

## **What's Up Doc**

This Has Gotta Be Some Kind Of Disease

The END Will Be A Gas!

Somewhere in between is the I (Aye!, millions of them).

'Baaaa aa aaa aaah', sayeth the wooly one.

Such pronouncements create order from chaos.

If it had not been for the sheep, all would have fallen into disarray.

None of it would exist if it were not for the I (discounting the proverbial tree in the forest).

You think it is plain enough for all to see; and that you are free to say disparaging things about me concerning my attitudes or intelligence; Ah!, but, while you would level your broadside at me, the chaos continues unabated, and with a seemingly renewed vigor.

Your order from out your chaos.

I know that we freely cast judgments concerning each other's lunacy; the weaker and most diminished are incarcerated in mental institutions. Madness is heresy.

Heresy, in the medical books, is defined as not agreeing with the status quo.

I'll take my order of Status Quo with a garnish of chaos.

Soo....oooo you don't like this disconnected leaping about. BE COHERENT!! you say, ranklingly.

I remove the laundry from the basket one piece at a time; randomly appearing, in a seeming disarray, to be sure. However, my tendency is to hang all the underwear together; so just be patient. But even if I don't...

We make such a big fuss of imagining we have it all figured out. If you will remember, there were others before us who thought they had it all figured out.

Well, maybe the Universe does exist as a conundrum for man's dimwittedness. However, we are better informed these days; we have claimed to have corrected certain miscalculations (errors) of the past; we are more confident of our rightness now; once right, do not question; just as in the past, learn from the past. Does that sound right?

If our understanding was complete, do you suppose we could then concentrate upon getting along with one another, or regulating our numbers, and the way we extract a livelihood from our dearly beloved planet?

In many ways we are not wise, as I am fond of remonstrating. I say 'we' because I know I am not the only one.

As I have mentioned somewhere before, as I am wont to do and wont to repeat (it is my trademark), we devise a cure for smallpox, diptheria, polio, and a host of others; well, then we, metallicly (ironically) (pretty hard stuff in any case), ship the cured over the horizon, gun in hand, in pursuit of our egos (that's a first approximation, to conquer, or save

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the whorld). We also multiply like flies, soon becoming hosts for their eggs (that's gross). It happens this way because there are too many (its called surplusing; civilization always needs more laborers than labor to be performed; can't forget the profit margin). We consume declining resources in the pursuit of an organized mayhem (Standard of Living - What's that?). We despoil our nest willingly, in the name of something we barely believe, but gleefully exploit for our own self-aggrandizement - er, what's that, what's that? PROGRESS! Some Standard!

Is Progress a natural pheenom?

We (not I) swear the Hippocratic Boath and allegiance to the A.M.A. (that protectionistic society) (that bedfellow organization), only to become wealthy at the expense of the sickly, wealthy at the expense of the healthy, healthy at the expense of the sickly, sickly at the expense of the healthy, sickly at the expense of the wealthy; or all of the above expenses. A captive audience provides the means for a lucrative endeavor. Mr. Hippocrates' simple program has evolved into a bureaucratic institution (or an institutional bureaucracy) that willy-nillies the sickly-needy to drop dead outside the gates of the white castle because they cannot afford the cover charge. (This Unhippocratical situation has been minimally remedied by some Hippocratical legislation that requires all hospitals to make some small percentage of their services available, on the cuff, to those without resources, who dare to get sick.) I know this seems outrageous; I mean that we would deny anybody, just because they didn't have the cash. The sickly are encouraged not to lie about in plain sight with their illnesses; its too embarrassing; and its not good for public relations, especially when everyone wants to do good, and have the whole mess cleaned up (just ask anybody). Eventually Hippocrates will turn Socialist; that's very undemocratic and unenter free prize. After all, Horsepitfalls gotta make a livin' too.

We perform similarly in the area of higher learning. Higher learning is a learning that takes place on a higher plain, as an extension of the ancient art of sophistry. When one takes the Sophisticates Boath, he agrees to educate the masses within the confines of an institution established for such purposes, during the course of which (embraces a lifetime [a tenured existence [[ guaranteed income for life]] ]) he will train everyone who wishes to become or not to become a Chemist, A Football Player, A Librarian, or a Teacher (clone). The seat of higher learning will provide them with the facts, provide them with a stamp of approval, cast them loose into a world that was already burgeoning and replete with Chemists, Football Players, Librarians and Teachers. Well, eventually, it becomes obvious. Whose responsibility?

Then we invent this other anachronism designed to provide the downbeat to our civilization - the legal profession. (Geez I'm cranky today). Anyway Moses had the right idea - keep it simple - but was such a hardass, a disciplinarian; of course, motivated by the highest ideals. He

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may have been able to part the waters, but what he needed was a .357 Magnum. Even today the baloneyium bomb is ineffectual. But TODAY!!!, we believe we have improved upon Moses Tablets in our legal apparatus with beautifully bound tomes (like wrapping a hamburger in Olde English Muffins) black robes, and austere impartiality (so we profess) all surrounded with oak paneling. If one is able to 'judge' by the fee schedule, the most purposeful excuse for the profession's existence, we may safely assume that 'order' prevails. Those getting screwed by the systematized order, mostly a chaff excluded from Moses precepts, are, as they are by the medical profession, and those in the higher learning seats, abandoned somewhere on the front steps .. er .. looking on.

