend how they could walk by us without noticing us, without recognizing our being. Somehow this became important to us. If they had done more than tolerate us, we might have understood better that superior aires were O.K. as long as we were included. They never invited us to their big house, never offered us rides in their fancy car.

Later we wondered how this fitted into Natural Selection.

I now wonder upon the **fatefully inevitable** consequences of not being recognized as anything but a spectator consumer.

The First Amendment has swallowed the whole Dynastic edifice as part of that *fatefully inevitable* consequence, so that we cannot escape; because in every corner of the globe, the first amendment prevails. We are spiritually DOA. Its as though we never existed.

But we can fight back with Schizophrenia. Or Anarchy. Are they one and the same?

Time for denefinitions; just taking the first one I found: *Morbid state of mind occurring chiefly in youth in which a world of fantasy and imagination is regarded as more real than the world of fact. The schizophrenic thus lives in two worlds, but is not to be confused with either the true paranoiac or the double personality.*

'True paranoiac', and 'double personality' were not defined in the same volume. However certain assumptions are used in creating denefinitions. *Morbid state* does not comprise a scientific fact. A further denefinition states; *a psychosis marked by withdrawn, **bitzarre**, and sometimes delusional behavior, and intellectual and emotional deterioration. In other words: **Dementia Praecox**.* It didn't say anything about Ambrose Bierce. Further denefinition: *Any of a group of psychotic reactions characterized by withdrawal from reality (whatever that might be) with highly*



variable accompanying affective behavioral, and intellectual disturbances. Once more: a common mental disease whose characteristics may include separation of the intellect from the emotions, inappropriate emotional reactions, distortions in normal logical thought processes, withdrawal from social relationships, delusions and hallucinations.

Obvioloudly it doesn't render unto a very favorable judgment to be one of them.

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Schizophrenia, severe mental illness characterized by a variety of symptoms, including loss of contact with reality, bizarre behavior, disorganized thinking and speech, decreased emotional expressiveness, and social withdrawal. Usually only some of these symptoms occur in any one person. The term schizophrenia comes from Greek words meaning "split mind." However, contrary to common belief, schizophrenia does not refer to a person with a split personality or multiple personality. (For a description of a mental illness in which a person has multiple personalities, see Dissociative Identity Disorder.) To observers, schizophrenia may seem like madness or insanity.

Perhaps more than any other mental illness, schizophrenia has a debilitating effect on the lives of the people who suffer from it. A person with schizophrenia may have difficulty telling the difference between real and unreal experiences, logical and illogical thoughts, or appropriate and inappropriate behavior. Schizophrenia seriously impairs a person's ability to work, go to school, enjoy relationships with others, or take care of oneself. In addition, people with schizophrenia frequently require hospitalization because they pose a danger to themselves. About 10 percent of people with schizophrenia commit suicide, and many others attempt suicide. Once people develop schizophrenia, they usually suffer from the illness for the rest of their lives. Although there is no cure, treatment can help many people with schizophrenia lead productive lives.

Schizophrenia also carries an enormous cost to society. People with schizophrenia occupy about one-third of all beds in psychiatric hospitals in the United States. In addition, people with schizophrenia account for at least 10 percent of the homeless population in the United States (see Homelessness). The National Institute of Mental Health has estimated that schizophrenia costs the United States tens of billions of dollars each year in direct treatment, social services, and lost productivity.

Prevalence

Approximately 1 percent of people develop schizophrenia at some time during their lives. Experts estimate that about 1.8 million people in the United States have schizophrenia. The prevalence of schizophrenia is the same regardless of gender, race, and culture. Although women are just as likely as men to develop schizophrenia, women tend to experience the illness less severely, with fewer hospitalizations and better social functioning in the community.

Symptoms

Schizophrenia usually develops in late adolescence or early adulthood, between the ages of 15 and 30. Much less commonly, schizophrenia develops later in life. The illness may begin abruptly, but it usually develops slowly over months or years. Mental health professionals diagnose schizophrenia based on an interview with the patient in which they determine whether the person has experienced specific symptoms of the illness.

Symptoms and functioning in people with schizophrenia tend to vary over time, sometimes worsening and other times improving. For many patients the symptoms gradually become less severe as they grow older. About 25 percent of people with schizophrenia become symptom-free later in their lives.

A variety of symptoms characterize schizophrenia. The most prominent include symptoms of psychosis-such as delusions and hallucinations-as well as bizarre behavior, strange movements, and disorganized thinking and speech. Many people with schizophrenia do not recognize that their mental functioning is disturbed.

Delusions

Delusions are false beliefs that appear obviously untrue to other people. For example, a person with schizophrenia may believe that he is the king of England when he is not. People with schizophrenia may have delusions that others, such as the police or the FBI, are plotting against them or spying on them. They may believe that aliens are controlling their thoughts or that their own thoughts are being broadcast to the world so that other people can hear them.

Hallucinations



People with schizophrenia may also experience hallucinations (false sensory perceptions). People with hallucinations see, hear, smell, feel, or taste things that are not really there. Auditory hallucinations, such as hearing voices when no one else is around, are especially common in schizophrenia. These hallucinations may include two or more voices conversing with each other, voices that continually comment on the person's life, or voices that command the person to do something.

Bizarre Behavior

People with schizophrenia often behave bizarrely. They may talk to themselves, walk backward, laugh suddenly without explanation, make funny faces, or masturbate in public. In rare cases, they maintain a rigid, bizarre pose for hours on end. Alternately, they may engage in constant random or repetitive movements.

Disorganized Thinking and Speech

People with schizophrenia sometimes talk in ~~incoherent or nonsensical~~ ways, which suggests confused or disorganized thinking. In conversation they may jump from topic to topic or string together loosely associated phrases. They may combine words and phrases in meaningless ways or make up new words. In addition, they may show poverty of speech, in which they talk less and more slowly than other people, fail to answer questions or reply only briefly, or suddenly stop talking in the middle of speech.

Social Withdrawal

Another common characteristic of schizophrenia is social withdrawal. People with schizophrenia may avoid others or act as though others do not exist. They often show decreased emotional expressiveness. For example, they may talk in a low, monotonous voice, avoid eye contact with others, and display a blank facial expression. They may also have difficulties experiencing pleasure and may lack interest in participating in activities.

Other Symptoms

Other symptoms of schizophrenia include difficulties with memory, attention span, abstract thinking, and planning ahead. People with schizophrenia commonly have problems with anxiety, depression, and suicidal thoughts. In addition, people with schizophrenia are much more



likely to abuse or become dependent upon drugs or alcohol than other people. The use of alcohol and drugs often worsens the symptoms of schizophrenia, resulting in relapses and hospitalizations.

Causes

Schizophrenia appears to result not from a single cause, but from a variety of factors. Most scientists believe that schizophrenia is a biological disease caused by genetic factors, an imbalance of chemicals in the brain, structural brain abnormalities, or abnormalities in the prenatal environment. In addition, stressful life events may contribute to the development of schizophrenia in those who are predisposed to the illness.

Genetic Factors

Research suggests that the genes one inherits strongly influence one's risk of developing schizophrenia. Studies of families have shown that the more closely one is related to someone with schizophrenia, the greater the risk one has of developing the illness. For example, the children of one parent with schizophrenia have about a 13 percent chance of developing the illness, and children of two parents with schizophrenia have about a 46 percent chance of eventually developing schizophrenia. This increased risk occurs even when such children are adopted and raised by mentally healthy parents. In comparison, children in the general population have only about a 1 percent chance of developing schizophrenia.

Chemical Imbalance

Some evidence suggests that schizophrenia may result from an imbalance of chemicals in the brain called neurotransmitters. These chemicals enable neurons (brain cells) to communicate with each other. Some scientists suggest that schizophrenia results from excess activity of the neurotransmitter dopamine in certain parts of the brain or from an abnormal sensitivity to dopamine. Support for this hypothesis comes from antipsychotic drugs, which reduce psychotic symptoms in schizophrenia by blocking brain receptors for dopamine. In addition, amphetamines, which increase dopamine activity, intensify psychotic symptoms in people with schizophrenia. Despite these findings, many experts believe that excess dopamine activity alone cannot account for schizophrenia. Other neurotransmitters, such as serotonin and norepinephrine, may play important roles as well.

Structural Brain Abnormalities



Brain imaging techniques, such as magnetic resonance imaging and positron-emission tomography, have led researchers to discover specific structural abnormalities in the brains of people with schizophrenia. For example, people with chronic schizophrenia tend to have enlarged brain ventricles (cavities in the brain that contain cerebrospinal fluid). They also have a smaller overall volume of brain tissue compared to mentally healthy people. Other people with schizophrenia show abnormally low activity in the frontal lobe of the brain, which governs abstract thought, planning, and judgment. Research has identified possible abnormalities in many other parts of the brain, including the temporal lobes, basal ganglia, thalamus, hippocampus, and superior temporal gyrus. These defects may partially explain the abnormal thoughts, perceptions, and behaviors that characterize schizophrenia.

Prenatal Factors

Evidence suggests that factors in the prenatal environment can increase the risk of a person later developing schizophrenia. For example, pregnant women who have been exposed to the influenza virus or who have poor nutrition have a slightly increased chance of giving birth to a child who later develops schizophrenia.

Stressful Events

Although scientists favor a biological cause of schizophrenia, stress in the environment may affect the onset and course of the illness. Stressful life circumstances—such as the death of a loved one, an important change in jobs or relationships, or chronic tension and hostility at home—can increase the chances of schizophrenia in a person biologically predisposed to the disease. In addition, stressful events can trigger a relapse of symptoms in a person who already has the illness. Individuals who have effective skills for managing stress may be less susceptible to its negative effects.

Treatment

Although there is no cure for schizophrenia, effective treatment exists that can improve the long-term course of the illness. Most physicians use antipsychotic drugs (also called neuroleptics) to treat people with schizophrenia. Skills training and rehabilitation programs may also help people with this illness function in the community.



Antipsychotic Drugs

Antipsychotic medications, discovered in the mid-1950s, can dramatically improve the quality of life for people with schizophrenia. The drugs reduce or eliminate psychotic symptoms such as hallucinations and delusions. The medications can also help prevent these symptoms from returning. Common antipsychotic drugs include haloperidol (Haldol), risperidone (Risperdal), olanzapine (Zyprexa), thioridazine (Mellaril), clozapine (Clozaril), chlorpromazine (Thorazine), fluphenazine (Prolixin), and trifluoperazine (Stelazine). People with schizophrenia usually must take medication for the rest of their lives to control psychotic symptoms. Antipsychotic medications appear to be less effective at treating other symptoms of schizophrenia, such as social withdrawal and apathy.

Antipsychotic drugs help reduce symptoms in 80 to 90 percent of people with schizophrenia. However, those who benefit often stop taking medication because they do not understand that they are ill or because of unpleasant side effects. Minor side effects include dry mouth, blurred vision, constipation, dizziness, and drowsiness. Other side effects are more serious and debilitating. These may include muscle spasms or cramps, tremors, and tardive dyskinesia, an irreversible condition marked by uncontrollable movements of the lips, mouth, and tongue. Newer drugs, such as clozapine, olanzapine, and risperidone, produce fewer of these side effects. However, clozapine can cause agranulocytosis, a sometimes fatal blood disease. For this reason, people taking clozapine must have weekly tests to monitor their blood.

Skills Training and Rehabilitation

Because many patients with schizophrenia continue to experience difficulties despite taking medication, other types of treatment are often necessary. Social skills training helps people with schizophrenia learn specific behaviors for functioning in society such as making friends, purchasing items at a store, or initiating conversations. Behavioral training methods can also help them learn self-care skills such as personal hygiene, money management, and proper nutrition.

Family intervention programs can also benefit people with schizophrenia. These programs focus on helping family members understand the nature and treatment of schizophrenia, how to monitor the illness, and how to create a low-stress environment that helps patients make progress towards greater independence. Because many patients have difficulty obtaining or keeping jobs, employment programs that help patients find and maintain jobs are a helpful part of rehabilitation. Despite the severity of schizophrenia, treatment that combines medication and



rehabilitation can improve the long-term prospects for people with this mental illness.

Related Disorders

Several other psychiatric disorders are closely related to schizophrenia. In schizoaffective disorder, a person shows symptoms of schizophrenia combined with either mania or severe depression. Schizophreniform disorder refers to an illness in which a person experiences schizophrenic symptoms for more than one month but fewer than six months. In schizotypal personality disorder, a person engages in odd thinking, speech, and behavior, but usually does not lose contact with reality (see Personality Disorders). Sometimes mental health professionals refer to these disorders together as schizophrenia-spectrum disorders.

Contributed By:

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And For Your Further edification:

NAME	CATEGORY	DRUG CLASS	GENERIC NAME	TRADE
	Antianxiety drugs			
		Benzodiazepines		
			alprazolam	Xanax
			chlordiazepoxide	Librium
			clonazepam	Klonopin
			clorazepate	Tranxene
			diazepam	Valium
			halazepam	Paxipam
			lorazepam	Ativan
			oxazepam	Serax
		Azaspirodecanediones		
			buspirone	BuSpar