'All being equal under the law' (whether created equally or not), is the biggest piece of propagandistic horseshit - I mean HUGE; I mean so HUGE, in fact, you can not help but step in it; I mean if you attempted to avoid stepping in it you would go over the side (the Edge). Pretty big, huh?

How do I know? Well, anytime a crooked President (that's a phenomenon associated with a State) gets pardoned by his replacement (you scratch here and I'll scratch there) whom he more or less appointed as his replacement; its all very tidy. It was all a harmless action, even if crooked. Some people have found it amusing that all the King's men (I'm still thinking of the pardoned President) were members of that fine profession who share in the lineage of Moses. Part of what took place in the President's Office supervened the spirit of what one would ordinarily construe to be 'In The National Interest'. The National Interest became a smoke screen for saving the President's rear end; it was his so he wanted to save it; so when they really kicked him out he would have some padding. Well, Moses was pretty high-handed too. And we all know it goes on; we succumb to the higher usurpations, because the pain it causes is so exquisite.

Anyway, these endless vituperations of mine are no worse than repeating over and over again "Are fadder whoo art in hebben..." or some "HAIL!! Marys". A noise in the background.

There are some things we get to know intuitively, which eventually become corroborated through personal experience, or certain other real happenings. Still we flounder, because we are easily outmaneuvered; we feel that chaos is implicit to life, and explicit to our situation; in the end we believe that chaos is a convenience that further enables the controllers of our lives to, the more, control them.

An imposition to be sure; also an unbalanced equation. The imposition of order through brute force (lacking intelligence in the manner of the .357 Magnum and the baloneyium bomb) results in some equation, or some formulation, that even the 'new math' cannot integer. That ain't order; its madness.

'Cynical', you say. Hah! If I could be half as cynical as our institutions are indifferent, I would be well on the road. You will further argue 'there

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are too many of us' as an excuse for indifference. There is, however, never too much Gold, through which one may begin to measure the Institution's indifference to its own professed purpose. More Gold, more Indifference. Gold as the means to Indifference; known as the Golden Mean.

We would preserve the institution (which does not pass as bastion of 'order' in my mind) at the expense of our very own existence (I wouldn't, i.e., wouldn't die to save the institution). We think, by perpetuating the institution, that we are protecting ourselves from anarchy (a protection racket [mafia]). Not so!. We are merely following the program blindly, promulgating longstanding prejudices with OUR lives. The dolts who man the institutions only look like us; don't allow this to confuse you. If you feel alienated by the institution, it is because it is staffed by aliens. Physicians are aliens, because they don't want you to find out how little they can do to help you. Higher learnings are alien because they don't want you to find out how little they know; Attorneys are alien because they know they can do damned little, especially for the little guy (don't expect somethin' for nothin').

All one has to do is to appear before a City Council as a supplicant, in order to understand what 'alien' means, because politics is alien. Usually, somewhere in plain sight, one will find some motto carved in stone, or cast in bronze (inscribed in Latin, fortunately) serving as nebulous emblem signifying some high-minded, though dubious purpose (like the common good, e.g., F... Pluribus Unum), or may even choose a more recognizable language which purports to acknowledge the plebiscite as the reason-to-be of these offices, e.g., God Save The Mayor. Those who fill the public offices stare in utter boredom, as they engage in pursuing that other inconvenience, Democracy, staring past the blur of personages (supplicants) as their eyes come to rest momentarily upon these adages, becoming absorbed in the shape of the Gothic lettering, and at its profound muteness.

Hmn! 'Familiarity Breeds Contempt'.

No!, such was not the adage; rather, in this little ole town which I have resided, Oh Christ!, for years and years and years, the Motto reads "The City Is The People" as divulged by one Coriolanus (look what he got for his troubles). Its a fairly innocuous adage. I would like to suggest some unprintable adage that would jolt those elevated aliens from their seats when they got wind of it (got sight of it anyway). One can only guess how those aliens were affected by that devastating quip of Coriolanus (which in Latin means GO TO HELL). Since most of the councilors are from the professional and merchant 'classes' (yes, even in a democracy) that particular saying, in all likelihood is translated to read "The More The Better".

Moses said "Thou shalt not be indifferent to thy fellow man" (neither shalt thou be cynical). Where did he say that?

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Would you prefer chaos to what you have? Suppose you are treated as an alien by aliens. If you lived in Anarchy, you might become an alien slaughtered by aliens. We choose between manufactured alternatives, if we are allowed any choice at all. We are not allowed to choose chaos; we have it imposed upon us. We are not allowed to choose order, which might entail anarchy as a means, if only to prevent our hard-won precepts from ossifying into institutions.

"I'm sorry, the only way you will be permitted to pay your bill is to stuff it up your ass and spit it out your mouth. I'm sorry, but that is city policy."

"I'm sorry....WHY!, you foul-mouthed son-of-a-bitch...CLICK!!!!" Anarchy, anarchy; Alienation. It is easy to be alienated when others are the aliens.

I'll bet all along you thought I was attempting to be constructive. Topple Topple, Little Star; How I Wonder What You Are!.

Don't look so puzzled.

Damn it, you're sposta laugh.