Propanediol carbamates

meprobamate Miltown

Antidepressant drugs

Tricyclics

amitriptyline Elavil

clomipramine Anafranil

desipramine Norpramin

doxepin Sinequan

imipramine Tofranil

nortriptyline Pamelor

protriptyline Vivactil

Tetracyclics

maprotiline Ludiomil

Selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors

fluoxetine Prozac

paroxetine Paxil

sertraline Zoloft

Dopamine reuptake inhibitors

bupropion Wellbutrin

Monoamine oxidase (MAO) inhibitors

phenelzine Nardil

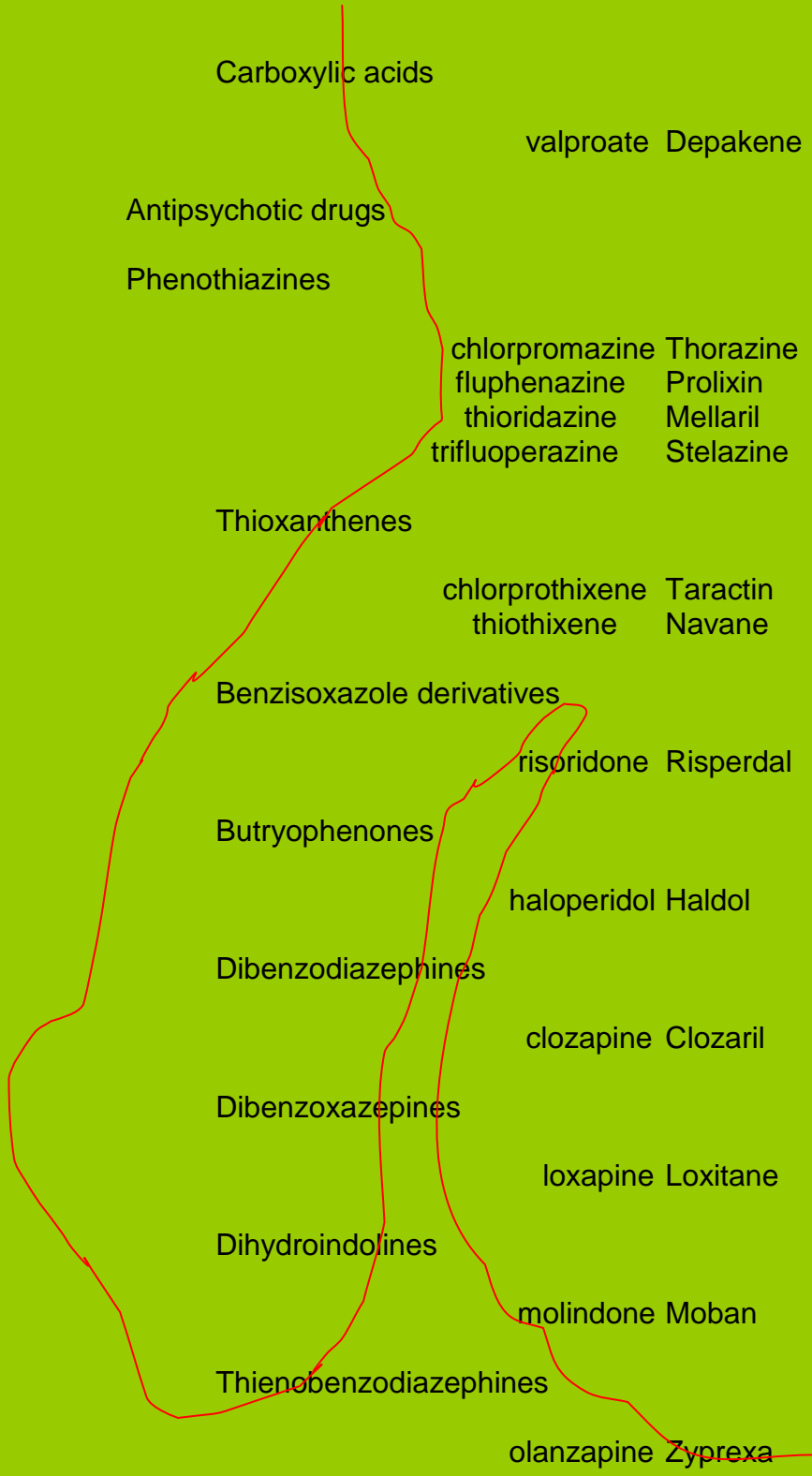
tranylcypromine Parnate

Lithium salts

lithium carbonate Eskalith

Iminostilbenes

carbamazepine Tegretol





"Common Psychotherapeutic Drugs," Microsoft(R) Encarta(R) 98 Encyclopedia. (c) 1993-1997 Microsoft Corporation. All rights reserved. Drugs copyrighted by softheadedness.

Now we get back to the Tympany which is a rather noisy font.
WHO raised the subject of Drugs?
How is that relevant?

I think my form of schizophrenia cannot be easily explained, although the above explanations are intended to cover all the schizophrenic bases.

It is entirely possible I may expire not knowing; *psychobabbleists have already cast so much darkness upon the subject, that if they continue to babble, I shall soon know nothing at all about it* (at one time, copyrighted material, now plagiarized).

Later in October, after Columbus Day

I have wandered to this place. As have others. Some were born here. Some who were engendered here have left the place. Others who have left the place have returned. Some come and go as a matter of course. Some die here; but most go away to die.

There is much socializing here; more than I have encountered in the city. I guess one sees enough of people in the city; indigestion, perhaps. Whereas here, it might be said one sees too much of himself; yet another kind of indigestion. In the city one doesn't get to know all the assholes in his neighborhood; and certainly not in the city as a whole. Whereas here one gets to identify and recognize most of the assholes. Since I have not made a study of city assholes, I cannot estimate whether the proportion of assholes is about the same everywhere. But I can say that just a few assholes in the right place, (or wrong place, as the case may be) do cast a pall over a place; especially if one of 'them' is a neighbor. Such a person is really an oxymoron, not a neighbor. Such has been revealed through a cursory study of this place.

This latter rant is intended to state that no matter where you go, expect an asshole or two. If you do not wish to interact with assholes, you are apt to be searching a long time before you find the perfect assholeless (such a word [or world] does not exist)



place (Bill Gates underlines in red [what does he know; Yeah! Sure]).

When my parents brought me into this world they were not thinking (obviously). Well, O.K., perhaps that is the perfect excuse. I do not know what conscious effort my parents were putting forth to make this a better world. Mother perhaps had some notions of that kind, but didn't get much of a chance. She came from a Catholic family of twelve (number eleven). Her father died at 42 when she was three. She made it through the eighth grade. She ended up working at home helping her mother, then working at G.E., then caring for her mother, then eventually meeting father, who was of middle-European Catholic stock. After father, she didn't have much of a chance.

Father had so many irons in the fire, he didn't have a chance to make the world a much better place. His offspring did not offer him an opportunity to make the world a better place. He was too busy tending his irons to really take account of what making the world a better place really meant (I did the same for the most part). But there are billions in our position. We just sort of arrive. Mother was the result of a Catholic process. Father might have been a result of the same process but became an only child from a mother who died when he was nine. In any case, part of a vast clutter of redundant arrivals, with no idea of what its all about. One might claim it is better to have an iron in the fire than to just sit around smoking dope (as an example of something).

(When you're schizzy, it becomes irrelevant whether or not you are relevant; some people would argue that dope is not irrelevant; a helluva lot of people ingest it in one form or another).

Maybe growing good dope is a way of improving the world. There are quite a number of people in this place would Cheer such a statement. But since some of those who grow the stuff and some of the people who use it are real assholes, I can't see where the world is really improved. I might extrapolate further with the ingestion of other substances that were not necessarily invented to improve the world. Altering one's state of mind may indeed seem to improve the world. And perhaps trafficking does bring its rewards, but does it really improve the world? One might argue that reality consists of a tiresome replay of things unrewarding. A free distribution of mind altering substances to those who live in the Third World might be considered an act of kindness (The primary and sole foundation of virtue or of the proper conduct of life is to seek our own profit {quoting the spin doctor}. We therefore do not



profit from the folly of others, lest we count the good deeds). Those who provide relief might be considered benefactors. One needs to be very careful how he processes his arguments. Of course, if a user is stupid enough to OD, or fries his brain, that's not any fault of the producers. Its just labeled substance abuse. When you get your hit in the back alleys, it does not come provided with a warning from the Surgeon General. The user is the responsible party. Some party.

Who said anything about improving the world, or about kindness? An interloper in our midst – off 'im!

Regard how simple it is to become irrelevant. But once you get going on a good irrelevancy its hard to let it go.

I was trying to say something about beginnings. But even that is irrelevant, because, despite one's beginnings, the endings may differ greatly and may not be considered commensurate with them. I haven't catalogued the successes and the failures, i.e. the fulfillment of the promises of the beginnings, or the lack thereof. For **me I** (me eye) am sure there was no promise. Redundant **i** made my way to an ovum. But even to say **I** constitutes a gross presumption. That came much later in many different contexts. But in the beginning, a rash act of denial and abandonment. That that was to become the **me** forsook his companions for a leap into some gooey stuff to merge (perhaps an unreclaimable loss of identity). 80 million others perished in the canal so that **I** could go on. Such a sacrifice ought to ennoble one's purpose (now there's a word that requires clarification – I thot we off'd that interpreter).

Anyway, after corrections – next day, after the day after Columbus.

The importance of being Earnest (that was his first name). No kidding!

Actually I have made an attempt to define the aforementioned word by linking it to LIFE (no, not the magazine, which only seems to have a purpose, real life will outlast that interloper hands down). If you will refer to The Preface where I have included sundry defs. that I had copied from some other of my works, you will be therefore apprised. Don't get your educated high-brow nose in a twit. The shift from jargon to vernacular to outright nonsense sometimes serves its **purpose**. When one lays it on the line, so to speak, people begin to yawn. So you get their attention by being obnoxious and resorting to poor form. That way they get to have a say; i.e., they get to criticize (to demonstrate their erudition). I



know about that. When I criticize our Prez. for what he did in the broom closet, I'm not criticizing what he is doing, I'm criticizing the form, the poor form (Willie Nilly is his moniker). (And that too – a punny man). (I heard a good one the other day “beware of Geeks bearing gifts”). The person who uttered it is a geek!

Before I lose you entirely, I want to say that I am serious about beginnings (and I know this is beginning to get on your nerves).

It does all begin somewhere without any assumptions. It all just happens. With or without guidelines we move (stumble) along. Somehow it is assumed that we are supposed to be improving something; our lot in life, perhaps. Or at least the peroration (admonition) seems to suggest that we not leave a mess behind. Unless you are like James Watt, this reproof outweighs even that other one about ‘multiplying and subduing’, even though the latter is our greater inclination. Some have declared they like their Spotted Owl fried. Others have declared that one ought not think of tomorrow, but of today; others who finish the sentence by saying that in fifty years nobody’s gonna know the difference. Even poorly written descriptions convince us that others will know a difference, but especially today with all the record keeping, and unflattering photographs, the argument can’t hold water.

The question is, “Does it matter?” since we seem to be content to live in a fouled up place.

How is any of this relevant to beginnings? Simple. You tend to pass on the example. So if you begin with a mess; well, what can you say? And those who are forever justifying their dirty work (greed, or whatever describes it best) can’t envision a tree dying on its own accord; that’s impractical! So you can see the MAN you can most easily hate. Ending!

Following Day:

Beginning! (s)

We explore the planet; i.e. we burrow, seeking our ancestors, who, so far, appear to have been no account. We are not really sure with which primogenitor we prefer to identify. Maybe the less simian. We have all heard the expression ‘aping’. We also mention ‘descending’, which I believe to be a thoughtless misapplication of that which is intended. Unless the apes were indeed Adam and Eve who originally began in heaven, but were turned out as rejects. Ta Biblia is unclear upon the subject. But it is assumed that heaven



is located somewhere above, beyond that which even the Hubbell can penetrate.

Anybody care to speculate on **endings** predicated in such beginnings?

Conundrum. Much of my time is wasted? speculating on any number of dubious configurations of man in the hope of locating the mean. A mean purpose. When one really thinks about the whole business of beginnings and our speculations with regard to them, one needs to admit his colossal ignorance on the subject.

Next:

This writing is intended to go somewhere besides into the waste basket. Is there a connection between beginnings and schizophrenia? If there isn't maybe there should be. It seems we gotta know where it all began (without being historical [which is often parodied into hysterical]). It may be that schizophrenia arises naturally enough because there is a lack of definitions. There are many assumptions based on loose interpretations. For example, without a definite purpose to guide us through life, even that ill-defined one of improving the world, we are apt to invent or assign a purpose that is more consonant with our innards. This might be viewed as anarchy by the others who are here. Our great educational/socializing institutions have been invented to account for the lacks that are present at birth. It goes without saying that they often fail in their objective. Whatever is that objective must be conveyed by those who look like us (or them). In the background behind all the lessons (morals and ethics) is some kind of historical record that serves as example of the pitfalls of following certain courses of activity. However we are asking that these institutions transmute the lesson into flesh. Can't be done.

In lieu of accomplishing this feat, we use language (sometimes employing logic and reason), and graphic detail to persuade where other methods fail. Sometimes the argument of 'social order' does not prevail simply because 'social order' seems biased in favor of certain ways of living (the status quo) which puts many of us on the bottom in an hieracized social order. In addition, where these conditions prevail it is difficult just to remain neutral, outside the whole argument of social order and improving something like the status quo instead of razing it.

So we are sort of forced or herded into following, against our wills, or against our better sense. If they (the prescribed inculcators) cannot persuade us what are we to do? Well if you try



to do something you do not understand, or do not believe in, you had better be prepared to have something to guide you through this life just so you can survive (that being one purpose to living). Fertile ground for schizophrenia? Trying to live in two worlds?

Well it isn't as simple as these words are trying to convey. Things are not as simple as either/or, black or white. Some of the things they try to promote make a sense of their own, because these too are arguments in favor of survival of a certain kind. If one makes certain assumptions, then its O.K..

But if one cannot make the assumptions, is apparently recalcitrant, or indifferent to the persuasions, the social order has a problem on its hands. Even those who do not accept the social order are also troubled by those others who do not fit into the general scheme of things. And more tragically those earnest ones who just don't get it, who wander along the edges talking to themselves. Like me. I don't really view myself as tragic, but there are others in my predicament, who are truly schizophrenic, who don't buy the argument, simply because they are unaware of it, and who wander stupefied, immune to our judgements. In this fast-paced world we are hard-pressed to tolerate them. We don't have the time for understanding in any depth, so we are apt to formula them right out of our sphere of operational awareness, by labeling (libeling) them, by seeking a genetic predisposition (a failed replication [deficient clone]) to explain away something that is inconvenient. Read the definitions. When you got all them definers putting you in a box, its easy to crumple, for want of something of which the species seems incapable. Foucault told us that our level of tolerance began to wane in the sixteenth century, upon the threshold of The Enlightenment. Once we understood a nut, we felt obliged to lock him up. Foucault suggested monkey in a cage and out of sight out of mind simultaneously. Lot of empty castles, dungeons above ground.

In times of political unrest they just shoot the ones on the loose, even though they may be poets, clairvoyants, prophets, quibbling Cassandras, and other useless presaging entities.

Later In October

The first chapter has been written many times; and the last chapter envisioned; but most of the effort has gone into the introduction, wherein the author speculates upon his dubious occupation.



Why a person like myself cannot throw off the pretense, why he cannot divest himself of certain conceits, is probably the reason he is where he is as only an imaginary author. As a practicing schizophrenic, I must struggle against things that control me. My visions of a better place are constantly clouded by other realities. I cannot see for the smoke. There is the true vision, and there is the other vision. The true vision reveals nothing of possibilities; it shows only by comparison what has been, what is, and what might or might not be. The other vision overrides these realities to create something that can never be, however tantalizing.

Long before people became practicing schizophrenics, they had spoken of Paradise, they had yearned for a place that was always friendly, always temperate, always adorned with pleasantries. And these were always in contrast to the shitty planet to which he was eventually consigned.

In the early days, it was opined that man was kicked out of Paradise because his primogenitor did not or could not abide the message from above. In order to live in Paradise one had to accept what was there without the least bit of desire to alter it, and to not partake of that which was forbidden. In a later story, after man was kicked out of Paradise for attempting to alter it and having partaken of the forbidden fruit, we hear of his further trepidations upon his new home, where, being true to his original form, his motto became: Multiply and Subdue. He has proven he hasn't deserved either Paradise, or something better than which he was eventually given. But ironically, without knowing it, he was given the best that was available.

We now every day mourn its passing, bound ever to a perdition of our own making, without hope of reclaiming that which we have destroyed. The old sourpuss relates.

Later Still in October;

I am not the only sourpuss who so relates.

At least there are some sourpusses to counteract the rhetoricians who create plausible scenarios for the continued rape of the planet. A ravished mother she is; ravished savagely by her offspring.

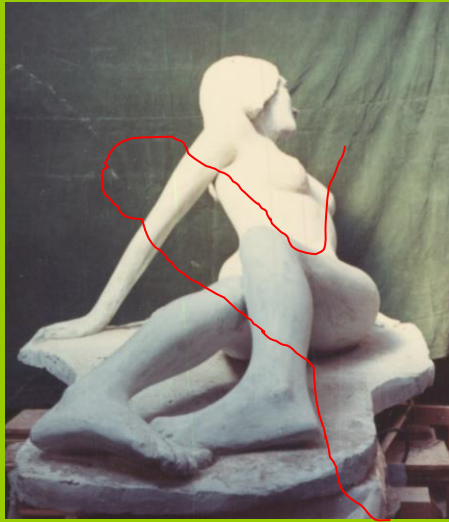
The rhetoricians are lecherous bastards with a vested interest. Yes!, they would screw even their own mother.

Of late I have been contemplating a way out of this impass where the planet is apparently conceived as a thing to be exploited impracticably. One lives in the hope that the spoilers will meet



their timely end; knows that this unless a scourge overwhelm us all. must be sacrificed bad.

That biblical (multiply [Have your multiplication For a while it was its 3 Billion x 2. So Billion x 2? and subdue [Have look lately at what proven curse to all



swiftly. One cannot happen would Yes! the good to get rid of the

admonition you studied tables today? 3 Billion. Now what is 6 Impossible!!!!] you taken a is missing?) has forms of life,

including that which announced it in HIS name. Can you imagine 12 Billion eating of the fruit?

Man is a study in avoidance. He does not accept responsibility for his actions. He squirms (*homo squirmus*). He occupies the highest chair to argue for **sustained development** (making something out of nothing); he is a suckling beast with an unrequitable appetite. Mother nature is wanting; her boobs are too small.

There is a solution. Man must leave the stage. It is time for his exit. He has proven little by his existence and his occupation. His continued occupation and expansion selfishly threatens all else that exists. In post world war one Germany, it was felt by certain Nationalists that one group of people was responsible for the ills of the state. They tried to eliminate them. They may have succeeded if other things hadn't happened simultaneously. The state felt cramped and stifled within its boundaries. A common occurrence these days as even it has been in past times with a lot fewer numbers. We may not practice overt genocide, but through indifferent exploitation (deprivation of others while doing so), we do practice genocide. Somebody gets what he gets, and the others get nothing. Tough Luck!. I am not my brother's keeper. (From the highest places in the nation we hear such statements.)

Of course those in charge (the control addicts) will deny any evil intentions. They will say what benefits one benefits all. (There are some very skinny, emaciated beneficiaries.) Others will imply that those who do not succeed are social retards. Success is measured in terms of a special kind of survival.



We recognize all the arguments as *squirms*. Ayn Rand on the virtue of selfishness. Its all rather low and ugly.

When all else fails, they look at us have nots and claim that we are envious. Even if that was true, how does that excuse the unconscionable act? Many of us come by our have not status because we are denied, Yes! And many of us do live a little hypocritically. And if each person lives a little hypocritically, it all adds up. But for all the little ones who do their utmost not to live a little hypocritically, they cannot even begin to match the devastation created by one rapacious entrepreneur.

Bowled over by the economists and their nifty scenarios for sustained development (glowbully [glowbowly]); a conveyor belt into the MAW. Shucks, maw! No! its not the fault of the economists. They just happen to be the ones who take credit for our failures. One cannot even generalize about economists. I don't suppose a person can be an economist without making a fool of himself. The big names make promises they cannot keep. They see an unlimited natural resource even if its only dirt from which you can fashion something to turn a profit, if you can find ~~cheap enough labor~~ to pay just enough so that they can afford to acquire the shit made from dirt. Since the scientist has already tole us that the rhumb line heads straight toward the conservation of energy and matter we know you cannot destroy the plan(et) because it is always in the act of conserving itself. It requires a certain exaggerated belief in order to fuck your mother. A conscientious husbandman respects his mother.

I make sport of the economist because no economist alive today can ignore the finite nature of a resource, even dirt. Instead of practicing economics, the economist becomes the apologist for the r(e)apers. Yes! there are environmentally conscious economists, but these are in the minority with small voices because they do not align themselves favorably with the control addicts who require one kind of insincere apologist or another to continue their dirty works.

An environmentally conscientious economist will tell us certain things we need to hear. By environment I mean exactly that. This mother planet is the environment in which we live. One may perceive it as a piece of real estate or as a piece of dirt from which one extracts that which aggrandizes himself. One may also perceive it as a home to all forms of life. One may ask himself "How can I make the least impact upon this home?" That is not the first question one asks of an economist. It might be a question one asks of an environmentalist. In many control addict circles



'environmentalist' smacks of obstruction, as does 'economist' in other circles, smack of destruction. Can the two live within the same individual? Are you a person who retains some hope in the good eventually coming to the surface rather than sinking to the bottom? You will want to know that your life was not a waste, or one which contributed to the waste. Personally I have that sinking feeling because there are more voices in places of control (power) who swallow the gospel that you can go on fucking your mother ad infinitum (for profit) because mommie loves ya, no matter what. Mothers are that way.

Still later in October:

I know you think of me as vulgar because of what I have been saying about us and the planet (mother). You might even believe me a paranoid delusional. Like the Freudian said "The real world appears different to each and every one of us". Because you tell me it is a certain way, over and over again, as you are apt to do, does not make it so. And because I tell you my version of the same reality does not make it so. Two believers involved in a stalemate. I know I am not the only one who thinks as I do. There are some out there who are lot better informed than I am, and who can use the proper terminology to argue their case (textbook language regarding the economic appropriation of the planet for private use).

I have been of a certain think because I am who I am with perhaps a certain kind of bile to propel me. But I have certain innate ways of measuring what is happening in human affairs. No!, it does not suddenly arrive telepathically, psychokinetically, or through osmosis, or adsorption. My antennae are at work. I read what is published about certain happenings. I also read between the lines of what is published. I read and listen to the babble and con-jobs promoted by the fourth estate (the media). The parroters of 'truth' telling us what it is our right to know under the aegis of the first amendment. It is what we do not know and what they do not know that is of profound interest, especially about the workings of the world conducted behind closed doors. Some people tell us we are all in this together (OH Yeah!). Some people even tell us its all in good hands. We are being looked after. (Oh Yeah!)

So I'm not going to apologize until I am proven wrong.

And I will reiterate that the sooner the spoilers (self-congratulatory benefactors) are deep-sixed, the better off we will all be.



All of us who complain have it placed upon us to come up with other alternatives. Admittedly, given the starting materials of: the factor of life which seems purposeless, and so much of life that amplifies the questions one might want to ask about purpose, coupled with the forms that life assumes; of course the sapient beast of ourselves as the primary occupant of the center stage; and what it is we really do with that life as a sapient creature; perhaps any suggested alternative might be judged totally inappropriate. The case might be made that this is already the best of all possible worlds, simply because it doesn't matter what you do in a purposeless universe. So if you discover that fucking your mother for profit is the way to go, its only some of us who will mock you.

I know there are many of you who do not get it on with mother, at least consciously. You look upon yourself as people who care what happens. You may invest only in companies that do good things. But do you expect a return on your investment? Do you really know what is required in order to obtain that return? Lets say you only leave your capital in a banking/lending institution, willing allowing the institution make money on your money. Even with that sacrifice you will have no say in how your money is used, unless it is a very local bank who loans only locally (rare, like some birds). In short, most of us do not know what is really happening, and if we did, unless we were adamantly pure about our convictions (and actions), we might look the other way, especially if our pile was to increase satisfactorily. Even that is O.K. in a purposeless universe where it is everyone for himself.

I know some of you really want this to be a better place for your children. You want their future to become the fulfillment of something good. But there are many of you who only pay lip-service to this notion. What will you really sacrifice for your offspring? There are many of you who are cynical realists when you say "In fifty years, nobody will know the difference" (which can be interpreted in many ways), no matter how many children you have. People fall in love, and sometimes they aren't even in love, but no matter, they fuck, and more show up. Sometimes we love these 'more' indulgently and sometimes we could care less; they just happened; we go through certain motions to get them clothed and fed; but the 'future'. Holy Christ, What Future? We were not thinking of the future when we did our thing. Is there a message in that? Is there anything for which we will take full responsibility?

Of course these are rhetorical questions. How is it possible to take responsibility for something as ill-defined and unclear as a



human life?

There is that other alternative, also unclear in a purposeless universe. We can assume that all those who pay lip-service to human values, and 'Christian' values, are a pack of liars. With that assumption in mind we can arm ourselves against all those who are in positions of power (control addicts) even though they are innocent faceless representatives of corporations, We can hunt them down, we can turn them out of their suits and underwear into the deserts their beloved corporations have created. We take the matter into our own hands. Unless we find the courage to take this remedial action we don't deserve any better. The unabomber lives.

Our look-a-likes have taken the upper hand with us. They may claim that what they do with us is impersonal. They may claim that he who seizes the initiative is the one who has the right to claim the day. Altruism is not their business. "Who needs you?" They may ask. They may even cloud the issue with the appearance of philanthropic endeavors; to fool us all, in an attempt to persuade us they really do care. It leaves us with a sick feeling; like after those special occasions when one departs with no mention of love. A lot of rubbing of elbows with some feverish expectation that withers.

Maybe, just maybe, they do care. Are we better off believing they do care, even if every act they commit clearly demonstrates that caring is the last thing on the agenda, cursorily added, a token recognition, buried somewhere in the superego?

We want them to care as their first priority. That's what we want. Because if they care, as the first priority, that is, when it comes to a choice between profit and assisting one's fellow man, one chooses his fellow man. Not because its right to do so, but because it is willed that one do so, as a first principle. How would it be possible to arrive at such a willing, in a purposeless universe where it everyone for himself? The implication in willing is self-evident. Empathy derived from our own needs proceeds to the willing. Yes!, as we wish to be treated, so we treat others.

There are those who will counter "We have no needs". "We are self-sufficient". So be it. Mores the better. Yes, if we were all self-sufficient, it would be much better. Many of us are just that, given that we have a place. We might even share what little we had with others who have less.

But, as you know many are denied place because it has been appropriated to serve the Maw. Self-sufficiency is against the



dictates of the Maw. Maw is not a euphemism for mother nature, but a deep pit that swallows up the whole planet, and everything upon it in order to serve some nameless gambit reckoned as profit; where it is more important to profit than to lose the world, because the world that exists is defined solely by the limits of an accretion.

October, before halloween:

Close to mask time. Probably by now the unabomber knows his shack is worth millions. His shack was used as evidence against him; it was removed and transported into the courtroom. He was considered a social retard; his shack was used to show that he didn't live like decent folk. Anybody who could settle for a box has got to have something wrong with him (her) (like all those who live in all those third world shanties) (gotta be sumthin wrong with their aspirations). One can never predict the end result of his actions. The citizen against Creon's alliances and machinations. Unabomber is faulted because of his indiscriminate discrimatenessness. His target was clear enough, but his aim was poor. Besides his bulls eye was our holy benefactors.

If you accept that this is the best of all possible worlds, then you have to consider that the unabomber did wrong. But if you consider that this is not the best of all possible worlds (very likely, under the circumstances) then, while the effectiveness of his specific acts may be questioned, one has to say he acted for us all who have been deceived. Paying lip-service to something in order to reap a profit or to uphold those whose purpose is to make profit at our expense has to be considered a gross deception. However, gross deceptions may be part of the ritual. While it is an old saw I propose to enter into the record:

For what is a man profited,
If he gain the whole world, and lose his soul?
Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

Perhaps some analysis is in order. Profits and souls are not categorically linked together. But a soul may consist of nothing but accretion. In which case nothing has been lost.

But more to the point, what is a soul? Because a man loses something that may be irrelevant to everyone but himself, why be concerned? Is it that we wish he had a soul that was more like ours? Hoil, but what is a soul? It is not a part. Who is to say that what a man feels when he enjoys a good profit is not soul?



If a man believes the purpose of life is to become an accretion, who is to say he has contravened any suppositions we may make with regard to him if he indeed becomes what he set out to become?

When we, when I, speak of soul, I have no such definite objective in mind in which I would be able to immerse a 'soul', let's say.

Of course I believe I understand the gist of the saying, if I assume that I am the one who forsakes something precious in order to gain something else, which in the end may be considered less precious.

Some of us make some assumptions about life that are founded in some pie-in-the-sky notions we were fed when young and impressionable. Such notions we found readily acceptable because they were meant to sound good and make one feel good to think of them, to think of ourselves in support of them. We may still find these notions acceptable, but realize what we were fed was a kind of pap, propaganda, ballyhoo that represented the hidden agenda of the devisors of the curriculum. We were mocked in our ignorance, and in our gullibility.

Lacking any known specific purpose to life, is not one kind of persuasion as valid as any other? Were we not in fact being *purposefully* subjected to a particular persuasion, more than we were being *edified*, let's say? And pray tell what is the purpose to edification if it is not to persuade us of something? Mixed motives?

If I follow this, or any dialectic for that matter, to an end that proves me right, let's say, will that rightness alter or affect what is going to happen? The answer has to be an emphatic **NO!**

So, how do we get beyond to meaningful discussion where we are able to establish whether there is anything that is in the best interest of all, that does not result in subjugation and dominance, and endless persuasions to that end?

Do I now want to believe that we are all in this together; that we are all prepared to openly democratically discuss what is in the best interest of all? Yes! that is what I want to believe. But what do I really believe? I believe it is impossible to have an open democratic discussion with those who are in control. Their life span isn't any longer than ours. They do not want to encumber an already short life span with considerations that do not enhance their perceptions. They will counsel only long enough to learn, as did Tiberius, where it is necessary to defuse the threats to their dominance, by whatever means.



Does this mean I have no faith in process, any process? And if I answer in the negative, does this mean also that I advocate any means to counter the acts of subjugation and dominance? Hence the unabomber?

In some ways it is not important to answer or to participate, if I am able to find a corner to my liking, where I am able to have my own private peaceful intercourse with what surrounds me. While there may be no obvious purpose to my life, or any other, it may be to my liking to enjoy a purposeless life on my own terms. If I could function as do certain animals whom I believe do not concern themselves with purpose, that is, without any special consciousness of their purpose, but more as an integral part of their surroundings, would that I could! Harmoniously! As they say.

That is to say it is our consciousness that has been violated by notions that were presented to us in our formative hours. We were defenseless against the artful and adamant persuaders. We were told that our consciousness which they were awakening was to be preoccupied with a kind of subservience to certain notions. And that we were to hold these dear and inviolable, on the pain of failure and punishment. **Red Marks** on our report cards, and **Red Marks** on our rears.

More In October: soapbox

It is only because you will accuse me of what I label myself that I try to defuse your commentary regarding my state of mind..

I persist in this schizy talk.

The media makes fun of Mr. Kaczynski. They ought to be thanking him for filling their stupendously idiotic void.

What I wanted to say about the good guys who should know or might suspect something. Our good-guy hero general president will be long remembered for his parting shot "Beware of the Military Industrial Complex". What did he know? The tip of the iceberg?

What was going to happen to all the natural resources and raw materials in "INDOCHINA" if 'we' allowed that area to fall into the hands of the other guys. So, one knows for certain that Vietnam wasn't about freedom and democracy. Any more than our elections are about freedom and democracy.

Ike was also the one as president who fell into the trap of wondering: (In 1953 President Eisenhower (Beware the Military-Industrial complex) stated: *Now let us assume we lost Indo-*



China. If Indo-China goes, the tin and tungsten we so greatly value would cease coming. We are after the cheapest way to prevent the occurrence of something terrible - the loss of our ability to get what we want from the riches of the Indo-Chinese territory and from Southeast Asia (sounds like the President of General Electric).

Make fun of that, **media**. Like you did the WAR itself, labeling all those protesters "giving aid and comfort to the enemy". The **laugh** is on you idiots. The War we fought for the corporations failed, because it was so undemocratic. I'll bet even Jane Fondoo didn't realize that the War was about corporate interests (her interests - you can only be nice and clean about so many things, then you begin to equivocate).

More in October:

Yesterday was a bit of a scam. But today my mind occupies itself with morality, and double standards (speaking of schizophrenia - isn't it any wonder?).

From on high (our exemplary leaders) we are preached a certain kind of morality (while the spelling of the word may only seem incorrect, that is, its shadow **moreality** waits in the wings). The dictates from above urge a stable society in order to protect the flow of the spoils.

If I sound like the unabomber; well what can you say about truth?

We, all of us, show great concern when shootings (violence) erupt in our society, especially when it occurs amongst our youth. We are more or less dumbfounded. These violent youth are being viewed as flawed (law of averages?, or flaw of the average bloke?). They often come from 'good homes', that is, homes where the parents do not preach anarchy and insurrection, but lead 'normal' 'patriotic', law-abiding lives (maybe looking for ways not to have to pay so many taxes); and may even spend the Sabbath listening to the Word (not necessarily Fire and Brimstone - e.g., they may hear why Adam and Eve were cast out of Paradise).

We do not really view our society as flawed, even though we might ask "where did we go wrong?".

What am I getting at?

What was Ike getting at when he warned us?

There is more than one message occurring simultaneously. In our so-labeled *democratic* world, and all associated with it, the



goodie hoopla, we imagine an egalitarian society, in real terms; no conditions. And we imagine ourselves taking it upon ourselves to implement the imperatives associated with such imaginings. A lesson proceeding from the high ground. And we more or less believe in the message because it involves our feeling of well-being. We cannot deny the plausibility of such a social arrangement in which we are all equally tolerated. Because why? Eh? Because we are human! That's part of the message.

Then there is the other part of the message that rings hollow. Its that part that proceeds from the dominating influences that have nothing at all to do with the first message, but plaster the walls of our society with the How (graffiti) to fulfill the exhortations of the first message.

That How carries with it considerable force. It is the dominant persuasion appearing in every organ of promulgation. It may be reduced to a simple formula. Consume! And when one consumes he helps make a more Perfect Union, and helps make the world safe for democracy. That is the other message.

The first message evolves from what is dear to all of our hearts. The second makes our hearts irrelevant. Without hearts we are neither *human* nor alive. We might as well be a world of bank tellers (potted plants). If we are to be a bunch of bank tellers we might as well be supplied with as much moola as the vault will hold, because the only relevant thing is moola. Even if we were all allotted the same amount of moola so's we could just consume until we just simply burst, life still would amount to a questionable hill of beans, even though you help make this a more Perfect Union and help make the world safe for democracy. Well, not really.

When you consume, and by consume I mean you save nothing, you just let 'er rip, you empty your pockets, you traffic in illegal substances, you steal, you deal, you violate, you do whatever is necessary, so you can acquire the wherewithall to procure (consume); because when you consume you fill somebody else's pocket with the proceeds (PROFIT). Consumption means profit. So what if the planet disappears before your eyes. The relationship between consumption and profit are completely revealed before our eyes as well, a self-fulfilling prophecy; so dive in folks, get yours while it lasts.

The argument is pervasive from sea to shining sea, and far beyond; all encompassing. We haven't quite found how to make everybody happy; maybe there isn't just enough happiness to go



around, like there isn't enough wherewithall for people to get on the bandwagon.

Whatcha gonna do, whatcha gonna do?

We're gonna laugh at our selves is what we're gonna do. We're suddenly gonna have the whole perpetration revealed for what it is, a dead end. We're gonna see ourselves as dupes, and when you see yourself as a dupe, whatcha gonna do? Go shoot somebody, then shoot yourself.

Moreality doesn't cut it. Hollow as an old rotten tree. Hollow as the dome of our capitol. Hollow as a bank vault.

Values. ValuMart. The hucksters would have us believe we get value at the five and dime. Be Mart Smart. The market drives everything. When the market fails, we become depressed, because we don't have the wherewithall to keep it going. The edifice falls in ruins, and along with it all our fondest aspirations. Just when we were about to get enough together to purchase the latest whachamagidget, the whole damned thing collapsed; they pulled the rug right from under our fondest wish. We had given our all until death did us part. Now whatcha gonna do? Bad Boy! Bad Boy!

Fill the walls with graffiti?

Halloween:

Dress-up time.

Last night it occurred to me some things are understated.

That is, if you were given the task of describing that which used to be here only a short time ago, but is no longer, only because of the advent of man, what would you say? I mean you are trying to describe the loss of something you had never seen, and will never see. You would want to describe it such that it became an inescapable moral judgment cast upon our species. The idea would be to make it so not one more physical feature of the planet was removed or defaced by man. You would want to persuade the brethren that any such removal or damaging was punishable by forfeiture of one's life.

And any national leader who would utter such bullshit about jump-starting the economy through converting the planet into an obsolescing piece of crap (throughputting) ought to be strung up by his/her particulars.

I would label this preoccupation 'unfinished business'.



In the tree-hugging business you have those who would spike the trees, because they sincerely believe that man is not to be persuaded by any other means that we are doing something wrong. Carefully reasoned arguments against the rape of the planet are viewed with disdain by those addicted to the fruits of raping, first the profiteers, then the workers whose livelihood is derived from the spoils; and the **Big Bad Bad Bad Consumer!**

During the energy crisis there was the phenomenon of the last tankfull. In the forests there is the phenomenon of the last tree.

When its all gone, which won't be for a while, then we'll begin to worry about what to do. Future generations will adapt to what's here. Future generations will have technologies we do not have today. They will be able to make something out of nothing even better than we do.

Meanwhile it is one's patriotic duty to clutter his life with obsolescing throughput. We're on that track; the market track. The planet has been converted into a market. The market exists for the few. Not possible, but that's the way its setup. Of course, it will collapse. Question is, how much else will fall with it? Unfortunately, those who are responsible for the failed promise will have stashed enough of the proceeds into secret vaults, that they will survive to screw up what remains after the collapse.

You have already guessed what my advice is with regard to these survivors. It's the only way.

After Spooks, oneth of the following; does it matter?

What does matter is that I am an old geezur who has acquired certain habits that make me one of them in action, while my common sense tells me that is wrong. Just because I recycle doesn't make me one of us. I am a user out of habit. I even use alternative energy, solar and wind, but still I am addicted to other things; so addicted that I do not go out of my way to support something that my words say I believe in. Just because I talk a good game doesn't mean I play.

I say these things because I feel that paying lip-service to some notion and doing nothing consistent about what is contained in the message, amounts to pure hypocrisy.

In brief, I am a consumer. Yes! I confess. As a consumer I abet the foul controlling-market-profit-driven-consumematerioeconomic societal arrangement that exists at this time. And when I do that I have some knowledge that it harms other people's way of life, and



harms the planet; i.e. both my neighbor and my home are affected.

I suspect I will not change my habits. At my age, everything one does requires a certain kind of energy, a level of get-up-and-go that becomes a matter of will. One does few things with real zest; everything seems a chore; perhaps it is. The catabolic process has set in; wasting instead of growing; a dismal prospect.

One idly conjectures on things only because they are there to be conjectured. Somehow, even as one withers, his mental faculties possess a certain acuity, to do something besides work on crossword puzzles. Hence, my preoccupation with this edifice that has so many bruising and irritating projections and protrusions.

Does it matter? is a question. And how is it relevant to my life which will soon be over? If the whole thing collapsed today, would I be affected? Would I gloat over my predictions? Would I speculate that now there is a chance for the better ~~even~~ though I may never see the result? That's the problem with mortality, one never gets to see what will happen. One is stuck in the NOW; all he is, is stuck in the NOW.

If one is going to dream of a better time and place he might as well go all the way with his fantasy. He'd be king wedded to the beautiful princess (without being sexist) living in a land of plenty, and a lot of other hokey stuff.

2 Nov.

I don't know what real hopes schizophrenics are supposed to have. But the great mass of humanity is pinning its hope on the millenium. A mere mark in time, 2000 Anno Domini. Now, there's a winner.

Of course it will take a few days before the mass of humanity realizes that their excursion into schizophrenia amounted to sheer madness. One must regain what had been his tenuous hold upon reality. *Fall Down You May Get Up You Must.*

It will truly be like Christ after he had fallen under the weight of his burden.

A stark raving schizophrenic claimed he was the son of gawd (as we are all). We did not believe him until he began to speak in carrots. *It is I, be not afraid. Unto you is born this day in the city of David a savior, which is Christ the Lord (He didn't say that).* Nowadays we use the same sort of spake to advertize underarm deodorants.

Speed Schtick. Pushers from the meth(od) lab.



When you are hanging suspended from the cross with nails driven through certain extremities, you must really sweat bullets. Saving anything is a big pain.

However, the *Savior* is only incidental to the madness that surrounds the coincident advent of two thousand years later.

In my daughter-in-law's family every other word spoken is GOD. When I am banging away at something stubborn, every other word **uttered** is GOD (Damn It).

Who said madness is not transferable?

When you look at the lot of them, let's say in a photograph, all kinds of shapes, sometimes with little egos showing through (they know something we don't), you study them a bit, you begin to realize that their expressions reveal a great deal of ignorance. Yeah!, they smile, they laugh, they are slow to respond, they smirk, or maybe even stick out their tongue. What is noticeable is that they need something to prop themselves up beside their legs. I mean, How is this possible for these to stand; what holds them up? Then you guess, 'it must be HIM'. Hallelujah!

December 18 before the turn of the cent.

This is going no particular where. Except that ole schitzzy is in extraction mode. The prophet of doom.

Ole tenderheart is bruised. So much knocking about.

Ya oughta see it, they way they kick the shit outta each other.